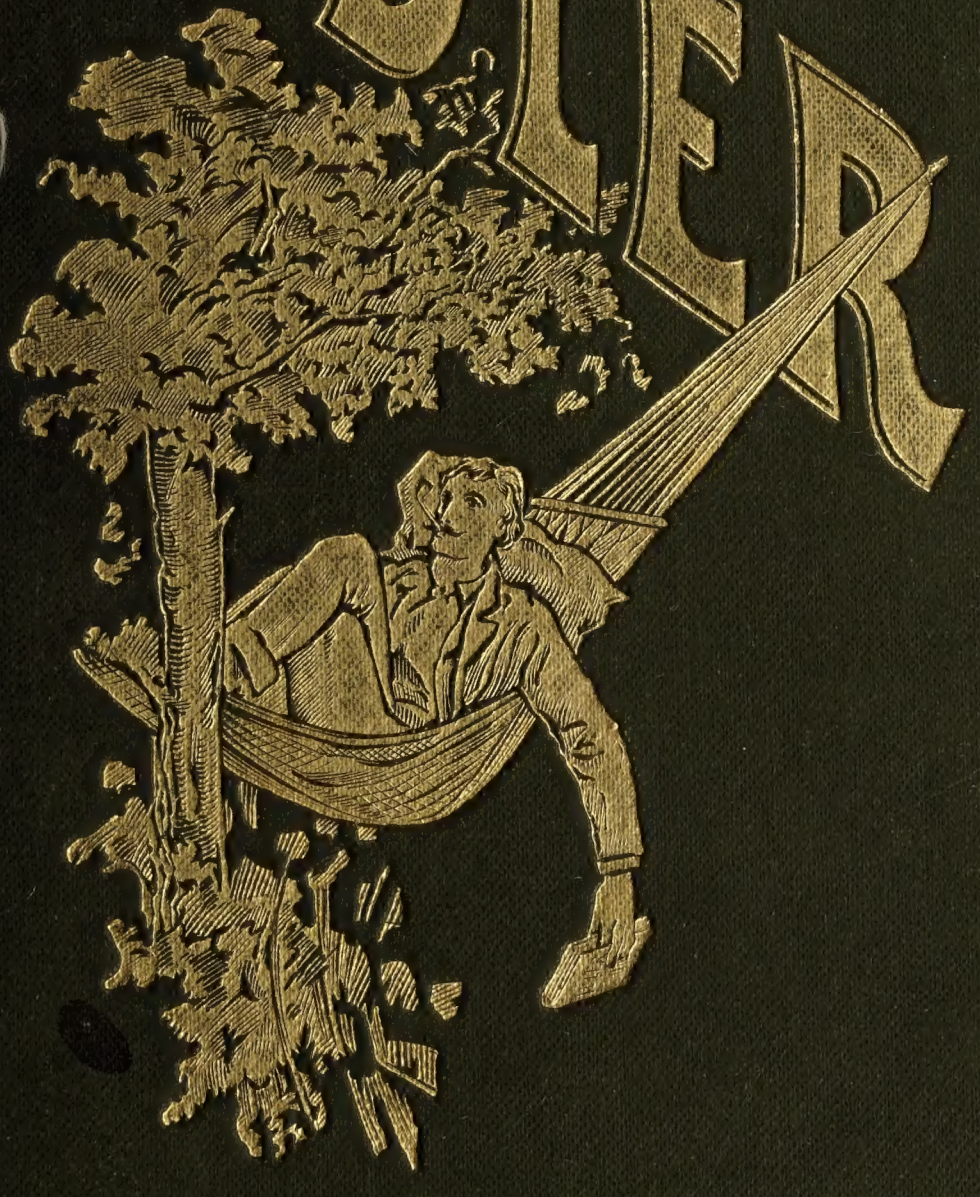
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"THE SAILS OF LOVE."

FROM THE PAINTING BY D. MAILLART IN THE PARIS SALON.

STORIES OF THE STONE AGE.

BY H. G. WELLS.

ILLUSTRATED BY COSMO ROWE.

IV.—The Reign of Uya the Lion.

THE old lion was in luck. The tribe had a certain pride in their ruler, but that was all the satisfaction they got out of it. He came the very night that Ugh-lomi killed Uya the Cunning, and so it was they named him Uya. It was the old woman, the fire-minder, who first named him Uya. A shower had lowered the fires to a glow, and made the night dark. And as they conversed together, and peered at one another in the darkness, and wondered fearfully what Uya would do to them in their dreams now that he was dead, they heard the mounting reverberations of the lion's roar close at hand. Then everything was still.

They held their breath, so that almost the only sounds were the patter of the rain and the hiss of the raindrops in the ashes. And then, after an interminable time, a crash, and a shriek of fear, and a growling. They sprang to their feet, shouting, screaming, running this way and that, but brands would not burn, and in a minute the victim was being dragged away through the ferns. It was Irk, the brother of Wau. So the lion came.

The ferns were still wet from the rain the next night, and he came and took Click with the red hair. That sufficed for two nights. And then in the dark between the moons he came three nights, night after night, and that though they had good fires. He was an old lion with stumpy teeth, but very silent and very cool; he knew of fires before; these were not the first of mankind that had ministered to his old age. The third night he came between the outer fire and the inner, and he leapt the flint heap, and pulled down Irm the son of Irk, who had seemed like to be the leader. That was a dreadful night, because they lit great flares of fern and ran screaming, and the lion missed his hold of Irm. By the glare of the fire they saw Irm struggle up, and run a little way towards them, and then the lion in two bounds had him down again. That was the last of Irm.

So fear came, and all the delight of spring passed out of their lives. Already there were five gone out of the tribe, and four nights added three more to the number. Food-seeking became spiritless, none knew who might go next, and all day the women toiled, even the favourite women, gathering litter and sticks for the night fires. And the hunters hunted ill: in the warm spring-time hunger came again as though it was still winter. The tribe might have moved, had they had a leader, but they had no leader, and none knew where to go that the lion could not follow them. So the old lion waxed fat and thanked heaven for the race of men. Two of the children and a youth died while the moon was still new, and then it was the shrivelled old fire-minder first bethought herself in a dream of Eudena and Ugh-lomi, and of the way Uya had been slain. She had lived in fear of Uya all her days, and now



That was the last of Irm.

she lived in fear of the lion. That Ugh-lomi could kill Uya for good—Ugh-lomi whom she had seen born—was impossible. It was Uya still seeking his enemy!

And then came the strange return of Ugh-lomi, a wonderful animal seen galloping far across the river, that suddenly changed into two animals, a horse and a man. Following this portent, the vision of Ugh-lomi on the farther bank of the river. . . . Yes, it was all plain to her. Uya was punishing them, because they had not hunted down Ugh-lomi and Eudena.

The men came straggling back to the chances of the night while the sun was still golden in the sky. They were received with the story of Ugh-lomi. She went across the river with them and showed them his spoor hesitating on the farther bank. Siss the Tracker knew the feet for Ugh-lomi's. "Uya needs Ugh-lomi," cried the old woman, standing on the left of the bend, a gesticulating figure of flaring bronze in the sunset. Her cries were strange sounds, flitting to and fro on the borderland of speech, but this was the sense they carried: "The lion needs Eudena. He comes night after night seeking Eudena and Ugh-lomi. When he cannot find Eudena and Ugh-lomi, he grows angry and he kills. Hunt Eudena and Ugh-lomi, Eudena whom he pursued, and Ugh-lomi for whom he gave the death-word! Hunt Eudena and Ugh-lomi!"

She turned to the distant reed-bed, as sometimes she had turned to Uya in his life. "Is it not so, my lord?" she cried. And, as if in answer, the tall reeds bowed before a breath of wind.

Far into the twilight the sound of hacking was heard from the squatting-places. It was the men sharpening their ashen spears against the hunting of the morrow. And in the night, early before the moon rose, the lion came and took the girl of Siss the Tracker.

In the morning before the sun had risen, Siss the Tracker, and the lad Wau-hau, who now chipped flints, and One Eye, and Bo, and the snail-eater, the two red-haired men, and Cat's-skin and Snake, all the men that were left alive of the Sons of Uya, taking their ash spears and their smiting-stones, and with throwing stones in the beast-paw bags, started forth upon the trail of Ugh-lomi through the hawthorn thickets where Yaaa the Rhinoceros and his brothers were feeding, and up the bare downland towards the beechwoods.

That night the fires burnt high and fierce, as the waxing moon set, and the lion left the crouching women and children in peace.

And the next day, while the sun was still high, the hunters returned—all save One Eye, who lay dead with a smashed skull at the foot of the ledge. (When Ugh-lomi came back that evening from stalking the horses, he found the vultures already busy over him.) And with them the hunters brought Eudena bruised and wounded, but alive. That had been the strange order of the shrivelled old woman, that she was to be brought alive—"She is no kill for us. She is for Uya the Lion." Her hands were tied with thongs, as though she had been a man, and she came weary and drooping—her hair over her eyes and matted with blood. They walked about her, and ever and again the Snail-Eater, whose name she had given, would laugh and strike her with his ashen spear. And after he had struck her with his spear, he would look over his shoulder like one who had done an over-bold deed. The others, too, looked over their shoulders ever and again, and all were in a hurry save Eudena. When the old woman saw them coming, she cried aloud with joy.

They made Eudena cross the river with her hands tied, although the current was strong, and when she slipped the old woman screamed, first with joy and then for fear she might be drowned. And when they had dragged Eudena to shore, she could not stand for a time, albeit they beat

her sore. So they let her sit with her feet touching the water, and her eyes staring before her, and her face set, whatever they might do or say. All the tribe came down to the squatting-place, even curly little Haha, who as yet could scarcely toddle, and stood staring at Eudena and the old woman, as now we should stare at some strange wounded beast and its captor.

The old woman tore off the necklace of Uya that was about Eudena's neck, and put it on herself—she had been the first to wear it. Then she tore at Eudena's hair, and took a spear from Siss and beat her with all her might. And when she had vented the warmth of her heart on the girl she looked closely into her face. Eudena's eyes were closed and her features were set, and she lay so still that for a moment the old woman feared she was dead until her nostrils quivered. At that the old woman slapped her face and laughed and gave the spear to Siss again, and went a little way off from her and began to talk and jeer at her after her manner.

The old woman had more words than any in the tribe. And her talk was a terrible thing to hear. Sometimes she screamed and moaned incoherently, and sometimes the shape of her guttural cries was the mere phantom of thoughts. But she conveyed to Eudena, nevertheless, much of the things that were yet to come, of the Lion and of the torment he would do her. "And Ugh-lomi! Ha, ha! Ugh-lomi was slain?"

And suddenly Eudena's eyes opened and she sat up again, and her look met the old woman's fair and level. "No," she said slowly, like one trying to remember, "I did not see my Ugh-lomi slain. I did not see my Ugh-lomi slain."

"Tell her," cried the old woman. "Tell her—he that killed him. Tell her how Ugh-lomi was slain."

She looked, and all the women and children there looked, from man to man. None answered her. They stood shamefaced.

"Tell her," said the old woman. The men looked at one another.

Eudena's face suddenly lit.

"Tell her," she said. "Tell her, mighty men! Tell her the killing of Ugh-lomi."

The old woman rose and struck her sharply across her mouth.

"We could not find Ugh-lomi," said Siss the Tracker, slowly. "Who hunts two, kills none."

Then Eudena's heart leapt, but she kept her face hard. It was as well, for the old woman looked at her sharply, with murder in her eyes.

Then the old woman turned her tongue upon the men because they had feared to go on after Ugh-lomi. She dreaded no one now Uya was slain. She scolded them as one scolds children. And they scowled at her, and began to accuse one another. Until suddenly Siss the Tracker raised his voice and bade her hold her peace.

And so when the sun was setting they took Eudena and went—though their hearts sank within them—along the trail the old lion had made in the reeds. All the men went together. At one place was a group of alders, and here they hastily bound Eudena where the lion might find her when he came abroad in the twilight, and having done so they hurried back until they were near the squatting-place. Then they stopped. Siss stopped first and looked back again at the alders. They could see her head even from the squatting-place, a little black shock under the limb of the larger tree. That was as well.

All the women and children stood watching upon the crest of the mound. And the old woman stood and screamed for the lion to take her whom he sought, and counselled him on the torments he might do her.

Eudena was very weary now, stunned by beatings and fatigue and sorrow, and

only the fear of the thing that was still to come upheld her. The sun was broad and blood-red between the stems of the distant chestnuts, and the west was all on fire; the evening breeze had died to a warm tranquillity. The air was full of midge swarms, the fish in the river hard by would leap at times, and now and again a cockchafer would drone through the air. Out of the corner of her eye Eudena could see a part of the squatting-knoll, and little figures standing and staring at her. And—a very little sound but very clear—she could hear the beating of the firestone. Dark and near to her and very still was the reed-fringed thicket of the lair.

She began to weep silently, for this and the gorge was all the life she had known, and life had been a pleasant thing to her.

Presently the firestone ceased. She looked for the sun and found he had gone, and overhead and growing brighter was the waxing moon. She looked towards the thicket of the lair, seeking shapes in the reeds, and then suddenly she began to wriggle and wriggle, weeping and calling upon Ugh-lomi.

But Ugh-lomi was far away. When they saw her head moving with her struggles, they shouted together on the knoll, and then she desisted and was still. And then came the bats, and the star that was like Ugh-lomi crept out of its blue hiding-place in the west. She called to it, but softly, because she feared the lion. And all through the coming of the twilight the thicket was still.

So the dark crept upon Eudena, and the moon grew bright, and the shadows of things that had fled up the hillside and vanished with the evening came back to them short and black. And the dark shapes in the thicket of reeds and alders where the lion lay, gathered, and a faint stir began there. But nothing came out therefrom all through the gathering of the darkness.

She looked at the squatting-place and saw the fires glowing smoky-red, and the men and women going to and fro. The other way, over the river, a white mist was rising. Then far away came the whimpering of young foxes and the yell of a hyæna.

There were long gaps of aching waiting. After a long time some animal splashed in the water, and seemed to cross the river at the ford beyond the lair, but what animal it was she could not see. From the distant drinking-pools she could hear the sound of splashing, and the noise of elephants — so still was the night.

The earth was now a colourless arrangement of white reflections and impenetrable shadows, under the blue sky. The silvery moon was already spotted with the filigree crests of the chestnut woods, and over the shadowy eastward hills the stars were multiplying. The knoll fires were bright red now, and black figures stood waiting against them. They were waiting for a scream. . . . Surely it would be soon.

The night suddenly seemed full of movement. She held her breath. Things were passing—one, two, three—subtly sneaking shadows. . . . Jackals.

Then a long waiting again.

Then, asserting itself as real at once over all the sounds her mind had imagined, came a stir in the thicket, then a vigorous movement. There was a snap. The reeds crashed heavily, once, twice, thrice, and then everything was still save a measured swishing. She heard a low tremulous growl, and then everything was still again. The stillness lengthened—would it never end? She held her breath; she bit her lips to stop screaming. Then something scuttled through the undergrowth. Her scream was involuntary. She did not hear the answering yell from the mound.

Immediately the thicket woke up to vigorous movement again. She saw the grass stems waving in the light of the



For a space he did not move.

setting moon, the alders swaying. She struggled violently—her last struggle. But nothing came towards her. A dozen monsters seemed rushing about in that little place for a couple of minutes, and then again came silence. The moon sank behind the distant chestnuts and the night was dark.

Then an odd sound, a sobbing panting, that grew faster and fainter. Yet another silence, and then dim sounds and the grunting of some animal.

Everything was still again. Far away eastwards an elephant trumpeted, and from the woods came a snarling and yelping that died away.

In the long interval the moon shone out again, between the stems of the trees on the ridge, sending two great bars of light and a bar of darkness across the reedy waste. Then came a steady rustling, a splash, and the reeds swayed wider and wider apart. And at last they broke open, cleft from root to crest. . . . The end had come.

She looked to see the thing that had come out of the reeds. For a moment it seemed certainly the great head and jaw she expected, and then it dwindled and changed. It was a dark low thing, that remained silent, but it was not the lion. It became still — everything became still. She peered. It was like some gigantic frog, two limbs and a slanting body. Its head moved about searching the shadows. . . .

A rustle, and it moved clumsily, with a sort of hopping. And as it moved it gave a low groan.

The blood rushing through her veins was suddenly joy. "*Ugh-lomi!*" she whispered.

The thing stopped. "*Eudena*," he answered softly with pain in his voice, and peering into the alders.

He moved again, and came out of the shadow beyond the reeds into the moonlight. All his body was covered with dark smears. She saw he was dragging his legs, and that he gripped his axe, the first axe, in one hand. In another moment he had struggled into the position of all fours, and had staggered over to her. "The lion," he said in a strange mingling of exultation and anguish. "Wau!—I have slain a lion. With my own hand. Even as I slew the great bear." He moved to emphasise his words, and suddenly broke off with a faint cry. For a space he did not move.

"Let me free," whispered Eudena. . . .

He answered her no words but pulled himself up from his crawling attitude by means of the alder stem, and hacked at her thongs with the sharp edge of his axe. She heard him sob at each blow. He cut away the thongs about her chest and arms, and then his hand dropped. His chest struck against her shoulder and he slipped down beside her and lay still.

But the rest of her release was easy. Very hastily she freed herself. She made one step from the tree, and her head was spinning. Her last conscious movement was towards him. She reeled, and suddenly fell headlong beside him. Her hand fell upon his thigh. It was soft and wet, and gave way under her pressure; he cried out at her touch, and writhed and lay still again, with her hand upon him.

Presently a dark dog-like shape came very softly through the reeds. This stopped dead and stood sniffing, hesitated, and at last turned and slunk back into the shadows.

Long was the time they remained there motionless, with the light of the setting moon shining on their limbs. Very slowly, as slowly as the setting of the moon, did the shadow of the reeds towards the mound flow over them. Presently their legs were hidden, and Ugh-lomi was but a bust of silver. The shadow crept to his neck, crept over his face, and so at last the darkness of the night swallowed them up.

The shadow became full of instinctive stirrings. There was a patter of feet, and a faint snarling—the sound of a blow.

There was little sleep that night for the women and children at the squatting-place until they heard Eudena scream. But the men were weary and sat dozing. When Eudena screamed they felt assured of their safety, and hurried to get the nearest places to the fires. The old woman laughed at the scream, and laughed again because Si, the little sister of Eudena, whimpered. Directly the dawn came they were all alert and looking towards the alders. They could see that Eudena had been taken. They could not help feeling glad to think that Uya was appeased. But across the minds of the men the thought of Ugh-lomi fell like a shadow. They could understand revenge, for the world was old in revenge, but they did not think of rescue. Suddenly a hyæna fled out of the thicket, and came galloping across the reed space. His muzzle and paws were dark-stained. At that sight all the men shouted and clutched at throwing-stones and ran towards him, for no animal is so pitiful a coward as the hyæna by day. All men hated the hyæna because he preyed on children, and would come and bite when one was sleeping on the edge of the squatting-place. And Cat's-skin, throwing fair and straight, hit the brute shrewdly on the flank, whereat the whole tribe yelled with delight.

At the noise they made there came a flapping of wings from the lair of the lion, and three white-headed vultures rose slowly and circled and came to rest amidst the branches of an alder, overlooking the lair. "Our lord is abroad," said the old woman, pointing. "The vultures have their share of Eudena." For a space they remained there, and then first one and then another dropped back into the thicket.

Then over the eastern woods, and touching the whole world to life and colour, poured, with the exaltation of a trumpet blast, the light of the rising sun. At the sight of him the children shouted together, and clapped their hands and began to race off towards the water. Only little Si lagged behind and looked wonderingly at the alders where she had seen the head of Eudena overnight.

But Uya, the old lion, was not abroad but at home, and he lay very still, and a little on one side. He was not in his lair, but a little way from it in a place of trampled grass. Under one eye was a little wound, the feeble little bite of the first axe. But all the ground beneath his chest was ruddy brown with a vivid streak, and in his chest was a little hole that had been made by Ugh-lomi's stabbing-spear. Along his side and at his neck the vultures had marked their claims. For so Ugh-lomi had slain him, lying stricken under his paw and thrusting haphazard at his chest. He had driven the spear in with all his strength and stabbed the giant to the heart. So it was the reign of the lion, of the second incarnation of Uya the Master, came to an end.

From the knoll the bustle of preparation grew, the hacking of spears and throwing-stones. None spake the name of Ugh-lomi for fear that it might bring him. The men were going to keep together, close together, in the hunting for a day or so. And their hunting was to be Ugh-lomi, lest instead he should come a-hunting them.

But Ugh-lomi was lying very still and silent, outside the lion's lair, and Eudena squatted beside him, with the ash spear, all smeared with lion's blood, gripped in her hand.



DECK GOLF.
Drawn by Warwick Goble.



Yachting and Yacht Racing.

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY CLIVE HOLLAND.

ALTHOUGH yachting is essentially an English sport, it has now its devotees amongst members of all European nations possessing a sea-board, besides the great American public, who have adopted the pastime both as regards racing and cruising with enthusiam.

As a summer amusement it holds a place unequalled by any other; both for the lazy man who enjoys pottering and watching others work, and the man with energy to spare which prompts him to take an active part in the sailing of the craft upon which he finds himself. As a "poet of idleness" sings:



In Winter Quarters.

Lounging at ease in the laziest attitude,
Fresh briny breezes are blowing so free;
Never once thinking of longi—or lati—tude,
Whilst swift our schooner skims o'er the sea.

Far from the boredom of vapid society,
Leaving all care and
all worry at home,
Swift speed the days in
an endless variety,
While the trim *Aline*
flies over the foam.

The man who does his yachting by proxy also seems to derive a large amount of satisfaction from the sport, possibly more than he would were he to personally experience the joys of which he speaks so glibly. This type of yachtsman is chiefly useful as an ornament to landing-stages and

parades, and as a good customer to the tailors who make a special line of the costumes (I can find no other term) in which his sea-dog soul delights. The ladies of his acquaintance admire his "regulation" cap, his bright brass buttons, and his general air of "the saltest of the salt" which he wears with his clothes on pier, jetty, and parade. And—luckily for him—they, unlike Herbert Jocelyn's mother-in-law in *Saucy Sally*, evince no great desire to see the vessel on which his voyages are taken.



Fitting a new "Bobstay."

There is fashion in yachts as in everything else. Half a century ago, when all but the oldest yacht clubs were young institutions and many of the present day clubs unthought of, yachts of sixty to one hundred tons were the general rule, and their owners kept them much as they would a suit of clothes till they began to show signs of wear, fitting them out year after year as a matter of course and enjoying their cruising like sensible beings. Nowadays the homelike cruiser of similar tonnage is thought less of, and yachts are exchanged or sold at perhaps the end of their owner's first season for something newer or bigger, or perhaps given up altogether. Hiring has, too, come much more into vogue, and with it the personal element and feeling for the different craft is, of course, being destroyed. Names are less associated with the boats than twenty years ago, and the *Sybil* of Mr. Blakeden this year may possibly be the *Janet* of Mr. Smith the wholesale soap-boiler, or Mr. Johnsen the retired jerry-builder, next year.

Yachting as a sport dates from about the end of the 16th century; and a direct reference to yachting is found as early as 1604, when we are told of Prince Henry of Wales' yacht built for him by Phineas Pett of Deptford (?); to both of whom the Navy of the early Stuart period owed much.

King Charles II. was a great patron not only of yachting but also of yacht-racing, for a record is preserved of the fact of the King having won a race, for one hundred guineas, over the present-day course of the Royal Thames Yacht Club from Greenwich to Gravesend and back, on October 1st, 1661. In fact, the years 1660-1665 seem to have seen yachting and yacht-

building advance by leaps and bounds; many of the gentlemen of the Court following the lead of their Royal master in such matters, and having yachts built for them and "matched" against those of Dutch and other gentlemen.

But from the days of the thirty tonners of Stuart times (for that was considered "a fine, handsome boat, with good accommodation for thirty men"!) to the time of the early days of the Royal Yacht Squadron (founded in 1812) is indeed a far cry. One of the chief objects in view when the Squadron was founded was the encouragement of sailing, and a consequent knowledge of seamanship, and for this reason, for many years steam-yachts were not admitted into the Club. Nowadays, for many of the wealthy yachting has become a means of lavish expenditure, and of rivalry as regards the tonnage of the "floating hotel" which is occupied for a month or two in each summer, or for winter cruising in foreign waters. This being so, the Royal Yacht Squadron some years back repealed the rule against the admission of steamers, and, as a result, more than half the tonnage of yachts belonging to the Club is steam.

From the schooners, cutters, and yawls of from forty to three hundred tons, which have made history in the past, we have come to the monster steam-yachts of the present day belonging to the Squadron, which measure anything from five hundred to two thousand tons—floating palaces costing fortunes to build and maintain; but not yachts as the term was once known.

With the advent of steamers, even though as smart and graceful as to their lines as that shown in the photograph "Fitting Out," much of the interest of yachting was bound to disappear, and with it, of course, the glorious uncertainty of calms and head winds. "With steam, one can get anywhere without doing anything," a well-known yachtsman recently said. There is the point in a nutshell, and there are still left those who would prefer the "glorious uncertainty of the breeze," who are sufficiently old-fashioned to prefer that their destination should have a spice of haphazardness about it, and who can possess their souls in patience



Awaiting her Wings.



Up Haslar Creek.

when drifting to and fro for hours together in mid-Channel.

But luckily for picturesqueness and seamanship, and the numerous qualities which go towards the perfecting of the latter, with the decline in popularity of the sailing yachts of one hundred to three hundred and fifty tons, a new class of boat has sprung into existence, on which those who like sailing and yachting on the old lines for its own sake can follow their bent, and undergo risks, and take a part in the work to be done as of yore. "Off Cowes" will show the class referred to, which, if not as comfortable as the old-fashioned ten tonners for one's self and a couple of friends, are yet handy enough craft for cruising in home waters. These "sea swallows," as they have not inaptly been called, are rapidly increasing in number, and many of the owners of monster steam-yachts keep one for use in the Solent when the boredom of pomp and steam become too unendurable.

These sea swallows racing in the Solent on a brilliant summer day present a sight of graceful beauty and animation scarcely to be equalled in sport. Fair-weather craft undoubtedly—three-eights cedar planks will not stand the strain of a jacketing in the Channel—but capable of affording any amount of true interest and sport, and a thousand times more real pleasure than the floating hotels of the American millionaire or British *nouveau riche*.

A month round the South Coast in such a boat as "Awaiting her Wings" (always provided that one is no victim of *mal-de-mer!*) would freshen up the most brain-fagged toiler who sees and smells salt water all too seldom. And the cost? Well, with one good hand and a boy, and a chum for companionship who is not averse to occasionally lending a hand, a

hundred pounds. A cheap holiday one will be prepared to swear when looking back upon it—if only the weather shall have been fine.

But the family boat of say forty to eighty tons has not yet quite disappeared in favour of the monster steam-yacht, or the "red wing," or Solent class, and such a boat is that shown in the photo "In Cowes Roads." And it is these which, trim and yet homelike, make the regattas, harbours, and roadsteads round our coasts the scenes of animation and undoubted beauty that they are during the all too short months of an English summer. They occupy an unique position between the floating palaces which serve to transport the airs and graces of society to the sea-board, and upon which etiquette still remains a shibboleth, and the smaller craft which flit round the coast to regattas on business of racing, or are the summer homes of young fellows with a taste for seamanship and roughing it They are hired or owned as the case may be, and, if the former, manage to run away with a great deal more money than most people would think during the three or four months of the yachting season. A boat of the class and tonnage of that in our picture, one of some one hundred and fifty tons, would make a considerable hole in £1,500 even if sailed on economical lines, and with a crew only just sufficient to man her. The cost of provisioning soon mounts up, and at very few seaports and yachting resorts, such as Cowes, Ryde, Weymouth, Torquay, Dartmouth, and the places frequented by yachtsmen in Ireland and the Clyde, do the thrifty traders fail to put up prices for everything supplied to yachts. And some of them possess a wonderful faculty for "spotting" the yachting party when shopping. Harbour dues also entail a considerable amount of expense



Fitting Out.

when cruising either in home or foreign waters. Both of which items (as well as many other purely personal ones) are of course not included in the charter-party.



In Cowes Roads.

Should the yachtsman's fancy turn towards a steamer, and he be fond of "speed," the coal bill will mount (in the case of a two-hundred tonner) by leaps and bounds, and possibly run into £50 a week; whilst though the number of the crew will be less than on a schooner of similar tonnage, the cost of coaling labour at the various ports may be set off as against the reduced wages bill.

But after all the fascination of yachting to some is its cost.

"My father-in-law," exclaimed a denizen of Fleet Street the other day, "spends £5,000 a year over his yachting." To the speaker the expense was the most patent fact, and the possible health and pleasure counted for nothing, for he added, "Beastly fun yachting, can't think why the old fellow doesn't go by train, and hire a steamer when he gets there."

He knew nothing, and cared less, for the sea-music of the wind in the shrouds, of the lip-lip of water against the bows, inducing the most perfect of all drowsinesses, the soothing swish of the sea against the vessel's sides at night-time when at sea, the freshness of the morning, the mystery of eventide, and the fascinating play of cloud and colour on the surface which changes every instant. These are the things which have made many a yachtsman, and kept him such all his days.

There is the ever changing life: sailing there is plenty to watch or do as the fit takes one; in harbour there is plenty to see. Trivial matters of interest to the average landsman possibly, but when on a yacht the arrival of a fresh comer, the departure of a craft in harbour before one's own arrival, and even the steward coming aboard in the early morning with the milk for breakfast, have a habit of assuming interesting proportions. And the steward of a yacht with a large party aboard her! What a wonderful being he is! "Does he ever tire or ever sleep?" a young lady once asked. And one is tempted to answer in the words of the Alpine guide who, asked a similar question about himself, replied "In winter."

Whilst yachting for pleasure is not altogether so expensive an amusement as many people are led to suppose, yacht-racing is quite another matter; and there is



Off Cowes.

often very little left of a sum varying from £1,200 to £1,500 in the case of big boats, such as the *Ailsa*, *Valkyrie*, *Meteor*, or *Britannia*, for wages alone at the end of a successful season, and to this must be added the outfit and keep of the men, the terribly costly wear and tear of gear and sails, the bill (often amounting to several hundred pounds) for repairs, and the harbour dues and entrance fees. On the other hand, the wages bill of a 150-ton schooner, a craft that will be capable of going almost anywhere and will accommodate comfortably a party of a dozen or fifteen, will seldom amount to more than £250 for a three-months' season.

But it is not always summer; and the white-winged craft that dot the Channel and adorn the harbours and roads of the seaside resorts from the North Foreland to Land's End, from the Thames to the Forth, from the Lizard to the Clyde, those of them not bound for sunnier seas, at last have to be paid off and take their dreary places on the mud at Cowes, Gosport, Southampton, Lymington, in the Thames, the Clyde, or elsewhere till another year, when they will be fitted out again maybe by a new owner.

There is something truly melancholy about this part of the pastime. The average yacht's hand is a sober, obliging, industrious being, more or less attached both to his employer and to the boat which has been his home for the all too brief months of an English summer. He goes, where? Possibly to ship on board another craft fitting out for the Cape, the Mediterranean, or Australia; or possibly for a winter's berth ashore. Only the captain is retained after the work of "laying up" is finished, the yacht dismantled of its sails, gear, and furniture, and the spotless decks painted. Next year a new crew will meet the owner, and the yacht's summer life will recommence. Sometimes a solitary figure will visit her during her winter's sleep—the skipper whose duty it is to see that nothing untoward befall. For the rest there are nothing save the ghosts of summer hours, and the desolate wind rushing upon her to moan in every crevice from over the mud flats which form her winter's bed.

Several of the photos illustrating this article were taken by kind permission of Messrs. Camper & Nicholson, Ltd., yacht builders, Gosport, Hants, to whom the writer is also indebted for many items of information.



White Wings.



"LADIES ONLY."
Drawn by Frank Gillett

BROWNE, BRADWELL, AND ME.*

BY EDEN PHILLPOTTS.

ILLUSTRATED BY JOSEPH SKELTON.

THERE'S more stuff torked about fagging at school than anything else in the world, as far as I can see; and being the smalest boy but two at Dunston's and a fag myself I ought to know. Of corse fags do get it pretty thick sometimes if they happen to fag for a beast, but big fellows aren't beasts to small ones as a general thing. I'm sure Bradwell was the best chap that ever came to Dunston's, and when he was expelled over the seege in the wing dormatery—him and Trelawney—I felt frightful. I'm Watson minor myself, my brother being Watson major, one of the reserves for the second eleven.

The thing I'm going to write out happened just before the seege, and was all over before that; and it shows what a fag can do. It also shows what a jolly good thing it is for big fellows to treat fags well, and give them odds and ends so as to get their affecksun. If I hadn't felt what I did to Bradwell, I shouldn't have run the awful risks I did for him. What I did certainly ruined a great project of Bradwell's, and upsett him a good bit at the time. But he said afterwards, when the blow had fallen, and when he could look back and think of it without smacking my head, that I had ment well. I remember his very words for that matter. He said: "Your intenshuns were all right—I will say that—but you've ruined my life." No chap could say farer than that; and, mind you, I did ruin his life in a way. I've heard many fellows say Bradwell was a bounder by birth; but he never was to me.

Well, Bradwell had a great admeration for Mabel Dunston, the Doctor's eldest daughter but one, and she had an equal great admeration for him, for two terms. Bradwell, although a great sportsman in other ways, was fond of girls. If he passed a school of them he would look awfully rum and reddish in the face. Once, going with him to the playing-field for a football match, he made the distance half-a-mile longer by going up a side street to avoid the high-school girls; and I asked him why, and he said it was cheek, but told me all the same. He said, "You can't meet women got up like this." Bradwell has frightfully thin calves to his legs when seen in "knickers," though he is the best goal-keeper that was ever known at Dunston's. Of course his affair with Mabel Dunston would never have got to be known by me but for my great use to Bradwell in carrying notes. Being in the Doctor's house I was easily able to do this, and there was a jar of green stuff in the hall where she told me to leave the notes, which I did. She was fifteen I believe, or else sixteen, but well on in years anyway, and a few months older than Bradwell. It was his general brillance won her, for he could do anything, and his father had plenty of money, being a man like Whitely's, only in the North of England. Bradwell drew almost as well as pictures in books and he used to illustrate the Latin grammar for his special chums. There's a part of the Latin grammar called Syntax, which I haven't come to yet myself, but it has rather rummy things in it with both the Latin and English of them. And Brad-

* *Copyright by Eden Phillpotts in the United States.*

well used to illustrate these things ; and he illustrated two in my grammar out of puer kindness to me. One was, "Balbus is crowning the boy's head with a garland" ; and the other was, "A snake appeared to Sulla while sacrifising" ; and you never saw anything better. They were done on the margin in ink, and the snake appearing to Sulla was about the queerest and best thing ever seen in a Latin Grammar.

I have to tell you this because such a lot happened owing to it.

Now Browne took my class, which is the lowest in the school, and I am seventh in it. And I gradually got to hate Browne, because Bradwell did, and for other reesons of my own to. Browne was said to be only twenty and he looked younger than many of the chaps, his moustashe being whitish and invisibel to the eye. He wore necktyes, which I remember hearing Brooksmith say were an insult to nature and would have made a rainbow curl up and faint. We always noticed, at arithmetic times, that Browne, if he got a stumper, would put up the lid of his private desk and hide behind it—of course looking the thing up in his crib. Then he would wander round, as if by accident, to the chap and do the sum off quick while he remembered it. Bradwell always hated him; and when he found that Browne was very friendly with Mabel and Mabel was very friendly with Browne, he hated him far, far wurse.

Bradwell and this girl had a row in the shrubbery at the back of the chapel, and I, being in the gardener's potting-shed at the time, feeding a ginni-pig of mine, heard it.

Bradwell said :

"I'm not blind, Mabel, I've seen it going on ever since last term. You read his beastly books and leave rosebuds in that stone urn at the gate when he comes down from his house to class."

And she said :

"And why shouldn't I? You must remember, please, that I am my own mistress. Besides the intelligents of a grown-up man is very refreshing."

For some reason Bradwell didn't like this. His voice squeaked up into his head in a rather rum way when he answered :

"D'you call *him* a man? He hasn't got a muscle on him ; and he doesn't know more than enough to teach the kids."

"That's merely mean jellousy," said Mabel. "Of course he doesn't talk to *you*, or show you what is in him. But he tells me all about his secret life, and very butiful it is. He is a jenius, in fact."

"If it comes to that, what can he do?" said Bradwell awfully clevverly. "Can he draw?"

"No, he doesn't draw."

"Oh ; can he sing?"

"No."

"Can he play the piano?"

"No."

Now all of these things Bradwell could do to perfecksun, so he got cheerful.

"What *can* he do then, besides jaw the kids and always sneak to the Doctor?"

"I never saw such jellousy as this, said Mabel ; "but if you must know I'll tell you what he can do : he can write poetry out of his own head, and he has got a solid book of it reddy to print some day—there!"

I suppose Bradwell couldn't write poetry. Anyway, he got very sick at this. He didn't say anything—appeering to be frightfully shocked at what he'd heard. Then Mabel said :

"When you can quote Browning and Byron and Shelley, and write poems yourself, it will be soon enough to sneer at Mr. Browne."

"You love him," said Bradwell in a very tragik voice.

"I don't love anybody but my own family," said Mabel ; "but I admire him, and I admire his poetry."



"D'you call him a man?"

She had evidently read it.

"It's all over then, I suppose," said Bradwell.

"I don't know what you mean," she replied to him.

Then the gardener came along and I didn't hear anything else. Of corse I couldn't *help* hearing what I had done, though I tried hard not to, and kept feeding my ginni-pig like anything all the time.

Two days after I had to carry another note to Mabel, and found one waiting for Bradwell in the usual place; so they must have made it up. Then came the beginning of my misforchunes with Browne.

He found the snake appeering to Sulla in my Latin Grammar and called me up and said he knew very well I hadn't drawn it myself, but wanted to know who had. He said it was wrong to the Doctor to ruin our books, and that he had seen in several different books the same snake, evidently done by the same boy owing to them being so much similar.

But the very identical thing had happened in another class : to Steggles, Bradwell having drawn him the same picture ; and knowing what Steggles said, being a chap who is frightfully cunning, I said the same now to Browne. I said I left the book on my desk and somebody came along and done it while I was out of the room. Browne seemed inclined not to believe this. Anyway he took the Latin Grammar away with him. But I heard no more about it till the next evening when I wanted the book in "prep." Remembering Browne had it, I went off to his study and knocked and walked in.

Browne wasn't there for the moment, and the room was empty. I took the oppertunity to look at a rather butiful tobacco-jar of Browne's which I have seen at a distance on his mantlepiece many times. Passing his table to get to it, I chanced to glance there, and juge of my surprise when the first words I saw at the top of a big sheet of paper were "To Mabel"! Underneath was a lot of writing, and the whole table seemed to be littered with paper covered with small bits of separate writing, much of it scratched out and done over again. But the piece with "To Mabel" at the top was all butiful and clean, without anything scratched, being, I suppose, the result of all the other bits put together and neetly copied out.

Well, there I was with my duty towards Bradwell as his fag. Browne had evidently done a verse out of his own head for Mabel Dunston, and had written it in this butiful style, on thick white paper, to send to her. I felt if she got it, knowing what she'd said to Bradwell about Browne, that it was certin she would abbandon Bradwell, him not being any good at poems. I wouldn't have done it for anybody else in the world *but* Bradwell ; I wouldn't have done it at all if I had known what the end of it was going to be ; but, anyway at the time it seemed to me, as Bradwell's fag, I ought to do it ; so I did.

I took the poem and rolled it up so as not to hurt it, and hooked off to Bradwell. He was in his study, and the chap who shares it with him being out of the room, I was able to explain. I said :

"If you please, Bradwell, I've come from Mr. Browne's study, and he was not there, and happening, by a curious axcident, to glance on the table I saw this. Knowing about you and Mabel, and being your fag, I took it."

"Took what?" said Bradwell.

I put the thing in front of him, and he got red and excited.

"It's a poem to Mabel by that beast Browne," he said. Then he read it out, half to himself, but I heard. The thing ran like this :

"TO MABEL.

"Oh let my Muse sing to the name of Mabel,
Whose azure eyes are fastened to my soul,
Like to forget-me-nots in button-hole.
To tell of my heart's torment I'm unable.
My thoughts they spin ; my brain it grows unstable
When fixed on Thee. Perchance it is my rôle
Never to reach my mad ambition's Goal,
But to live ever 'midst scholastic-babel.
Thy glances brighten all my lonely lot.
Prometheus-like a vulture gnaws my heart,
In biting blasts and under sunshine hot.
My dreams are shattered by a barbed dart,
And, waking wild, I scream that I may not
Whisper the oaths I yearn to Thee impart."

I told Bradwell I didn't quite understand it, and he sat on me.

"You wouldn't," he said, "a kid like you. But I do. It's a sonnit and an extreamly fine one. *I* hate the chap, but it's no good pretending he's not a poet, because this jolly well proves he is. Look at the rimes!"



I saw at the top of a big sheet of paper "To Mabel."

It seemed a heroik thing of Bradwell to say that, feeling as he did to Browne. He thought for a bit, but told me not to go.

"Of corse," he said, "this must be returned. All's fair in—in a case of this kind, but——"

Then he thought very deeply and read the sonnit again. Suddenly he took a bit of paper and copied down Browne's poem word for word. Then he told me to cut back like lightning to Browne's study, and to put the poem back on his desk if I could—if not, to most carefully keep it till the first chance of getting it back to Browne's room without being spotted.

"You're a splendid fag," he said, "and I sha'n't forget this. It's the sort of thing that Squires did for their Nights in olden times; and they got good rewards too. Now hook it."

It's worth a lot, mind you, to get praise like that from such a chap as Bradwell.

When I got back, Browne was rumaging over his table and sweering a good deal in a loud wisper. He told me to wait a minute, and went off to look in his bedroom. Then I seezed my opportunity and slipped the sonnit on his table, under some papers. When he came back he was worried and went on hunting till he found it. Then he said "Ah!" to himself, and got pleasanter and asked me what I wanted. I told him my Latin Grammar, and, being in a very happy state now, owing to finding the poem, he gave it back and told me to clear out; which I did.

After "prep" I met Bradwell going in to prayers, and he handed me a note for Mabel to put in the usual place. He

looked awfully rum when he gave it to me, and he saw that I saw he looked rum. So he said :

"I don't mind letting you know, owing to your being such a good fag and my trusting you as I do. You may read the letter in prayers, then seal it down and put it behind the pot of ferns in the hall in the usual place."

Of corse, it wasn't really a letter, or Bradwell wouldn't have let me read it. It was just Browne's sonnit coppied out by Bradwell word for word; and at the bottom where the words, "What about poetry now? A. T. B." A. T. B. are Bradwell's initials, his full name being Arthur Thomas Bradwell. You see he didn't exsaxtly say he'd *written* the sonnit. He only said, "What about poetry now?"

The excitement of it all kept me awake for hours and hours through the night. I don't suppose any fag ever did more for a big fellow than I had done for Bradwell that day. Then I began to wonder when Browne would send off his poem, and wether Mabel would get them both together or one at a time. You see, of corse, Browne would send her the thing as original, and there was nothing in Bradwell's letter to exsaxtly say he hadn't written it; and puzzling the thing out for hours and hours I at last came to the conklusion that she would find it very difficult which to believe, because how could she know which was telling the truth to her? Then, about three or four in the morning almost, I began to feel rather terrible over it, because I thought of what frightful trouble Browne must have had to write the sonnit. He might have taken weeks and weeks over it for all I could tell, not, of corse, knowing myself how long it took to write poetry. I felt rather sorry for Browne; but after all a chap's duty is to the fellow he fags for before masters; and feeling that I went to sleep.

Three days later Bradwell had me in his room and told me the end of it all; which shows that a girl never does what you might exspect.

"As a lesson to you, young Watson," said Bradwell, "I may tell you that my career has been utterly blighted and my life ruined by that business of the sonnit."

I said I was sorry to hear it.

He said :

"Yes, blighted; and so's his—I mean Browne's. She got my letter that night and his next morning. That night she felt all her old feeling for me return because of the sonnit, thinking I'd done it. Then, next morning, she got just the very same stuff to a word from Browne with a letter saying he had burned the midnight oil to compose it. Well, there you are. What does she do? Insted of accepting my statement, being the first, she argues in a most elaborate way that I couldn't possibly have coppied from Browne and Browne couldn't possibly have copied from me. But it would have been to much of a coinsidence if we'd both written exsaxtly the same sonnit out of our own heads, so what does she conklude?"

I said I didn't know.

"Why, fathead; that we both coppied it from somebody else—out of some book by some well-known proper dead poet. I've no doubt now, on thinking over it, that Browne *did* do that; because when I first read his poem I could hardly believe that he had written such real poetry, owing to the rimes. But it's all over now. She's written a letter I can't show you. To hope even for her friendship wouldn't be any good. A girl hates a joke something frightful."

"How about Browne?" I said.

"She's written to him also asking him where he got the verses out of, and exsplaining she doesn't believe they are original and saying how another friend had sent the very same the day before. So now you see what an unholy mess you've made of it."

I said I did, but I felt it was my duty to him.



Three days later Bradwell had me in his room.

"Yes, I know," he said; "but the question is, What do I do now? You see 'all's fair' and all that, but now, being out of the hunt, ought I to throw up the sponge and tell the truth, or ought I not?"

"I don't know, Bradwell," I said, "but anyway you won't mention me, I hope, because I only acted for you, and did a jolly dangerous thing."

"No, you're safe enough, and in fact I'm going to reward you for what you *did* do," said Bradwell. "But seeing I'm out of it, I think it will be a manly act to Browne if I tell Mabel frankly that I resorted to strateji."

"But me?" I said.

"I shall merely inform her," answered Bradwell, "that one of my emissaceries found the poem, and of course brought it to me; that I despatched it—as a joke, taking care not to say I was the auther. I shall end with these words: 'Browne is innocent.'"

All of which he did, and I left the letter in the usual spot. But Mabel cut him altogether from that day; and he told me girls have no humer and laughed it off, though he felt it a lot, and often smacked my head out of bitterness of mind afterwards, but not hard. He gave me an old knife for a reward, but told me at the same time never to do anything for him again without being commanded.

As for Mabel, she threw over Browne just like she threw over Bradwell, despite Bradwell's letter; and Bradwell said it was a nemmecis, whatever that is.





THE HOLIDAYS.
By Chas. Pears.

"The time goes on."
"Yes, so will pa when he knows how much we've spent."


J. BERNARD DAVIS



TO A ROSE-BUD.

BY WILL HILL.

ILLUSTRATED BY J. BARNARD DAVIS.

WERE I the breeze, fair rose, I'd woo
Thy petals sweet; but not to strew
Them on the air,
And render bare
The violated bosom where
They blushing grew.

Think not thy sweets I'd strive to taste,
And shed ashower those petals chaste
In shame to die;
Then frolic by
And swift to other rosebuds hie
With wanton haste!

Nay, rather would I linger near,
And gently dry each dewy tear
With softest kiss;
Nor should thy bliss
Through any ruder breath than this
Be marred by fear.

I love a maid, as fair to see,
As pure as thou: if haply she
Should pass thy way,
Bend o'er I pray
And whisper soft what I to-day
Have sung to thee.



THE STORY OF THE WAGGONER.

BY NEIL WYNN WILLIAMS.

ILLUSTRATED BY A. S. FORREST.



THEY have killed the first bullock. And now they are flaying it. Later, and in a little while, they will take out its liver. Then the doctor will chop the liver very finely and place it as a poultice around the naked body of the corporal. After which he will wrap the corporal in the raw hide. This the doctor has told to me.

To-morrow they will kill another bullock. They will take off its hide, they will take out its liver. And midst the fresh liver, inside the new hide, they will place the corporal, after that they have drawn him from the bloody poultice of to-day.

The doctor is very clever, he has cured many men. But the corporal will die.

The doctor has said, "The poultices will draw out the bad blood, will drive in fresh life."

But I, Achilles, I say "No." I say that the corporal will surely die. Listen, and you will agree with me, that though the corporal is strong, though his doctor is very clever, the corporal will die.

It was noon and three days ago that I stood in the shed where the waggons of the Afendi are kept. I was standing by the sousta, whose sides are painted red. In one hand I held a hammer, in the other I held some wooden pegs. Ach! but the waggon was old—very old; and I was mending it here, I was mending it there.

Of a sudden I heard the sound of stepping hoofs upon the roadway outside the shed. I stooped and looked through the wheels of the waggon. I saw Baba Demetri.

The Baba was leading a donkey. He came close to the shed. He stopped in front of it. He looked among the waggons, but he did not see me. "I am here," I said; and I rose, I walked to his side.

The Baba looked about him very carefully. I said, "Bah! but that is a new donkey you have there."

"Yes," he answered, "I bought it yesterday." Then his voice sank to a whisper. "Achilles," he said, looking still more carefully about him.

"Hŭn?" I ejaculated encouragingly.

"I want a piece of rope for a new bridle; this donkey is stronger than my old one."

I understood. "Wait!" I answered; and I went to the back of the shed, I drew forth a piece of new cord from a box. I held it up before the Baba. He nodded his head and handed me some pence. It was so, that I sold some of the Afendi's rope to the Baba, and placed the money in my own pocket.

The Baba was old, his hands trembled. "Make haste," I said; but still he fumbled and could not place the rope around his donkey's jaw. "Ach!" I urged; "give it to me." I was fearful lest the Afendi might pass.

The donkey was very strong, was very restless. He curled his lips, he threw up his head, he stamped and strove with his hoofs. "But it is a devil you have bought, Baba," I laughed, when at length I had noosed the cord around its chin; and I

looked at the donkey, whose eyes were wicked and wild—very wicked and wild.

The Baba did not reply. He began to clamber into the wooden saddle. "Pou 'pas (Where are you going)?" I asked curiously.

"I am going to the sea-shore to fetch a basket of sand for the Afendi," he answered briskly. It was a four hours' journey by mule.

I would have asked him how many lepta the Afendi was going to give him for the work, but just then there passed by us that blue-coated corporal who is groaning yonder upon his back. "Good-morning, corporal," I said civilly. "Good-morning, corporal," said the Baba; but his eyes shivered away from the soldier's* like the eyes of a woman will shiver away from a raw wound.

The corporal looked at the old man—it was a quick glance. Then he looked at me. And though he gave greeting to *us*, it was to *me* that he spoke. A few words, and he continued his way.

The Baba felt for the rope-stirrups with his heels. Presently he looked at the back of the corporal, who was growing smaller in the distance. And he swore by the Virgin that he would kill that corporal, whose father he wished that the devil might take.

I smiled, for the Baba was not brave. And I had heard him swear many times that he would kill the corporal. It was the oath of a weak old man, and again I smiled, as, continuing to swear very bitterly against the corporal, the Baba took the road to the sea-shore, and away from the corporal.

Further and further apart travelled the Baba and the corporal. And as I idly gazed, sometimes at the one, and sometimes at the other, I was telling myself this history of that which had come between the old man and the soldier:—

"Once the old man had a son, who was strong and tall, but a thief—a stealer of sheep. Between this son and the corporal, who was then a private, there was bad blood. But why? The world did not know.

"One day the old man's son was stupid. He allowed suspicion to grow into proof. And he left a neighbour's sheep—the throat of which he had cut—in his father's cottage, whilst he went to drink at the inn of our village.

"One ran to the corporal, who was then a private. Gladly the soldier took his rifle, and went to the inn where sat alone the old man's son.

"Soon a rifle spoke loudly. After which there was a little silence, till many men ran with clattering shoes to the door of the inn, from which was wreathing a thin blue smoke.

"The men entered with a rush, with eagerly open eyes. The old man's son lay upon his back; his legs were widely apart, so were his arms, with their twitching fingers. 'What does it mean?' asked the men of the soldier, as he stood by, and jerked a used cartridge carelessly from the breech of his rifle.

"'He was about to draw his pistol upon me, and I shot him through the heart,' said the soldier.

"There was a silence. The fingers of the old man's son ceased to twitch. A voice said, 'He is dead.'

"Presently the old man came wildly to them. His face was very pale. 'Which is the murderer? Who has killed my son?' he shouted.

"'He was about to draw his pistol upon me, and I shot him through the heart,' said the soldier; but he did not look at the old man, as he walked towards the door.

"'It is a lie!' said the old man desperately, and the soldier left the inn very quietly.

"The crowd murmured. They grew busy about the dead man. 'He is a liar and a murderer, that soldier,' sobbed the

* Here used in the sense of military police.

old man many times to them. But they —they did not know. They only thought that it was very possible. It was then that the old man first swore that he would kill the corporal."

This history, it amused me to think of it, for the corporal was still alive, and but a little while ago the old man had given him civil greeting. Bah ! though the old man had afterwards sworn bitterly, I did not think that the corporal would soon lie groaning upon his back. No, surely ! I watched the old man, and I watched the corporal, until they passed from sight ; then I went to work again at the waggon of the Afendi.



The Corporal looked at the old man.

I was busily hammering when a man came to me with a message from the Afendi. I was to take one of the light carts, and fetch things (pragmata) from the town. It was a work that ate up the rest of the day.

The next morning after that I had fed the mules, an order came that I was to cart lime from the kiln, for the use of the masons who were repairing the big house. I had finished this work by noon. Then I wanted food, and I began to eat bread under the waggon-shed. Presently I heard the voice of the Afendi. "Achilles, Achilles," he was shouting. "Edo, Afendi (Here, Afendi)," I answered; and I stepped outside of the shed. I ran to him with my mouth full of bread, as he stood talking to the corporal.

"Put the mules to the red waggon," he said to me sternly, "and go to Lamata by the sea."

"Directly," I answered hastily, for his face was very stern.

"The corporal will go with you," he said.

"Let it be so," I answered.

"You and the corporal will bring home the body of Demetri, in the red waggon," he ordered.

"Bah!" I said, for I was greatly surprised, "but is the Baba dead then?"

"Yes!" answered the Afendi. "The news has just come that the donkey of the old man has killed him."

I was very surprised. The Baba dead! And killed by his donkey. Ach! but now I remembered, its eyes were very wicked and wild.

I ran to the stables. The mules were feeding hungrily, they did not wish to work again so soon. But I, Achilles, I was their master; and I took them by the ears, I led them forth with cunning kicks. Then I came to the waggon. I seized its shafts. I drew it outside of the shed.

"Ela (Come)!" I shouted fiercely to the sulky ones; and I put them quickly to the waggon; I was ready. The Afendi had seen my cleverness, I was pleased.

I cracked my whip, the mules lent forward, the muscles of their haunches strained and gathered. So—the corporal and I started to bring back the body of the dead Baba. And upon creaking axles, over a rugged roadway, the mules slowly drew us from the village into the open country.

I wished that the corporal should tell me how the accident happened to the Baba. "I know nothing about it," said he, "save what the Afendi has told to you. I go to make enquiries, I go to see that it is truly a donkey which has killed the Baba, and not a man. That is my duty." The corporal told me this, then he blew out his cheeks with windy pride. It annoyed me to see him so, the cuckold. And I pricked him, I said, "The Baba swore many times that he would kill you."

The corporal laughed, but so uneasily that I looked at him. He said, with a quick shiver, "The Baba was afraid of me, and now he is dead."

"And now he is dead," I repeated dreamily, for it was strange how I could hear the oaths of the Baba striking distinctly in my ears, how I could see the hatred of his face hungering cruelly before my eyes.

The wheels of the waggon rolled heavily onwards. Suddenly they ceased to crunch rough stones under their iron tires; and they forced their sticky way through a crust of damp red earth, which the winter rains had swept across the roadway. My ears rested. I looked about us at the rain-beaten fields, upon whose smooth mud, amongst whose blackly-stained stubble, lay glistening pools of water. Afterwards I gazed upwards at the heavens, across whose azure, fleecy clouds were drifting slowly and lazily. "Spring will soon be here," I said to the corporal.

He started. He raised his chin from his breast. "Yes!" he answered; and he looked around. But he did not wish to talk, he wished to think, or he was sleepy.

I checked the waggon. Then ground harshly o'er another bed of stones. And now the road ran from the sodden fields amidst green woods, and turned and twisted up hills that grew great, and greater. My mules sobbed as they lowered their heads.

A while, and torrents roared dully below us. Birds flew downwards and very deeply by the side of the narrow road, which, now here, now there, had been eaten away by the winter rains. The Virgin! but I drove my mules carefully along that crumbling road, as it clung to a side of upright rock.

Thus, with a few words between the corporal and me, the mules drew the waggon to the head of the pass. And the waggon ran level till it ran down and adown midst a wood towards the sea. Then again I spoke of the dead Baba to the corporal, and I wondered how that his donkey might have killed him. "Soon we shall see," said the corporal, but his voice was low.

The firs of the wood about us grew thinly and more thinly apart. The waggon rolled more slowly down a long and gentle slope. And soon the road ran forth upon a stone-sprinkled plain. I nudged the corporal as he sat by my side. I pointed with my finger. "We shall soon be there," I said.

He gazed gloomily in the line of my pointing finger; he shivered, but he did not speak. 'Twas the sea that lay before us. It was heavy with purple colour. And the white clouds in furthest distance bent coldly to the sleeping passion of its bosom. And the grey olives that fringed its shore stood still as the heart of the dead man who was waiting till the waggon should come to his side.

With the first pale shadows of night we entered the hamlet of Lamata, whose

houses stand smally upon the yellow shore of the great sea. And I called to a man who stood near to the door of a cottage, I said, "Where lies the body of Baba Demetri?"

"He who was killed by his donkey?" he asked.

"Yes," I answered.

"He lies in that cottage, yonder," he said; and he pointed.

"'Mpros, 'mpros (Gee up, gee up)," I said impatiently to my mules. And they drew the grumbling waggon nearer to its door.

The corporal slowly descended from the waggon. I followed faster. I was about to knock, when the door of the cottage opened, and a man whom I knew, said, "I heard the waggon. Enter! He lies within."

We entered. He closed the door behind us. He shut out the noise of the beating sea. And we stood in a silence by the side of the dead man.

"Ach!" I said, as my skin turned cold and crept. "But how did it happen? And why is the cheek of the Baba torn all redly raw?"

"I will tell you what I know," he answered.

But that was not enough for the corporal, who wished to show courage in the presence of his dead enemy. He said proudly, "It will be my care that you tell us all of that which you know."

The man looked strangely at the corporal. He pointed to the dead man. "He was an enemy of yours," he said to the corporal.

The face of the corporal turned pale, a sudden gloom crept over it. "But he is dead!" he said, enquiringly.

"And yet——" said the man, and hesitated.

"And yet—— What?" asked the corporal, with an anxiety in his voice.

The man shuddered. Then he drew himself up. He began:—

"Yester eve I was coming along of the shore to the village here. The Baba who lies there was some distance ahead of me; he was leading a donkey.

"Very suddenly I saw the donkey to rear. Then it struck at the Baba with its forelegs; it beat the old man down under its hoofs.

"I gave a great shout, and ran forward to drive off the donkey. But the sand was heavy; it clung to my feet. And even while I was running, the donkey was tearing with its teeth at the Baba's cheek, was trampling him deeper and deeper into the soft sand. Ach! but the Virgin is my witness that it was a dreadful sight.

"I ran closer; my own shouts were awful to my ears. The savage one left its prey, and lashing with its tail, kicking furiously, backed and backed. Then, with a deep-bellied neigh, which widely cleft the air, it sprang, it sprang again, and dashed madly away into the gathering shades of night.

"Alone, I knelt by the side of the dying Baba. I raised his head. I looked towards the village for help; but though its houses were there, I could see none of its men.

"He was dying very quickly. Soon he would be dead. 'I will run to the village for help,' I said to him. But even as I spoke a grey shadow grew upon his face, and he raised himself with a great effort. He swore that he would kill you, corporal. And that was the speech of his last breath. He fell back dead."

The corporal said not a word when the man had finished his history of the Baba's death. I, Achilles, I looked fearfully at the Baba. There was that in his face which seemed to listen. "God!" I exclaimed to those others. "Look! but he is alive."

The corporal sprang backwards as if a snake had hissed at his feet. His eyes stared; a tide of blood filled very roundly the veins of his forehead. He drew a long breath. Then he turned savagely

upon me. He said, "He is dead, fool. Come! Take him to the waggon. Let us go."

I had been terrified, my limbs shook. "In a little time!" I answered the corporal; and I turned towards the shrine of the cottage, I crossed myself before its holy light, I prayed of the holy Saint that he would guard me on the journey home. Then peace came to me, the oath of the Baba ceased to beat in my ears, and I stooped towards the dead body.

"He is not heavy," said the soldier; and he opened the door of the cottage; he motioned to the man and myself to carry forth the body.

"You will help to lift," said the man to the soldier.

"It is not necessary," he answered; and he stepped hastily outside to the waggon.

That man and I, we gathered up the weight of the dead Baba, and he lay stiffly between us. So—with long and short steps, we bore him forth towards the sea as it gnawed with whitely gnashing teeth amidst the clammy dusks, and laid him by the side of the waggon.

Then the corporal spoke. "It is I who will fetch straw," he said, and he returned to the cottage.

The corporal left us alone with the dead man, into whose eyes were deeply sinking saddest dusks. I did not speak, I looked fearfully and broadly into the gathering night.

"Achilles," said the man by my side.

"What?" I said, turning my eyes closely upon him.

He gave a little shudder as he stood staring at the dead man. "I can hear the words of his oath," he said. "I would not like to be that corporal."

I listened with a beating heart. I thought that I heard. But even as I thought the corporal returned to our side with straw in his arms. And he tossed it with a rustle upon the floor of the waggon. Then he said boldly, though I believe that there was a great fear in his heart, "Lift him into the waggon."

"Let it be so," I answered, stooping towards the dead man. "But you will help, corporal?"

"It is not necessary," he answered.

But I—I would no longer do his work for him, for I felt fear of the dead man, of the deepening night. "You will help," I answered roughly. "You will help," said the other man. And the corporal stooped slowly, unwillingly, till he grasped the body with hands which shook.

We raised the body to the waggon. We pushed it straightly amongst the straw. The corporal gave a little laugh of relief. "He will not move," he said, and the rest of his breath went heavily forth to the night. And that sigh of the corporal, I heard it.

I climbed above and sat upon the seat. I gathered up the reins. "I am ready," I said to the corporal. And he mounted by my side. "'Mpros, 'mpros," I said to my mules, and they strove, they pulled, the waggon noisily moved. 'Twas so that we left the man behind us. 'Twas so that we left the village behind us, and travelled o'er the stony plain; we, who were living, and he, who was dead.

I was frightened. I would have liked many men to be around us, and much light.

And when a weak moon shed weakly rays, I looked fearfully between the stilly olive trees, and ever and again at the face of the dead man who lay stiffly beneath us.

Presently, and again I could hear the words of the dead man's oath. And this I told whisperingly to the corporal, who had been silent, very silent as he looked forth into the pallid night.

He turned. He gazed shrinkingly at the dead man. Then he leant backwards, and with a sudden movement he drew straw over the dead man's face.

The waggon rolled slowly onwards.



I led back many men with fiery torches.

Now from the right to the left passed grey clouds over the moon, which peered and hid, which—many times—peered and hid. And ever with the clouded light fell away the straw from the dead man's face ; and ever from the open light did the corporal cover with straw those staring eyes. But he did not speak, nor did I.

A while, and the road commenced to climb the hills. It was now that the waggon grew heavy, and more heavy. "'Mpros, 'mpros," I said to my mules, for I longed to come to our village.

Now to this side, now to that side of the waggon, the dead man moved with rustle and thud. I wished not to listen, but how could I help it? "It is the rise of the road, it is the jolt of a stone," I said to myself.

Higher, higher rolled the waggon towards the green glitter of a star. At length I drew tight the reins. "We will walk up the slope of this greatest hill," I said to the corporal.

"As you will," he answered. And we descended from the waggon, we walked by its side that was red in the yellow-green night.

"'Mpros, 'mpros," I said to my mules ; but the waggon was strangely heavy. "'Tis the hill," I said to myself. But the dead man moved in his straw, and a devil's jeer rose from the deep valley by the roadside.

The moon came more strongly forth, and shone upon the narrow level of the road. "Stop," I said to my mules. And the corporal, he climbed to his seat. There was a lofty silence upon the mountains ; there was a deep silence in the valley. Then I turned from the heads of my mules ; I went to the side of the waggon next to the high wall of rock. As I placed my hand upon one of its shafts there was a crash, and the waggon fell sideways from me with a broken axle. For a second it rested, whilst the corporal clung to its seat, and strove, and strove to climb o'er the slanting wood to where I stood in safety. Then it moved like a snail, afterwards with the quicker gliding of a snake, whilst trampled my struggling mules with piercing neighs. Suddenly it sank with a fiercer swiftness, it fell away from my sight ; and grasped as by the strength of a giant, my mules were hurried backwards, and drawn savagely downwards. Then there was nought before me but an empty moonlight, till it filled with a thunderous crash from a dim distance below.

I stood, like the rock at my back. Gradually, gradually, the moonlight emptied of its surging sound, and the deep valley, and the high peaks, but whispered of that which had just happened.

I stood, like the rock at my back, and gazed at the broken edge of that narrow roadway. A little stone rolled. I watched it, as it tumbled, tumbled, and fell with hurry to the groans that now rose from below. After which, I felt with a great fear that devils were close to me ; and I fled to our village.

Later I led back many men with fiery torches in their hands, and together we climbed down and adown the rocks till we came to the broken waggon. There, the corporal was breathing heavily by the side of the dead Baba, my mules were beating their heads with agony upon blood-sprinkled stones. And I understood all, when I saw that the right hand of the dead Baba lay stiffly outstretched over the heart of the corporal. And I knew, as you will now know, that though the corporal is strong, though his doctor is clever, the corporal must die. And I saw, as you will now see, that the oath which had wrapped around the soldier was grey and cunning. And that many bullocks' lives could not save him.



LA CIGALE.
Drawn by George Morrow.



A Brook in the Department of Var, France. From a painting by Henri Harpigniés.

In the galleries of the Luxembourg, Paris. First exhibited at the Salon of 1888.

A CENTURY OF PAINTING.

NOTES DESCRIPTIVE AND CRITICAL.—COROT AND THE MODERN PASTORAL. —THE MEN OF 1830.—ROUSSEAU, DIAZ, DUPRÉ, AND DAUBIGNY.—FOUR FIGURE PAINTERS OF DIFFERING AIMS.

CHAPTER III.

PICTURES? boasted Turner. "Give me canvas, colours, a room to work in, *with a door that will lock*, and it is not difficult to paint pictures!" This was the spirit of the older men, against which Constable rose in his might. It was the legacy of the past; the principle, or the lack of it, which permitted Titian (in a picture now in the National Gallery) to paint the shadows of his figures falling away from the spectator into the picture, and *towards* the setting sun in the background. The return to nature, however, was not accomplished at once. It is doubtful, indeed, if a painter can ever arrive at a respectable technical achievement without imbibing certain conventions which prevent complete submission to nature; absolute *naïveté* thus becoming only theoretically possible. Constable, with all his independence, dared not throw over all received canons of art. And Géricault, while daring to paint a modern theme, daring still more to embody it in forms plausibly like average humanity, and refusing to place on a raft in mid-ocean a carefully chosen assortment of antique statues, still did not think, apparently, that the heavily marked shadows prevalent throughout his picture were never seen under the far-reaching arch of the sky, but fell from a studio window. Nor do the early pictures by Corot free themselves from the influences of the academy at once. In the studies which he bequeathed to the Louvre—two tiny canvases on which are depicted the Coliseum and the Castle of

St. Angelo at Rome—the conventional picking out of detail, the painting of separate objects by themselves, without due relation to each other, is the effect of early study; and it is only in the as yet timid reaching for effect of light and atmosphere that we feel the Corot of the future. These studies were painted in 1826; and as late as 1835 the same influences are manifest in the "Hagar and Ishmael in the Desert," a historical landscape of the kind dear to the academies, but saved and made of interest by the native qualities of the painter struggling to the surface.



Jean Baptiste Camille Corot. After a photograph from life.

This portrait represents "good Papa Corot," as he was universally known, at work out of doors.

Jean Baptiste Camille Corot was born in Paris, July 28, 1796. His father was originally a barber; but, marrying a dressmaker, he joined forces with his wife to such effect that they became the fashionable house of their time; and a "dress from Corot's" found its place in the comedies of the early part of the century, very much as the name of Worth has been potent in later days. The youth's distaste for business (certain unfortunate experiences in selling olive-coloured cloth leading directly thereto) at length vanquished the parents' opposition to his choice of a career; and after a solemn family conclave it was decided that he was to have an allowance of sixty pounds a year, and be free to follow his own inclinations. Procuring materials for work, Corot sat him down the same day on the banks of the Seine, almost under the windows of his father's shop, and began to paint. It is prettily related that one of the shopwomen, Mademoiselle Rose by name, was the only person of his *entourage* who sympathised with the young fellow, and who came to look at his work to encourage him. Late in life the good Corot said: "Look at my first study; the colours are still bright, the hour and day remain fixed on the canvas; and only the other day Mademoiselle Rose came to see me; and, alas, the old maid and the old man, how faded they are!"

It was Corot's good fortune to meet at the start a young landscape painter, Michallon, who had lately returned from Rome, where he had gone after winning the prize for historical landscape, which



Early Morning. Jean Baptiste Camille Corot.

From a painting now in the Louvre. One of the best known of the works of the master, executed during the transitional period, when he still gave great attention to detail. The original is remarkable for its sense of dewy freshness.



A By-Path. From a painting by Jean Baptiste Camille Corot.

A later work treated with greater freedom.

then formed part of the curriculum of the École des Beaux Arts. Michallon died in 1824, when only twenty-eight years old, too soon to have shown the fruits of an independent spirit, which had already revolted against the trammels of the school. Desiring to save Corot from the mistakes which he had himself made, he adjured him to remain *naïf*, to paint nature as he saw it, and to disregard the counsels of those who were for the moment in authority. Gentle, almost timid by nature, having met so far in life with little but disapproval, Corot disregarded his friend's advice at first, and placed himself under the guidance of Victor Bertin, a painter then in vogue, and, needless to say, deeply imbued with scholastic tradition. In his company Corot made his first voyage to Italy, in 1825, and thus came for the first time under the true classic influence. The lessons taught in the school of nature, where Claude had studied, were those best fitted for the temperament of Corot, who has been called "a child of the eighteenth century, grown in the midst of that imitation of antiquity so ardent, and so often unintelligent, where the Directory copied Athens, and the Empire forced itself to imitate Rome." It is a curious and interesting fact that when, as in this case, the spirit of classicism reveals itself anew, its never-dying influence can be the motive for work as fresh and modern as that of Corot. It is also true that the rigid enforcement of the study of drawing was a healthy influence of Corot's early life. All the pictures of his early period show the most minute attention to form and modelling; and



Diana's Bath. Jean Baptiste Camille Corot.

From a painting in the Museum at Bordeaux.

when he had finally rid himself of the hard manner which it entailed, there remained the substratum of a constructive basis upon which his freer brush played at will.

Many years, however, Corot was to wait before the memorable day when he bewailed that his complete collection of works had been spoiled, he having sold a picture. Living on his modest income, which his father doubled when, in 1846, the son was given the Cross of the Legion of Honour, he was happy with his two loves, nature and painting. Little by little he gained a reputation among artists, especially when, after 1835, on his return from a second vogage to Italy, he found that the true country of the artist is his native country. After that period his works are nearly all French in subject, many of them painted in the environs of Paris; though, with his Theocritan spirit, he could see the fountain of Jouvence in the woods of Sèvres, and for him the classic nymph dwelt by the pond at Ville d'Avray. His life was long, and completely filled with his work. He died February 22, 1875.

After Corot's death, there was exhibited at the École des Beaux Arts, in Paris, a collection of several hundred of his pictures, and then, perhaps for the first time, the genius of the man was profoundly felt. To those who were inclined to undervalue the pure, sweet spirit which shone through his work, and to complain of the representation of a world in which no breeze stronger than a zephyr blew, in which the birds always sang, and the shepherd piped to a flock unconscious of the existence of wolves, there were shown efforts in so many and various directions as to for ever silence their reproach of monotony, so often directed against Corot's work. There were landscapes, showing the gradual emancipation, due to the most sincere study of nature, hard and precise, in the early period; vaporous and filled with suggestion, as the sentiment of the day and hour represented became important to the painter, and his technical mastery became more certain in later years. There were figures, none too well drawn from the point of view of David or Ingres, but serving, to a painter whose interest in atmospheric problems never ceased, as objects around which the luminous light of day played, and which were bathed in circumambient air.

With all this variety, however, the true value of Corot's work lies in the expression of the spirit of the man himself. It is often possible, and it is always theoretically desirable, to separate the personality of a painter from his production in any critical consideration of his achievement. It is at least only fair to believe that the light which shines from so many canvases is the true expression of many a life which is clouded to our superficial view. With Corot, however, it is impossible to make this separation. Every added detail of his life—and they are so numerous that in the difficulty of a choice they must remain unrecorded here—gives a new perception of his work. A youthful Virgilian spirit to the day of his death, as old at his birth as the classic source from which he sprang, he invented a method essentially his own, in which to express his new-old message. In our work-a-day, materialistic age, like a thrush singing in a boiler-shop, he is the quiet but triumphant vindication of the truth that all great art has its roots firmly implanted in the earth of Hellenic civilisation, though its expression may be, as in Corot's case, through an art unknown to the Greeks, and even, as in the case of the one greater man of this century than Corot—Millet—by the presentation of types which the beauty-loving sons of Hellas disdained to represent.

Millet's work must be considered later in these papers, but it is useful here to make this passing comment, that with Corot he represents what is best in our



A Shallow River. From a painting by Theodore Rousseau.

modern art; that the greatest quality of our modern art is its steadfast reliance on nature; and that, paradoxical as it may seem, they are alike in taking only from nature that which is serviceable to the clarity of their expression, being in this both at odds to the common practice of modern painting, which usually adopts a more servile attitude towards nature. Corot painted out of doors constantly; but in the maturity of his art his work was only based upon the scene before him, a practice dangerous to the student, and fraught with difficulty to the master. In the fever of production; in the almost childish joy which the long neglected painter felt when dealers and collectors besieged his door; and, finally, in the necessity which arose for large sums of money to carry on works of charity, which were his only dissipation, and which it was his pride to sustain without impairing the patrimony that in the course of time he had inherited, and that he left intact to his relatives; Corot undoubtedly weakened his legacy to the future by over-production. In addition, his work became the prey of unscrupulous dealers (as there is nothing easier to imitate superficially than a Corot), and the mediocre pictures signed by his name are not always of his workmanship. Such works apart, his art has given us a message from the purest source of poetry and painting, couched in a language which is thoroughly of our time; and it can be said that no other painter of the century, save the graver Millet, has held fast that which was good in the art of the past, and so enriched it by added truth and beauty, as Corot. It was fitting that when he lay dying as cheerfully as he had lived, contented that he had "had good parents and good friends," beautiful landscapes



The Stormy Sea. From a painting by Jules Dupré.

This powerful picture gives an idea of the dramatic force of one who has been fitly termed a symphonic painter.

flitted before his eyes, "more beautiful than painting." On the morning of February 22, 1875, his servant urged him to eat to sustain his strength; but he gently shook his head, saying: "Papa Corot will breakfast in heaven to-day."

Eight years before, on December 22, 1867, there had died at Barbizon Theodore Rousseau, who, born at Paris, July 15, 1812, had been the leader of the revolution in landscape painting, in which we to-day count Corot, Daubigny, Dupré, Troyon, Diaz, Jacque, and others who, with our mania for classification, we call the "Barbizon School." The fact that these men, more than any painters before their time, had, by direct study from nature, developed strongly individual characteristics, makes this title, localised as it is by the name of a village with which a number of them had slight, if any, connection, a misnomer. The French name for the group, "the men of 1830," is more correct; for it was about that time that their influence in the Salon began to be felt, as a result of the pictorial invasion of Constable. Lacking the poetic feeling of Corot, and more realistic in his aims, though not always in result, Rousseau met with instant success when he exhibited for the first time at the Salon in 1834. His picture, "Felled Trees, Forest of Compiégne," received a medal, and was purchased by the Duc d'Orleans. The following year the jury, presided over by Watelet, a justly forgotten painter, refused Rousseau's pictures, and from that time until 1849, when the overthrow of Louis Philippe had opened the Salon doors to all comers, no picture by Rousseau was exhibited at the Salon.

In the meantime, however, Rousseau's fame had grown, fostered by the more advanced critics of the time. He lived at

Barbizon, on the border of the forest of Fontainebleau; and, basing his work on the most uncompromising study of nature, his pictures bore an impress of simple truth, which to our latter-day vision seems so obvious and easily understood that nothing could show more clearly the depth of error into which his opponents had fallen than the systematic rejection of his work for so many years. He was by nature a leader, and in his country home he was soon joined by Millet and Charles Jacque, while in Paris he had the hearty support of Delacroix and his followers of the Romantic School. While forced by circumstances to find allies in these men, Rousseau had, however, but little of the imaginative temperament. He was, above all, the close student of natural phenomena. He sat, an impartial recorder of the phases of nature's triumphal procession. Early and late, in the fields, among the rocks, or under the trees of the forest, his cunning hand noted an innumerable variety of facts which before him, through ignorance or disdain, the landscape painter had never seen. It is but fair to say that, like all pioneers in the untrodden fields of art, his means of expression at times failed to keep pace with his intention. His work is occasionally overburdened with detail, through the embarrassment of riches which nature poured at his feet. Then, heir to the processes of painting of former generations, it seemed to him necessary to endow nature with a warmth of colouring, an abuse of the richer tones of the palette, which we may presume he would have discarded but for the fact already noted, that a painter carries through his earthly



The Edge of the Forest (Fontainebleau). From a painting by Theodore Rousseau.

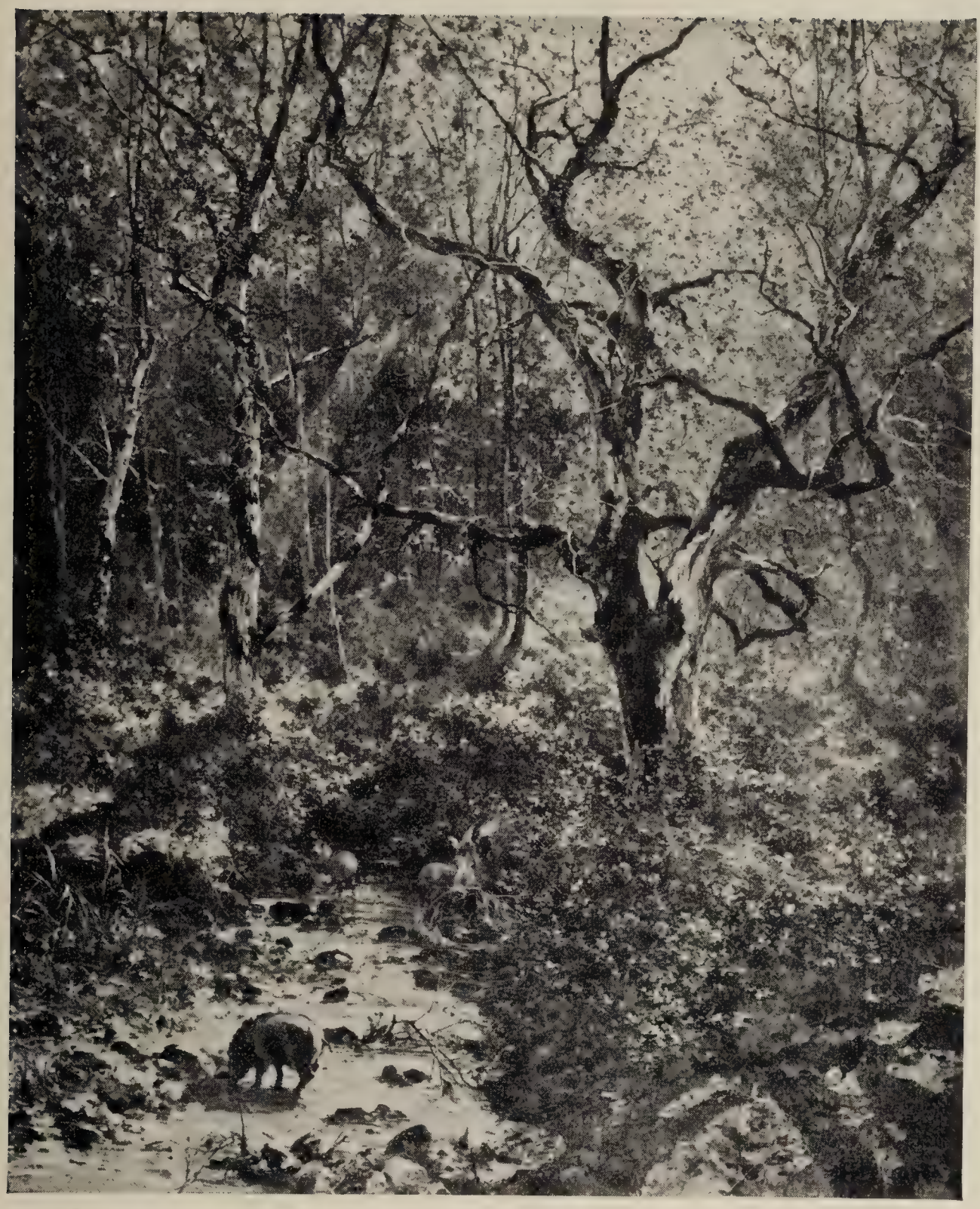
pilgrimage a baggage of early-formed habits difficult to throw off *en route*. The belief that colour to be beautiful must of necessity be warm, rich, and deep in tone, was shared by all painters of Rousseau's time, and lingers still in the minds of many, despite the fact that nature has created the tea-rose as well as the orange. When, however, Rousseau was completely successful the reward of his painstaking methods was measurably great. The rendition of effect, the certainty of modelling, the sustained power throughout the work, lifts it beyond mere transcription of fact into the realm of typical creations which appear more true than average reality.



On the River Oise. From a painting by Charles François Daubigny.

A typical French river, with the familiar figures of peasant women washing linen in the stream. Probably painted during one of the voyages of his house-boat studio *Le Bottin*, in which the painter passed many summers.

Of the life of Rousseau as the head of the little colony of painters who for longer or shorter periods resided at Barbizon, much could be said if space permitted. It is pleasant to think that the more prosperous Rousseau helped with purse and influence his comrades, and that, by nature sad and irritable, he was always considerate of them in the many discussions which took place. Corot, ill at ease in the revolutionary atmosphere, made an occasional appearance. Diaz, he of meridional extraction, turbulent and emphatic, stamped his wooden leg, and was as illogical in debate as in painting. Charles Jacque, with the keen smile and the facility for absorbing ideas from the best of them; Ziem even, who painted Venice for some years in the shades of Fontainebleau; Dupré, whose nature expresses itself in deep sunsets gleaming through the oaks of the forest; Daubigny, the youngest of the group, and the more immediate forerunner of landscape as it is to-day, then winning his first success; Decamps, who later sometimes left the Imperial Court, domiciled for the moment at the palace of Fontainebleau, and brought his personality of a great painter, who failed through lack of elementary instruction, among them; Daumier, the great caricaturist, and possibly greater painter, but for the engrossing character of the work which first fell



A Sunlit Glade. From a painting by Leon-Germain Pelouse.

A remarkable rendering of intricate detail without sacrifice of general effect, this picture, nevertheless, gives somewhat the impression of a photograph from nature.

in his way. All these and more made up the constantly shifting group. The first innkeeper of the place and his wife, whose hyphenated name, Luniot-Ganne, commemorated their union, kept for many years on the walls, the panels of the doors, and on odd cabinets and bits of furniture, *souvenirs* of the passage of all these men, in the shape of sketches made by their hands. This little museum, created in sportive mood, bore all these names and many more, those of men, often celebrated, who from sympathy or curiosity visited the place. Millet was in life, as in art, somewhat apart in the later years; but he was the consistent friend of Rousseau, whose life closed in the darkness of a disordered mind.

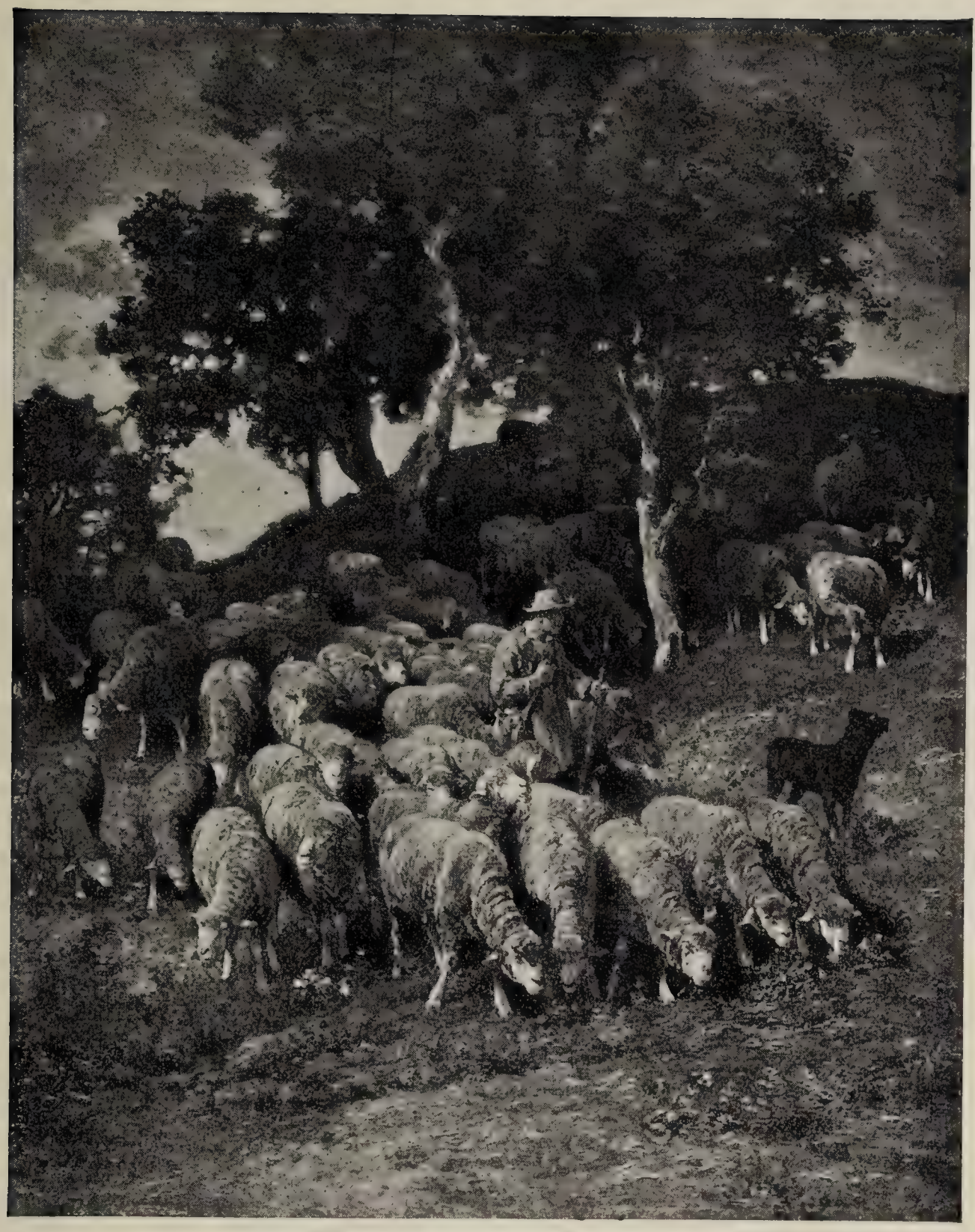
Narcisco Virgilio Diaz de la Peña was the noble name of him who, born at Bordeaux in 1807, the son of a Spanish refugee, died at Mentone, November 18, 1876. Left an orphan when very young, he drifted to Paris, and found work, painting on china, in the manufactory at Sèvres. Here he met Dupré, employed like himself; and in their work in other fields it is not fanciful to feel the influence of the delight in rich translucent colour, of the tones employed with over-emphasis on

the surface of *faïence*. After a bitter acquaintance with poverty, Diaz produced work which brought him great popularity. The earlier pictures were studies in the forest of Fontainebleau, whose venerable tree-trunks, moss-grown; whose lichen-covered rocks, and gleaming pools reflecting the sky; he rendered with force of colour and strength of effect. Gradually he began to attempt the figure, which in his hands never attained a higher plane than an assemblage of charming though artificial colour; and these little *bouquets*, which superficially imitated Corregio, Da Vinci, or Prud'hon as the fancy seized the painter, bathed in a colour that is undeniably agreeable, were and are to this day loved by the collector, Of a whimsical temperament, Diaz was the life of artist gatherings; and his facility in work, and its popularity, gave him the means of doing many generous acts, the memory of which lives. But, of the group of men of his time, he has experienced perhaps the least influence.

Jules Dupré rises to a higher plane. But his work, freed from the colder academical bondage, is pitched in a key of colour which takes us to a world where the sun shines through smoke; where the clouds float heavily, filled with inky vapours; and the light shoots from behind the trees explosively. It is a grave, rhythmic world, however; and if it lacks the dewy atmosphere of Corot, it has an intensity which the more sanely balanced painter seldom reached. Dupré, born at Nantes in 1812, and dying near Paris, at the village of L'Isle-Adam, in 1889, made his first important exhibit at the Salon in 1835, after a visit to England, where he met Constable. This picture, "Environs of Southampton," was typical of the work he was to do. A long waste of land near the sea, the middle distance in deepest shadow, and richly-coloured storm-clouds racing overhead; the foreground in sunlight, enhanced by the artificial contrast of the rest of the picture; a wooden dyke on which, together with two white horses near by, the gleam of sunlight falls almost with a sound, so intensified is all the effect; makes up the picture. Dupré's work is generally keyed up to the highest possible pitch, and it is no little merit that, with the constant insistence on this note, it is seldom or never theatrical.

Constant Troyon, from sympathy of aim, is commonly included in this group, although it was gradually, and after success achieved in landscape, that his more powerful cattle pictures were produced, which alone entitle him to the place. Born at Sèvres is 1810, where his father was employed at the manufactory of porcelain, he was thrown in contact with Dupré and Diaz. He first exhibited at the Salon in 1832, and for nearly twenty years was known as a landscape painter. His work at that time was eclectic, sufficiently in touch with Rousseau, whose acquaintance he had made, to be of interest, but never revolutionary enough to alarm the academical juries of the Salon. In 1849, after a visit to Holland, he turned his attention to animal painting, and became in that field the first of his time. In common with his quondam comrades in the porcelain manufactory, Troyon delighted in warmth and richness of tone and colour; but in the rendering of the texture and colour of cattle the quality availed him greatly, and as objects in his foreground the landscape environment gained in depth by its judicious use. Troyon will be chiefly remembered by the pictures painted from 1846 to 1858. The later years of his life, until his death in 1865, were passed with a clouded intellect.

The youngest of the group proper was Charles François Daubigny, who was born in Paris in 1817, and died there in 1878. He was the son of a well-known miniature painter, and passed his youth in the country, where he imbibed the love for simple nature which he afterwards rendered with less of fervour than Rousseau, with less poetry than either Corot or Dupré; but, in his way, with as much or more of truth.



A Shepherd and his Flock. From a painting by Charles Emile Jacque.

A typical example of the master, solidly painted, though, as was often his habit, somewhat forced in effect.

His task was easier. In the progress which landscape painting had made, there were hosts of younger painters, each adding a particle of truth, each making an advance in technical skill and daring, and Daubigny profited by it all. Corot, it is true, had never been afflicted with the preoccupation of combining the freshness of nature with the *patine* with which ages had embrowned the old gallery pictures; but Daubigny, looking at nature with a more literal eye than Corot, ran a gamut of colour greater than he. It was Daubigny who said of Corot, in envious admiration: "He puts nothing on the canvas, and everything is there." His own more prosaic nature took delight in registering a greater number of facts. Floating quietly down the rivers of France in a house-boat, he diligently reproduced the sedgy banks, the low-lying distances, the poplars and clumps of trees lining the shore, and reflected in the waters. He painted the "Springtime," now in the Louvre, with lush grass growing thick around the apple trees in blossom; with tender greens, soft, fleecy clouds, and the moist, humid atmosphere of France; with-

out preoccupation of rich colour, of "brown sauce," of "low tone," of the thousand and one conventions which have enfeebled the work of men stronger than he. Thus he prepared the way, and fills a middle place between the men who broke down the barrier of the Academy, and made an honest effort at painting nature as they saw and felt it, but who, children of their epoch, could not altogether rid themselves of their early education and the lawless band who, with the purple banner of impressionism, now riot joyously in the fields, with brave show of gleaming colour, and fearless attempt to enlist science in their ranks.



"The Man with the Leathern Belt"—Portrait of Gustave Courbet as a young man, by himself.

From the original, in the Louvre

It is to these latter that the future must look, and it can do so with confidence. In all the licence which runs ahead of progress there is less danger than resides in stagnation. The men of 1830, who by ungrateful youths are now derided had their turn at derision, and extravagances were committed in their name, according to the beliefs of their time. They carried their work, however, to its full completion, and it remains the greatest achievement of this century in painting, the greatest in landscape art of all time. What the next century may bring is undoubtedly foreshadowed in the work of impressionistic tendency. It has the merit of being a new direction, one as yet hardly opened before us, but more hopeful, despite certain excesses, than it would be to see the men of our time settle down to an imitation of the works, however great, of those men of 1830. The immediate effect of their example — for few or none of them actually formed pupils—was, and can still be, seen in the works of men too numerous to be registered here. With the bent of the Gallic mind to scientific accuracy, the tendency was one of great literal dependence on nature, when once the way was opened.

In Henri Harpigniés, a living painter, though now aged, the influence is felt



An Unhappy Family. From a painting by Nicholas François Octave Tassaert.

In the Luxembourg catalogue, to which museum the picture came from the Salon of 1850, is printed a long quotation from Lamennais's *Paroles d'un Croyant* (The Words of a Believer), an emphatic work, of great popularity about the time that the picture was painted. The women represented, having fallen into poverty, are suffering from cold and hunger, the obvious end of the tragedy being explained by these words, "Shortly after there were seen two forms, luminous like souls, which took their flight towards Heaven." The picture, like much of Tassaert's work, affords an instance of misguided and morbid talent.



The Stone Breakers. From a painting by Gustave Courbet.

One of Courbet's early pictures, which, when exhibited at the Salon, excited considerable discussion, certain adverse critics finding in it an appeal to the socialistic elements. It represents a scene common in France, where stones are piled by the roadsides to be broken up for repairing the route.

in the careful attention to form throughout the landscape. The delicate branching of trees is depicted in his work with accuracy tempered by a sense of the beauty of line, which prevents it from becoming photographic. Léon-Germain Pelouse, who was born at Pierrelay in 1838, and died in Paris, 1891, carried somewhat the same qualities to excess. His pictures, though undeniably excellent, are marred by the dangerous facility which degenerates into mere virtuosity. Charles Jacque, who was born in 1813, and lived until 1894, was of the original group living for many years in Barbizon. He was, perhaps, of less original mind than any of the others, but was gifted with a power of assimilation which enabled him to form an eclectic style that is now recognised as his own. His pictures are many in number and varied in character, though his somewhat stereotyped pictures of sheep, done in the later years of his life, are best known.

The limits of space render it difficult to make even a summary enumeration of certain tendencies in figure painting which marked the years of the growth of this great landscape school. Gustave Courbet (born at Ornans in 1819, died in Switzerland, 1877), who might be classed both as a figure and a landscape painter, would demand by right a longer consideration than can be here given. Of his career as

a champion of realism, as a past master in the peculiarly modern art of keeping one's self before the public, culminating in his connection with the Commune in Paris in 1871, and the destruction of the column in the Place Vendôme, there could be much to say. Courbet was, as a painter, a powerful individuality; of more force, however, as a painter of the superficial envelope than of the deeper qualities which nature makes pictorial at the bidding of one of finer fibre. His claim to be considered modern can be contested, inasmuch as it was only in subject that his work was novel. In manner of painting he was of a time long past, of a school of greater masters than he showed himself to be. With this reserve, however, as a vigorous painter, both of the figure and landscape, he is interesting; and as one of the first to look about him and find his subjects in our daily life, his work will live.

Théodule Ribot (born at Breteuil, 1823, died in Paris, 1891) seems, to our view, to be almost a resurrection of an old Spanish master. Spagnoletto would hardly disown his "St. Sebastian," in the Luxembourg; and though one is inclined to wonder at a man of this century caring to shut out the light of day, and in the mysterious recesses of a cell which allows only a single ray to fall on his model, give himself up to the contemplation of nature under such conditions, it is nevertheless true that the protean spirit of art excuses anything which is well done. As one working alone, Ribot is therefore more interesting than he would have been had he chosen to follow the beaten



The Good Samaritan. From a painting by Theodule Ribot.

From the Salon of 1870; now in the Luxembourg. The story of the man who went down to Jericho and fell among thieves is here treated as a pretext for a forcible effect of light and shade, though it is also a novel and dramatic presentation of the scene.



Servant at the Fountain. From a painting by François Saint Bouvin.

From the Salon of 1863; now in the Luxembourg galleries. A quiet scene, essentially French from the type of the woman to the "fountain" of red copper so often seen in French kitchens, it recalls the work of the old Holland masters, and proves that, in our day, and with material near at hand, one can be thoroughly modern and yet claim kinship with the great painters of the past.

path of the schools; and as exercises in the magical mystery of arbitrarily controlled light and shade, his works are masterly.

Curiously enough, the revival of the art of another epoch, in the case of François Saint Bouvin, remained absolutely modern. By nature or by choice this painter (born at Vaugirard, near Paris, in 1817, and dying at St. Germain-en-Laye in 1881) is a modern Pieter de Hooge; and as the Dutch masters addressed themselves to a painstaking and sincere representation of the life about them, in like manner Bouvin, bringing to his work much the same qualities, choosing as his subjects quiet interiors, with the life of the family pursuing its even tenor (or the still more placid progress of conventional life, like the "'Ave Maria' in the convent of Aramont," in the Luxem-

bourg), remains himself while resembling his prototypes. It is instructive to look at his "Servant at the Fountain," reproduced here, and note the unconsciousness of the work before us. It lacks, it is true, the pretence of dramatic action; but it is filled with a satisfying sense of reality.

The work of a painter equally able, though suffering somewhat as representing an art with which we moderns have little sympathy, falls into comparison here, and undoubtedly loses by it. The unfortunate painter, Octave Tassaert, who was born in Paris in 1800, and lived there, undergoing constant privation, until he voluntarily ended his life in 1874, possibly found consolation for his hard lot in depicting scenes like that entitled "An Unhappy Family." Painted with great skill, and, what is more difficult, conceived with real emotion, it is not the obvious question as to the utility of perpetuating such painful scenes which need preoccupy us. It is rather the question of the possibility of telling so intricate a story pictorially. The contrast of the Bouvin and the Tassaert results in favour of the former. The first gives one a glimpse of a quiet scene on which the fancy of the spectator may embroider any story that he will; the latter, by explaining everything, by carrying out the whole story, leaves the sensation of a scene that is artificial on the mind.

The lesson of the art of the men considered here is that of direct inspiration of nature, of reliance on native qualities rather than those acquired; and the impulse given by them has continued in force until to-day. We have before us, as a consequence, two strongly defined tendencies which will control the future of painting. The first and strongest, for the moment, is the impressionistic tendency, with its negation of any pictorial qualities other than those based on direct study from objects actually existing. This would, if carried to a logical conclusion, eliminate the imaginative quality, and render the painter a human photographic camera. The other tendency is that which has existed since art was born, and which, though temporarily and justly ignored in periods when it is necessary to recreate a technical standard, always comes to the surface when men have learned their trade as painters. It is the desire to create; the instinct which impels one to use the language given him to express thought. The two tendencies are not incompatible; and though for many years to come there will be an apparent impossibility of union, in the end, it can be predicted, the artist will arise who, with certainty of expression, will express thought.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



AFTER DINNER.
By B. E. Minns.

Grandfather.—"I can't make out why such light wine should go to my head."

Tommy.—"I 'spect there's no room anywhere else, Grandpa!"

Shrewsbury

by Stanley J. Weyman

Illustrated

by

CLAUDE A. SHEPPERSON.



CHAPTER XXI. *

IT cannot at this time of day be needful for me to describe in detail the aspect of those features which the action disclosed, since they are as well remembered by many still living as they are faithfully preserved for posterity—lacking some of the glow and passion which then animated them—on the canvas by Sir Peter Lely, which hangs in the Charterhouse. The Duke of Shrewsbury—to set concealment aside—was then in his thirty-sixth year, in the prime and bloom of manhood, of a fair complexion and regular features, over which the habitude of high rank and the possession of unrivalled parts threw a cast of reserve and stateliness not unbecoming. As he was by nature so sensitive that on this side alone his enemies found him vulnerable, so his face in repose, if it had any blemish at all, had the fault of bordering on the womanish, the lines of his mouth following those of the choicest models of antiquity. But this blemish—if that which bore witness to the most affectionate disposition in the world could be called by that name—was little marked in public life; the awe which his eyes, alike firm and penetrating, inspired in the vulgar, rendering most people blind to it. To sum up, his face gave a just idea of his character, for, though indolent, he was of such a temper that the greatest dared take no liberty with him, and though proud he gave the meanest his rights and a place.

Such, in fine, was the man who now confronted Ferguson, and with a stern light in his eye bade the schemer stand out. That the latter from the first had intended to declare himself was as certain as that, now the time had come, he hesitated, awed by the mere power of worth, as I have heard that wicked men calling up spirits from the deep have

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stood affrighted before the very beings they have summoned. Yet his hesitation was for a moment only; after which, rallying the native audacity of a temperament which rejoiced in these intrigues and dénouements, he stepped jauntily forward, and assuming such a parody of dignity as likened his clumsy figure and sneaking face to nothing so much as an ape decked out in man's clothes, he allowed the light to fall on his features.

The Duke looked, and even where I stood behind the lath and plaster partition I heard him catch his breath. "You are Robert Ferguson!" he said.

"Well guessed!" the plotter answered, with a harsh discordant laugh. "Your Grace has not forgotten '88. Believe me, if the Prince of Orange had kept as good a memory, I should not have been in this garret, nor need I have troubled your lordship to visit me in it."

"It would have been better for you, sir, had you still refrained," the Duke answered with severity. "Mr. Ferguson, I tell you at once that I do not bear his Majesty's Commission in vain, and my first proceeding on leaving this house will be to sign a warrant for your apprehension, and direct the officers where it can be executed."

"And I, my lord," Ferguson answered with an impudent attempt at pleasantry, "have a very good mind to take you at your word, and let you go to do it. For when your officers arrived they would not find me, while your Grace would go hence to fall into as pretty a trap as was ever laid for a man."

"Doubtless, then, of your laying!" my lord cried, with a gesture of contempt.

"On the contrary, until I saw you, I knew of the trap indeed, but not for whom it was intended. Since I have seen you, however—and how greatly you have improved since '88, when we last met"—Ferguson added, impertinently,—"my eyes are opened, and I feel a very sincere pity for your lordship."

"I am obliged to you for your warning," the Duke answered, drily, "and will endeavour to take care of myself. If that be all, therefore, that you have to say to me—and I assume that the letter in Lord Middleton's name was no more than a ruse—I will say good-day."

"But that is not all, nor a part!" Ferguson replied. "I have a bargain to propose, and information"—this sullenly and with lowered eyes—"to give."

"As usual!" my lord answered, shrugging his shoulders, and speaking with the most cutting scorn. "But permit me to say that you have made a mistake, Mr. Ferguson, in sending for me. You should know by this time, being versed in these affairs, that I leave such bargains to underlings."

"Nevertheless, to this bargain you must be a party," the other answered violently. "Nay, my lord, I can make you a party. I have only to tell you a thing I know; and, whether you will or no, for your own safety you must do what I ask."

"For my own safety, Mr. Ferguson, I am not in the habit of doing anything I would not do for other reasons," the Duke answered coldly. "For the rest, if you have anything to tell me that concerns the King's service——"

"Which King's?" the plotter cried, with a sneer.

"I acknowledge one only—then, I say, I will hear it. But I will neither do nor promise anything in return."

"You talk finely," Ferguson cried, "yet you cannot deny that before this I have told things that were worth knowing."

"That were worth men's lives!" my lord answered, speaking in a low stern voice, and looking at him with a strange abhorrence. "Yes, Mr. Ferguson, I acknowledge that. That were worth men's lives. And it reminds me that you are growing old, and have blood on your hands; you only and God know how

much. But some I know; the proof of it lies in my office. If you will take my advice, therefore, you will think rather of quitting the world and making your peace with heaven—if by any means it can be done—than of digging pits for better men than yourself. Man," he continued, looking fixedly at him, "do you never think of Ayloffe and Sidney? And Russell? And Monmouth? And Cornish? Of the men you have egged on to death, and the men you have—sold? God forgive you! God forgive you, for man never will!"

I should fail, and lamentably, were I to try to describe either the stern feeling with which my lord uttered this solemn address—the more solemn as it came from a young man to an old one—or the horrid passion born of rage, fear, and remorse commingled, with which the intriguer received it. When my lord had ceased to speak, Ferguson broke into the most fearful imprecations, calling down vengeance not only on others for wrongs done to him, but on his own head if he had ever done aught but what was right; and this rant he so sprinkled with texts of scripture and scraps of the old Covenanters' language that for profanity and blasphemy I never heard the like. The Duke, after watching the exhibition for a time with eyes of pity and reprobation, ended by setting on his hat and turning to the door. This sufficed—as nothing else would have—to bring the conspirator to his senses. With a hideous chuckle, which brought his tirade to a fitting conclusion, "Not so fast, my lord! Not so fast," he cried, slapping his pocket. "The key is here. I have something to say before you go."

"In God's name say it then!" the Duke cried, his face sick with disgust.

"I will!" Ferguson answered hoarsely, leaning on the table which stood between them and thrusting forward his chin, his face still suffused with rage. "And see you how I will confound you! The Duke of Berwick is in England. The Duke of Berwick is in London. And what is worse for you, my lord, he lies to-night at Dr. Lloyd's in Hogsden Gardens. So take that information to yourself, my Lord Secretary, and make what you can of it—not forgetting the King's interest! Ha! ha! I have you tight there, I think!"

His triumph, extreme and offensive as it was, seemed to be justified by the consternation—I can call it by no other name—which darkened the Duke's countenance as he listened, and held him a moment speechless and motionless, glaring at the other. At last, "And *you* sent to me to tell me this?" he cried.

"I did! I did! There is no other living man would have thought of it or done it. And why? Because there is no man can play my cards but myself."

"You devil!" my lord cried; and was silent.

Seeing that I knew little more of this of which they spoke than that the Duke of Berwick was King James' natural son and favourite, I was at a loss to comprehend either the Duke's chagrin or Ferguson's very evident triumph. The latter's next words, however, went far towards explaining his jubilation; and if they did not perfectly clear up my lord's position—fully to enter into which required a nobility of sentiment and a nicety of honour on a par with his own—they enabled me to guess where the shoe pinched.

"D'ye take me now, my lord?" the plotter cried, with a savage grimace. "That concerns the King's service I think; and yet—I dare you to make use of it. Ay, my Lord Secretary, I dare you to make use of it!" he repeated, his unwholesome face deep red with excitement. "For why? Because you know that there will be a day of reckoning presently—and sooner, mayhap, than some think. You know that. Sooner or later it will come—it will come, and then 'Touch not mine

anointed!' Or rather, touch but a hair of his Jamie's head, and his Majesty'll no forgive! He'll no forgive! There will be mercy for my Lord Devonshire, and my Lord Admiral, ay, and for that incarnate liar and devil, John Churchill! Ay, even for him, for he has made all safe both sides and so have the others. But do you touch the King's blood, though it be bastard—do you send to-night to the Bishop's and take him, and go on to what follows—and you may kneel like Monmouth, and plead like my Lady Russell, and you'll to the axe and the sawdust, when the time comes! Ay, you will! you will! you will!"

Though his harsh voice rose almost to a shriek with the last words, and the room rang with them, the Duke stood mutely regarding him, and made no answer. After an interval, Ferguson himself went on, but in a lower tone. "That is the one course you may take, my lord," he said, "and the result of it! If you follow my advice, however, you will not adopt that course. Instead you will let FitzJames be. You will act as if you had not seen me to-day, nor heard that he was in London. You'll wipe this meeting from your memory and live as if it had not been. And so, at the Restoration, you will have nothing to fear on that head. But—but in the meantime," Ferguson continued with an ugly grin, "it may be the worse for your Grace if the truth, and your knowledge of the truth, come to the Prince's ears, whose Minister you are; and worse again if it come to Bentinck's, who, I am told, is some trouble to your Grace already."

The Duke's face was a picture. "You villain!" he said again. "What do you want?"

"For my silence?"

"For your silence? No. What is your aim? What is your object? You betray one and the other. The son of your King to prison and death. Me, if you can, to ruin and shame. And why? Why, man? What do you gain?"

"What do I gain? What shall I gain, you mean," Ferguson answered, smiling cunningly. "Only your Grace's signature to a scrap of paper—give me that, and I am mum, and neither Berwick nor you will be a penny the worse."

"What, money?" cried my lord, surprised, I think.

"Oh, no, not money," said the plotter coolly. "And yet—it may be money's worth to me over there."

CHAPTER XXII.

"It is this way, my lord," he continued after a pause. "Lord Middleton said some things over there in your Grace's name—that would be four years back; but you never acted on them, though it was whispered you paid dearly for them here. In the interval it has been the aim of a good many to get something more definite from your Grace; the rather as you stand almost alone, the main part of the Court, and more than you know, having made their peace. But the efforts of those persons failed with your Grace because they went about it in the wrong way. Now, I, Robert Ferguson," the plotter continued, patting himself on the chest, and bowing with grotesque conceit, "have gone about it in the right way; and I shall not fail. The position is this. You must either arrest the Duke of Berwick or you must let him go. That is clear. If you do the former, you offend beyond pardon, and your head will fall at the Restoration, whoever goes clear. On the other hand, if you let the Duke escape and it come to the Prince of Orange's ears that you knew of his presence, you will be ruined with your present party. The only course left to you, therefore, is to let him go, but to purchase my silence—that it may not reach the Prince's ears—by signing a few words on a paper, which shall be sealed here, and opened only by His Majesty in his closet. Now, my lord, what do you say to that?"

"That you are a fool as well as a

knave!" was the Duke's unexpected reply. He had recovered his equanimity, and took a pinch of snuff as he spoke.

The plotter's eyes sparkled. "Why?" he cried with an oath. "And is that language for a gentleman?"

"A gentleman? Faugh!" cried my lord. "And why? Because you suppose your word to be of value; whereas you should know that were you to go to Kensington and tell the King that you had informed me of this or that or the other, and were I to deny it, you would to Newgate for certain, and to the pillory perhaps —but I should be not a penny the worse. Your word forsooth! Why, man, you are crazed!"

"Ay, but if I have had you followed here?" the other answered savagely. "If I can produce three witnesses to prove that you were with me to-day, and by stealth! and by stealth, my lord? What then?"

"Why, then this!" the Duke answered with composure. "And it is my answer. I shall go hence to the King and tell him all; and on your information, Mr. Ferguson, the Duke of Berwick will be arrested. Whatever my fate or his after that, I shall have done my duty and kept my oath as a privy-councillor, and the rest I leave to God! But for you," he continued, slowly and with solemnity, "who to gain a hold on me have betrayed the son of your King, your fate be on your own head!"

The plotter, who, I think, had expected any answer but this, and, it may be, had never considered his own position should the Duke stand firm, roared out a furious "You lie!" And then again in a frenzy, as the consequences rose more clearly before him, "You lie!" he cried, striking his hand on the table. "You will not do it! You will not dare to do it!"

"Mr. Ferguson," the Duke answered haughtily, "I do not suffer persons of your condition to tell me what I dare, or do not dare; or persons of any condition to give me the lie. Be good enough to open the door!"

"Sign the paper!" the conspirator hissed. His face, at no time sightly, was now distorted by fear and the rage of defeat; while the chair on the back of which he leaned his left hand, jerked this way and that as if the palsy had him. "Sign the paper, will you? Or your blood be on your own head!"

The Duke's only answer was to point to the door with his cane. "Open it!" he said, his breath coming a little quickly but his manner otherwise unmoved. "Do you hear me?"

But either Ferguson's rage had so much the mastery of him that he could no longer control himself, or he was desperate, seeing into what an abyss the other's firmness was pushing him; or from the first he had determined on this course in the last resort. At any rate at that word, and instead of complying, he fell back a step, and with a dark face drew a pistol from the pocket of his long coat. "Sign!" he cried, his voice whistling in his throat, as he levelled the arm at my lord's head. "Sign, you Roman spawn, or I'll spill your brains! Sign, or you don't go out of this room alive! Has the Lord's foot been put on the neck of his enemies that such as you should divide the spoil?"

There was nothing to sign, for he had not produced the paper. But in the delirium of fear and excitement into which he had fallen, he was unconscious of this, and of all except that he was in danger of falling into the pit he had digged for another. His hand shook so violently that every moment I expected the pistol to explode, with his will or without it; his fears no less than his despair putting my lord in danger. What he, who stood thus exposed to naked death, thought in his heart while his existence hung on a shaking finger I cannot say, nor if he prayed; for no man talked less of religion, to be, as I trust he was, a believer; while the pride which supported

him in that crisis was as powerful to close his lips after the event. "Put that down!" was all he said, and met the other's eyes without blenching, though I think that he was a trifle paler than he had been.

"Sign!" answered the madman with an oath.

"Put it down!" repeated the Duke; and doubtless his courage by imposing a restraint on the other's headiness postponed, though it could not avert, the catastrophe.

For, every second they stood thus fronting one another, Ferguson grinning and gibbering to him to sign, I looked to see the pistol explode, and my lord fall lifeless. My knees shook under me; horrified at this murder to be committed under my eyes, scarce conscious what I did or would do, I fumbled for the handle of the door—which luckily was beside me,—and found it precisely as the Duke, with a twirl of his cane as swift as it was unexpected, knocked the pistol aside and sprang bodily on the villain, striving to bear him down. He had no time to draw his sword.

He was the younger man by twenty years and the more active, if not the more powerful; so that for an instant it seemed to me that the danger was over. But I counted without Ferguson, who, leaping back before the other could grapple with him, with a nimbleness beyond his years put the table between them, and levelling the pistol afresh with a snarl of rage, pulled the trigger. The flint snapped harmlessly!

More than that I could not bear; and, by heaven's mercy, the movement had brought the wretch close to the door at which I stood, and which I had that moment opened. As he aimed the pistol a second time, and with a fresh execration, I flung my arms round him from behind, and with my right hand jerked up the pistol, which exploded, bringing down a rush of plaster and filling the room with smoke and brimstone.

An interposition so sudden and timely must have been no less a surprise to the Duke than to Ferguson. Nevertheless, the former, without the loss of a moment, flung himself on his antagonist, and seizing the pistol, while I clung to him behind, in a twinkling he had him disarmed. Yet, even when this was done, so furious were the man's struggles, and so inhuman the strength he displayed (even to biting and foaming in a fury that could only be called maniacal), that it was as much as we could both do to conquer him, though we were two to one, and younger. Nor would he be quiet or resign himself to defeat until we had him down on his back, with my lord's sword-point at his throat.

Then it was that while we stood over him, panting and trembling with the exertions we had made, my lord turned his eyes on me. "My friend," he said, "who are you?"

I could not speak for emotion; and though he was calmer, I could see that he was deeply stirred, both by the risk he had run and the narrowness of his escape. "My lord," I cried, at last, "take me away!"

"From here?" he said.

"Yes," I said, "for God's sake, for God's sake, take me away!" and I burst into an uncontrollable fit of sobbing, so overcome was I by what had happened, and what had almost happened.

He looked at me, his lip twitching a little, and his breast heaving. "Be easy, man," he said. "Were you set to watch me?"

"Yes," I said.

"And you heard all?"

"All."

"Who are you?" he said again.

"Two months ago I was an honest man," I answered bitterly, "and then I got into *his* clutches. And he has ridden me. Ah, how he has ridden me!"

"I see," he said, nodding gravely. "Well, his riding days are over. Hark you, Mr. Ferguson," he continued, turning



I flung my arms round him from behind.

to the prostrate man, who, grovelling before us—I had taken the precaution of tying his hands with my garters—acknowledged his attention by a hollow groan, "I am no thief-taker, and I shall not soil my hands with you. But within an hour the messengers will be here, and if they find you, look to yourself, for I think that in that case you will indubitably hang. In the meantime I will take your pistol." Then to me, "Come, my man," he said, "if you wish to go with me."

"I do," I cried.

"Well, I owe you more than that," he answered kindly. "And I need you, besides. Mr. Ferguson, I bid you farewell. You have proved yourself a more foolish man than I thought you—a worse you could not. The best I can wish you is that you may never see my face again."

CHAPTER XXIII.

My lord, I found, had a coach, without arms or insignia, waiting for him at the Great Turnstile in Holborn, where, if persons recognised him as he alighted, he would be taken to have business with the lawyers in Lincoln's Inn, or at my Lord Somers's in the Fields. Following him to the coach on foot, I never saw a man walk in more deep or anxious thought. He took no heed of me, after bidding me by a gesture to attend him; but twice he stood in doubt, and once he made as if he would return whence we had come, and once as if he would cross the Fields —I think to Powis House. In the end he went on, and arriving at the coach, the door of which was opened for him by a footman in a plain livery, he bade me by a sign to follow him into it. This I was not for doing, thinking it too great an honour; but on his crying impatiently, "Man, how do you think I am to talk to you if you ride outside?" I hastened to enter, in equal confusion and humility.

Nevertheless, some time elapsed and we had travelled the length of Holborn before he spoke. Then rousing himself on a sudden from his preoccupation, he looked at me. "Do you know a man called Barclay?" said he.

"No, your Grace," I answered.

"Sir George Barclay?"

"No, your Grace."

"Or Porter? Or Charnock? Or King?"

"No, your Grace."

"Umph!" said he, seeming to be disappointed; and for a time he looked out of the window. Presently, however, he glanced at me again, and so sharply that I dropped my eyes, out of respect. "I have seen you before," he said, at last.

Surprised beyond measure that he remembered me, so many years having elapsed, I confessed with emotion that he had.

"Where?" he asked plainly. "I see many people. And I have not old Rowley's memory."

I told him. "Your Grace may not remember it," I said, greatly moved, "but many years ago at Abbot's Stanstead, at Sir Baldwin Winston's——"

"What?" he exclaimed, cutting me short, with a flicker of laughter in his grave eyes. And he looked me over. "Did I flesh my maiden justice-sword on you? Were you the lad who ran away?"

"Yes, my lord—the lad whose life you saved," I answered.

"Well, then we are quits," he had the kindness to answer; and asked me how I had lived since those days.

I told him, naming Mr. Timothy Brome, and saying that he would give me a character. The mention of the newswriter, however, had a different effect from that I expected; his Grace conceiving a hasty idea that he also was concerned with Ferguson, and muttering under this impression that if such men were turning, it was vain to fight against the stream. I hastened to disabuse him of the notion by explaining how I came to fall into Ferguson's hands. On which

he asked me what I had done for the plotter, and how he had employed me.

"He would send me on errands," I answered, "and to fetch papers from the printers, and to carry his messages."

"To coffee-houses?"

"Often, your Grace."

"Did he ever send you to Covent Garden?" he asked, looking fixedly at me.

"Yes, your Grace, to a gentleman with a white handkerchief hanging from his pocket."

"Ha!" said he; and with an eager light in his face he bade me tell him all I knew of that man. This giving me the cue, I detailed what I had seen and heard at the Seven Stars the previous evening, the toast of the Squeezing of the Rotten Orange, the hints which had escaped the drunken conspirator, not forgetting his references to the Hunting Party, and the date, Saturday or Saturday week. I added also what I had learned from the girl, but mentioned for this no authority To all my lord listened attentively, nodding from moment to moment, and at last, "Then Porter is not lying this time," he said, drawing a deep breath. "I feared—but here we are. Follow me, my friend, and keep close to me."

Engrossed in my story, and the attention that was due to his rank, I had paid no heed either to the way we had come or to our gradual passage from the smoke and babble of London to country air and stillness. A vague notion that we were still travelling the Oxford Road was all I retained: and this was rudely shaken when, recalled to the present by his words, I looked out, and discovered that the coach was bowling along an avenue of lofty trees, with park-like pastures stretched on either hand. I had no more than time to note so much and that the horses were slackening their pace, before we rumbled under an archway, and drew up in a spacious courtyard shut in on four sides by warm-looking red-brick buildings, whereof the wing under which we had driven was surmounted by a quaintly-shaped bell-turret.

Ignorant where my lord lived, and little acquainted with the villages which lie around London, I supposed that he had brought me to his house. The sight of a couple of sentries, who walked with arms ported before a wide, low flight of steps leading to the principal door, should have enlightened me; but a flock of pigeons, that disturbed by our entrance were now settling down, and beginning to strut the gravel with the most absurd air of possession, caught my attention, and diverted me from this mark of State. Nor did a knot of servants, lounging silently under a portico, or two or three sedans which I espied waiting a little apart, go far to detract from the general air of peace and quietude which prevailed in the place. Other observations I had no time to make, for my lord, mounting the steps, bade me follow him.

I did so, across a spacious hall floored with shining wood laid in strange patterns. Here were three or four servants who stood at attention, but did nor approach; and passing them without notice, we had reached the foot of a wide and handsome staircase before a person dressed plainly in black and carrying a tall slender wand came forward, and with a low bow interposed himself.

"Your Grace's pardon," he said, "the Council has broken up."

"How long?"

"About half an hour."

"Ah! And Lord Somers? Did he go back to town?"

"Yes, your Grace, immediately."

The Duke at that asked a question which I, standing back a little out of respect, and being awed besides by the grandeur of the place and the silence, did not catch. The answer, however, "Only Lord Portland and Mr. Sewell," I heard;

and likewise the Duke's rejoinder, "I am going up."

"You will permit me to announce your Grace," the other answered quickly. He seemed to be something between a gentleman and a servant.

"No," my lord said. "I am in haste, and I have that will be my warranty. This person goes with me."

"I hope your Grace — will answer for it then," the man in black replied respectfully, but with a little hesitation in his tone.

"I will answer for it that you are not blamed, Nash," the Duke rejoined, with good-nature. "Yes, yes. And now let us up."

On that the man with the wand stood aside —still a little doubtfully I thought—and let us pass; and, my patron preceding me, we went up a wide staircase and along a silent corridor, and through one or two swing doors, the Duke seeming to be conversant with the house. It was impossible not to admire the sombre richness of the carved furniture which stood here and there in the corridor; or the grotesque designs and eastern colouring of the china ware and Mogul idols that peered from the corners or rose boldly on brackets. Such a mode of furnishing was new to me, but neither its novelty nor the evidences of wealth and taste which abundantly met the eye impressed me so deeply as the stillness which everywhere prevailed, and which seemed so much a part of the place, that when his Grace opened the second swing door, and the shrill piping voice of a child, crowing and laughing in an ecstasy of infantile pleasure, came forth and met us, I started as if a gun had exploded.



I followed him across a spacious hall.

I know now that the sound, by giving my patron assurance that he whom he sought was not there, but in his closet, led to my admission, and that without that assurance my lord would have left me to wait at the door. As it was, he said nothing to me, but went on; and I, following him in my innocence through the doorway, came, at the same moment he did, on a scene as rare as it is by me well remembered.

We stood on the threshold of a wide and splendid gallery, set here and there with huge china vases, and hung with pictures, which even then I discerned to be of great beauty, and afterwards learned were of no less value. Letting my eyes travel down this vista, they paused naturally on a spot under one of the windows, where, with his back to us and ribbons in his hands, a slight gentleman, who stooped somewhat and was dressed in black, am-



A slight gentleman ambled and paced in front of a child.

bled and paced in front of a child of four or five years old. The wintry sunlight, which fell in cold bars on the floor, proved his progress to be more showy than real; nevertheless the child shrieked in its joy, and dancing jerked the ribbons and waved a tiny whip. In answer, the gentleman, whose long curled periwig bobbed oddly on his shoulders—he had his back to us — pranced more and more stoutly, though on legs a little thin and bent.

A long moment I stared at this picture, little thinking on what I gazed; nor was it until a gentleman—seated at a side table at no great distance from the pair—rose from his chair and with a guttural exclamation came towards us that I remarked this third occupant of the gallery. When I did so, it was to discern that he was angry, and that my lord also appeared taken aback and disturbed. It even seemed to me that my patron made a hasty movement as if to withdraw. Before he could do so, however, or I—who, behind him barred the way—could take the hint, the gentleman in black, warned of our presence by his companion's exclamation, turned to us, and still standing and holding the ribbons in his hands, looked at us.

He had a long sallow face, which seemed the sallower for the dark heavy wig that fell round it; a large hooked nose and full peevish lips; and eyes both bright and morose. I am told that he seldom smiled, and never laughed; and that in old days while the best tales of King Charles's Court passed round him, he would stand abstracted, or on occasion would wither the teller by a silent nod. The Court wits who dubbed my Lord Nottingham "Don Dismallo," could find no worse title for him. Yet that he had a well of humour, deeply hidden and rarely drawn upon, no one could doubt who saw him as he approached us, a flicker of dry amusement in his eyes giving the lie to his pursed-up lips and the grimness of his visage.

"Your Grace is always welcome," he said, speaking in English a little broken and guttural. "And yet—you might have come more *à propos*, I confess."

"A thousand pardons, sir," my lord answered, bowing until his knee well-nigh touched the ground. "I thought that you were in your closet, sir, or I should have taken your pleasure before I intruded."

"You have news?"

"Yes, sir."

"Ha! And this person"— he looked fixedly at me—"is concerned?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then, my Lord Buck—" and with that he turned and addressed the child who was still tugging at the ribbons, "*Il faut partir!* Do you hear me, you must go? Go, *petit vaurien!* I have business."

The child looked at him boldly. "*Faut-il?*" said he.

"*Oui! oui!* Say *merci*, and go."

"*Merci, Monsieur*," the boy answered. And then to us with a solemn nod, "J'ai eu sa Majesté for my chevaux!"

"Cheval! Cheval!" corrected the gentleman in black. "And be off! Be off!"

CHAPTER XXIV.

Apprised by what I heard, not only that I stood in the Gallery of Kensington Court—a mansion which His Majesty had lately bought from Lord Nottingham,—but that the gentleman in black whom I had found so simply employed was the King himself, I ask you to imagine with what interest I looked upon him. He whom the old King of France had dubbed in bitter derision the "Little Squire of Huninghen," and whom two revolutions had successively created Stadtholder of Holland and Sovereign of these Isles, was at this time forty-six years old, already prematurely bent, and a prey to the asthma which afflicted his later life. Reserved in manner, and sombre, not to say melancholy, in aspect, hiding strong

passions behind a pale mask of stoicism as chilling to his friends as it was baffling to his enemies, he was such as a youth spent under the eyes of watchful foes, and a manhood in the prosecution of weighty and secret designs, had made him. Descended on the one side from William the Silent, on the other from the great Henry of France, he was thought to exhibit, in a more moderate degree, the virtues and failings which marked those famous princes; and to represent, not in blood only, but in his fortunes, the two soldiers of the sixteenth century whose courage in disaster and skill in defeat still passed for a proverb, and who, frequently beaten in the field, as often garnered the fruits of the campaign, and rose, Antæus-like, the stronger from every fall.

That, in all stations, as a private man, a Stadtholder and a King, his late Majesty remembered the sources whence he sprang was proved, in my opinion, not only by the exactness with which he wrought his life to the pattern of the old mottoes of his house—*Sævis tranquillus in Undis*, and *Tandem fit Surculus arbor*, whereof the former was borne, I have read, by the Taciturn, and the latter by Maurice of Nassau—but by two other particulars which I beg leave to mention. The first was that naturally and from the first he took the lead as the champion of the Protestant religion in Europe; the second, that though born in a Republic, and called to be King by election—so that it was no uncommon thing for some of his subjects to put slights upon him as little more than their equal—ay, and though he had to bear such affronts in silence—he had the true spirit and pride of a King born in the purple and by right divine. Insomuch that many attributed to this the gloom and reserve of his manners; maintaining that they were assumed less as a shield against the malice of his enemies than as a cloak to abate the familiarity of his friends.

And certainly some, speaking of him of late years, belittle his birth no less than his exploits, when they call him Dutch William, and talk of him in terms unworthy of a sovereign, as if he drew his blood from that merchant race, instead of—as the fact was—from the princely houses of Stuart, Bourbon, Nassau, and Medici; from such ancestors as the noble Coligny, and King Charles the Martyr. But of this, enough. The facts are well known.

For the rest, having a story to tell, and not history to write, I refrain from a more particular description; nor will I recount, though I well remember, how great he was as a statesman, how resourceful as a strategist, how indomitable as a commander, how valiant when occasion required, in the pitched field. Nor is it necessary to be particular; seeing that before the rise of my Lord Marlborough (who still survives, though, alas, *quantum mutatus ab ipso!*) he had no rival in any of these capacities, nor in the first will ever be excelled.

Nor, as a fact, looking on him as I then did for the first time, can I say that I saw much to betoken greatness, or the least outside evidence of the fiery spirit that in two great wars stayed all the power of Louis and of France; that saved Holland; that united Europe in three great leagues; that finally, leaping the bounds of the probable, won a kingdom, only to hold it cheap and a means to farther ends. I say I saw in him not the least trace of this; but only a plain, thin, grave, and rather peevish gentleman, in black and a large wig, who coughed much between his words, spoke with a foreign accent, and often lapsed into French or some strange tongue.

He waited until the door had fallen to behind the child, and the long gallery lay silent round us. Then he bade my lord speak. "I breathe better here," he said, coughing. "I hate small rooms. What is the news you have brought?"

"No good news, sir," my patron answered. "And yet—I can scarcely call it

bad. In the country it will have a good effect."

"Bien! What is it?"

"I have seen Ferguson, sir."

"Then you have seen a d——d scoundrel!" the King said curtly. "He is arrested?"

"No, sir," the Duke answered. "But I trust he will be before night."

"If he be free, then, how came you in his company?" the King asked, somewhat sharply.

My lord hesitated, and seemed for a moment at a loss how to answer. From my station behind him, I could not see his face; but I fancied that he grew red, and that the fourth person present, a stout, burly gentleman, marked with the small-pox, who had advanced to listen the better, and now stood near the King, was hard put to it not to smile. At last, "I received a letter, sir," my lord said, speaking stiffly and with constraint, "purporting to come from a third person——"

"Ah!" said the King, drawling the word through his nose, and nodding comprehension.

"On the faith of which, believing it to be from that other—if you understand, sir——"

"I understand perfectly," said the King, and coughed dryly.

"I was induced," my lord continued doggedly, "to give the villain a meeting. And have learned, sir, partly from him and partly from this person, enough to corroborate the main points of Mr. Prendergast's story."

"Ah!" said the King. "Good. And in what particulars do they confirm him?"

"That Sir George Barclay, the person mentioned by Mr. Prendergast, is giving nightly rendezvous in Covent Garden to persons mainly from France, who are being formed by him into a band, with the design, as stated by Prendergast, to fall on your Majesty's person in the lane between Fulham Green and the river on your return from hunting."

"Does he agree as to the names?" the King asked, looking at me.

"He knows no names, sir," the Duke answered, "but he saw a number of the conspirators at the Seven Stars in Covent Garden last night, and heard them speak openly of a hunting party; with hints and other things pointing to a serious design."

"Was Barclay there?"

"He can speak to a person who I think can be identified as Barclay," my lord answered. "He cannot speak to Charnock——"

"That is the Oxford man?"

"Yes, sir—or Porter, or King; or the others by those names. But he can speak to two of them under the names by which Prendergast said that they were passing."

"C'est tout! Well, it does not seem to me to be so simple!" the King said with a touch of impatience. "What is this person's name, and who is he?"

The Duke told him that I had been Ferguson's tool.

"That rogue is in it then?"

"He is privy to it," the Duke answered cautiously.

The King shrugged his shoulders, as if the answer annoyed him. "You English draw fine distinctions," he said contemptuously. "Whatever you do, however, let us have no repetition of the Lancashire fiasco. You will bear that in mind, my lord, if you please. Another of Taafe's pseudo-plots would do us more harm in the country than the loss of a battle in Flanders. Faugh! we have knaves at home, but you have a breed here—your Oateses and your Taafes and your Fullers—for whom breaking on the wheel is too good!"

"There are rogues, sir, in all countries," my lord answered, somewhat tartly. "I do not know that we have a monopoly of them."

"The Duke of Shrewsbury is right there," the gentleman behind the King struck in, in a good-natured tone. "They

are things of which there is no scarcity anywhere, sir. I remember——"

"Taisez! taisez!" cried the King brusquely, cutting short these reminiscences—whereat the gentleman, smiling imperturbably, took snuff. "Tell me this. Is Sir John Fenwick implicated?"

"There may be evidence against him," my lord answered.

The King sneered. "Yes," he said. "I understand. Porter and Goodman and Charnock are guilty! But when it touches one of yourselves, my lord, then 'There is evidence against him,' or 'It is a case of suspicion,' or—oh, you all hang together!" And pursing up his lips, he looked scurly at us. "You all hang together!" he repeated. "I stand to be shot at—c'est dommage. But touch a noble, and Gare la Noblesse!"

"You do us an injustice, sir," my lord cried. "I will answer for it——"

"Oh, I do you an injustice, do I?" the King said peevishly, disregarding his last words. "Of course I do! You are all faithful, most faithful. You have all taken the oath. But I tell you, my lord, the King to whom you swore allegiance, the King who was crowned in '89, was not William the Third, but Noblesse the First! La Noblesse! Yes, my lord, you may look at me," he continued stubbornly, "and as angrily as you like; but it was so. Par dieu et diable, you tie my hands! You tie my hands, you cling to my sword, you choke my purse! I had as much power in Holland as I have here. And more! And more!"

He would have said more, and with the same candour I think; but at that point, and while he paused to take breath, the gentleman who had interrupted him before, struck in, addressing him rapidly in what I took to be Dutch, and doubtless pointed out the danger of too great openness. At any rate I took that to be the gist of his words; not only from his manner, but from the fact that when he had done—the King looking gloomy and answering nothing—he turned to my lord.

"The King trusts your Grace," he said bluntly. "He has never said as much to an Englishman before. I am sure that the trust is well placed and that his Majesty's feelings will go no farther."

The Duke bowed. "His Majesty authorises me to take the necessary steps then?" he said, speaking drily, but otherwise ignoring what had passed. "To secure his safety, as well as to arrest the guilty, no time should be lost. Warrants should be issued immediately, and these persons taken up."

"Before Ferguson can warn them?" the King said in his ordinary tone. "Yes, see to it, my lord; and let the Council be recalled. The guards, too, should be doubled, and the regiment Prendergast mentioned displaced. Cutts must look to that; and do you, my lord," he continued, addressing the gentleman beside him, whom I now conjectured to be Lord Portland, "fetch him hither and lose no time. Take one of my coaches. It is a plot, if all be true, should do us good in the country. That, I think, is your Grace's opinion?"

"It should, sir. I do not deny that we English have our faults; but we are not fond of assassins."

"You are confident that this is no bubble?" the King said thoughtfully.

"Yes, sir, I am."

Lord Portland had already withdrawn through a door at the farther end of the gallery; and the King, taking a turn this way and that, with his hands clasped behind him, and his head bent low—so that his great wig almost hid his features—seemed to be lost in thought. After waiting a moment the Duke coughed, and this failing to attract the King's attention, he ventured to address him. "There is another matter I have to mention to you, sir," he said; speaking with a slight catch in his voice.

The King paused in his walk, and looked

sharply at him. "Ah, of course," he said, nodding. "Did you see Lord Middleton?"

The Duke could not hide a start. "Lord Middleton, sir?" he faltered.

The King smiled coldly. "The letter," he said, "was from him, I suppose?"

My lord rallied himself. "No, sir, it was not," he answered, with a flash of spirit. "It purported to be from him."

"Yet you went—wherever you went—thinking to see him?" his Majesty continued; and he wrinkled his face disagreeably.

"I did," my lord answered, his tone betraying agitation. "But designing to do nothing to the prejudice of your service, sir, and what I could to further your interests—short of giving Lord Middleton up. He is my relative."

The King shrugged his shoulders.

"And for years," my lord continued, "was my intimate friend."

The King shrugged his shoulders again. "We have fought that out before," he said, with a sigh of weariness. "And more than once. For the rest, in that connection and whatever others may say, Lord Shrewsbury has no ground to complain of me."

"I have cause, sir, to do far otherwise!" the Duke answered in a tone so changed and so full of emotion that it was not difficult to discern that he had forgotten my presence, which was natural enough, as I stood behind him in the shadow of the doorway, whither out of modesty I had retreated. "God knows I remember it!" he continued. "Were it not for that, were I not bound to your Majesty by more than common ties of gratitude, I should not be to-day in a service which is—for which I am unfit! the daily duties of which, performed by other men with indifference or appetite, fill me with pity and distaste! the risks attending which—I speak without ceremony—make me play the coward a hundred times a day!"

"Cæsar," the King said quietly, "lets none but Cæsar call him coward."

Kindly as the words were uttered, and in a tone differing much from that which the King had hitherto used, the Duke took no heed of them. "Others wish for my place; God knows I wish they had it!" he cried, his agitation growing rather than decreasing. "Every hour, sir, I pray to be quit of the faction and perjury in which I live! Every hour I loathe more deeply the work I have to do and the people with whom I have to do it. I never go to the office but my gorge rises; nor leave it but I see the end. And yet I must stay in it! I must stay in it! I tell you, sir," he continued impetuously, "on the day that you burned those letters you but freed me from one slavery to fling me into another!"

"An honest one!" said the King in a peculiar tone.

My lord threw up his hands. "You have a right—to say that, sir," he cried. "But if anyone else—or, no, I—I forget myself.

"Something has disturbed you," the King said, intervening with the utmost kindness. "Take time! And in the meanwhile, listen to me, and think of what I say. As to the general distaste you express for my service, I will not, and shall not, do you the injustice to attribute it—whatever you say yourself—to your fear of what may happen in a possible event; in a word, in the event of a Restoration. If such fear weighed heavily with you, you would neither have signed the Invitation to me, nor come to me in person eight years ago. But I take it that along with some apprehensions of this kind, you have—and this is the gist of the matter—a natural distaste for affairs, and a natural proneness to be on good terms with all, rogues as well as good men. It irks you, my lord, to sign a death-warrant, to send one to Newgate, and another to—bah, I forget the names of your prisons; and to know that your

friends abroad are not as well placed at St. Germains as they were at St. James's! You have no care to push an advantage, no anxiety to ruin a rival; you would rather trust a man than bind him. In a word, my lord, you have no taste for public life in dangerous and troubled times, although, unwillingly and perforce, you have played a high part in it."

"Sir!" the Duke cried, with an anxiety and eagerness that touched me, "you know me better than I know myself. You see my failings, my unfitness, my misgivings; and surely, seeing them so clearly, understanding them so well, you will not refuse to——"

"Release you?" the King said. "Ah, that does not follow. For consider, my lord. You are not the only one in the world who pursues perforce a path for which he has little taste. To be King of England has a higher sound than to be Stadtholder of Holland. But to be a King and no King; to see your way clearly and be thwarted by those who see no foot of the field; to have France by the throat and be baffled for the lack of ten thousand men or a million guilders; above all, to be served by men who have made use of you; who have one foot on either shore; who having betrayed their old Master to gain their ends, would now betray their new one to save their necks. This, too, forms no bed of roses! But I lie on it! I lie on it!" he concluded phlegmatically; and as he spoke he took a pinch of snuff. "In fine, my lord," he continued, when he had dusted his lip, "to be high, or what the world calls high—is to be unhappy."

The Duke sighed. "You, sir," he said sadly, "have those qualities which fit you for your part. I have not."

"Have I?"

The King said no more, but the gesture with which he held out his hands, as if he bade the other mark his feebleness, his short breath, his hacking cough, his pallor, had more meaning than many words. "No, my lord," he continued after a pause that was not wanting in pathos, "I cannot release you. I cannot afford to release you, because I cannot afford to release the one man who does not day by day betray me; the one man who never has betrayed me!"

"I would to heaven that you could say that, sir!" the Duke cried.

"I can, my friend," the King answered, with a gesture of kindness. "It was nothing, and it is forgotten. I have long ceased to think of it. But, *c'est vrai!* I remember, when I say I can trust no one else that I do my good Somers an injustice. But he is a dry man, like myself, and poor company; and counts for little."

My lord, contending with his feelings, made no reply to this; and the King who, in the course of his speech, had seated himself in a high-backed chair, in which he looked frailer and more feeble than when on his legs, let a minute elapse before he resumed. Then in a different and brisker tone, "And now tell me what has troubled our good Secretary to-day?" he said.

"The Duke of Berwick, sir, is in London."

To my astonishment, and I have no doubt to the Duke's, the King merely nodded. "Ah!" he said. "Is he, too, in this pretty plot, then?"

"I think not," the Duke answered. "But I suppose——"

"That he is here to take advantage of it," the King rejoined. "Well, he is his uncle's own nephew. I suppose Ferguson sold him to you—as he has sold every one all his life?"

"Yes, sir. But not with the intention, I fancy, that I should carry out the bargain."

"How then?"

"It is a long tale, sir," the Duke said rather wearily. "And having given your Majesty the information——"

"You need not tell the tale? Well,

no; for I can guess it!" the King answered. "The old rogue, I have no doubt, was for ruining you with me if you hid the news; and for damning you with King James if you informed: which he did not think likely, and so he would have a hold on you."

The Duke in a tone of surprise acknowledged that his Majesty had guessed rightly.

"Well, it was a very pretty dilemma," said the King with a sort of gusto. "And where is M. FitzJames in hiding?"

"At Dr. Lloyd's in Hogsden Gardens," my lord answered with ill-concealed reluctance.

"He must be arrested," said the King. "A warrant must be issued. Will you see to it with the others?"

The Duke assented; but with so deep a sigh that it required no wizard to discern both the cloud that hung over him and also that, now he had done what Ferguson had dared him to do, the consequences lay heavy on him. The King, after considering him a moment with an expression between amusement and reproach, broke the silence.

"See here, my lord," he said with good nature. "I will tell you what to do. Sit down now, and here, and write a line to Monsieur, bidding him begone; and send it by a private hand, and the warrant by a messenger an hour later."

The Duke stared at the King in astonishment. "He will then escape, sir," he faltered.

"So much the better," the King answered indifferently. "If we take him what are we to do with him? Besides—to tell you the truth, my lord, he did me a great service eight years ago."

"He, sir?"

"Yes," said the King smiling. "He induced his father to fly the country, when, if he had stayed—but you know the story. So do you warn him, and the sooner he is beyond La Manche the better."

The Duke looked unhappy. "I dare not do it, sir," he said at last.

"Dare not do it? When I authorise it? Why not?"

"Because, sir, were I impeached by the Commons——."

The King shrugged his shoulders.

"Ah, these safeguards!" he muttered. "These town councils and provincial councils and States-General! And now these Commons and Lords! Shall I ever be quit of them? Shall I ever have done with them? However—there is but one way then. I must do it. If they impeach me, I return to Loo; and they may stew in their own juice!"

He rose with that, and moving stiffly to the table at which Lord Portland had been writing when we entered, he sought for and found a pen. Then sitting in the chair which the Groom of the Stole had left vacant, he tore a slip of paper from a folio before him and, writing some lines on it—about six, as far as I could judge—handed the paper to the Duke, who had remained, standing at a formal distance.

"Voilà, Monsieur," he said. "Will that suit your lordship?"

The Duke took it respectfully and looked at it. "But, sir, it is in my name!" he cried, aghast. "Am I to sign it?"

"Eh, bien, why not?" his Majesty answered lightly. "The name is the name of Jacob, but the hand is the hand of Esau. Take it and send it by a trusty messenger. Perhaps the man who came with you, and who—*diable!* I had forgotten that this person was here! We have spoken too freely."

The oath which fell from the Duke's lips, and the face of dismay and anger with which he gazed on me, were proof that he shared the King's opinion, as he had shared his mistake. For a moment, the two glaring at me with equal disgust and vexation, I thought that I should sink into the floor. Then the King beckoned

to me to come forward, and I obeyed him.

Reluctantly; it is true the odd glimpse of generosity which the King had allowed to escape in his interview with the Duke, somewhat lessened the fears I must otherwise have entertained. And to this must be added that I am one of those who, when violence and physical danger are not in question, retain a fair mastery of their minds. Nevertheless, I confess that as I went forward, I wished myself anywhere else in the world than there; and would have sacrificed half my remaining economies to be seated, pen in hand and obscurely safe, in Mr. Brome's room.

But the thing took a turn which relieved me where I least expected it. For as I approached, the chagrin in the King's face gave place to a look of surprise; and that again, but more slowly, changed to one of intelligence. "*Ah! Je me trompais!*" he muttered rapidly. "What did you say his name was?"

"Price," the Duke answered, continuing to glower at me.

"Price? *Ah, cela va sans dire!* But he—he is a cadet—a dependent? He is in some way connected—how do you say it—related to your family?"

"To mine, sir!" the Duke exclaimed in a voice of the utmost astonishment; and he drew himself up as if the King had pricked him with a pin.

"*N'est-ce pas ça?*" his Majesty replied, looking from one to the other of us. "Yet he has so much a look of you that it might be possible in some lights to take him for your Grace—were he differently dressed!"

The Duke looked purely offended. "Your Majesty is under a strange misapprehension," he said, stiffly. "If this person resembles me—of which I am not aware—I know nothing of the cause; and the likeness, for what it is worth, must be accidental. As a fact, I never saw him but once before in my life, sir; and that perfectly by chance." And he very briefly related the circumstances under which we had come together.

The King listened to the story, but as if he scarcely believed it; and he smiled when the Duke came to tell how he allowed me to escape. Then, "And you have never seen him from that day to this?" he said.

"Never!" the Duke answered positively. "Nevertheless it is not my intention to lose sight of him again."

"Ah?" the King said.

"I have not told you, sir, all that happened," the Duke continued, reading, I think, the King's thoughts and resenting them. "To put it briefly, Mr. Ferguson, who has come to be little short of a madman, drew a pistol on me at the close of our interview; and but for his friend here—who had been placed to listen, but at that broke from his place of hiding and knocked up the muzzle—I should have come off ill."

"And I not much better," the King answered, nodding and looking grave. "You are unhurt?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, that puts another face on it; and if you are retaining him beside you, what he has heard will be of the less importance. Hark you, my friend," he continued, addressing me, "can you keep your mouth shut?"

I said humbly that I could and would.

"Then, taisez! taisez!" he answered emphatically. "And take this letter to Hogsden Gardens to Bishop Lloyd's. See Bishop Lloyd and put it in his hands. Say nothing, give no message, but go to your master's in St. James's Square. Will you seal it, Duke, with a plain seal? Good. And go you out, my man, by the way you came in, and answer no questions. So! And now for the council and the warrants, my lord. We have lost too much time already!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



THE SONG.

Drawn by Martin Stainforth.



Cliff House, Filey.

(Photo by Fisher, Filey.)

AN INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF "CURRER BELL."

BY PERCY CROSS STANDING.

EVERY Brontë-worshipper must be more or less fully acquainted with the sad circumstances of Anne Brontë's final illness and death at Scarborough in May, 1849. But comparatively few are perhaps aware that Charlotte Brontë ever rested at Filey, that delightful little town overlooking the blue North Sea a very few miles southward of Scarborough. A recent writer has denominated Filey "the Eastbourne of the North," and this compliment is not wholly undeserved. Charlotte Brontë was a visitor at Filey for a few brief days in the summer of 1852, and by the publication of Mr. Shorter's book the world becomes the richer for the one letter of which there is any record as having been written by her from this place. It is dated "Cliff House, June 2nd, 1852," and is addressed to her father. The portion of this letter having direct reference to Filey is so beautifully and characteristically expressed that I may be pardoned for reproducing it:

"On the whole I get on very well here, but I have not bathed yet as I am told it is much too cold and too early in the season. The sea is very grand. Yesterday it was a somewhat unusually high tide, and I stood about an hour on the cliffs yester day afternoon watching the tumbling in of great tawny turbid waves, that made the

whole shore white with foam and filled the air with a sound hollower and deeper than thunder. There are so very few visitors at Filey yet that I and a few sea-birds and fishing-boats have often the whole expanse of sea, shore, and cliff to ourselves. When the tide is out the sands are wide, long, and smooth, and very pleasant to walk on. When the high tides are in, not a vestige of sand remains. I saw a great dog rush into the sea yesterday, and swim and bear up against the waves like a seal. I wonder what 'Flossy' would say to that! On Sunday afternoon I went to a church which I should like Mr. Nicholls to see. It was certainly not more than thrice the length and breadth of our passage, floored with brick, but the paint almost all worn off with time and decay. At one end there is a little gallery for the singers, and when these personages stood up to perform they all turned their backs upon the congregation and the congregation turned *their* backs on the pulpit and parson. The effect of this manœuvre was so ludicrous, I could hardly help laughing; had Mr. Nicholls been there he certainly would have laughed out. Looking up at the gallery and seeing only the broad backs of the singers presented to their audience was excessively grotesque. There is a well-meaning but utterly inactive clergyman at Filey, and Methodists flourish. . . . Believe me, your affectionate daughter,

"C. Brontë."

Present-day visitors to the North Yorkshire coast will have small difficulty in identifying this quaint old church, with its "little gallery for the singers." How Charlotte Brontë loved the sea!—it came second only to her love of the moors. Writing from Haworth to her friend Miss Wooler, she says: "Your account of your little niece's naïve delight in beholding the morning sea for the first time amused and pleased me; it proves she has some sensations—a refreshing circumstance in a day and generation when the natural phenomenon of children wholly destitute of all pretension to the same is by no means an unusual occurrence."

By a remarkable coincidence, a well-known literary lady (herself a Brontë worshipper) has described the scene from Cliff House, Filey, in a letter to the present writer, in language almost identical with that employed by Charlotte Brontë in the above-quoted letter—I call it "coincidence" because Mr. Shorter's book had not then appeared. This "impression of Filey" runs thus: "The ocean is very blue and grand. To creep down to the shore and stand quite close to that straight wet line of seaweed, and watch with fascinated eyes the big waves as they roll on. . . . Now one comes near and nearer to you, and at length, with a hissing sound, breaks over you, and you give a triumphant laugh as it leaves you dripping, and with a pleasant taste of the sea's kiss upon your lips. It takes some of your strength, to stand erect—more, oftentimes, not to listen to its call and let it bear you where your pain would be taken away."

That is a very beautiful description, inasmuch as it exactly summarises the "refined wildness," so to speak, of this little Yorkshire resort, where in winter the great seas break over the esplanade and threaten the surge-girt houses. White heather grows upon the neighbouring wolds, where I myself have gathered it—here in the heart of Yorkshire, where we are not far sundered from the "sanatorium of the county," as Bridlington has been styled. Not that they are either very steep or very difficult hills—on the contrary. In their pretty ravines and recesses lurk sloe and blackberry at the right season, while merry boys make the neighbourhood of this weird old church alive with their young voices as they scamper after the down-hanging nuts. This is, of course, among the hedgerows that fringe these high hills; for only in the far distance

may be discerned the dark line of green woods. It is a combination of hillock and seascape rarely be held in these parts. Trending downward to where the waves break eternally on the strand, the hills gradually become cliffs; and here it is quite a sight to witness the annual capture of sea-birds' eggs by skilled cliffmen, who, at some personal risk, hang between heaven and earth what time they rifle the holes drilled in the cliff-face by the easily-gulled gulls. The wold lies spread out around you in lengthy and beautiful undulations, not dissimilar to the waves of the German Ocean that confront you. The sun is tipping it behind the yews of sombre aspect that scarcely hide his crimson gleam, in a sky perhaps angry at the highest, lighter and brighter as a lower plane is reached, and in fleecy masses of purple flecked with white, red, and azure on the lower skyline that mingles into the earth-prospect.

Cliff House, at Filey, which held Charlotte Brontë for a few fleeting days, is an old, unpretentious, but beautifully comfortable little place. From its windows you are ever in sight and sound of the blue. But probably its present occupants reck not that it once had the honour of sheltering the creator of *Jane Eyre*.



THE NEW TOY.
By Starr Wood.



Antient style. "Madam, I am much beholden for this introduction."

ARS SALTATIONIS.

BY BENNETT COLL.

ILLUSTRATED BY JOSEPH SKELTON.

I.—AS IT WAS.

"MADAM, I am much beholden to the Master of Ceremonies for the distinguished honour of this introduction. Yet Philip Trevor, by your good leave, was not always banished from the circle of your admirers."

"Master Philip Trevor! Hey-day, it is half a century since we met, I vow."

"Nay, now; a score of years, maybe, or thereby. Time himself has joined your devotees, only to add—if that were possible—fresh charms to your person."

"You are a courtier, sir."

"A poor soldier, madam, happy only in the thought that his name hath still a place upon the tablets of your memory."

"Where learned you these pretty turns of speech—ha? Belike in His Majesty's service, where, I am bold to aver, there hath been chin-chucking enow amongst the Mollies that love a red coat. Alas for poor simplicity!"

"Madam, I vow and protest that one image alone has held possession of my heart. Mistress Anne Bampfylde was ever a queen to Philip Trevor."

"La, now! A truce, sir, to these ill-timed levities. Heard I aright that you beg the honour of my hand——?"

"Yea, sweet lady—for ever."

"For the *Minuet de la cour*, I think. A very stately measure."

"A noble measure, madam; showing forth in exquisite manner the courtesy, reverence, and devotion rightly demanded by your adorable sex. 'Tis past all gainsay that no other dance calls for more modest demeanour on man's part. In such a guise did Paris, son of Priam, woo fair Helen."

"Gramercy for thy similitude! I trust there be no Paris here to-night, else will all husbands dance to a pretty measure indeed. Ah! here comes his Grace to open with the Queen of the Wells. Will it be a match, think you? Now, by mine honour, she trips it featly, and who so gallant a cavalier as his Grace?"

"'Tis a pretty wench, and would grace a coronet. Quip for quip, madam! Your 'featly' to my 'grace.'"

"Fie upon thy ribald tongue! I said she dances nimbly."

"Ay; 'featly'—or, with her feet. Whereat I reply with her 'Grace' to grace a coronet."

"Oh, sir! I knew not that your wit—save the mark!—ambled to such a dainty measure. Alack, I am but a sorry bird to your bolt. Answer, true man and sober brow: will 't be a match?"

"The gossips say she hath danced herself into his Grace's affections, but I know not. I have now the honour, madam, to return your tablets."

"Why—have we here a pick-purse, and must needs call the watch? Out upon thy monstrous arrogance that can write me down a half-score of Philip Trevors! This it is to be a soldier—ha?"

"Of right Good Fortune, madam. For the nonce her wheel hath brought me uppermost. I abide the hazard of the cast."

"Trip or tray, an' it please you; but not the full throw. Doth Molly surrender her hand to one cavalier for a whole night? Methinks the *Minuet* hath somewhat still to teach man—modesty."

"Ah, madam, and craving your dear pity, would that our *minuet* might but linger until the crack of doom!"

"Enough, sir. The hautboys summon us to the encounter. My salute of courtesy, Master Philip Trevor."

"Madam, your grateful and obliged servant. I salute fair Mistress Anne Bampfylde. Under submission, I think we take the upper row. Madam—permit me."

II.—AS IT IS.

"Want to dance this?"

"I—don't—quite—know. Who are you?"

"Jack Feilden. Knew you ages ago, when you were in short frocks."

"Ah, yes; I remember. You were a baby, just shortened. Heavens! How time flies."

"Come, now; I like that! You gave me half-a-dozen at old Tomkins's hop—three years ago. Glad to get 'em, too."

"Did I! Well, one has to sacrifice one's self at a juvenile party. It is just possible that I kissed my little cavalier—under the mistletoe. Was that you?"

"What bally rot! You know jolly well that you were a wall-flower."

"I say—do they teach good manners at Oxford nowadays?"

"Sometimes. Fellows take the cue from Girton, don't you know. How about this *deux temps?*"

"Sit it out. I'm tired."

"All right—if you're inclined to be civil. There's such a heap of girls here that a fellow has to do double duty. These affairs are an awful bore, don't you think?"

"Dreadful!"

"So do I. It was a toss-up whether I came to-night."

"Really?"

"Fact! But our hostess gives remarkably good dinners, don't you know, and when she says she's short of men and relies upon you—gad! you know you're in for it."

"But—how noble of you!"

"Isn't it! But bar chaff. Your programme seems to be pretty empty. I can spare you a couple of lancers. Waltzes are off—on my bill of fare."

"I hate squares."

"Well, then, I'll chuck over the little girl with the yellow hair, and give you number ten. I may be able to manage an extra besides. You'd better take me while you can get me."



Modern style. "Want to dance this?"

"You're awfully good. Jack—dear—did I hurt you very much?"

"Thought you didn't know me?"

"Ah, but I did; it was all a mistake. . . . What a stupid creature you were—*are!* . . . May I ask why you came to me—just because I happened to be fanning myself?"

"You weren't. You were beckoning me over."

"I was *not*. You forget yourself. If you are proud so am I."

"It looked like an invitation. How's the fellow—what's his name—the other Johnnie—Craddles?"

"There never was a Craddles."

"Hang it; there was, you know."

"I tell you there was not. Your abominable pride and jealousy—made you think——"

"Yes—go on."

"I shan't."

"Look here, old girl. Is it on? If Craddles—loathsome beast!—isn't in the running——"

"Well? He isn't."

"Half a second. I'll just tell the band to put on a *trois temps*. Sort of memory of old times, don't you know. Then—I'll dance through the whole bag of tricks—with you. . . . Now then! Have you forgotten our step?"



Napoleon III. with the Prince Imperial and Staff.



The last quarters of the Grand Duke of Hesse before the war. 1870—71. (At the Palace of Versailles.)

(From the painting by Emil Hünten. By permission of the Berlin Photographic Company.)

LIFE OF NAPOLEON III.

BY ARCHIBALD FORBES.

ILLUSTRATED FROM NUMEROUS SOURCES.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE OUTBREAK OF THE FRANCO-GERMAN WAR.

THINGS were going wrong in France. Dear bread in the rigorous winter of 1868, and a consequent lack of work, served the turn of an implacable Opposition. Seditious cries had been heard in the streets; the Marseillaise had been sung with the result of arrests and imprisonments. The Finance Minister had to put forth a huge loan of twenty-eight millions sterling in order to bring into order the resources of the State. The Government had asked that the army, with the reserve, should be increased to a strength of 750,000 men; and that the Garde Mobile, which was expected to afford some 300,000 men in the course of a few years, should be instituted as a second reserve. M. Thiers contended that the army was strong enough; that there would always be time to organise the Garde Mobile in rear of the 500,000 regular troops when war should threaten; and that M. Rouher had exaggerated the military resources of the great European Powers. MM. Rouher and Baroche, and above all Marshal Niel, supported the Government measure. Its necessity was manifested by the persistence with which the Opposition described France as being at the mercy of Germany; yet it was denounced by the enemies of the Government as an additional burden wantonly cast upon a suffering people.

In August, 1869, Marshal Niel died suddenly, and was unfortunately suc-

ceeded by Lebœut as War Minister. Marshal Niel had been the soul of the military reorganisation which was in progress when he was lost to France. He left his task far from complete and his successor was not the man to carry out the undertaking. Indeed, when Marshal Niel died the Garde Mobile was little more than a project. But he had pushed forward the manufacture of the chassepôts that were to carry farther than the Prussian needle-guns, and it was under his superintendence that the first experiments with the mitrailleuse were conducted. He was an engineer officer of the highest capacity, who had served with distinction in Africa, the Crimea, and in Italy; he was popular with the people and enjoyed the entire confidence of the Emperor. In this year the life of Louis Napoleon hung in the balance for weeks. The Opposition journals bitterly assailed the sick man. Not content with the exaggeration of every unfavourable rumour and *canard*, the more venomous journals called into their service medical writers of the baser sort, to inform their readers how soon the unfortunate Emperor would probably die. The inhumanity of the articles on the sufferer that appeared in the *Rappel* and the *Réveil* would not have been tolerated in England for a day. It was announced that the Emperor read the medical articles in which he was sent to an almost immediate death, and which informed his subjects how the vital functions would soon fail to repair the waste of force caused by his ailment. He was a brave man—brave to stoicism; and he endured with calmness the perusal of the gutter literature. Rochefort, who was supposed to be a gentleman, allowed himself to speak of the Emperor as "the lodger of the Tuileries"—as it happened it was in St. Cloud where the Emperor lay ill.



Marshal Lebœuf. French War Minister, 1869.

It was on January 2nd, 1870, that the list of the Ollivier Ministry appeared in the *Moniteur*. When the Emperor confided the Government of France to the responsible Ministry of which M. Emile Ollivier was the head, he retired from the active direction of public affairs and restricted himself to the position of a constitutional sovereign. With the appointment of the Ollivier Administration the *rôle* of the Emperor as active ruler ended; yet he must be held to have been responsible for the policy of the Cabinet which in six months led to the ruin of his dynasty and to the most disastrous war of modern times. There is no space here for detailing the scandal connected with the name of Prince Pierre Bonaparte — Louis Napoleon was constantly unfortunate in regard to his relatives. The day appointed for the nation to vote on the new Constitution, and on the transmission of the sovereign power from father to son in the Imperial family, was May 8th. A heated and turbulent discussion arose in the Corps Législatif, in the course of which M. Pelletan shouted that the Empire had given France eighteen years, not of repose, order, and security, but "of shame and of crime." The result of the *plébiscite*—the last of the

career of Napoleon—although it showed 7,257,379 "Ayes" and but 1,530,000 "Noes," indicated a settled hostility in Paris and most of the other large cities of the Empire. The circumstance that the army recorded nearly 50,000 votes against the sovereign was a serious matter; and not less serious was the fact that during the agitation of the *plébiscite* a plot to assassinate the Emperor was discovered. On the nights of May 9th and 10th serious riots occurred and barricades were thrown up.



The Emperor Napoleon about 1870.

The last ceremonial function of the reign of Louis Napoleon was held on May 21st, when the result of the *plébiscite* was formally conveyed to the Emperor in the Salle des États of the Louvre. Never had the Empire worn an aspect more splendid and prosperous than when Napoleon advanced, surrounded by his family, amidst the acclamations of the assembled Chambers, and took his seat on the dais, while M. Schneider, President of the Legislative Body, addressed the head of the nation. "In supporting the Empire by more than seven millions of suffrages," said President Schneider, "France says to you, 'Sire, the country is with you; advance confidently in the path of progress, and establish liberty based on respect for the laws and the Constitution. France places the cause of liberty under the protection of your dynasty.'" The Emperor thanked the nation for having given him, for the fourth time, an overwhelming proof of its confidence. He closed his speech with the words: "Who can be opposed to the progressive march of a dynasty founded by a great people in the midst of political disturbance, and fortified by liberty?" Those were brave words; but in three and a half months from their utterance that dynasty was in the dust, and the man who proudly spoke them was a prisoner of war in a foreign land.

There had been some sort of an intrigue in Paris in the summer of 1869 for the promotion of the candidature for the vacant throne of Spain of Prince Frederic, a younger son of the old Prince of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen, the house of which King William of Prussia was the nominal head. It was said that the Empress Eugénie favoured the project and that Prince Frederic might marry a relative of hers. Perhaps such credentials hardly recommended him to the Spaniards, and



Emile Ollivier, Prime Minister.

no offer of the throne of Spain was made to Frederic. In the autumn of the year it was that Marshal Prim's project of inviting the candidature of Frederic's eldest brother Prince Leopold was first mooted. In the summer of 1870 Prince Leopold signified his readiness to accept the Spanish crown if the choice of the Cortes should fall upon him. The tidings of this acceptance reached Paris from Madrid on July 3rd. It was stated that a deputation had been despatched to Germany to offer to Prince Leopold the Spanish crown. A *communique* to the *Constitutionnel* announced that it had actually been accepted, and expressed astonishment at the spectacle of the sceptre of Charles V. placed in the hands of a "German Prince." So far as regarded blood, it was a fact that Leopold had closer affinity with the Imperial dynasty of France than with the Royal family of Prussia; for his paternal grandmother was Princess Antoinette Murat, while his mother was a daughter of the Grand Duchess Stephanie of Baden, sister of Hortense Beauharnais, the mother of Napoleon III. His wife was a sister of the King of Portugal. Dynastically, therefore, Prince Leopold actually stood nearer to the French than to the Prussian throne; but no doubt he held himself more a German than a Frenchman. He regarded King William as the head and patriarch of his race; he was a colonel in the Prussian army; he lived much at the Court of Berlin; and his political sympathies were with the German movement of the time.

The political horizon of Europe was in the beginning of July, 1870, so delusively clear, that an English statesman who certainly had strong claims to be considered well informed affirmed publicly that it was without a cloud. It is true that on the 4th the French Chargé d'Affaires at Berlin went to the Foreign Office "to communicate the painful impression which the acceptance of the candidature of Prince Leopold had caused in Paris." The Prussian under-secretary in Bismarck's absence declared "that this affair had no existence for the Prussian Government, which, therefore, was not in a position to afford any information." In truth, up to the end of the first week in July Prussia, and with it the



The Duc de Gramont, Minister for Foreign Affairs.

whole of Germany, had full confidence in the continuance of peace; while in France M. Emile Ollivier, the Prime Minister, had on the 30th June declared that "the peace of Europe never rested on a more secure basis." In the Prussian army nothing was doing beyond the common routine. The usual preparations were being made for the autumn manœuvres. The draft of a new official text-book for infantry exercise had just been submitted to the King; and a new instruction on outpost duty had recently been issued. A partial issue of improved needle-guns had to be sent back into store when hostilities became imminent, and the old weapons re-issued for the sake of uniformity of pattern. A great number of officers, both of staff and of the line, had received leave of absence during the interval between the regimental inspections and the autumn manœuvres; and many of these had gone to the camp of Châlons to witness the operations there. The ironclad squadron of the navy, commanded by Prince Adalbert, was away on a cruise. The King was at Ems; Bismarck was still unwell at Varzin; Moltke was residing on his Silesian estate; and most of the other Ministers were about on tours of inspection or recreation. There is no doubt that in France the prospect of sudden and immediate war was equally remote; for in June the French War Minister had ordered a great number of horses to be sold, as, in consequence of the persistent drought, there were apprehensions of a failure of forage. And, further, on the 30th of that month, the Legislative Chamber accepted the Bill for re-



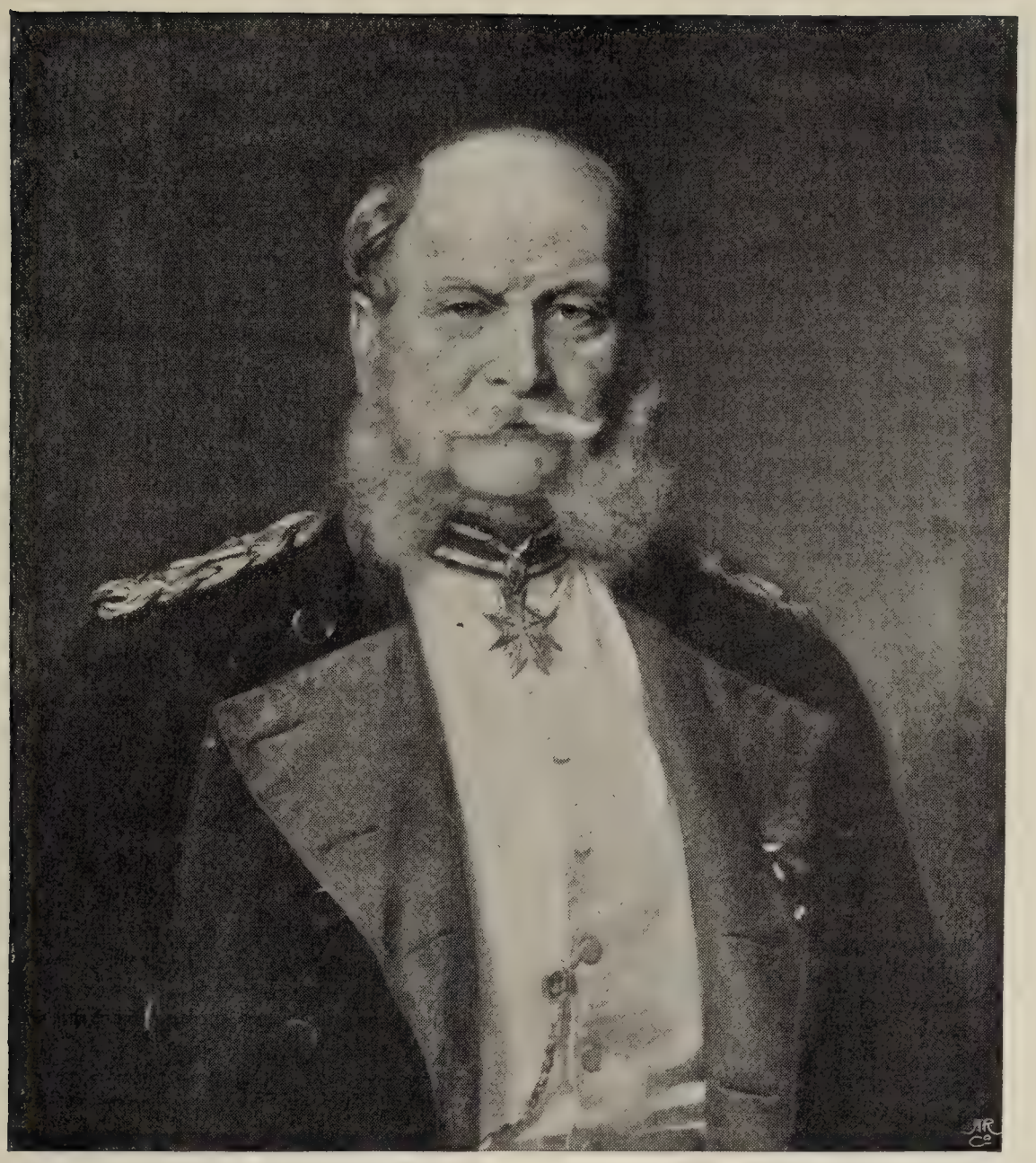
Prince Leopold von Hohenzollern.



The Empress Eugénie about 1870.

ducing the annual contingent of recruits from its usual figure of 100,000 to 90,000, on which occasion Emile Ollivier made the declaration as to the peaceable state of Europe already mentioned.

On July 4th, however, Baron Werther, the Ambassador to France of the North German Confederation, had obtained leave of absence, and was about to pay his respects to the King at Ems; and the French Minister for Foreign Affairs, the Duc de Gramont. begged the Baron to describe to his Majesty the excitement which was agitating the French nation in regard to the Prusso-Spanish matter and to entreat King William to induce Prince Leopold to withdraw his candidature on pain of a "catastrophe." "Do you mean by 'catastrophe' a threat of war?" demanded the astonished Ambassador. "*Oui*," replied M. Ollivier, "*Oui, il y a menace de guerre.*" Baron Werther promised to make the desired communication to the King and departed for Ems on the following day. On July 5th M. Cochery, a Deputy of the Left Centre, made an interpellation to the Foreign Minister with regard to the Spanish throne succession; "put up" intentionally, it was understood, in order to afford the Minister an opportunity of making a sensational and truculent reply. In the course of the 5th there were two ministerial councils, at neither of which did the peaceful sentiments of the Cabinet undergo any change. But after the evening conference the Empress was said to have had a long conversation with her husband, the result of which, as rendered next day by the Duc de Gramont in the Corps Législatif, was tantamount to a challenge to Germany. He declared that he was not privy to the negotiations between Marshal Prim and the Hohenzollern Prince; he announced emphatically that it was not the duty of France to meddle with the internal affairs of the Spanish nation in the exercise of its own sovereignty. "But," said he, significantly, "we do not believe that respect for the rights of a neighbouring people imposes on us the obligation of suffering that a foreign power should, by placing one of its own princes on the throne of Charles V., disturb to our detriment the existing balance of power in Europe and endanger the interests and honour of France. We have a confident hope that such an occurrence will not occur, reckoning as we do on the prudence of the German



William I., Emperor of Germany.

(From the portrait by G. Richter. By permission of the Berlin Photographic Company.)

and the amity of the Spanish people. Should this, however, turn out contrary to our expectations, we shall, in reliance on your support and that of the nation, know how to do our duty without hesitation or weakness."

This declaration was received with rapturous applause by the great majority of the House. Some members insisted that the Budget which just then was being debated must necessarily be fundamentally remodelled in view of the imminence of warlike preparations; but, as a matter of fact, those were ready in full train. Immense activity was known to exist at the French War Ministry; and large quantities of stores and warlike material were being transported by rail by night, and with the utmost secrecy, through Paris from the south and west towards the east. The *pourparlers* were becoming ominously formal, and the Prussian Chargé d'Affaires at Paris was on July 9th instructed once more to signify to the Duc de Gramont that "the question of the succession to the Spanish throne was one which concerned Spain and the candidate alone, and with which Prussia and Germany had absolutely no concern." Seeing that it was impossible to fix a quarrel on the German diplomatist, Gramont determined on the attempt to involve the King personally. From his cure at Wildbad Benedetti was curtly ordered by telegraph to hasten to Ems, where he arrived on the 9th. The instructions awaiting him there from Paris were to the effect that "he should en-

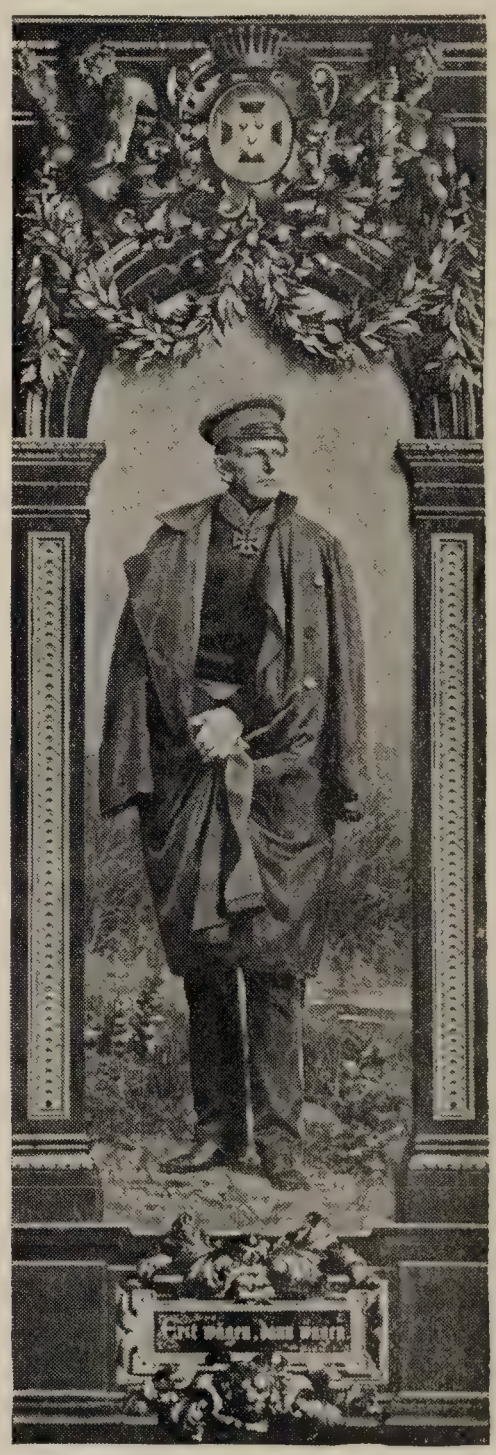


The Crown Prince of Germany.

(*By A. von Werner. By permission of the Berlin Photographic Company.*)

deavour to persuade the King to issue *an order* to the Prince of Hohenzollern to abandon the candidature." Benedetti was received most cordially by the Prussian monarch. When he ventured to make the demand just mentioned, his Majesty replied that, in his quality of King of Prussia, he knew absolutely nothing of this candidature; as head of the Hohenzollern family it was true that he was aware of it; but that he had no right to order Prince Hohenzollern, who was of full age, either to accept or to refuse the Spanish crown, which he therefore declined doing. The Ambassador went on to appeal to the King's wisdom to pronounce a word that would "restore peace to Europe," to which remark his Majesty replied that the disquiet of Europe arose, not through any act of the Prussian Government, but in consequence of the declaration made by the Imperial Government to the Legislative Chamber on 6th July.

Baron Werther returned to Paris on the 11th, and after his departure Benedetti had a second interview with the King, and with the same result as before; his Majesty adding that he had no idea where the Hohenzollern Prince was at that time. Hearing, however, of the complications that had arisen, the Prince



Moltke.

(*By A. von Werner. By permission of the Berlin Photographic Company.*)

immediately determined to abandon the candidature and thus, so far as he was concerned, remove every pretext for dissatisfaction between France and Germany. He informed the Spanish Ministry of his decision and begged his father to announce it widely; so that when Baron Werther reached Paris on the evening of the 11th the Spanish Minister Olozaga had already received the intelligence from his Government. Werther and Olozaga went together to the French Foreign Office on the 12th, for the purpose of handing over officially to the Duc de Gramont the telegrams with the renunciation of Prince Hohenzollern. M.



Bismarck.

(By A. von Werner. By permission of the Berlin Photographic Company.



Prince Carl of Prussia.

(By A. von Werner. By permission of the Berlin Photographic Company.)

Emile Ollivier also appeared and took part in the conversation. Up to mid-day of the 12th the Prime Minister appeared to consider the affair to have been definitely arranged by the Prince's renunciation; and he told several Deputies in the *Salle des pas perdus* of the Palais Bourbon that there was no longer any object of contention in existence. The Duc de Gramont, however, used very different language, and, to the great astonishment of Baron Werther, declared that the renunciation was merely a *subordinate incident*, as France would not in any case have permitted the Prince to ascend the Spanish throne. The main

point still remained to be settled, viz., the slight offered to France by the King of Prussia in having permitted the Prince to accept the candidature without having first come to an understanding with France. He suggested, as a satisfactory means of atoning for this slight, "that King William should address an autograph letter to the Emperor Napoleon stating that in granting that permission he never had thought of injuring the interests or affecting the dignity of France, and that he cordially accepted the renunciation of the Prince." Such was the sense of this letter, of which there are many discrepant versions. A naïve confession was incidentally made by the two French statesmen—that for the sake of the Ministry they absolutely needed a compromise in order to allay the popular excitement. Baron Werther, who must have been greatly amused by this droll frankness, remarked quietly that such a measure had been rendered very difficult because of the terms used by the Duc de Gramont in the Chamber on the 6th inst. The Prussian diplomatist did not think it his duty to lay this insolent demand for a letter of apology before his master by telegraph, as the Duc de Gramont had required him to do; he did communicate with Bismarck, who replied characteristically, "that he could not take any notice of this language unless the French Government thought proper to address it through its Ambassador at Berlin."

Gramont was unappeasable, and his obdurate insolence recoiled on himself. On the evening of the 12th he telegraphed to Benedetti at Ems that he, Benedetti, should exact from the King not only a public approval of Prince Leopold's withdrawal, but also an engagement that his Majesty would never again allow the Prince to be a candidate for the throne of Spain. On the morning of the 13th the King saw Benedetti hurrying to meet him; he handed the Ambassador a newspaper containing the statement that the Prince had withdrawn; and he added that he had not yet received direct tidings from Sigmaringen, but would assuredly do so in the course of the day. Benedetti stated that he, too, had received from Paris news of the renunciation, whereupon the King remarked that he considered the affair now definitely settled. Quite unexpectedly Benedetti brought forward a fresh demand—that the King should give a positive assurance that he would never give his consent to the Prince's candidature should it ever again be mooted. The King positively refused to undertake any such engagement, and he remained steadfast in his refusal to the demand which Benedetti repeated with constantly increasing importunity; and so they parted. At noon the King received a letter from Prince Leopold's father in which was confirmed the news already conveyed by telegraph. Prince Radziwill was at once sent by the King to Benedetti with this intelligence; and with the statement by the King that he now sanctioned the withdrawal of Prince Leopold "in the same sense and to the same extent" as he had approved his acceptance of the Spanish crown; finally remarking that he now looked upon the affair as fully settled. The French Ambassador, urged on by repeated telegrams from Paris, still insisted on an audience; and he was several times in the course of the afternoon informed by Prince Radziwill that his Majesty had nothing to add to what he had already said. "I have just met the King at the railway station," was Benedetti's final telegram to Paris of the 14th; "he simply said he had nothing more to tell me and that any further negotiations would be conducted by his Government." Benedetti expressed a wish to take leave of the King, who took the opportunity of courteously recognising the Ambassador. From Ems Benedetti left for Paris; King William

went to visit the Empress at Coblentz, and from the moment of their parting France and Germany were, in effect, in a state of war.

The King of Prussia journeyed to Berlin on July 15th. At Brandenburg he was met by the Crown Prince, Bismarck, Moltke, and Roon, and he immediately gave orders forthwith to mobilise the whole army of the North German Confederation. His reception in Berlin was most enthusiastic. After some rest the King worked out with Bismarck, Moltke, and Roon all the necessary dispositions, which were completed early on the morning of the 16th, so complete was the state of Prussian preparedness; nor was the readiness for war in the South German States far behind. On the 16th Bismarck explained to the Federal Council the train of circumstances of which the climax had been reached by the manifest determination of France to force on Germany either humiliation or war; and on the 19th during a sitting of the Reichstag he entered with the announcement that he had just received from the French Chargé d'Affaires the formal declaration of war; "the first and only communication received from the French Government on the subject which had engrossed the attention of the world during the previous fortnight."



Von Roon, German War Minister.

The powers of the Emperor Napoleon, both mental and physical, had been deteriorating during the later troublous years of his reign. He had lost his grip, as well of men as of things; and his domestic and social influences warped him to his hurt. During the swift and sudden events that led up to the actual outbreak of the Franco-German War, Napoleon was more than ordinarily enfeebled by his sufferings from the cruel disorder which at intervals he had endured for years. The advocates of personal Government were constantly endeavouring to draw him back to the Constitution of 1852. The clericals were for war, and for the disintegration of the powerful Protestant State beyond the Rhine. At home the populace yelled for war on the pretext that France had to avenge Waterloo. The effect of the wild war-cries of Paris was the gradual but natural estrangement from France on the part of the Powers. As the negotiations ran their swift course, the foreign Governments became convinced that France not only thirsted for war, but was wantonly inciting it. Public

feeling had become almost beyond the control of the Government. But the Government under pressure of events was fast losing the control of itself. Gramont wrote to Benedetti that further delay in the King's answer would not be endured, adding: "We must begin; we only wish for your despatch to call out the 300,000 men. If the King will not counsel the Hohenzollern Prince to renounce—well, it is war at once, and in a few days we shall be on the Rhine."

It turned out that it was the Emperor Napoleon himself who, at ten p.m. of the 12th, ordered Benedetti to insist on an engagement on the part of the King that Prince Leopold should not re-enter the lists as candidate for the Spanish throne. "So long," said his Majesty, "as we have not an official communication from Ems, we have not received a reply to our just demands; so long as we have not received such a reply, we shall continue our armaments." A communication from Lord Lyons inclined the Ministry to peace; but the war-party would not yield. On the one hand that party was precipitating the war; on the other it was putting off the adoption of the only means of waging it with success. Meantime there was hesitation and indecision in the French Cabinet. At a meeting of the Cabinet on the afternoon of the 14th, after a protracted discussion it was resolved that the reserves should be called out. The Emperor was ailing, and he remained a silent listener until the Duc de Gramont suggested that the question might be solved by an European Congress. This was the Emperor's favourite expedient; but this time it was to fail him. Another council met the same evening. When the Ministers had parted at six o'clock peace appeared assured; at ten it was war. The sudden change was attributed to the communication to the French Government of Bismarck's interview with Lord Augustus Loftus in which the Prussian Chancellor formulated the demands he had determined to make, and to the news of the movements of German troops towards the Rhine.

In the night-Cabinet of the 14th Napoleon was the only person who had scruples and difficulties. He repeatedly asked of his Ministers "what guarantees they could offer him?" Of course, it was guarantees of success that he required—a successful war would have given him intense satisfaction, but he did not believe in the prospect of it. The dilemma presented itself—internal revolution with the fall of the dynasty; or war, for the success of which he fain would have had guarantees. He might have found some spurious comfort in Lebœuf, the War Minister. That valiant impostor declared in the council that the French army was perfectly prepared for war. Asked, specifically, what he meant by that, he replied boldly and confidently, "I mean that the army is perfectly supplied in every respect; and that it will not require the purchase of a single gaiter-button for a year to come—*elle est archiprête*." The war-party was certainly in force that night. It was in the ascendant in the palace and among the friends of the dynasty. It had the sympathies of the Empress, who, indeed, was the chief instigator of the war because she expected that it would secure the throne to her son. She approved the war because she believed that the honour of France demanded it; but no one can conceive that her share in its responsibilities are traceable to other than patriotic motives.

On the 15th July M. Emile Ollivier demanded a credit of 500 million francs to carry on the war, announcing at the same time that the reserves of the army had been called out. On the 19th the declaration of war was presented at Berlin by M. le Sourd, the same Chargé d'Affaires who had made the first verbal enquiry with regard to the candidateship of Prince Hohenzollern.

Lebœuf's boast of the efficiency of the

French army was falsified within a fortnight after it had been uttered. The army was anything but prepared for war, and the very mobilisation showed how defective were the arrangements made by the War Ministry. The main fortresses on the eastern frontier were not put into a state of defence until it was almost too late—some, indeed, were not restored at all. It was not until the beginning of August that the corps on the frontier could draw their rations out of magazines, previous to which the soldiers had to live on an allowance of a franc per day. Neither in Metz nor in Thionville were there any supplies. Horses had to be bought at any price at the last moment. There was an immense quantity of maps but they were all maps of Germany. General Douay, appointed to command the 7th Corps, on July 27th was still doing duty at Paris as aide-de-camp of the Emperor; while on the same day the Minister of War was ordering him to report from Belfort where his divisions were, and how far their organisation had progressed. General Michel reached Belfort on July 21st, and, reporting his arrival to Paris, stated that he could find neither his brigade nor the general of his division, nor could he ascertain where his two regiments were.



General Felix Douay.

In the last week of July there were on the eastern frontier of France, and somewhat in rear, eight army-corps, as follows: the 7th Corps at Belfort and Colmar and the 1st Corps at Strasburg, on the right wing. The 5th Corps at Bitche and the 2nd at St. Avold, in the centre. The 4th Corps at Thionville, on the left wing. As reserve to the 5th and 2nd Corps, the Imperial Guard and the 3rd Corps at Metz, behind the centre. As general reserve for the whole army, the 6th Corps, at Châlons, Soissons, and Paris. Those troops if complete in their full war establishment should have represented a total of 337,000 combatants; but the reserves not having joined promptly and then only in deficient numbers, the infantry battalions were below their proper strength. The Emperor had reckoned on a field army 300,000 strong at the beginning of August, but probably there were not above 220,000 combatants in the first line, with some 50,000 reserves and 1,000 guns, including mitrailleuses. The Germans entered France 384,000 strong with double that number of reserves.

On 28th July the Emperor, accompanied by the Prince Imperial, departed to join the army in the field. In a retired part of the park of Saint Cloud a level passage had been cut and a small platform provided, enabling the Imperial family to join the railway without first going into Paris. Presently the Emperor, accompanied by the Empress and their son, issued from the private apartments and walked towards the park entrance, shaking hands with and addressing kind words to those he met on his way. He wore the dress of a General of Division; the Prince Imperial that of a Sub-Lieutenant. While the Generals were entering the carriages the Emperor remarked that they formed a *corps d'armée*

of themselves. The train was ready, and after one last embrace to husband and son the Empress descended to the platform. The signal was given and the whistle sounded; and as the train moved the Empress called out to her son, "Do your duty, Louis!" All present uncovered, and the train moved forward amid shouts of "*Vive l'Empereur!*" Napoleon's health was very seriously impaired before and during the war of 1870; probably he had the presentiment that he was looking for the last time on the beautiful *château* which had been his favourite home.

On his arrival at Metz the Emperor was painfully disappointed by the state of things he found in the army. He could not but recognise that it was still unable to take the field, and lamentations came pouring in from all quarters as to the innumerable and serious deficiencies of the military administration which, as it seemed, no amount of exertion could remedy. Napoleon must have had sad misgivings that France, notwithstanding the repeated assurances of the official authorities and the confidence of the nation, was totally unprepared to carry on a great war. The proclamation which he issued when at Metz he assumed the command-in-chief of "The Army of the Rhine" contained expressions of proud hope, intermingled, however, with others which betrayed apprehension; and it carefully refrained from representing the enemy as likely to be easily vanquished, as the so-called public opinion of France was freely assuming.

The army, however, had to be doing something for its credit's sake; and the Emperor determined on making an advance against Saarbrücken, a small Prussian town on the river Saar, about two miles inside the frontier line between France and Germany. Saarbrücken was an open town totally destitute of defences; it had been occupied since the declaration of war by a battalion of the 40th Hohenzollern regiment and three squadrons of the 7th Uhlans. The forces detailed to attack this little place with its insignificant garrison consisted of three Army Corps, or about 80,000 men. The French 5th Corps (Failly) was on the right; the 2nd (Frossard) in the centre; and on the left the 3rd (Bazaine). The direct attack on Saarbrücken was to be executed by Frossard's corps; which for some days previous had been in bivouac on the Spicheren plateau, about four miles south-west of Saarbrücken. About ten a.m. of August 2nd Frossard began the advance. Bataille's Division of the 2nd Corps formed the first line. On the right of the high-road Bastoul's Brigade descended the Spicheren heights, crossed the intervening valley, and moved on the ridges covering Saarbrücken; on the left Pouget's Brigade moved forward towards the drill-ground. Three squadrons of chasseurs scoured the ground to the front. In rear of Frossard's right wing followed Micheler's Brigade of Laveaucoupet's Division; in rear of the left Valaze's Brigade belonging to Vergé's Division. The remainder of the corps followed in reserve.

Meanwhile the two Prussian companies in front of Saarbrücken moved out at once into the line of outposts. The post of the Winterberg, which was most immediately threatened, was promptly strengthened. The company in St. Johann doubled out to the "Rothe Haus" post. The Löwenburg was occupied and part of a company went to St. Arnual. A skirmishing division and two guns brought up from Raschpfühl under Lieutenant Meyer, received with a brisk fire the enemy debouching from the Stiftswald. General Micheler on his side also brought up a battery; but Meyer maintained his position in spite of the French skirmishers. The Prussian garrison had thus been successful in maintaining timely opposition to the French at all points. But it was impossible for so scanty forces to resist for

any length of time the enveloping attack of a whole Army Corps. A steady and deliberate retreat, with frequent brisk rallies and occasional conflicts with the French skirmishers at the point of the bayonet, was carried out with entire absence of hurry. The Saar was crossed and the gallant little garrison of Saarbrücken retired upon Raschpfühl.



The Prince Imperial about 1870.

It was on this day, August 2nd, 1870, that the Prince Imperial, then a boy of fourteen, in the words of his father, "received his baptism of fire." I was watching from the drill-ground above Saarbrücken the oncoming swarm-attack of Bataille's tirailleurs, firing as they hurried across the plain. The tirailleurs had passed the Galgenberg, a low ridge on the bosom of the valley about midway between the Spicheren hill and where I stood. Presently the Galgenberg was crowned by two horsemen followed by a great staff. The telescope told me that without a doubt the senior of the two foremost riders was the Emperor Napoleon, and that the younger, shorter and slighter—mere lad he looked—was the Prince Imperial, whom we knew to be with his father in the field. The exertion told cruelly on the Emperor. An eye-witness wrote: "After Saarbrücken, Lebrun and Lebœuf had to lift him off his horse. The Prince was by his side all the time, and looked very distressed, for his father had scarcely spoken to him during the engagement. But after they got into the carriage the Emperor put his arm round his neck and kissed him on the cheeks, while two large tears rolled down his own. I noticed that the Emperor had hardly strength to walk from his horse to the carriage." On August 4th appeared the following despatch in the *Journal Officiel:* "To-day, August 2nd, at eleven a.m. the French troops had a severe engagement with the Prussians. Our army, assuming the offensive, crossed and invaded the territory of Prussia. In spite of the strength of the enemy's position, a few of our battalions sufficed to carry the heights which command Saarbrücken, and our artillery soon drove the enemy from the town. The *élan* of our soldiers was so great that our losses have been slight. The engagement, which began at eleven, was over at one. The Emperor was with the Prince Imperial, who has received

upon the first battlefield of the campaign the baptism of fire. His presence of mind and coolness in danger were worthy of the name he bears."

The Emperor addressed to the Empress the following private despatch: "Louis has received his baptism of fire. His coolness was admirable; he was not in the least degree excited. . . . We were in the front, the balls and bullets fell at our feet. Louis has kept a ball that fell near him. Some of the soldiers wept on seeing how calm he remained. We had only one officer and ten men killed.—NAPOLEON."

It is rare that a "severe engagement" occurs in which only one officer and ten men are killed. As a matter of fact, according to the official record, the French loss in the Saarbrücken skirmish amounted to six officers and eighty men. The Prussian casualties were four officers and seventy-nine men.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



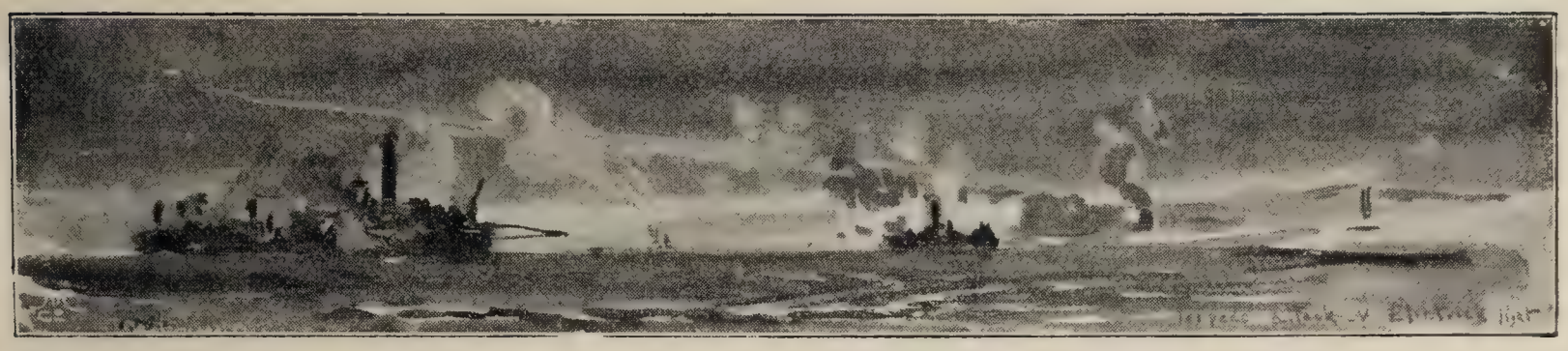


AUGUST.
By Max Cowper.



Mr. and Mrs. Wyllie on their yacht "Sea-Maiden."

(*Photo by A. Debenham, Cowes.*)



Torpedo attack v. electric light.

A DAY WITH MR. W. L. WYLLIE, A.R.A.

BY ROY COMPTON.

"CAN you tell me where *The New Zealand* is lying?" I queried of a sun-dried "shell back," who was leaning indolently against one of the stanchions of the Gravesend pier watching the morning dissolve the river mists, and meditatively pulling all the comfort possible from a short, highly-coloured clay, which he leisurely removed from his lips as he gave me an up-and-down look, and fingered the black curl of hair that coiled round his gold-ringed ears. He made no answer save a casual comprehensive nod, as he turned to his companions, around whom still lingered the habits and odour of the foc'sle, and growled lazily,

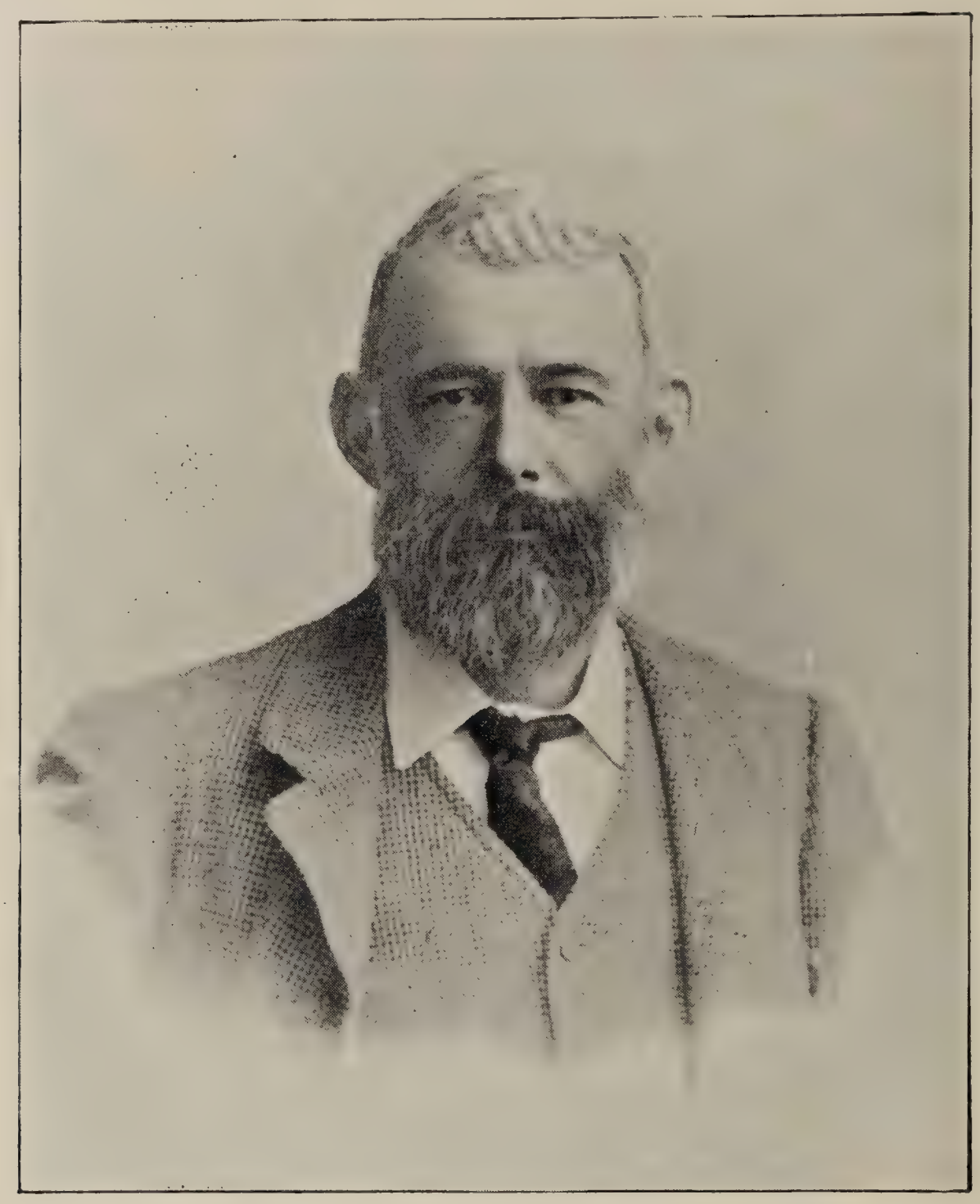
"Where's Mr. Wyllie's barge?" At this question one of his mates produced a weather-beaten glass, whereby *she* was sighted a little distance away. "That's her, painted white with a black top and gold line, but she ain't flying no flag this morning; best take Bill Bechett's boat," he concluded, at the same time using his lungs with sea-horse power for the benefit of his friend. "'Ere y'are Bill, a gent wants to get aboard *The New*



A sketch at the Jubilee Review, 1887.

Zealand, and if you wants a drink you'd best show a leg, or he won't get there till after breakfast."

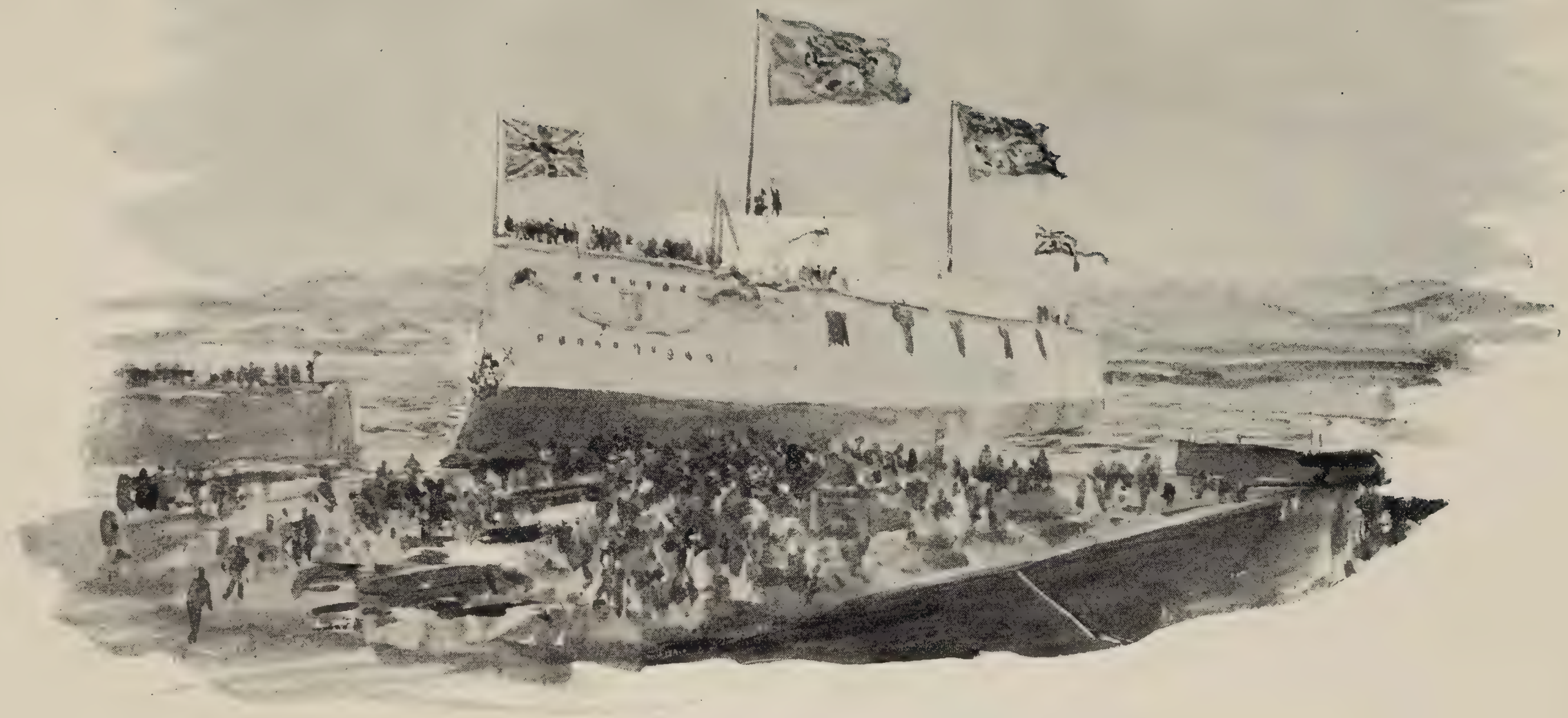
Thus admonished, and suffering apparently from a perpetual thirst, Bill "tumbled" up from the dirty flight of steps, and rolling away to the opposite side of the landing-stage, unmoored his boat and devoted all his energy to "a long, strong pull," which carried us in and out of a diverse collection of small and big craft alongside the barge. A stentorian hail —a few steps up a rope-ladder,—and I am on board, and welcomed by Mrs. Wyllie in a charming little cabin, where she is on hospitable work intent. What strikes me most is the capacity for accommodation on board; pretty women join that cheery breakfast-table one by one—fresh from the arms of "Morpheus," and when I find they have all slept on that snug and well-trimmed barge, as an old bachelor I give up the enigma.



W. L. Wyllie, A.R.A.

(Photo by Walery, 164, Regent Street.)

"Mr. Wyllie has gone ashore to meet some friends, but will be back directly," explains Mrs. Wyllie, as she most generously attends to all our creature wants and comforts; and I am on deck watching the first yacht skim round Tilbury Fort, looking like a white butterfly with



The launch of the "Illustrious."



H.M.S. "Sunfish."

all the diaphanous canvas she possesses "full set," when the great Medway artist and myself shake hands. Attired in blue serge suit, rough woollen jersey, and peaked cap, the "skipper" of *The New Zealand* looks, and is, every inch a sailor; for only a man who has handled a rope, or mastered the art of taking in the slack of a sail, can paint a marine picture with either vitality or veracity. Mr. Wyllie's pictures are the result of a natural tendency to art and an intense love of "ocean life," which he has practically studied all his life. He knows every gesture of a sail, every hang of a rope, the appearance of the river under every phase or effect, for at seven years old he and his brothers and sisters would live in a boat or on the beach of the quaint little village near Boulogne, which was then his home—putting out to sea regardless of wind or weather,—and even at that early age he was devoted to sketching any marine subject that caught his youthful fancy. The house where all his earliest efforts were created was a small French fort of which there is now no trace, it having a few years back been swept away by the fury of the waves, but the artist still cherishes in his studio a small sketch of the old, old home around which linger so many pleasant reminiscences.

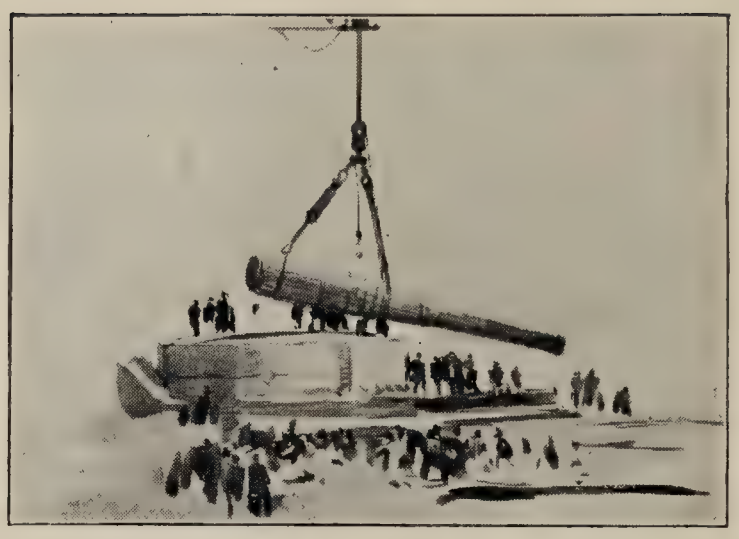
"We are going to follow the big yachts as far out as we can and then make for the Medway. I thought you could then combine business and pleasure," Mr. Wyllie remarks in his kind frank manner. "There will be plenty of time when we reach Rochester to give you any information, and you would like some sketches, you say. With pleasure; I have no doubt we can find some in the studio there. Now I think we had better make a start, the yachts are coming out in quick succession—the first one approaching is *The Meteor*." As the artist leaves me to lend a hand in letting go the picturesque sail, the sun finally overcomes its struggle with the morning haze and shines down on the white-sailed, smart-looking boat with charming effect as she sails majestically past us. Mrs. Wyllie, who is as



"Toil, Glitter, Grime, and Wealth on a Flowing Tide."

(From a drawing by W. L. Wyllie of his painting in the South Kensington Museum.)

ardent a sailor as her husband, and also a most expert one, goes to the wheel as soon as she hears the rattle of the anchor-chain, for the artist and his wife virtually sail the barge themselves, being only assisted, when necessary, by a very young salt and a boy, although on this particular occasion a contingent of the military are available for "active service" if required. The anchor is in, we are round and away "under full sail," before I recognise the fact. A breeze has sprung up, and, the "skipper" having trimmed all his sails, we rush through the water in a manner that, to say the least of it, is exhilarating. It is when Mrs. Wyllie has relinquished the "wheel" to her husband that I learn that besides *The New Zealand* they possess several racing craft at "Hoo Wesburgh," where they have built a boat-house upon the beach.



Lifting the 110-ton gun on board H.M.S. "Victoria."

"We are nearly always on the water, and have travelled everywhere in our boats," he tells me. ". . . We have taken part in innumerable races, one of our boats, *The Big Eva*, carrying all before her through one season about three years ago. We would not miss taking part in a Thames race, if possible, for anything. My wife does all the steering, and she is so smart that on more than one occasion she has taken a gold cup. When I was at the Academy Schools I learnt how to build a flat-bottomed boat with three planks. I improved on that, but found it handy to sail about in making sketches. Then in 1870 I bought a boat, and having decked and rigged her, sailed all round the coast. It was in that year I became attached to *The Graphic*. I did some black-and-white sketches of French cruisers sailing into Boulogne with their German prizes, which were accepted. Every year since I have gone a-sailing in one of my own craft. *The Sea-Maiden*, a half-rater, I built myself, my



The Jubilee Review, 1887.



A page from Mr. Wyllie's sketch-book.

wife making the sails, and the boat would go at a tremendous pace in a stiff breeze."

Whilst we are chatting, Mr. Wyllie is keeping his weather-eye open for the umpire boat, for the smart yachts are sailing up into their places, and we are all anxiously awaiting the arrival of the steamer. "There she comes at last," is the information Mr. Wyllie imparts after a prolonged gaze through his telescope, as a steamer gains fast upon us and passes with its band playing gaily, and flags flying, leaving us in its track of curdling, swirling water. A few moments later and, with the booming of a gun, the yachts are off, and although *The New Zealand* is only a hundred-and-twenty-ton Thames barge, she catches the infection of enthusiasm on board with the breeze, which is fast rising, and races through the water in a most creditable manner. We have rounded the Nore, passing hosts of large ships, steamers, barges, and all sorts of craft on the great highway, and we are making for the Medway, when Mr. Wyllie draws my attention to a hatchway which is shaded by stained glass.

"That is my studio on board, though often in fine weather I paint on deck."

"And can you work for long at a stretch?" I ask, as we descend below to investigate the most original studio it is possible to conceive.



A Sketch.

"Well, that depends upon the necessity. Usually I start work early in the morning—directly after breakfast. I generally paint the larger portion of my picture afloat, the rest in my 'Top Gallant' studio, which you will see when we reach 'Hoo Lodge.' There, with the aid of my telescope, I can paint almost anything in the way of sea craft."

The studio afloat is in the centre of



A Flying Squadron.



A Study.

what was once the principal cabin before Mr. Wyllie took the barge in hand. Now there are several charming little bedrooms running alongside the passage leading thereto, whose artistically-curtained bunks and general picturesqueness make you wish you had been born a "salt." By getting on the table with a risk of limb that is appalling, I get my *head* into the "studio" with its glass walls. Here Mr. Wyllie informs me he intends to erect a ladder from the floor to the skylight, on the top of which will be a seat for himself and a ledge for his canvas, and there even on a racing day or in a gust of wind the great marine artist will give us still more brilliant impressions of air and colour, toil, glitter, grime, and wealth, as it floats past him on the bosom of the Thames.

"I have sailed in many waters," he remarked. "Every summer we leave the Thames and cruise somewhere fresh—Jersey, Guernsey, the Zuyder Zee, St. Malo, Cherbourg, &c. I have sketched the coast on either side the Channel, I have painted the canals in Holland; the West Indies, with all its wonderful colouring, tropical rains, and vivid blue sea; the Mediterranean, with its glorious sunset effects; the Norfolk Broads; and the Solent. I have held several exhibitions of water-colour drawings made during my years of yachting. In 1884 it was the Thames in all its moods. In 1889 I exhibited the sketches made on board *The Black Prince* of the 'Queen's Navy'; thither I had gone commissioned by *The Graphic*. In 1892 my wanderings through France and Italy were pictured, and in May, 1894, at the Dowdeswell Gallery, a series of works done in the West Indies, Atlantic, Mediterranean, Solent, and Thames."

Whilst speaking we are sailing into the Medway, and the small craft of the Thames are exchanged for a sight of "England's Naval Greatness." Torpedo destroyers and huge vessels armed to the teeth are lying on either side, whilst a shoal of porpoises are playing in their midst. It is noticeable that no touch of colour, no picturesque effect, escapes the artist's notice, that he looks at everything



The S.S. "Dunottar Castle."

from an original point of view, and it is easy after being "under full sail" with him to comprehend how unremitting has been his study of nature in every detail; it is *this* that has made him so brilliant a draughtsman, combined with the gift of realistic portrayal in which he has no rival. The brown sail having been snugly tucked away with its own spar, and the anchor having once more found



A Study.

the bed of the river opposite the "Boat-house," wherein lie all the racing craft, Mr. Wyllie kindly shows me an instrument he has not only invented, but *made* himself: it is a "Range measure," a most necessary article in the time of war for ascertaining the strength and distance of the enemy, and one which he hopes before long to still further improve. When the artist is not painting or sailing he devotes all his spare time to etching, inventing, or photography. We go ashore, and Mr. Wyllie leads the way up a winding path through a miniature flower laden wood till we come in sight of "Hoo Lodge," a charmingly quaint red-brick house—in all its surroundings artistic. Inside every nook and corner is filled with pictures from his talented brush, etchings, models of boats, and gold and silver trophies of both Mr. and Mrs. Wyllie's navigating skill and seamanship. In the drawing-room are several large canvases finished and unfinished; and in the midst of most enviable carved Indian tables and chairs, pretty china and all that pleases "*les Dames*," there lies a "white billowy sail" which Mrs. Wyllie has most skilfully made. Close by is a portrait by Sargeant of my hostess herself, which is excellent. Here also is her writing-table, for she is her husband's able amanuensis as well as coadjutor in all his work and pleasures. Then Mr. Wyllie suggests we should go aloft and see the "Top Gallant," as his young sons have named his home studio.



Admiral Gervais' fleet at Spithead.



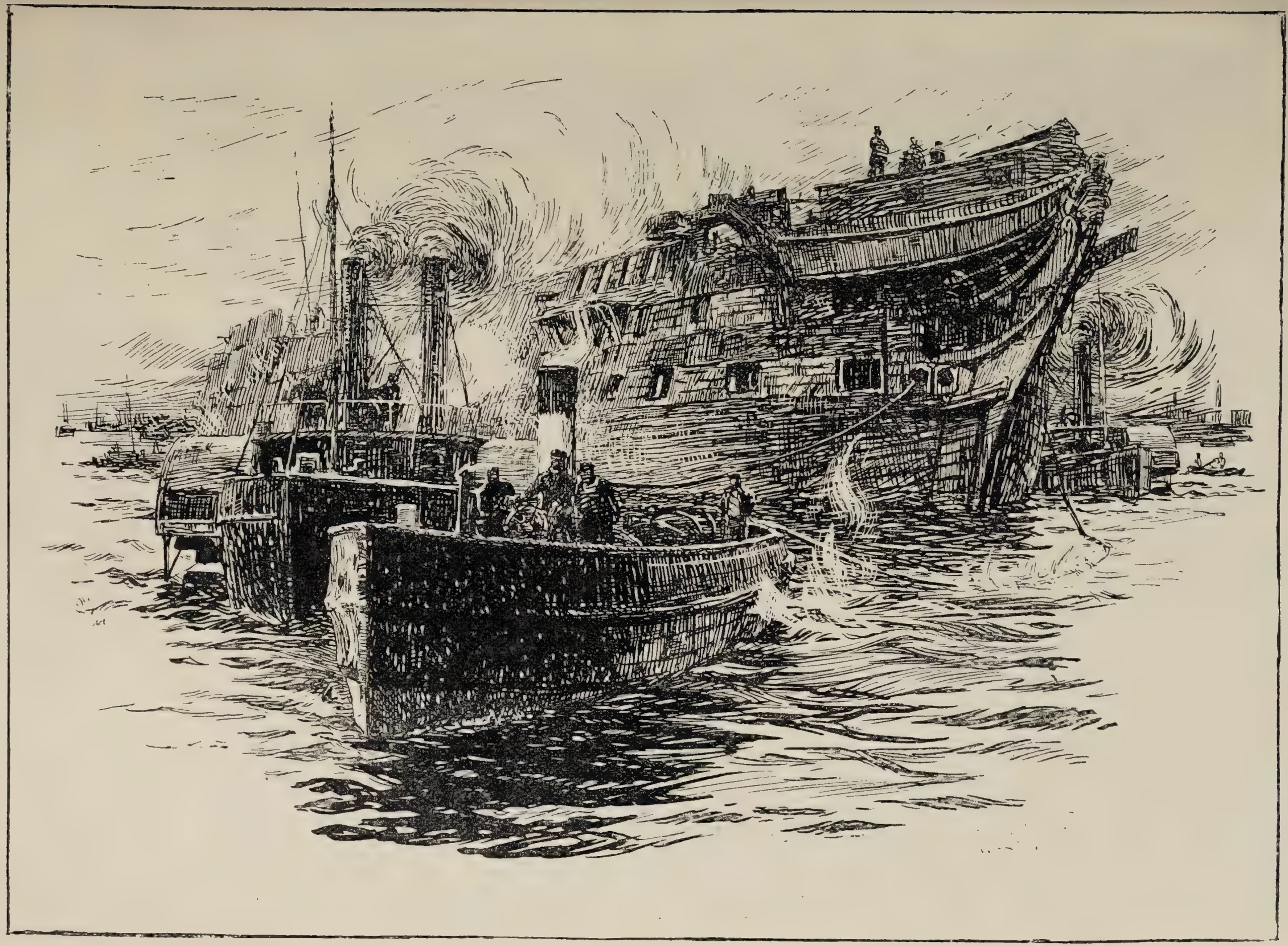
A Sketch.

It is up many winding stairs, the walls of which are lined with pictures of storms and sunshine, and we enter a veritable cabin which, despite the shore breezes, has the unmistakable odour of one afloat. Here I see all the artist's work, his note-books full of vigorous, minute sketches, scrawls, and details of tackle, sails, and fantastic vapours—smoke-wreaths, curdling water so suggestive of vitality, and all useful in creating the huge canvases which hang year after year on the walls of the Royal Academy. Even the small windows are interesting, out of which he thrusts his telescope and can sweep the river for miles, and the view all around is clear and leaves nothing to be desired in the matter of natural beauty. We climb out again up a few more steps, and we are on the roof, a flat, square space from which all the country lies open before the eye, and one feels a tinge of English pride in looking down on the huge dock-yards crowded with great vessels, whose sides bristle with guns, and whose wooden forefathers made for England the position she holds o'er land and sea in this record year. Some words to this effect call from Mr. Wyllie the reply,

"I think I am almost the only person who has a complete record of all those old ships. I have painted every one in



Study of fishing boats.



The funeral march of a Hero.

a stage of more or less decay, but still 'grand' even in their destruction. I am extremely fond of painting wrecks, and often run a good deal of risk in so doing. All the scenes of storm I have painted have been from actual life, or rather incident, and have often been accomplished with great difficulty on a stormy night."

In the studio I also see a copperplate, and I learn that, unknown to many who know him only as a painter, he has etched many of the Chantrey pictures. The one I saw him engaged upon was one of the creations of his own facile brush—in fact, it is difficult to find out what the artist cannot do, so versatile are his talents and capabilities. The dining-room is a small gallery in itself devoted to "Mrs. Wyllie's favourites," which she views with a natural pride, and refuses to be allowed to be sold, although often her friends are quite ready to carry one away at any price. I see many of the "Great Steamship Liners" belonging to "White Star," "Union," and "Castle" Lines which have fallen under the artist's brush.

"No, I was not born in France, though I went there at seven years. Albany Street, London, was my birthplace some forty-five years ago. My father, as you know, was a very well-known artist. At thirteen I joined the Academy Schools, and there gained the gold medal."

"And you exhibited your first picture in the R.A.?"

"At seventeen. It was entitled 'Dover Castle.' Since then I have been 'hung' every year, with one exception. In 1874 I exhibited 'The Goodwin Sands,' with the wreck of a ship sticking out of the sands; and in 1881 'Rochester River.' My most successful year was 1883, when I sold my picture 'Toil, Glitter, Grime, and Wealth on a Flowing Tide' to the Chantrey Bequest. Also in that year I went to Alexandria, and sketched the bombardment of that town, and soon after this success I gained my wish to become the tenant of 'Hoo Lodge.' One of the most interesting Royal commissions I have executed was that from the Queen, who desired a painting of *The Britannia* as a gift for the Prince of Wales; and, curiously enough, I also received a similar commission from the Princess of Wales, who had the same object in view. I made quite different studies of the subject, and each Royal lady approved. Once I had to build a room in which to paint a picture; that was 'The Battle of Trafalgar,' for the United Service Club."

He very kindly gives me *carte blanche* to take what I like for illustrations from a portfolio of sketches he has brought down for my benefit, and which he generously places at my disposal for the pleasure of *Idler* readers.





"FROM AN ULTIMATE DIM THULE." III.

(A Record of Dreams.) By S. H. Sime.

THE LITTLE GOD, THE MEDICINE MAN, AND THE BLUGGY BEESTE.

The Sacrifice was completed, and the Star Dials were hinting of morn, as the rolling thunder of the Medicine Man's incomprehensible cabala, couched in somewhat dubious latinity, slackened into the weird wailing of the majestic formula of dismissal. Infernal filmy skirmishers hovered in hopes of a Lapsus What-its-Name. But the little God only chortled, and something rumbled, and there was a kind of belching noise, and the Bluggy Beeste materialised. The Medicine Man was hoisted, shrieking:—"Oh, had I but served my Thing-um-a-jig as I have served my Tiddle-a-winx————." He was gone.

I said to myself:—"He's read that in a book," as I dived plumb into the Astral Plane.

[*To be continued.*]



WANDERINGS IN BOOKLAND.

BY RICHARD LE GALLIENNE.

"IT is so a gentleman should always live," said a magnificent friend of mine, as we walked together through the great rooms of an ancient mansion; and I have recalled his remark as I have read Mr. Alfred Sutro's admirable translation of Maeterlinck's *Aglavaine and Selysette* (Grant Richards). It is so the great and exquisite passions should always be represented. "A room in the Castle," "A leafy grove in the park," "At the foot of a tower," "At the top of the Tower," such should be the scenes of action; "Meleander," "Aglavaine," "Selysette," "Meligrane," "Little Yssaline," such should be the names of the *dramatis personæ;* and when they speak they should speak beautifully, with lovely tenderness, as "Say on, Selysette . . . and I will kiss you, softly, as you speak," or with tragic simplicity as "I was leaning over . . . and I fell." This is the true realism, or shall we say that this is one of the modes of realism, for any method of artistic representation which gives one the sense, the thrill, of spiritual realities, is true realism. You may, with Ibsen, be literal in externals, or with Maeterlinck, conventional and symbolic. You may make your tragic figures, externally, commonplace middle-class people, sitting gloomily in provincial back-parlours; or you may clothe them in purple, give them castles to live in, and melodious Arthurian names. If one method is more realistic than the other, perhaps the subtler realism is Maeterlinck's, for no one feels himself commonplace or middle-class when a great passion is upon him. In our great moments we are all kings and queens—when we are not gods; and even in Clapham rapt voices have been heard exclaiming, "This is the very gate of heaven!" Was it not at Peckham Rye that the young Blake saw a tree full of angels? Yes, in our great moments we are all gods in exile, and M. Maeterlinck obeys a subtle dramatic truth when he presents tragic figures essentially modern in the pomp and circumstance of antique passion. Now that the grosser reality of feudal magnificence has passed away, it lives again the finer life of an impressive symbolism, and such words as "castle" and "princess," having lost their original significance, have come to stand for a romantic nobility and distinction, a spacious way of spiritual life.

Thus *Aglavaine and Selysette* is really an Ibsen play in an Arthurian dress. M. Maeterlinck has been called "the Belgian Shakespeare," and indeed, as Mr. Mackail points out in his introduction to the present play, he has been obviously influenced by such Elizabethans as Webster and Ford, those masters of splendid darkness; but his spiritual kinship is undeniably nearer to the Pre-Raphaelites, and when William Morris, as Mr. Mackail relates, gave such an unwonted welcome to *Palleas and Melisande*, the welcome, unconsciously, was that of a master to the work of a disciple.

Of course, the first importance of *Agla-*

vaine and Selysette is that of a beautiful creation, a beautiful creation by a poet who is the greatest living master of literary beauty; yet its significance as a criticism of life justifies one in dwelling more on that aspect of it than one would have thought of doing in the case of M. Maeterlinck's previous work. It is the drama of an experiment in love which, in Aglavaine's favourite phrase, was "very beautiful," the experiment of what one might call a transcendental *ménage à trois*, a three-cornered marriage. Meleander and Selysette have lived together happily for four years, very happily, but, says Meleander—reading a letter from his brother's widow, Aglavaine, in which she announces her coming to make her home with them in the castle,—they are to love each other more, more intensely, when Aglavaine comes. "We shall love each other differently, our love will go deeper down—you will see." For Aglavaine has a strange genius for loving, for awakening love in those about her, for making them "beautiful" by the awakening of their spiritual senses. Aglavaine comes. Hers is a soul of many facets. Selysette's deep soul reflects the light only at one point—her love for Meleander. Meleander's prophecy comes true. Aglavaine's presence indeed opens out the soul of Selysette day by day like a flower, and reveals in it beauty he had not suspected before. But to see this beauty in Selysette he has already had to love Aglavaine. I recall no more beautiful love-scene in literature, perhaps no love-scene on so high a plane of spiritual passion, as that in the first scene of the second act when Aglavaine and Meleander confess their love for each other. It is curiously simple in its ecstacy and yet so learned in the subtleties of love; so primitive, and so "modern." For a little they shelter from each other behind words that have only to be spoken to be blown into air. They will love as brother and sister. Surely that is possible? This is Meleander's beautiful answer:

"I can believe it no longer. We shall struggle day and night; we shall struggle for a long, long time; and all that is most beautiful in us, all that might have turned into exquisite love, into beauty and deepest truth, will be exhausted in this futile effort. . . . And the more we struggle, the more shall we be conscious of a desire creeping up between our two souls like a heavy curtain . . . And all that is best within us will perish because of this desire. . . . It would seem to be but a very small thing that underlies all this, and yet may this small thing be strong enough to dissever two souls for all time from this most perfect beauty. . . . Is it not by the kiss we give that all things are transformed—stars and flowers, night and morning, thoughts and tears? . . . Is the immensity of the night as clear to the sister's eyes as it is to those of the woman who loves? Let us not bar the door to the most beautiful of all truths, Aglavaine. . . . Let not all the radiance of our two souls go break itself against one petty falsehood . . . you are not my sister, Aglavaine, and I cannot love you like a sister. . . . "

Then they conceive for Selysette a love in which all three can share, a love so pure that it shall transcend all narrow jealousies, a love that shall literally make them three in one. Their love for each other is so beautiful that it cannot be wrong, cannot make Selysette unhappy when she really sees it as it is, and, seeing, shares. "Let her ascend with us," said Aglavaine, "and her tears will soon cease to flow. . . . Why should she not strive hand-in-hand with us towards the love that disdains the pettiness of love? She is more beautiful than you believe, Meleander. We will hold out our hands to her; she will soon rejoin us, and then she will weep no more. . . . And she will bless us for the tears she has shed, for some tears are sweeter than kisses. . . . "

There are altitudes of spiritual ascension—such as these to which Selysette was to be encouraged to soar—in which humour becomes a profane impertinence. Else one might suspect irony in the scenes which follow, unfolding the initiation of Selysette.

"Do not weep, Selysette, for you are becoming very beautiful," says Aglavaine, as poor little Selysette, with tears streaming down her cheeks, grows daily to the spiritual stature expected of her—or thinks she grows. In such passages one has to keep irony at a distance, by realising that these three people are all really good, and true, and unselfish, and that they do really love each other: for Selysette soon forgets her first fears of Aglavaine, and loves her with simple wonder as of a superior creature. Yet all the time, though her spirit apprehends the beauty of this "marriage," her poor human heart goes on aching, and the most beautiful ideas and words are quite powerless to stop it. But, knowing it to be wrong and silly, she keeps it hidden from Aglavaine and Meleander, who day by day say to each other, as they sit lost in each other's eyes, "How beautiful Selysette is becoming." Alas! that "profound little heart" had its own cunning, though, in spite of it, Aglavaine and Meleander at length suspect the truth, and, truly loving Selysette as they are able to do, agree to part for ever for her sake. Yet when Aglavaine tells Selysette of her departure, Selysette contrives to win a day's delay. She has a great secret to reveal first. Actually Selysette, convinced of their loyal love for her as for each other, is planning a much longer journey—but, like all who really mean to go away, she will tell no one of it beforehand. There is a ruinous tower on the castle battlements, clamorous with sea-gulls. Here she sometimes sits lonely with her little sister Yssaline. Here for some days past she has been fascinated by a strange green bird that has come to nest in the ruined walls. She and Yssaline will go and look for its nest, and if, in looking for it, she should never come back, she warns Yssaline, with streaming eyes, that she must tell everyone how happy she looked when she went away. Little Yssaline will be punished for a long, long time if she tells that Selysette was crying when she went away. This introduction of a little child in a tragic scene which she is yet too young to understand is a device of poignant contrast, which, of course, M. Maeterlinck has learned from Rossetti's "Sister Helen," which he has not surpassed only because Rossetti's use of it was already unsurpassable. Selysette leans over and falls. But there is one more scene, for she does not die immediately. Lying near to death, Aglavaine and Meleander kneel broken-hearted and self-accusing at her bedside. Believers in beautiful words, simple Selysette had deceived them with words, and yet only half-deceived, for now they realise that the silent depths of their hearts had known all the time. Her life had been calling—calling—to them, far beneath her words. "I refused to listen to all that was being said at the deepest of me," says Aglavaine. "Curses on the mind that craves for too much beauty!" cries Meleander. "Curses on the destiny that is blind and deaf! . . . And I curse the words that deceive and betray, and I curse the life that will not give ear to life! . . ." And yet, for all that, even in this hour, these believers in beautiful words crave more beautiful words from the dying girl. "The thing that you have done, so simply, is the most beautiful thing whereof love is capable when love deludes itself. . . . But now I ask you to do something more beautiful still, and I ask it in the name of another, and an undeluded, love. . . . Locked between your lips, there lies the perfect peace of all our life. . . . You need but tell us that you wished to die, thinking thus to make us happy," says Aglavaine.

But Selysette's simple cunning steads her to the end. "You do not believe that one could tell an untruth on one's death-bed?" she reiterates—a sad little deception. It was all an accident, really—"I was leaning over, and I fell. . . ." "I was . . . I was leaning over, and I fell." And so with this lie for love's sake upon her lips she dies. But Aglavaine and Meleander are not deceived this time. "Oh, God! how poverty-stricken we are before all those of simple love!" exclaims Aglavaine. Yes! and yet Aglavaine and Meleander were right too! For, as Aglavaine had said long before: "Is it not strange, Selysette? I love you, I love Meleander; Meleander loves us both, you love Meleander and myself, and for all that we cannot live happily together, *because the hour has not yet come when mankind can be thus united.*" Will it ever come? Perhaps it has already come for the few who need it, for such hours never strike for all mankind at once; nor are they needed for all mankind. There have always been many ways of loving. Even so un-neurotic a writer as Fielding has classified some of them in one of those discursive prologues to the books of "Tom Jones."

One of the latest varieties of loving finds charming expression in the best story in George Egerton's new volume of *Symphonies* (Lane)—the story called "At the Heart of the Apple." Sir Thomas Browne, it will be remembered, expressed the wish that mankind might have been propagated by trees, instead of by the present ridiculous method, and some modern women have conceived a like ideal of the child without the father, a sort of abstract motherhood. Evir, the heroine of "At the Heart of the Apple," has arrived at this standpoint through curious experience. For reasons of his own, her father had shut her away from her very infancy,—in a solitary house on a Norwegian fjord, where she saw no faces except those of two old servants, in whose care she was placed. Once a year she caught glimpses of him on his brief visits.

So she grew up free to form her own ideas of the world, and to develop as nature taught her. She was a woman, before she dreamed what a woman meant, and a man was yet an object of strange joy and wonder to her. An unprincipled landscape painter, the second man she had ever seen except her father and Peter, was to change her opinion of his sex. With his assistance she becomes a mother before she knows she is a woman. Having grown up untainted by the proprieties, she cannot understand the consternation which her motherhood brings upon her father on his next annual visit, nor can she understand the various attempts to make her "respectable." Her one thought is the beauty and wonder of her motherhood, and when the landscape painter appears some few years afterwards to marry her, and claim *his* child, her defiance of him is nature magnificent. This is what she says to him, in the vein of Mr. Grant Allen's Herminia Barton: "'You have no claim on him, that is all; he is mine absolutely. That is the compensation the world offers the woman if she'd only recognise it. I've often thought what I'd say if I met you. I'll tell you now. To me he would be just as dear, ay, perhaps dearer, if he were a cripple or an idiot, though my pride might suffer. I don't think you would be so eager to claim us if his beauty and,' drawing herself up with a glorious flush, 'mine did not rouse you. I don't want to be claimed. I like it best so. I am one of the race of women, and they are many, to whom the child is first—the man always second. He fills life for me, and I should be jealous of your claim on him. Marriage does not attract me; indeed, except as a means of making me a mother when I chose, I would loathe it.'"

Is this to be the last word of the modern woman, this of motherhood—with the man if necessary, without him if

it were only possible? Marriage is a brutal tyranny, love a brutal music that pipes us down to fatal rocks (according to another of these "Symphonies"), in the child is the only safety for the woman's heart—till, I would venture to add, the child forsakes the woman who is his mother and cleaves unto the woman who is his wife! After all, a true lover is a better investment than a child in the long-run; and if this be woman's last word, perhaps it were wise in her to revise it.

Talking of the most moral literary force of the moment—I mean, of course, Mr. Grant Allen,—that cleverest of men has given one more proof of his delightful versatility in *An African Millionaire: Episodes in the Life of the Illustrious Colonel Clay* (Grant Richards). Mr. Grant Allen is far from new to the detective story. There is a detective story in, I think, the "Ivan Greet's Masterpiece" volume of stories, of which I have forgotten the title, but which I recall as one of the cleverest detective stories ever written. Indeed, Mr. Grant Allen's short stories, and the influence they have had on some of our younger story-tellers (Mr. Kipling and Mr. Wells, for example), have yet to meet with fuller recognition. Seeing that Colonel Clay has already enjoyed the expansive popularity of publication in *The Strand Magazine*, it would be old news for me to enlarge upon the dash and ingenuities of his career. It will not be long before Colonel Clay is as well-known a type as Sherlock Holmes. Mr. Gordon Browne's illustrations are so good, particularly the fanciful cover, that it seems a pity his name should have accidentally escaped acknowledgment on the title-page or elsewhere.

Another moral force has been taking to the detective story—I mean Mr. Coulson Kernahan, whose *Captain Shannon* (Ward, Lock & Co.) I have just eagerly devoured. It is a flexible talent that can write *A Dead Man's Diary*, *God and the Ant*, and this capital detective story—certainly one of the most ingenious and exciting which the fashion for such stories has produced. Colonel Clay and Captain Shannon have no doubt already met and congratulated each other on being the two smartest men alive. But I forgot!—that cannot be just yet. For Colonel Clay still lives (engaged on his fourteen years), whereas Captain Shannon went to —— in a chariot of dynamite. Well, never mind, they'll meet some day; and meanwhile, no doubt, we may hope for further news of Colonel Clay, when his term is ended. Rumour says we are to meet him on the stage—and, indeed, he would be a great part for Mr. Tree.

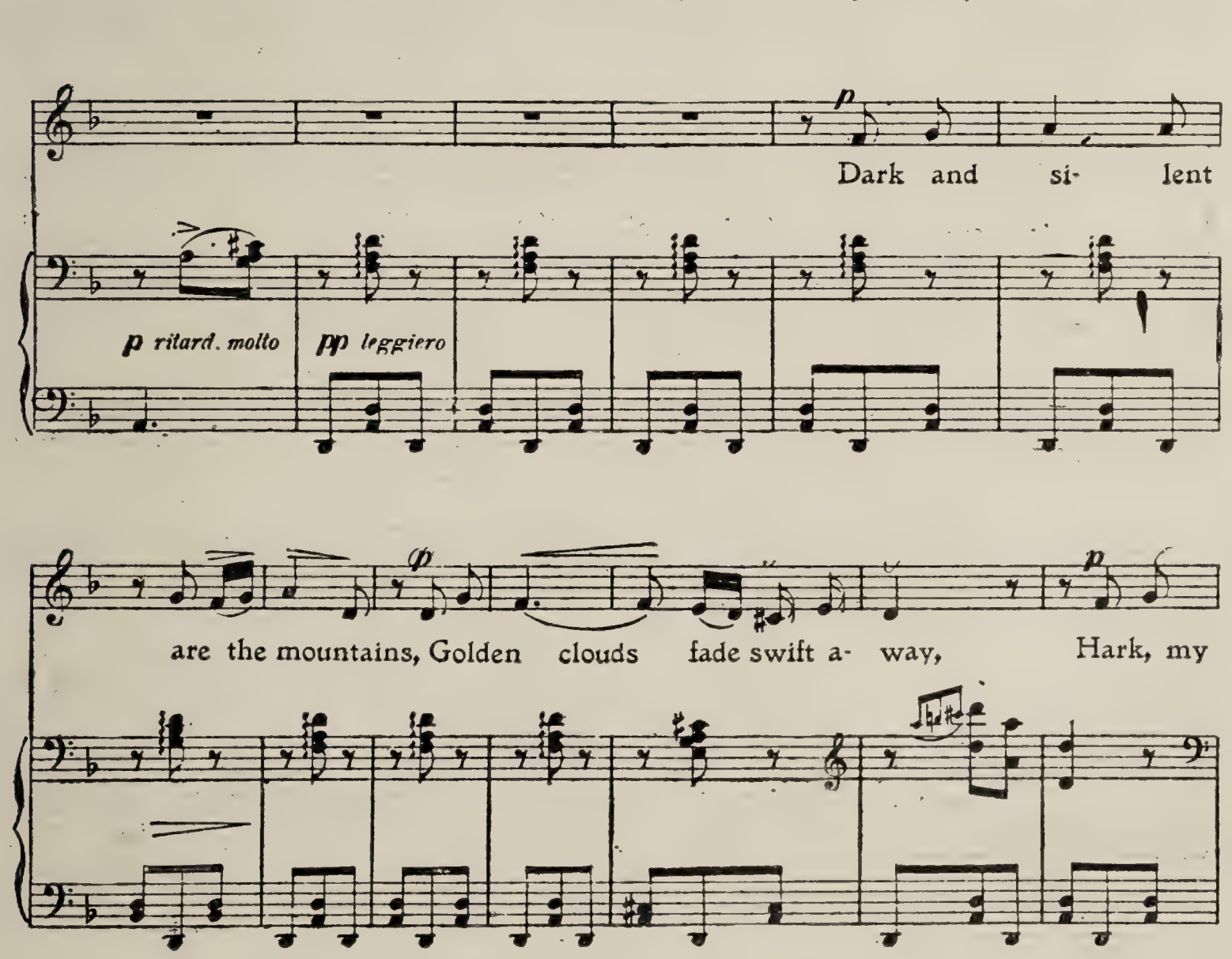
Two unforgotten friends I am glad to meet again in Mr. Burgin's "*Old Man's*" *Marriage* (Grant Richards). No one who read *The Judge of the Four Corners* can forget "Old Man" and his "pardner," Ikey Marston. Of course, they were both right-down sentimental *camarados* of the Bret Harte order—but you cried over them for all that, and you cry over them again in "*Old Man's*" *Marriage*—in which, however, the prettiest pages refer to the courtship of Miranda Bangs and the dashing young vagabond journalist and typesetter, Fergus Crane. The "prologue" is a charming piece of writing. Another "prologue" must not pass unmentioned, that to Mr. A. E. W. Mason's new novel, *The Philanderers* (Macmillans). It is a very strong piece of work—but I confess that the rest of the book disappoints me. It is clever and good, but it does not hold one as *Morrice Buckler* did. In all really vital work, the material chooses the writer, not the writer the material. Mr. Mason wanted to write about African explorers, but evidently they didn't want him—whereas there is many a gallant seventeenth-century Jacobite story that is pining for him to write it. For, I think, he is one of those writers of whom I spoke *à propos* of Maeterlinck, whose imaginations can only live and move in an enchanted past.

SERENADE.*

WORDS BY COUNT ALEXIS TOLSTOI. MUSIC BY KORGANOFF.

TRANSLATED FROM THE RUSSIAN BY NADINE YARINTZOFF.





* *For permission to sing this song, apply to the Editor of "The Idler."*

poco cresc.

dar- ling, here your lo- ver, now be- gins to sing and

con brio

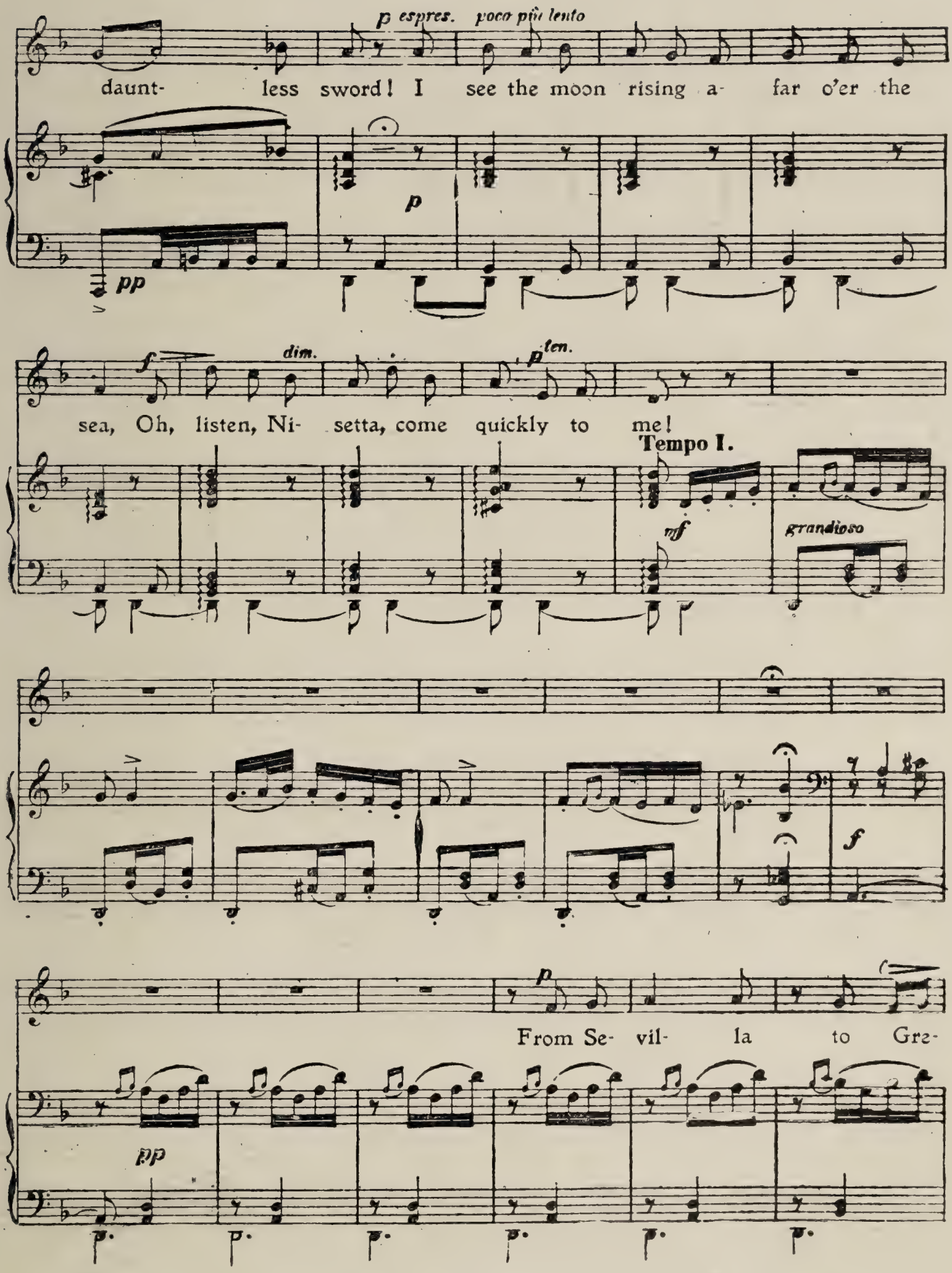
play. Your en- chan- ting peer- less beau- ty

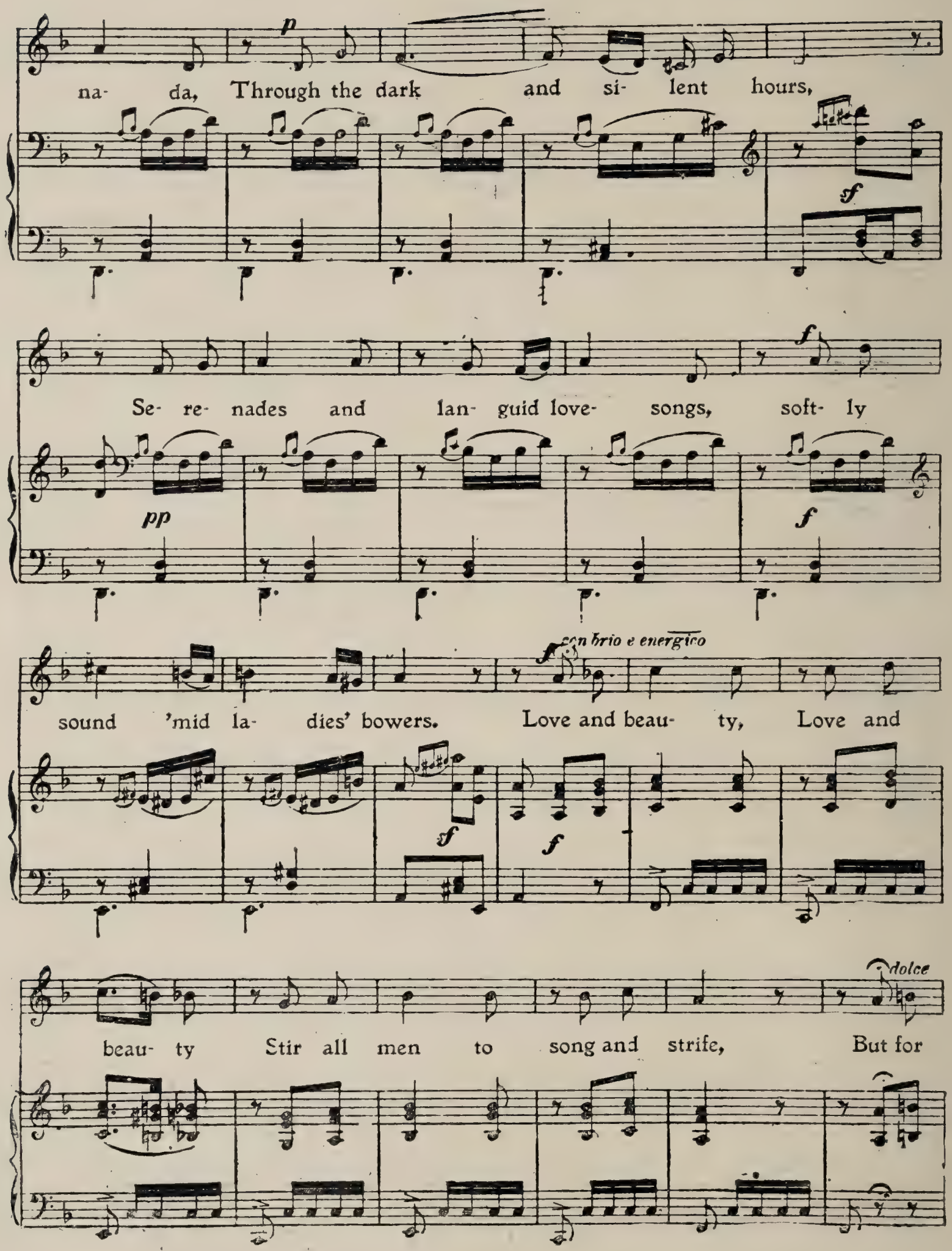
con brio

is su- preme thro' all the world, Who dares

say there is a bet- ter, Let him face my

ppp pp pp pp pp


p espres.
poco più lento
daunt- less sword! I see the moon rising a- far o'er the
p
pp
f
dim.
p ten.
sea, Oh, listen, Ni- setta, come quickly to me!
Tempo I.
mf
grandioso
f
p
From Se- vil- la to Gre-
pp


p
na- da, Through the dark and si- lent hours,
sf
f
Se- re- nades and lan- guid love- songs, soft- ly
pp
f
con brio e energico
sound 'mid la- dies' bowers. Love and beau- ty, Love and
sf
f
dolce
beau- ty Stir all men to song and strife, But for

thee, the pearl of beau- ties, I will glad- ly

pp

p poco più lento

yield my life! I see the moon rising a- far o'er the sea, Oh,

f

cresc.

ff

listen, Ni- setta, come quickly to me!

Tempo I.

f *f*

pp



THE MORNING DIP.
By Lewis Baumer.

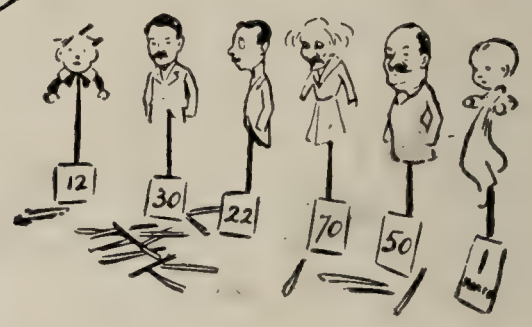
THE IDEAL.



THE MORNING DIP.
By Lewis Baumer.

THE IDLERS' CLUB.





AT WHAT AGE IS MAN MOST ATTRACTIVE TO WOMAN?

Headpiece by Ernest Goodwin.

BY E. LYNN LINTON, EMMIE AVERY KEDDELL, "CLORINDA," AIMÉE BERINGER (MRS. OSCAR BERINGER), NORA VYNNE, EVELYN SHARP, AND ARABELLA KENEALY.

Mrs. Lynn Linton fences with the question.

What is the dominant colour of a rainbow? What is the permanent shape of the cloud drifting before the wind? When we have answered these questions we can say at what age Man is *most* attractive to Woman. Lord love them! They make very little distinction! From the heir who is worshipped in his cradle, through the age when, as Master Paramount in the nursery, he is spanked by the nurse, as a schoolboy spoiled and petted by his mother, as an adolescent adored by his aunt, as a man of any age beloved by girls and matrons alike, to the time when, his strength broken and his reign over, he is coddled while tyrannised over by his wife and daughters, there is not a period of his life when he is not beloved—when he is not superlatively attractive to woman. It is a curious thing to think of, but there does not live the man, brute or imbecile, who is not beloved by some woman. It may not be by his wife, or it may not be by his mother; but by some woman in the world he is loved in secret or openly; and what others call brutality, this special She regards as manly vigour; what others laugh at as weakness, some pitiful-hearted and maternal kind of woman longs to care for, to cherish, and to protect. And who shall fix the age? To the experienced young matron past thirty, who so charming as the fresh boy with his illusions full upon him, and his heart a mine of virgin gold? His naïve adoration renews her waning youth and makes her feel as if she had not lost everything, spite of her ill-omened record. She might, perhaps, turn him off for the more important conquest of one whom it would be difficult to convince and flattering to hold—a man of mature age and wide experience. But there would be more reasons than one for the change; and the mere age of the man would not count apart from the mutual and social interests involved in the capture. Nor would such a woman disdain the man of fifty, just on the wane as he is, but for all his thinning temples and broadening waist still personable,

seductive, and masterful. For what he has lost in physical freshness he has gained in mental richness, and character charms women quite as much as beauty. Mere handsomeness, indeed, in a man does not go a long way with most women, and where intellect and character will sweep the board, physical beauty alone leaves them untouched. As for girls, sweet innocents—when they *are* innocents—their placid fancies spread far and wide. From the undergraduate who is not yet of age to the Vicar of forty or the Colonel of fifty, they can love through all the intermediate class and feel nothing misfitting in the extremes. And they can be as happy married to the first, or the last, as to any of the in-betweens. For the matter of that though, the boy-and-girl marriage is not so likely to turn out as well as that with the mature or even the elderly man; for the first love of growing young fellows does not last, as a rule; and the "darling" has a better chance than the "slave." Besides, she on her part most likely diverges; and her later experiences complete the shroud. But to go back to the central point of discussion. To try and fix the age of man's greatest attraction is to try and hold Proteus or fix Niagara. Women, if you like, are more limited in their range, but men are always men for someone—always to be loved and lived for in some way—and no one need go unloved. Sykes had his Nancy; even Sir Piercie Shafton, that most ridiculous of Elizabethan "Johnnies," had his Mysis of the Mill; Januaries have been loved before now by Mays; and Adonis was a raw boy when Venus craved his love. So here again men have the best seats at the table of Life, and on the whole receive more than they give.

* * * * *

Emmie Avery Keddell pours scorn on young men.

If one might individualise!!! But no. At what age is *any* man attractive to *any* woman? Unhesitatingly, very decidedly, from thirty to forty-five. Before that no man ever yet understood any woman thoroughly; after that he is either attractive to the one only, or he has grown to view us with the air of a cynic—the man of whom the world has grown tired; and so I can look the young men of my acquaintance in their twenties cheerfully in the face, for they have Hope—hope that may rear its castles as high as the imagination can build—whilst I bend my head to you men in your forties, some of you who are proud "to be ruled by woman, tho' yourselves are kings," and in sorrow to the many of you who, claiming a court to worship you alone, found no kingdom in the heart of a woman.

It is true that the man between thirty and forty-five proves himself most attractively interesting to the woman of all ages. He has ceased to hold strong views as to our inferiority, has outgrown the contempt the very young man considers part of his newly-acquired manhood to hold towards women—their facts—fancies—fads—and their brains. He no longer proclaims violently that we are all alike (occasionally he may even thank a wise Providence for this), but gives to us a deference, a chivalry, that cometh only with time and experience in the ways of women. In short, he is a *man*, and because of that strong manhood grants unto womanhood all that which goeth to keep us but the more gracious and loving still.

* * * * *

"Clorinda" confesseth ignorance.

I wish I knew! Think of the *prestige* of being able to lay down an axiom for the world in general and Man in particular; for, of course, the query springs from a selfish desire on the part of a man to make as much hay as possible at exactly the right moment. Had the question referred to Editors, the answer would have been simple enough, for there can only be one opinion; but the very conciseness of it would shorten the discussion so considerably that the Idlers would be idler than ever for want of something to talk about.

The question is indeed difficult to answer, and more particularly in my case because I have no illusions left. A long and daily acquaintance with "Boy" and "Man" has dispelled them, and my attitude is that of a spectator. Still, I think the

most attractive age is——well—I don't know; men are always attractive to the woman who wants to be attracted!

And now I am going to get puzzled—does the question mean that men want to know at what age they attract women most, or at what age women (the women's age I mean) are most susceptible to their attractions? Either view might be the right one. After due consideration it seems to me possible that if a woman is attracted by a young man of twenty (when I speak of a "woman" I mean someone who has compassed thirty years) it is because he is young and strong, has animal spirits, and is almost as pleasant a companion as a fine big dog—or because he is clever and untried and has faith in himself—faith that she knows cannot last for ever. If, for a time, her attention is compelled by a man of forty, she probably considers him a contemporary (women, we are told, grow old faster than men) and tries to get him to let her look into the world through his windows. At fifty, she might be interested in him because he is just going down the hill of life, and she watches anxiously to see how he will like it; at sixty or seventy years of age there is no reason why a man should attract a woman; and yet there is every reason, for life and its bitter-sweet experience will have taught him much; and if he has learnt to be both tender and strong, his chances are before those of all other men.

"Age cannot alter, nor custom stale." A man who talks well is interesting and attractive no matter what his age. (Some boys of sixteen are quite worth listening to.) A man who swears badly is never attractive; years pass him by, and look the other way. Neither can an unsympathetic man be really attractive; but age sometimes brings this quality in its train, and though a man's sympathy is generally with himself, the woman, if responsive, deludes herself into imagining that she might turn it in her direction with time and patience. Once sympathy is established everything goes smoothly; the man may be ninety-nine and as ugly as can be, but having found the magic power and enjoyed its privileges, he passes on to another victim and exercises his blandishments on her.

Probably the age of the woman may affect the effect of the man, who should never assume he is attractive simply because we smile and look pleased when he comes along. Women only do so because, when little, they were told to "behave prettily." Women dissemble, and pretend, even when they are terribly bored.

We were gravely told the other day that in every woman's eyes there is a question the first time she meets a man, and that it is this or something similar, "Are you going to love me? Do I attract you?" Let us hope we don't "give ourselves away" so absurdly. Perhaps the, as yet, unread question in a man's eyes is: "Am I the age you like best?"

After all, age is an unknown quantity. A man is as old as he looks, a woman as she feels! It would be a terribly dull world if there were no such thing as mutual attraction. When an engagement is announced friends of the family on either side exclaim, "What could he see in her—what did she see in him?" Good qualities, dear men, that undoubtedly exist in you at any age—charms, my sisters, that were not openly admitted by your greatest *confidante*.

As for me I sit upon the loftiest peak of the Himalayas; murmuring, desperately, at intervals: "At what age?—Answer me, ye silent mountain-tops, and let me reap fame!" But golden silence prevails until the friendly breeze carries to my ear the faint sound of the voice of the man I love; and I remember with a thrill, that when he was most attractive to *me* he was just—thirty-five!

* * * * *

Mrs. Oscar Beringer blushes.

This is a very distracting question. Visions of engaging youth, dominating manhood, interesting middle-age, and genial decadence rise and claim in turn the place of first favourite in the race for woman's favour.

Of course, there always will be "women's men," as there always have been "men's women." These are predestined from the cradle to the grave to act

as a loadstone to all feminine hearts, and to attract until their last exit and the final fall of the curtain.

After much serious, even exhaustive, study of the subject, I have come to the conclusion that this attraction lies less in external favour than in an undefinable attitude towards woman as a sex which irresistibly appeals to woman as an individual.

Broadly speaking, it is the protective and cherishing attitude as opposed to the "I come, I see, I conquer" pose. That there are women who prefer their affection to be taken by assault cannot be denied, but in most women's hearts there is a latent, if unconscious, instinct, which prompts them to seek the arm which defends in preference to that which compels. The germ of this attitude is to be found in the little boy who bestows upon his mother the flotsam and jetsam of his small but chivalrous soul. In turn he becomes the charming youth whose longings and ideals it should be every woman's pride to embody.

And here I will return to the subject which we are discussing, and from which I note that I digress with true feminine irrelevance, and chronicle my belief that Mr. Pinero comes very near the truth when he maintains, in *The Princess and the Butterfly*, that the youth attracts the mature woman, while the mature man fascinates and is fascinated by the girl upon whom life is dawning with bewildering perplexity. But to this assertion I append a rider; it is an "attraction" only, and on the part of the mature of either sex may be called a resource rather than a genuine and lasting sentiment. It is not to be named with the blessed companionship of corresponding age and tastes—a phœnix which sometimes, if rarely, rises from the ashes of an ill-assorted attraction.

The most dangerous and attractive period of a man's life, which is as difficult to limit as that of a woman's looks, is probably from thirty to forty-five.

During these years he retains what wicked French writers call "*la beauté mâle*," is fully receptive, appreciative, and—a little fallacy which has cost a good many tears ere now—to all appearance amenable. But even while I write rise before me men who have passed these limits by a decade and more, and who yet fully merit being branded as belonging to the dangerous classes.

And is there a girl or a woman who has not fallen under the spell of Sir Peter Teazle, and would not prefer the worship, were she so fortunate as to be offered it, of this adorable old man (especially as presented by Mr. William Farren) to the passion of half-a-dozen young ones?

In conclusion—and I part from my subject with reluctance, for it is a very *engaging* one—I would say, and I think that most women would say with me, that the most attractive age of man is that when he is most alive to the attractions of woman. (The discussion of this point might add to our store of knowledge.) As he seems chronically afflicted with this complaint the inference is obvious.

I am glad to be still able to blush as I falter, "Always!"

* * * * *

Nora Vynne says he mustn't be "old."

The Editor has set us a very easy question this time. A man is most attractive at any age whatever, provided he is not old.

Age, when one considers it, is a voluntary and unnecessary evil; it is not a question of years and dates and birthdays and dull things of that sort; it is entirely a matter of disposition. It does not signify in the least how old a man's mere body is, so long as his emotions and intellect and instincts are young—so long as he is one with his time, either to love or hate it. Youth is so entirely a characteristic, a quality, rather than a section of one's life, that I am prepared to say a man is most attractive when he is most young, and not attractive at all when he is old. This is not an unkind saying, because it is simple selfishness to be old, seeing that all the world loves youth and takes pleasure in it.

One finds this out in noting the difference in the spirit with which the world meets one when one goes about with a young man, or a man with a beard (for a beard, I take it, is deliberate and premeditated age). The very railway porters and officials at barriers take interest in the man with the beard, and won't let you ride first-class with

a third-class ticket—or let you on to the front seats out of your turn—or let both of you pass through the barriers with one ticket—when you are with him ; and they will smile tolerantly and do these things easily for a young man.

A man is old when he has wilfully lost his right to this *camaraderie*, when he keeps all his sympathies for dead things of no great import. When—while the fire of enthusiasm flames to your very finger-tips over your first glorious Juliet—he drips the cold water of reminiscence over you because he has no sympathy except for dead and gone Juliets. When, supposing he has taken you in to dinner, he knows and cares nothing for the time you share with him, but makes all his talk of dull, dead things not yet come to life again in history books. (If his talk is of interesting things which are immortal, that is another matter ; if it is of things long enough dead to have come back to the world in books, he, immortal so far as his conversation goes, is not an "old man," but a "*revenant*," intensely interesting and attractive.) A man is old when he resents youth in others—grudges it and rebukes it ; he does not do these things because he is old—he is old because he does them, so he has no right to feel aggrieved if living people find him unattractive, and say "the more men are unlike him the younger they are, and the more we are going to like them for it."

The old age of boys fresh from college is different. It is an entirely opposite kind of old age—it is venerable, not stale, and broadly philosophical, rather than narrowly reminiscent; it is survival, not decay ; a classic, so to speak, not a "chestnut" ; as different from the egotistical confinement of interest to a few years of personal experience as yesterday's newspaper is from Plutarch's Lives. Still, the chief reason why one tolerates it is that it won't last long. One would rather that even very young men *were* young, and as for those who have had time to grow wise there is no excuse for them if they are not ; a man has only to be nice and he will be nice enough to be attractive. Lately, in discovering why the fathers of certain two friends of mine were so much younger than their sons, I tumbled to another receipt for perpetual youth, and therefore for perpetual attractiveness : it is to love one woman well. A good lover is always young.

The receipt for women would be a little different, I fancy, but it is not my business to talk about women just now.

* * * * *

Evelyn Sharp thinks he must be over twenty-eight.

It is difficult to say, because one hardly ever knows how old a man is. The man himself generally complicates matters by the way in which he wears his hair. Obviously, no man has any right to go bald before he is forty ; but if he is bald at thirty is it our fault that we put ten years on to his age ? And then, if a boy will persist in growing a beard, it is impossible not to think that he must be getting quite elderly, and will soon be talking about the future of the Colonies, and complaining if the meals are not punctual. In reality, I believe very few of us trouble about a man's actual age at all ; we classify him at once either as a man or a boy, and the majority of women prefer boys. The grown-up sort of man has none of the qualities that attract us in the boy. He is oppressed with an ideal, to begin with—an ideal of what a woman should be ; we have no idea where he got it from, but we are quite sure that if he ever found a woman like that she would be just as dull as he is. However, as his ideal is the only woman he believes in he had better remain true to her ; the rest of us only exist to amuse him when he wants amusing. He likes us well enough while we are there, and he does not think about us at all when we are not there. He makes frivolity a business, instead of being frivolous because he feels like it. To be sure, he does it very well, and there is an artistic finish about his conversation which is absent from that of the boy. For all that, most of us prefer the boy who has not grown up. Boys take us more seriously ; and women like being taken seriously, though they may pretend they don't. Boys have fewer absorbing interests than the men who are hopelessly grown-up ; and that is another point in their favour, for we like to think that we fill the principal place in their lives. They are frank, too, and

they say what they mean without stopping to think twice about it; and although it is sometimes expressed so curiously that we are liable to miss the point, yet we like it none the less for that. For instance, when they meet us out-of-doors and immediately exclaim, "I say, what price that classy hat?" it is a little difficult to believe that no reference is intended to the price of the hat, and that the remark is nothing but a compliment. However, as many boys are men at twenty and many men are still boys at fifty, we may be considered to have merely begged the question in saying that we prefer boys to men.

As a matter of fact, the man whom most women like best is the man who is still a boy when he has passed his one score and ten. He combines the subtle charm of experience with the more obvious one of never having grown old. Men who are still boys have no stuffy, elderly characteristics. They beguile us into shops for ices without saying a word about spoiling their dinner. They are not afraid of sitting in a draught, of getting their feet wet, or of catching cold after they have been cycling. Their conversation has never grown old either; they do not complain about musical comedies not being the Drama, and they never want to argue, and they do not laugh when we have *not* made a joke. What they do talk about is not conversation at all. But we are certain all the while that they know all there is to know about everything, and have decided that it is better to laugh at it than to take it seriously. This kind of man is perennially attractive to woman, and his age is anything over twenty-eight or thirty.

* * * * *

Arabella Kenealy speaks broadly.

Speaking broadly—and the theme is so beset with variations that it is difficult indeed to find the rule—I should say that the age whereat man is most attractive to woman is an age far more mature than that generally suspected. The hero of men-novelists is almost invariably some callow youth of twenty-three, with frank blue eyes and a flowing colour, a person for ever running his head against the world's brick walls by reason of hot-headedness and inexperience.

But if we, turning to the books of women, allow women to speak for themselves, we find no callow youth careering inconsequent through their pages. The hero has probably added a score of years to his age, he has lived those years intensely, he has seen life, his mind and judgment are matured, his hair is maybe flecked with grey as his thought and speech are tempered with cynicism. This, at any rate, is the type selected by Charlotte Brontë and Rhoda Broughton, the two women who, beyond all others, have portrayed the passion of love, as a throbbing, human, tender tie, distinguishing it on the one hand from mere physical instinct, on the other from a mere domestic propriety. George Eliot has been guilty of Will Ladislaw, a will-o'-the-wisp meretricious stripling to charm an elderly woman's sombre fancy, but no man to fill the heart of a clever young person like Dorothea. George Eliot, however, broad and powerful though her grasp of human things was, has, I think, signally failed in her efforts to depict love. That which she presents as the bond between men and women is affection, is duty, is occasionally passion, but is never love.

Charlotte Brontë and her imitators are frequently instanced as showing that women have a weakness in favour of *roués*. But if one reads carefully he will find that Miss Brontë took pains to insist upon it that Jane loved Rochester in spite of and in bitter, if courageous, acceptance of his past, and not at all because of it. On the contrary, the pale little tender governess was as shocked in her judgment as she was wounded in her emotions by the revelations which he had the execrable taste to detail to her. But she loved him and there was an end of it. She no more loved him because his past had failed of immaculacy than she loved him because his years were considerably beyond the span in those days allotted to the hero of romance. These were incidentals employed to show the stuff whereof Jane's love was made, not essentials to the love of Jane or any woman. Strength of character, decision, and resource are masculine qualities pre-eminently attractive to women, and these are qualities rare in youth.

At the same time, age, which brings these to maturity, is very apt to bring other and very serious disqualifications. For the commonplace routine of modern life—far more than the exigencies of nature—are singularly destructive of characteristics possessing any sex value either in man or in woman. But given a man with qualities attractive to women—and these qualities rooted more deeply than the mere skin-depth of youth—he will, in the greater number of cases, increase appreciably in charm for women to the age of forty-five—in exceptional instances to a more advanced age. Speaking generally, I should put man's meridian of attractiveness in the five years surrounding forty. After this comes an interval of middle-age, wherein his interest for the other sex sinks low. At sixty or thereabouts, he may attain a new and singularly potent charm. If, then, he is a man with whom a woman can fall in love, he is likely to be a man with whom some woman will fall very deeply in love.

But these cases are exceptional. For the most part man reaches his zenith of attractiveness at forty.

WILL O' THE WISP.

BY PERCY CROSS STANDING.

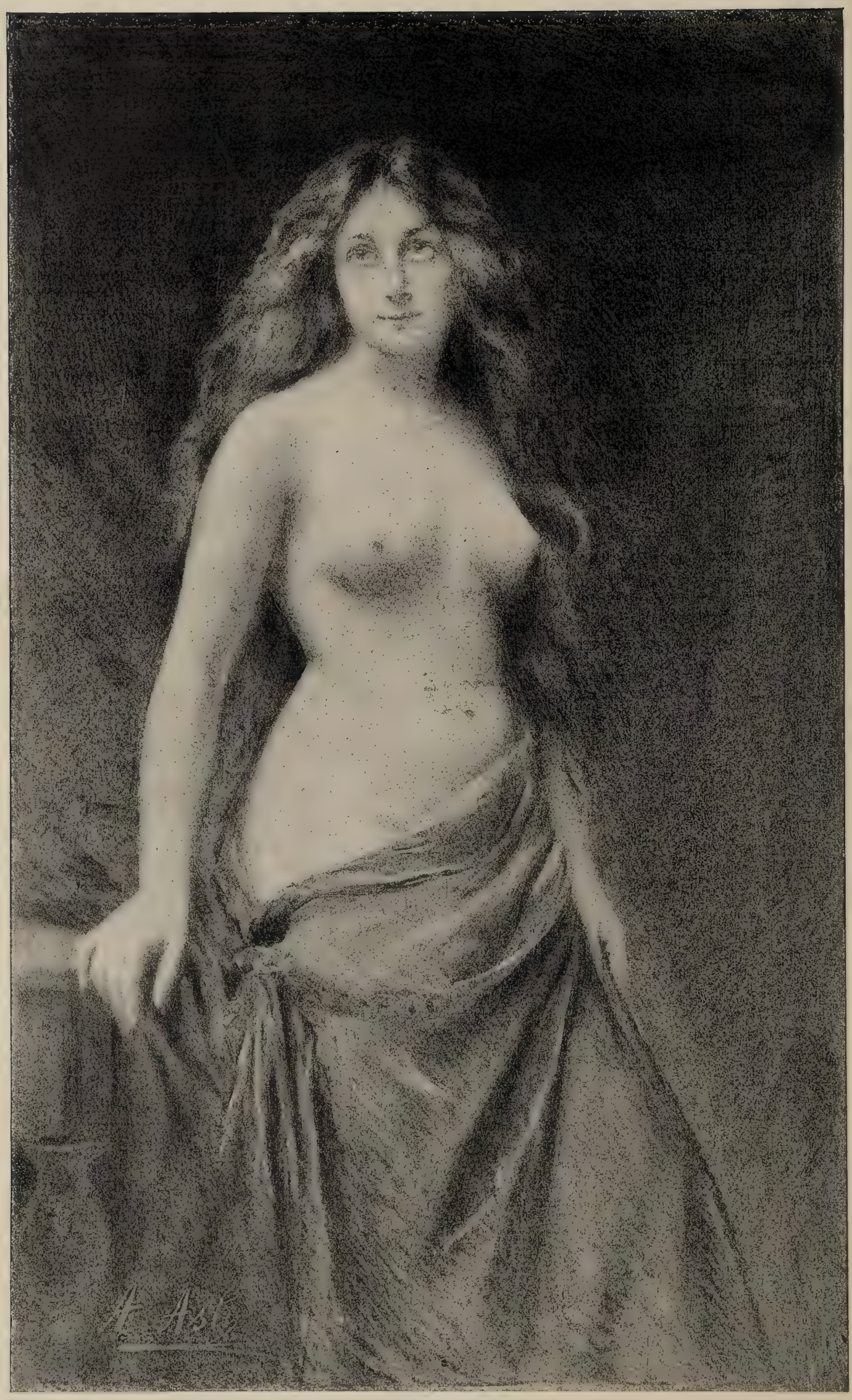
OVER the hills, under the stars,
I flit with my love to-night,
With never a care for the days to be,
Nor ever a thought but is bright.

As I stoop to kiss you, my queen, my crown,
Heart beateth close to heart ;
And I kiss my dear with a burning kiss
That scarce wills the lips to part.

Stranger, and sweeter, and dearer than all
Is the blissful, blissful thought,
That while I clasp you close and tight
Your changeful heart is caught.

But when, O when I let you go
Your heart it leaves my keeping,
And I disconsolately roam
My foolish lost heart seeking!





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"THE DREAMER."

FROM THE PAINTING BY A. ASTI.

THE VEILED MAN:

BEING AN ACCOUNT OF THE RISKS AND ADVENTURES OF SIDI AHAMADOU, SHEIKH OF THE AZJAR MARAUDERS.

BY WILLIAM LE QUEUX.

ILLUSTRATED BY WARWICK GOBLE.

I.—The City of the Seven Shadows.

DURING half a century of constant wandering over the silent sunlit sands, of tribal feuds, of revolts, battle and pillage, of bitter persistent hatreds, of exploit, foray, and fierce resistance against the lounging Spahis, cigarette-smoking Zouaves, black-faced Turcos, and swaggering Chasseurs of the French, I have met with some curious adventures, and have witnessed wonders more remarkable, perhaps, than many of the romances related by the Arab story-tellers. They mostly occurred before I was chosen sheikh of the Azjar; when I was simply one of a band of desert-pirates, whose only possessions were a long steel lance, a keen, finely-tempered poignard, and a white stallion, the speed of which was unequalled by those of my companions. A thief I was by birth; a scholar I had become by studying the *Tarik*, the *Miraz*, the *Ibtihadj*, and the Korân, under the Marabut Essoyouti in Algiers; a philosopher I fain would be. When riding over the great limitless red-brown sands I was apt to forget the race whence I sprang, the learning that had made me wise, the logical reasonings of a well-schooled brain, and give myself up with all the rapture of an intense enthusiasm to the emotion of the hour. It was the same always. Essoyouti, a scholar renowned throughout Tripoli and Tunis, had versed me in legendary lore, until I had become full of glowing fancies and unutterable longing to penetrate the entrancing mysteries to which he had so often referred as problems that could never be solved.

I am a Veiled Man. Openly, I confess myself a vagabond and a brigand. Living here, in the heart of the Great Desert, six moons' march from Algiers, and a thousand miles beyond the French outposts, theft is with my nomadic tribe their natural industry, a branch of education in fact. We augment the meagre ness of our herds by extorting ransoms from some of our neighbours, and completely despoiling others. Mention of the name of Ahamadou causes the face of the traveller on any of the caravan routes between the Atlas Mountains and Lake Tsâd to pale beneath its bronze, for as sheikh of the most powerful piratical tribe in the Sahara, I have earned an unenviable notoriety as leader of "The Breath of the Wind," while the Arabs themselves have bestowed upon my people three epithets which epitomise their psychology: "Thieves, Hyænas, and Abandoned of Allah."

The only law recognised by my race, the Touaregs, is the right of the strongest. We wear the black *litham* wrapped about our faces, leaving only our noses and eyes visible, and never removing it, even at meal-times. It becomes so much a part of us that anyone being deprived of his veil is unrecognisable to friends or relatives. If one of our number is killed, and divested of his veil, no one can identify him until it has been re-

stored to its place. We are therefore known and dreaded as "The Veiled Men."

My first journey by paths untrodden resulted strangely.

For two whole moons a party of us, numbering nearly three hundred, all well-armed and desperate, had been lurking in a narrow ravine in the far South, known as the Gueden, close to the point where it is crossed by the route taken by the caravans from Lake Tsâd to El Aghouat in Algeria. News travels fast in the Desert. We had received word that a caravan laden with ivory and gold-dust was on its way from Kuka to Timissao, and were awaiting it, with the intention either of levying toll, or attacking it with a view to plunder. In our sombre robes of dark blue kano-cloth and black veils, we were a mysterious, forbidding-looking rabble. As day succeeded day, and we remained inactive, with scouts ever vigilant for the approach of our prey, I recollected that in the vicinity were some curious rocks, with inscriptions recording the Mussulman conquest, and one morning, mounting my *meheri*, or swift camel, rode out to inspect them.

The sun rose, and beneath its furnace-heat I pushed on into the great waterless wilderness of Tasili, the true extent of which is unknown even to us Children of the Desert, for the utter dearth of water there renders a journey of many days impossible. Until the *maghrib* hour I remained in the saddle, then dismounting, faced towards the Holy Ca'aba, recited my *fâtihat*, ate a handful of dates, and squatted to smoke and watch the fading of the blood-red afterglow. On the next day, and the next, forward I journeyed over the wide monotonous plain, where the poison-wind fanned my brow like a breath from an oven, and nothing met the aching eye but glaring sand and far-off horizon, until, when my shadow lengthened on the sixth day after parting with my companions, I found myself within sight of a range of high hills, looming darkly against the brilliant sunset.

Well acquainted as I was with the geography of my native sands, I had never heard mention of these hills, and was therefore convinced that I had mistaken the route to the great black rock whereon the inscriptions were engraved, and was now approaching a region unexplored. On many occasions I had traversed the caravan route to Timissao, and crossed the rocky ravine where my companions were now in ambush, but none of us had ever before left that track, clearly defined by its bleaching bones, for to the solitary traveller in that inhospitable region a pricked water-skin or a lame camel means death. With irrepressible awe I gazed upon the hills, clothed in the deep purple light of the descending sun, because of one strange thing my eyes had detected. I saw, above the serrated line, two cone-like peaks, rising close to one another, in majesty solemn and sublime, and recognised in them a scene exactly as described by my master Essoyouti in one of the curious romances he was fond of relating. I stood recalling every detail of the scene, just as I had imagined it when, seated under the vine, in the cool patio of his house in the ancient Kasbah at Algiers, he had told me a story that held me breathless and entranced.

Worn with fatigue, exhausted and feverish from long exposure to the fiery sun, half-stifled by the sand-laden wind, and riding a camel scarcely less jaded than myself, I confess that, despite my love of adventure, and by reason of the strangeness of the story I had heard, I contemplated with no little dread the prospect of passing that night alone within sight of those twin mountain-crests. Twilight is brief in the Desert, and soon the moon, having risen from behind a bank of cloud, afforded an uncertain light, which partly illumined the prospect, and I sat hugging my knees and thinking deeply until sleep closed my eyes.

Before the appearance of the first saffron streak that heralds the sun's coming, I had recited a *sûra* and mounted, with my face set resolutely towards the unknown range. In the skin across my saddle I had only just sufficient water to enable me to return to our ambush, therefore I broke not my fast, determined to hoard up my frugal store. The sand was soft and treacherous. At every step my camel's spongy feet sank deeper and deeper, until, after a toilsome ride of three hours, we arrived near the foot of the two dark, ominous-looking mountains. Then I pulled up, fearing to proceed farther lest we should be overwhelmed by the quicksands.

Near me was a narrow pass between the two mountains, and, shading my eyes with my hand, I was startled at beholding two gigantic figures standing on either side of the entrance. The sight of them confirmed my suspicion that I had approached the Unknown, and with curiosity aroused I urged my *meheri* still forward, coming at last close up to the colossal figures. They were fashioned from enormous blocks of dark grey stone, ten times the height of a human being. One, carved to represent a beautiful woman, had her right hand lifted towards the sky, while the other, a forbidding-looking hag, with chipped, time-worn face still wearing a demoniac look, pointed downward. Between these colossal figures was a space of about thirty paces. According to the legend related by the sage Essoyouti, and told by our story-tellers through ages, there existed beyond a land forbidden.

I held my breath. I was about to view a country that had not been viewed; the ravine known in story as the Valley of the Ants. In eagerness I pressed onward, leading my camel, and passing up the stony valley until at length I came to a second and more fertile space of vast extent, covered entirely by the colossal ruins of a forgotten city.

Aghast, I stood gazing upon the remarkable and unexpected scene.

Ruined temples, with long rows of broken columns, and great houses cracked and fallen into decay, stood silent and deserted, grim, grey relics of a glorious past. Here and there obelisks and colossi still stood, and the broad streets of the giant city were everywhere well-defined by the ruins, half-buried by drifting sand on either side. Above, a single eagle soared high in the heavens, the only sign of life in that once populous and magnificent centre of a lost civilisation.

Having tethered my camel, I started forward through the ocean of soft sand that through centuries had drifted over the place, and as I did so the story of old Essoyouti recurred to me. The appearance of the place agreed with the strange legend in almost every detail. The ruler of this gigantic capital had been Balkîs, the wealthy and luxurious queen mentioned in our Book of Everlasting Will. This was actually the city of Saba, once the wealthiest and most magnificent capital in the world. According to the legend of the sages, this place existed somewhere in the Great Desert, but whereabouts no man had been able to determine, although it was believed that its entrance was between two cone-like mountains, but surrounded by quicksands of so treacherous a nature that none dare approach it.

With hurried footsteps I scrambled on over fallen columns and great blocks of hewn stone, with inscriptions in character unknown to me, until suddenly my eyes were bewildered at beholding on the mountain-side an enormous palace, with beautiful terraces and pavilions, apparently in an excellent state of preservation. From the city it was approached by a long flight of wide stone steps, flanked on either side by a pair of colossal figures of similar design to those at the entrance to the Valley of the Ants.

At first I doubted that the scene before me was one of actual reality, but having



I held my breath.

reassured myself that I was not dreaming, and was entirely in possession of my senses, I gripped my long lance firmly, and started to ascend the thousand steps that gave access to the historic palace of Balkîs. Hardly, however, had I placed my foot upon the first step, when my eyes were blinded by a lightning-flash, and my ears deafened by a crash of thunder that, shaking the earth, resounded among the hills until it became lost in innumerable echoes.

I halted in suspicion, puzzled to account for the strange phenomenon, which seemed like some ominous warning.

Nothing daunted, however, I sprang up the steps, two by two, halting but once to regain breath, and in a few minutes entered the great, marvellously sculptured portals of the magnificent dwelling-place of one of the most powerful and beautiful women the world ever knew. About to enter, my footsteps were suddenly arrested by the discovery that the floor of the palace was of running water, wherein fish disported themselves, and in the centre, raised upon a daïs of ivory and gold, was the great empty throne of Balkîs, constructed entirely of chalcedony, amethysts, and rubies.

The extent of my discoveries entranced me. I twisted up my robe, and prepared to wade through the water, when, on setting foot into it, I discovered to my amazement that the floor was of transparent glass, laid over the running water, thus keeping the palace uniformly cool during the hottest hours. On approaching the throne I at once became aware of its enormous value, and with my poignard prized from its setting one of the largest rubies my eyes had ever beheld. It was the size of a pigeon's eye, and of matchless colour.

Through the wonderful courts of the deserted palace I wandered, amazed at every turn. Of gigantic proportions, with strange grotesque embellishments that clearly showed its ancient origin, it had stood here in the zenith of its magnificence ages before the days of the Prophet, and for many centuries had remained hidden from the sight of man within that unknown valley. From the flat roof of one of its pavilions I stood gazing down upon the once mighty city, trying to reconstruct it in my imagination, and endeavouring to form an idea of its aspect in the long-past days, when the hosts of Balkîs went forth to battle, and when the beautiful queen herself flashed forth in her golden chariot amid the wild plaudits of the multitude.

Many hours I spent in exploring this wonderful relic of a decayed civilisation, visiting pavilion after pavilion and finding most of them knee-deep in the accumulated dust of ages, until at last I came to a small chamber built right against the side of the mountain. This I entered, finding traces of the most extravagant luxury within. The decorations were richly ornamented with gold even now untarnished, the beams supporting the roof being set with gems which sparkled where a ray of sunlight fell upon them. Beyond was a door which, on examination, proved to be of solid iron. On dragging it open there was disclosed a small, dark, and cavernous burrow into the mountain-side. Minutely I examined this door, and finding thereon great bolts with sockets sunk deeply into the solid rock, it occurred to me that in this place might be hidden some of the treasure that the Korân tells us was possessed by the great Queen Balkîs. Cupidity prompted me to search, and having constructed a large improvised torch, I propped open the door with a huge stone sculptured to represent a lion's paw, and started forward up the narrow gloomy tunnel. The natural sides of the cavern were rough, gleaming with long pendant stalactites, but soon it grew larger and the air became so warm that the perspiration fell from my brow in big drops. One or two articles, old cross-hilted swords, a rusty, dinted helmet and a battered breastplate, showed

that this place had long ago been frequented, therefore I pressed forward eagerly, hoping to discover that which would render me wealthy. The increasing heat within the cavern surprised me; nevertheless I went forward, my torch held high above my head, my eyes eagerly strained into the impenetrable gloom, and my feet stumbling ever and anon over the uneven ground, until suddenly a harsh grinding noise fell upon my ears, and next second a crushing blow fell full upon my skull, felling me like a log and rendering me unconscious.

How long I remained in that dark stifling tunnel I have no idea.

When, slowly and painfully, I opened my eyes I found that my veil had been removed, my brow deftly bandaged, and my fevered head was resting upon a woman's cool hand. A soft feminine voice gave me "Peace," and turning I saw by the light of a burning brazier that my companion was a girl of wondrous beauty. Her face was of the pure Arab type, her complexion white as those of the Englishwomen who come to Biskra at Ramadan; her little skull-cap was thickly embroidered with seed-pearls, and her bracelets and anklets, set with beautiful diamonds, gleamed with a thousand iridescent fires at each movement. At first I fancied myself dreaming, but when at length I entirely recovered consciousness, I recognised that we were together in a small apartment hung with heavy hangings of thick dark crimson stuffs. The golden perfuming-pan diffused an intoxicating odour of attar of roses, and the silken couch whereon I reclined was soft, restful, and spacious.

Turning to my companion, who, instantly divining my longing, handed me water in a crystal goblet, I enquired where I was.

"Thou art with a friend," she answered. "Thou hast dared to enter the City of the Seven Shadows bent on plunder, and the wrath hath fallen upon thee.'

"Didst thou discover me?" I asked, raising myself upon my elbow, and looking at her.

She nodded, and with bent head sat with her luminous dark eyes fixed upon the ground.

"Thou hast entered this the city upon which the seven lights of the heavens have cast the shadows of their wrath, and where all who enter are accursed," she exclaimed at last, speaking slowly and impressively. "Thou camest hither with evil intent, to secure the treasure of Balkîs. Yet out of evil cometh good, for in thee I have found a companion in adversity."

"In adversity!" I echoed. "What art thou?"

"I am Balkîs, sole lineal descendant of the great queen who ruled over Saba, and guardian of her treasure," she answered. "I am a queen without court, a ruler without people. The palace that thou hast inspected is mine; the throne from the arm of which thou hast filched the great ruby is my lonely seat of royalty; for I am queen of a dead city. Although I am bearer of the historic name of Balkîs, and possess treasure of greater worth than men have ever dreamed, my subjects number only fourteen persons, all of whom are my relatives and live here with me in this my palace. As thou hast already seen, our once-powerful city with its fifty brazen gates hath fallen into decay because of the curse placed upon it by Allah. The teeming populace that once crowded its thoroughfares and market-places have dwindled down until mine own family only are left, the last of a long illustrious, world-famed line. Soon, alas! I, too, shall pass into the grave, and the royal house of Balkîs will become extinct," and her jewel-laden breast rose and fell slowly in a long deep-drawn sigh.

"Why speakest thou in tone so melancholy?" I asked. "Thou hast youth, health, long life, everything before thee!"

"No," she answered gravely, with her

white pointed chin still resting thoughtfully upon her palm. "Already I am threatened; nay, I am doomed."

"How?" I enquired, incredulously.

"Listen, and I will explain," she said, slowly, raising her beautiful eyes to mine. "About two moons ago, attired in the haick of an Arab woman, I journeyed with my aged uncle to In Salah, in order to make purchases in the market, as is our custom twice each year. On our return hither we came across an encampment of those red-legged dogs of French, and, having accepted the hospitality of their tents through several days on account of the sand-storms, I was surprised and annoyed by receiving a declaration of love from the young lieutenant in charge, whose name was Victor Gaillard, and whose home, he told me, was in Paris. Thinking me daughter of an Arab merchant, he announced his readiness to take me to Algiers and make me his wife, but, hating these youthful irresponsible masters of our land, I declined that honour. He then declared that at all costs I should be his, for at the end of the year he was going north to the sea-shore, where he would be quartered until the spring, and that if I escaped him he and his host who ruled the Desert would treat me and my people as rebellious, and shoot us down like dogs. I laughed his declaration to scorn, for he little dreamed of my real name, birth, and dwelling-place. Next day I remained in the encampment, but on the following night, by bribing one of the Spahi sentries with a ring from my finger, I and my uncle managed to escape, and, beneath the crescent moon, pushed our way forward in the direction of Saba. Through four days we travelled almost incessantly, until at midnight on the fifth our camels' feet sank deep into the quicksands that render the entrance to Saba unapproachable. Laughing as I congratulated myself on my cleverness at outwitting him, I had gone some hundred paces when, chancing to glance back, I saw not far away, hesitating at the edge of the treacherous belt of ground, a single horseman. The glint of moonlight on his bright scabbard showed him to be an officer of the Roumis, and instantly I recognised the slim silhouette of Victor Gaillard. He sat motionless in his saddle, and, with his field-glass raised, calmly watched our difficult progress towards the two colossal statues which have guarded the entrance to our city from the day of King Solomon. My uncle, noticing my alarm, also turned and detected our pursuer. That night, before my family assembled in the palace, I explained the whole of the facts, and they, knowing how relentless are these harsh infidel rulers of ours, unanimously decided upon flight. But I declined to leave. Was I not Balkîs, Queen of Saba? Was not the great store of gold and jewels given into my keeping that I should remain and watch them until I drew my last breath? They urged me to accompany them into the mountains, but finding me obdurate all fled, leaving me alone to face the unscrupulous man who had declared that at all costs I should become his wife. Ten weary anxious days have since gone by. Yesterday thou camest hither, thy face wrapped in thy black *litham*, and naturally I supposed thou wert the accursed infidel in disguise. I watched thee explore my palace and enter to the cave wherein my treasure lieth concealed. When thou hadst entered I breathed more freely, full well knowing that thou hadst gone forward into thy grave."

"How? Is the tunnel azotic?"

"No. Within is an ingenious mechanical contrivance which was constructed by Balkîs herself, whereby the unsuspecting intruder releases a spring and is struck down by a great iron mace."

"I was struck," I observed.

She nodded, smiling sadly.

"When I went forward to ascertain whether mine enemy still lived I found



"Then first help me to remove the throne."

thy veil unloosened, and that thy features were not those of the hateful Frank. Then I tended thee throughout the night, and at dawn thou didst rally, and art now rapidly recovering."

"Of a verity I had a narrow escape."

"Assuredly thou didst. Many others, as adventurous and stout-hearted as thyself, have met their fate at that spot."

"So thou hast remained here alone and single-handed to guard the treasure of thine ancestor against the pilfering of the Franks?" I said, regarding the beautiful, frail-looking girl with admiration. "Assuredly thou art as courageous as the great Balkîs who defied the combined powers of the ancient world."

She sighed. "It hath been the duty of the Queens of Saba to remain within their kingdom even if evil threateneth and all forsake them. I will never be wife of a Frank, neither will I exhibit fear to these new rulers of the Desert who are led by amorous youths from Paris boulevards," she answered, drawing herself up with queenly hauteur.

"Peradventure he only useth idle threats," I observed.

"No. The Franks who conquered Algeria and hold it beneath the thraldom of the religion they call Christianity are our rulers also. He ordered me to remain in the encampment on pain of being outlawed. I disobeyed; therefore I and my people are rebels. That he will return and seek me out I am convinced."

"Then why not fly?" I suggested. "I will take thee to where my tribe are encamped. Although we are thieves and brigands, thou, a woman, wilt nevertheless meet with chivalrous treatment at our hands."

She shook her head, and with dogged persistence announced her intention of remaining, while, on my part, I promised to render her whatever assistance lay in my power.

"Then first help me to remove the throne into the treasure-house," she said, and, opening a door that had been concealed behind the heavy hangings, she led me into the great hall where water flowed beneath its pavement of glass.

Together we dragged the bejewelled seat of royalty through several courts, until we came to the small pavilion which gave entrance to the cavern. Then, while she carried a flaming flambeau, I toiled on with it after her. When we had gone some distance into the heart of the mountain she stooped to secure the ancient mechanism so that the iron mace could not again descend, and advancing some farther distance we found ourselves in a kind of *cul-de-sac*, with only a black wall of rock before us. To the right, however, was a cunningly-concealed door which gave entrance to a spacious natural chamber wherein I saw, heaped indiscriminately, the most wondrous collection of golden ornaments and brilliant jewels my eyes had ever gazed upon. Some of them I took up, holding them in my hand in wonderment. The gems were of the first water, the spoils taken in battle by the notorious queen once feared by all the world, while heaped everywhere were bejewelled breastplates, gem-encrusted goblets, golden dishes, and swords with hilts and scabbards thickly set with precious stones. Wheresoever I trod there were scattered in the fine white dust strings of pearls, uncut gems, rings, and ear-ornaments, while all around were piled great immovable boxes of hewn stone like coffins, securely clamped with rusting iron. These had never been opened, and contained, according to the story of my companion, the tribute of enormous worth sent by King Solomon to Balkîs. These I examined carefully, one after another, at length discovering one, the stone of which had split so that a small aperture was formed. I placed my hand inside and withdrew it, holding between my thumb and finger three uncut diamonds,

the like of which I had never before beheld. The stone box was filled to the brim with gems of every kind.

In wonderment I was standing, contemplating this vast wealth of a vanished nation, when my fair conductress exclaimed :

"There is still one other marvel about this place. Listen! Canst thou hear a sound?"

Distinctly I heard a dull, monotonous boom, which had continued uninterruptedly ever since we had been there.

"Yea. What is its cause?" I asked.

"The interior of this mountain is as a fiery furnace. That roaring is the unquenchable flame that has burned therein through ages. During mine own remembrance as a child smoke hath issued from the cone above, and so near are we to the fiery interior here in this treasure-house that its very walls are warm."

Upon the rock I placed my hand, and so hot was it that I was compelled to withdraw it instantly. Only a thin partition of stone apparently divided us from the mysterious fathomless crater.

"One of the beliefs that have come down unto me through ages," Balkîs said, "is that within this place is Al-Hâwiyat, the dwelling prepared for infidels and pagans, where their food shall be offal, and they shall slack their thirst with boiling pitch."

"Allah is mighty and wise," I answered. "Alone he knoweth the hearts of his servants. May perfect peace remain ever upon thee."

"And upon thee, O Ahamadou," she responded, raising her bright eyes earnestly to mine. "Now that I have shown thee this, the wealth of my ancestors, thou wilt promise never to conspire to gain possession of it while any of my family remain here in Saba."

"Although of a tribe of thieves, I swear by Allah's might that never will I expose thy secret, nor will I seek to possess myself of what is thine," I answered. "Thy family shall ever be as mine, for I am no abuser of the salt."

"In thee do I place my trust," she answered, allowing her soft hand—the hand that had so deftly bandaged my injured brow and bathed my face—to linger for an instant within my grasp.

Then, drawing from my pouch the great lustrous ruby I had stolen, I handed it back to her. But she made me retain it as souvenir of my visit to Saba, the city forgotten.

The atmosphere in the treasure-house was stifling. Having, therefore, deposited the throne of Balkîs in fitting place, we left, returning through the concealed door to the narrow burrow which had exit in the small pavilion. Side by side we slowly crossed court after court of the great palace which had witnessed pageants of such magnificence that their splendour has been proverbial till this day, she pointing out the principal objects of interest, halting to explain curious sculptured wall-pictures and inscriptions commemorating the triumphs of the great queen, or pausing to recall some long-forgotten story of love, hatred, or malice connected with the spot whereon we stood. In that mellow sunset-hour, as we lingered together beneath the cool shadows, I learnt more of the historic, time-effaced empire of Balkîs than *savants* have ever known. As scholar, it delighted me to hear it from the lips of one who had descended in the direct royal line from that famous woman, who, according to our Sura, "The Ant," became convinced during her visit to Solomon that by worshipping the sun she had dealt unjustly with her own soul, and resigned herself unto Allah, the lord of all creatures.

She had given me some wine and dates, and we had passed through the great hall with its transparent pavement and out upon the terrace before the palace when, of a sudden, a loud cry escaped her.

"See!" she gasped, dismayed. "See! The Franks are here!"

Next second a hulking Zouave who had secreted himself behind one of the great sculptured columns sprang upon her. She uttered a loud scream, but ere he could secure her hands I had drawn my poignard and dealt him an unerring blow, causing him to reel and fall back heavily upon the stones.

A dozen soldiers headed by Victor Gaillard, their evil-faced, narrow-browed, moustached officer in his gold-laced uniform and cherry-coloured trousers, had nearly gained the top of the steps. But the ugly sight of blood had already unnerved my fair companion who, turning quickly to me, cried:

"Let us fly! Follow me. There is but one way to escape."

She rushed away and I followed, our pursuers close at our heels. I no longer wore my black *litham*, therefore the elegant youth from Paris sent by the French to rule the dwellers of the Desert could not have been aware that I was a Touareg, one of the bandits of the Azjar, whom he amused himself by hunting when inclined for sport. Onward we sped, crossing court after court, until we again entered the subterranean burrow, and groping along it in the darkness my companion found at last another secret door which she opened, pushed me into it, and entering herself, closed it. Then we listened. There was no sound. Apparently our pursuers had not dared to follow us there.

"This," she explained beneath her breath, "leadeth by a secret way out upon the mountain-side. We may yet escape."

Upward we toiled in a tunnel so narrow that ofttimes we were compelled to crawl upon hands and knees, yet ever ascending, and feeling our way, we at last, after half-an-hour's frantic effort, saw a afint glimmer of light above, and succeeded in emerging upon the bare rocky side of the giant mountain.

"Let us mount still higher and pass along to the other side," she urged. "I know the path."

Together we started off in the fast falling gloom, when suddenly I heard an exclamation in French, and looking down saw Gaillard with three of his Zouaves below us, scrambling up as quickly as they were able.

Instantly I saw that their further progress was barred by a sheer cliff of rock quite fifty feet in height, and that we were in a position impregnable. Balkîs, noticing our situation, also turned towards him with a low scornful laugh.

Next instant the fierce uncurbed anger of this young *boulevardier* found vent, for, with a loud imprecation in French he declared that she should never escape him, and ere I could divine his intention he had snatched a rifle from the man standing at his side and covered the woman he had desired to marry.

I sprang quickly towards my fellow fugitive, but ere I could drag her down to earth, our only cover, there was a flash, a loud report, and Balkîs with a shrill shriek stumbled forward mortally wounded, and, rolling helplessly down the mountain-side, fell dead almost at the very feet of her brutal murderer.

The gold-braided officer laughed.

It was one of the most heartless assassinations I had ever witnessed, but knowing that efforts would undoubtedly be made to shoot me also, I threw myself upon my stomach and crawled upward quickly with hands and toes.

"See, men, I have brought down the dainty little bird!" I heard Gaillard exclaim as he walked to where the body was lying crumpled in a heap. "Give me her necklaces and bracelets. The rest of her jewels you may divide. She was merely a rebel. It is our duty to repress revolt, even though we may sometimes be compelled to shoot women."

The Zouaves ruthlessly tore the jewels from the body of the last remaining

daughter of the Queen of Saba, while their lieutenant amused himself by firing at me. A dozen shots he sent after me, but all the bullets sang over my head, until at last, when the darkness became complete, I halted breathless behind a projection of rock and there waited, watching from my elevated position the camp fires lighted, and the soldiers exploring the deserted ruins by the aid of flambeaux.

Once during the night I thought I heard a noise like thunder, and distinctly felt the mountain tremble. But soon after dawn I had the satisfaction of seeing our enemies strike their camp and march slowly out towards the plain. The few jewels they found about the palace they had divided among themselves, and were apparently in high glee.

Having remained in hiding three hours after their departure I descended, passing the body of the hapless Balkîs, already surrounded by a screaming crowd of grey vultures, and, re-entering the palace to ascertain the extent of the depredations of the Franks, I was amazed to discover a dense black smoke issuing from the pavilion before the mouth of the cave. I tried to advance, but sulphurous fumes almost overcame me. Instantly I discerned the truth. The thin partition of rock which divided the treasure-house from the burning crater within had been broken through, and the suppressed fire of the volcano was issuing in great volume from the burrow, together with quantities of molten lava and ashes which have since entirely overwhelmed the ruins.

Three years afterwards I had occasion to travel to Algiers to see Gaillard, then raised to a responsible position in the Bureau Arabe, regarding a Zouave whom we had captured and afterwards set free. I casually mentioned the buried ruins of the forgotten City of the Seven Shadows at the spot he knew so well, but he merely replied:

"Ah! yes, I know I once explored them and found a curious cave there in the side of the mountain. I blew it up with dynamite in order that it should not be used as a hiding-place by any of your veiled tribe. The explosion, however, much to our dismay, opened a suppressed volcano, with the result that fire issued forth, killing all six of our engineers who performed the work."

Victor Gaillard, although now a Colonel, and back in his beloved Paris, where he sits in the Chamber of Deputies as representative of a constituency in the Alpes Maritimes, does not know that by the irresponsible use of his explosive he lost for ever the greatest collection of gold and jewels that has ever been brought together.

The only single gem of the vast treasure of Balkîs that has been preserved is the magnificent blood-red ruby which at this moment adorns my sword-hilt. In both colour and size it is matchless. Never can I handle that weapon without reflecting upon its tragic story, or without visions rising to my eyes of the beautiful queen who reigned so briefly over her vanished and forgotten kingdom.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]




J. HARRIS DAVIS



REMORSE.

BY SWANHILDE BULAU.

ILLUSTRATED BY J. BARNARD DAVIS.

TO-NIGHT I feel the want of you, my king.
I have forgotten you and turned away,
Poor fool, to tawdry, wicked gods of clay;
Your proud and noble heart has felt the sting
Of wasted love—you are too proud to cling
To one unfaithful, though I did but stray
From light and love for one brief, thoughtless day—
And now I creep to you with broken wing.

Will you receive me? I am vain and weak,
My nature's fickle current cannot grasp
The depths of love like yours. Could I be true?
So dark the future—death the boon I seek,
Your lips pressed close, in one long, loving clasp—
The summit of all bliss—to die with you!





Burmese bridge across the Schwetong River.

REMINISCENCES OF MANDALAY.

BY MARIE A. MILLIE.

AMID the discomforts of our English winters, one recalls with gladness a Christmas in the far Burman Empire where, in Mandalay at least, a fireplace is unknown, and the genial sunshine and delightful breezes of its short cold weather make it impossible to realise a season when the thermometer would register 120°, and the scorching winds of February, with accompanying whirlwinds of white sand, render life nearly unbearable for Europeans.

The days were all too short for sight-seeing, even though in accordance with Eastern custom we rose with the early dawn for the first health-giving ride or drive. In Mandalay itself, it is impossible to sleep after daybreak as the cocks unite in frantic crowing, and the chorus is taken up by every small village which boasts of Chanticleer. Indeed, all our theories of the lord of the poultry-yard are upset in Pagoda Land, for the birds crow at all unnatural hours, and a curious legend accounts for this singularity. When the Mahommedans in religious frenzy burnt up the Buddhist books, the ashes, they say, were scattered broadcast and swallowed by the cocks, who were then doomed to disseminate their sacred knowledge at all hours! Folk-lore, however, abounds in this most interesting country, and one might fill a volume with this subject. The interest about King Theebaw's buried jewels reigned supreme two winters ago, and we were fortunate in being quartered in his royal capital. Mandalay, as held by the British, is the most important station in Upper Burma, and with the exception of her mercantile sister Rangoon, no other place has a larger contingent of the civil and military staff.

Our first excursion was to the Arakan Pagoda, and in Pagoda Land this is a very near rival to the Shwe Dagon, or Golden Pagoda of Rangoon. It is situated three miles from the city, and Londoners can hardly realise the delight of an outing in the roseate dawn

of an Indian morning, the sky flushing pink with the advent of the rising sun. Mandalay Hill and the mountains of Kachin showed tints of green, purple, and blue, and one longed to inhale as much as possible of the life-giving air. Even our horses seemed to feel instinctively that the most agreeable exercise could only be obtained by stealing a few hours from natural sleep. The roads of Mandalay form one of its glories, and it was an interesting one that led to the Arakan Pagoda. The population even at five a.m. was astir and busy with preparations for the coming day. We met processions of the shorn, bare-headed *Phyoongees*, or Buddhist priests, walking in single file, and carrying beautifully chased bowls for the silent collection of the daily doles. They excite much interest in their striking toga-like garments in two shades of old gold, accepting from every Burman his contribution of rice or some other comestible. Their vows are only temporary, averaging from a year to two, and renewable at will, and there is hardly a Burman who at some time or other of his life has not enlisted in priestly service. They are trained to cast their eyes six feet in advance, and six feet from the ground, and this produces a look of concentration not inconsistent with their high calling and ascetic exterior. Carts laden with fruit and vegetables creaked their way to the market; small groups of Burmese women in silken petticoats sipped tea from Japanese ware, and occasionally a native from the Shan Hills brightened further the picture by his jacket of scarlet, and the enormous straw-hat which so nearly resembles our fashionable Leghorn. The tamarind trees, with their graceful feathery foliage, bordered both sides of the road, and promised grateful shade for the more advanced day.

On arriving at the entrance of the Pagoda we were confronted with a printed notice that no person could enter it with shoes, hats, or umbrellas. Fortunately, most of our party formed "the powers that be," so we were excused from parading the building in stockinged feet—a very gratefully-accepted favour, as, in the season when the deadly cobra is "rampant," shoe-leather proves a great protection. The ubiquitous "Bay-leu," or winged lion, with ruby-red eyes, in colossal size, stood sentinel on right and left of the entrance; and these creations are to be found before every temple and building of interest. The legend of their origin is an extraordinary one. A Queen of bygone days was unfaithful to her vows, and the punishment, divinely ordered, was that her lover should roam for ever in the form of a winged lion. On the accession of her son the lion declared his parentage, and the Prince in a frenzy of shame and rage shot at him, with the result of permanently injuring his eyesight. The unnatural act evoked a curse on his descendants, and a royal expiatory edict pronounced that the winged lion should henceforth hold the place of honour everywhere, with a special invocation for his blessing and protection over the royal progeny. Its effegies are even more numerous than Gautama's throughout the land.

The entrance-hall to the Pagoda is a vestibule in the shape of a Maltese cross. The decorations on the walls are realistic paintings of the Judgment, Heaven and Hell, and the eternal torments are represented in various degrees of agony. In some the victims are being scraped with oyster-shells, others are being devoured alive by ferocious dogs; a lusty executioner pitchforks some into a well of living flame guarded by a strong iron grating; the bodies of others are attached to carriages, dragged over stones, and finally disposed of as fuel to the flame which consumes their unhappy companions. Even in Pagoda Land one's thoughts fly back to the classic city on the Arno, for well might her bard's inscription over the gates of the

Inferno be transcribed here: "*Lasciate ogni speranza, voi ch'entrate*"—and yet some of the pictures might be interpreted as an attempt at belief in a medium stage, for the culprits kneel with suppliant hands, the just pray, and the judge hesitates. One wonders how the followers of the gentle "Light of Asia" can tolerate these graphic details of pain, but in contradistinction the joys of the Blessed are also presented in very material form. We proceeded through a series of lofty arcades, supported by pillars encrusted with gold-leaf and mirror-glass, on our way to the Holy of Holies. It was strangely incongruous to see these arcades lined with stalls for the sale of sweets, excellent marble representations of animals (a whole menagerie of which can be purchased for a very small outlay), wonderful gongs of every tone and size, which you are invited to test, and Brummagem goods—tapes, handkerchiefs, canned provisions, and aërated waters ; to the latter the Burmese are deeply devoted, and call it "Bay-lei," or foreign water. The passage to the inner sanctuary is at present roofless, but generous contributions are being sent in by Burmese gentlemen for a crystal dome to be erected here, similar to that of our Norwood palace.

On entering the chapel one was disposed to close one's eyes, and wonder how the Continental surroundings had been imported into this far-off pagan land. The air was heavy with the scent of the champak flower and incense ; from all round came the hum of voices intoning prayers on rosaries ; worshippers were affixing candles on iron tripods, which were lit from flame taken from the lamp of the sanctuary by a priest or nun, and a bell emitting triplets of notes might well have deceived us into thinking we heard the Angelus of the South. Instead of this, the worshippers were all Burmese, of every sort and condition—the Court lady, with the stiffened triangles of her dress, in imitation, by royal command, of the wings of the redoubted lion,—the official grandee, with his fillet of white gauze around a well-greased coil of massed-up hair,—the poor, the sick, the needy,—all praying in the same low monotone, while the beads



Burmese Princesses in State Dress.



Group of Burmese women at ceremony of piercing ears for earrings.

glided through dusky fingers, and so they filled the long passage. Even to the extremity of the corridor, where the sanctuary light could scarcely show a glimmer, they bowed in prayer, worshipping whereever it could be seen. The shrine is, of course, the jewel of the place—a huge square glittering block of trellised gates, entirely covered with gold, and strongly padlocked. The key is in the keeping of the Burmese bishop, and entrance within the golden doors is a rarely accorded privilege. Behind these gates gleamed the colossal Gautama, twenty feet in height, and in the dim lamplight we saw the flash of the gems with which his form is encrusted, amid the snowy gleam of the marble. All round lay flowers and votive offerings.

In the quickly-gathering heat we were obliged to hurry in order to finish our exploration. Little Burmese children beseeched us to visit the sacred tanks of turtles, which swam to the surface in answer to the shrill "Tee-tee" of their infant voices. A few coppers provided flour to feed them, and in the crowd, conspicuous by their pale salmon robes, were some Buddhist nuns. They seemed much attracted by our womenkind, admiring our shapely figures, which they patted approvingly, while they compared the size of our waists! The kindly Burmese loves the recognition of an English girl, and they will speak of the charm of the beautiful English "Mungelay" for many a day. Among them was one dame covered with leprosy, but none seemed to fear her vicinity, and notwithstanding the deep ravages of her ghastly malady, her step was as young and elastic as any among them.

Another large court was filled with enormous bells, which rest on the ground, and near each was the antler of a deer, to enable one to test their music. The manufacture of gongs is a prominent industry in Burma. The increasing heat of the sun warned us that we must devote a second day to this local lion, but a curious and very able painting of the signs of the Zodiac caught our passing attention.

Nor was the return ride without interest, for we were fortunate enough to come across a party of Burmese men playing football, if, indeed, either Rugby or Association will allow this nomenclature to the game. The ball was one of open wickerwork of the usual size, but light and elastic, and the great object of the Burmese game is never to let the ball touch the ground. To prevent this, they receive its descent on their backs, shoulders, knees, or any joint that is most supple for the momentary stroke; even the back of the heel gave it a good impetus, and their shouts of hearty laughter, and manifest appreciation of the fun, formed a very agreeable contrast to the imperturbable *sang froid* of our North of India attendants.

In most respects the Burmese seem superior to the natives of India, and no man, woman, or child is brought up without a good foundation of at least elementary knowledge. The *Phyoongees*, or priests, own the schools and monopolise the "shooting of the young idea," and these monasteries are not the least important feature of the country. They are mostly constructed of wood, and boast of most elaborate carving, but one wearies a little of the ever-monotonous Gautama, or Buddha, with marble features of utterly beneficent impassivity, and the hand with outstretched palm on his knee. These monasteries serve for more than educational purposes. They give refuge to wanderers, and Government officials on tour are grateful for their use as rest-houses. They generally consist of one spacious room, divided by pillars from roof to flooring at regular intervals. With the aid of padded curtains, and the thin split-reed screens called "chicks," an Englishman can very readily provide three or four separate compartments for his use while "camping." Like all

Burmese buildings, these "Phyoongee-Khyaungs" are elevated several feet from the ground on wooden palisades, and so one escapes the malarious miasma so prevalent in this clime. It is difficult to know how to acknowledge the hospitality of these shelters, as Buddhist clerics can receive no money, but we found that tinned milk, jam, and butter, were considered luxuries, and often met with a grateful acceptance.

Much might be written of these pleasure-loving, charming-mannered Burmese. They form the gayest and prettiest crowd imaginable, as men and women alike dress in silken petticoats or "tameins" of every shade and hue, with smart, white jackets of silken pine-apple gauze. The broadest checks in pink or heliotrope are most patronised by the men, whose headgear is a woven silk scarf from the centre of which is seen their hair. The women pile theirs in the neatest of coils on the very summit of the head, and place a bunch of natural or artificial flowers at the side, but both sexes descend to the addition of false hair if Nature's supply is not sufficiently generous. I remember an amusing instance at the races, when a wildly-excited Burman, who came in second at the winning-post, was for some moments in happy ignorance that the hilarious mirth of the onlookers arose from the discovery that his coil of false hair gaily reposed a few yards off in the centre of the course!



The King's Palace, Mandalay.

The women also wear a loose piece of silk hanging from neck to feet like the modern boa in whatever prevailing shade Dame Fashion decrees, and in that year of grace a beautiful Chartreuse green was the colour *par excellence* for Burmese belles. In these days of woman's emancipation it may interest some to know that all the intelligent and executive talent is claimed by the fair sex. The women are the road-makers, house-builders, contractors, boat and grain merchants, while the stronger sex wax fat in smoking idleness. They have all the vanities of their European sisters, and the toilet of a Burmese lady takes both thought and time, for they have unctuous pomades for the

hair, emollients and cosmetics for the skin, and their frivolous souls delight in the glitter of gold and jewels. The nuns, on the contrary, are obliged to sacrifice their hair, and have shorn, uncovered heads like the monks. None of the frivolities of dress are allowed to them, nor any deviation from the toga-like salmon garments—no powdered sandal-wood for their complexions, no rouge, no silken "tamein," no love, no marriage, no domestic ties, so their renunciation is by no means a negative one. Both they and the monks are supposed to abjure smoking, and are never seen with the solace of the fragrant weed, but it is an open question whether on this point their private code is equally uncompromising, for smoking is the passion of the nation. Men, women, and children alike, smoke immense cigars an inch in diameter and a foot long, and these again are encased in the outer husk of the maize. The Chinese have not been slow to discover the business capacity of Burmese women, and hail alliance with them—a generally successful matrimonial speculation. The teeming population in Mandalay struck us. Children swarmed everywhere, but being a royal city, she is exempted from the taxation on life.

The fort and palace are enclosed within a square wall, each side of which is a mile and a quarter long, and graceful minarets and pagodas break at intervals its outer monotony, if, indeed, monotony can exist when the eye is regaled by the blue waters of its far-famed moat. In any country but the East this moat would be called a lake, but in 1894 the sacred lotus reigned supreme, and no boats were allowed. Its whole surface was covered with the broad lotus-leaf, and the pink lily queened her beauty undisputed over it under a sky of fleckless blue. Now, by order of the Government, the sacred flower has been uprooted, and a gay boating club has converted the moat which girds the walls of the fort into another floating Venice. The luxurious *grande dame* can drive to one of the four gates, and then be taken in her boat with liveried oarsmen to pay the visits etiquette requires at any other point of Fort Dufferin. There are four principal entrances to this fort, *i.e.*, by the north, south, east, and west gates, where solid bridges span the broad lake, and are available alike for carriage or foot passengers. Within it Theebaw's palace, with its roof entirely overlaid with real gold-leaf, is the principal point of interest, but what a different scene it now presents to the days when Queen Sou-py-a-lat issued her bloody mandates from behind the grill of the Lily Throne, where she overheard and directed the commands of her weaker consort! The throne is still intact, with its gold and stuccoed inlaid work, but beneath are scattered tables and chairs, the former covered with the latest weekly periodicals and English papers. Ladies discuss scandal and social tit-bits under the sleepy swing of the punkas, supported by tea and light refreshments. On one door are still preserved the bloody finger-marks where an unhappy maid of honour pleaded for life on bended knees before the implacable mistress, who cut her throat with her own royal hands.

Now that King Theebaw's monastery is the English Church, beauty and fashion disport themselves where nothing can ever destroy the old-world associations and the old-world look! The spot where King Theebaw relinquished his sovereignty is marked by a brass monument in the Queen's Gardens, but gay parties for lawn-tennis and badminton are daily found on the spot where the destruction of many a rival was mercilessly planned and carried out. And what a world of legend, lore, and truth more strange than fiction could be found within those walls! The buildings on the Royal Platform are now used as offices for the leading officials, and in the palace itself is the Upper Burma Club, with quarters for its members. The Round Tower, or, as the Burmese know it, "the Centre of the Universe," still lends

humour to the scene; for to its summit King Theebaw's herald daily ascended at early dawn, and in stentorian tones commanded the sun to arise and shine at the royal command upon his city and subjects. The simple faith of the Burmese must have been somewhat shaken when they found that under British rule the same luminary shone as of old without the command of a royal messenger. A superb view of the fort and city is obtained from the ascent of this tower. Each royal building is surmounted with the mystic seven minarets, all shaped like the wings of the redoubted lion, and each royal nursery has the vigilant archer's accommodation on its roof to alarm and shoot any bird of ill-omen that hovers round; for the legend has it, that the only claimant to the throne, a tiny Princess, was once bodily transported by this demon bird to form a foreign kingdom, and never again recovered. And to the right stretch the Queen's private apartments and the royal nuptial chamber, which it was compulsory the sovereigns should use for a week, where the draperies in the royal colours of white and gold still stand with their lace and embroidery. From her private terrace Queen Sou-py-a-lat commanded a view of the quarters allotted to the White Elephant—almost as important a power as herself in the rule of Burma. The Burmese are apathetic when you enquire about their deposed monarch, and tell you with a shrug that he courted his own destruction, for what king of the country ever before neglected to build his own city, and why should Theebaw have been content with the capitals of his fathers and ancestors? Did not stately Ava and the older city of Amrapura appeal to his national tendencies, and why did he disregard the old tradition and the soothsayers who warned him that the kingdom would fall to strangers as soon as the reigning sovereign neglected to build his own city?

If those fort walls could speak, what stories of ruthless cruelty they might unfold! When they were being erected by Theebaw's predecessor, the soothsayers decreed a sacrifice of four hundred maidens, a hundred of whom were to be buried at each corner of the walls, in order to draw a divine blessing on the fort. Panic seized Mandalay, and the city was nearly deserted in its infancy by the flight during the night of the women and children to the mountain fastnesses and neighbouring villages. Finally the royal order was rescinded, and only four virgin hostages were given, each of whom was buried alive at the corners of the four walls, which remain the silent monuments of their martyrdom.

The cruelty of the Burman character seems difficult to understand, and perhaps because, *les extrèmes toujours se touchent*, they have also an intense sense of humour. Many an official who took part in the annexation can bear witness to their utter indifference and callousness. When thirty of the ringleaders were executed under British rule for the crucifixion and maltreatment of our men, their companions who awaited their turn for death with grand stoicism simply collapsed on the ground, convulsed with merriment, if their friends' limbs or bodies fell in awkward or grotesque positions. Their risible faculties are always easily roused, and in amiability and natural grace of manner they more nearly resemble the French than any other nation. Their capital sin is gambing. No Burman can resist a game of chance, and they are much addicted to selling houses and land by lotteries and raffles, and will travel miles for the pleasure of attending them. Cock-fighting is another national pastime, and the birds are most carefully tended and educated for the sport—the betting on the issue being always wild and furious. They are devoted to flowers, and no verandah or boudoir blossoms are safe, if within their reach, for the laws of

meum and *tuum* are elastic in these details, and their first means to attain an end is the presentation of a delightful bouquet. As artists and craftsmen they can hold their own anywhere, for it would be hard to surpass their exquisite wood-carvings and superb silver curios. Their embroideries, too, are unique and fantastic, but more barbaric than those in India, except the beautiful raised work in gold and silver sequins, which is specially valuable. A visit to the silk manufactories in Amrapura forms a delightful excursion, but Mandalay abounds in similar places of interest. One of the most popular is to go by yacht up the majestic Irrawaddy to the Myndoo bell — the second largest in the world—and near it is the wonderful mass of masonry which was to surpass any building in the world, but it was cursed by the soothsayers, and the labour of twelve years destroyed by an earthquake. It is known as "The Tower of Babel," and remains a testimony to the power of superstition. Buildings in decay are a prominent feature in Mandalay. It is a tremendous and incumbent virtue to build a pagoda, but there is no duty to repair one, so the whole landscape is dotted over with them, in every size, and various stages of preservation. No pagoda, however, can be fully complete or blessed without the queer tripod of iron which is placed on the extreme summit. Small bells are often attached to it, and when the rainy season causes the Irrawaddy to overflow and flood the land, the "tinkle of these temple bells" is the boatman's only compass and security that he is approaching a village.

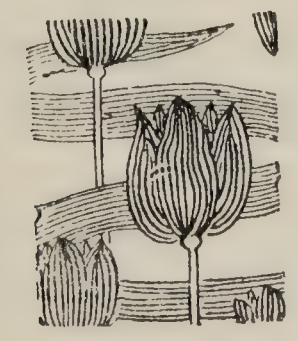
Leprosy is a terrible scourge in the land. The reason is assigned variously, and admits of much controversy, but the Burmese are notoriously unclean feeders, and their favourite diet is *Nepean*, literally fish which is buried for weeks on the shore in the heat of the sun. When it is exhumed for use it is difficult to distinguish the living from the dead, and it would generate any malady! The Wesleyans and Roman Catholics have asylums for these poor lepers, but they throng in such numbers to the latter refuge that the good fathers are sorely perturbed for the funds that are so necessary for their support. A visit to the Catholic asylum cannot but evoke the warmest admiration for the self-sacrifice and zeal of these true followers of Christ. I have seen Fathers Wehinger and Martin on the ground three hours each day washing with their own hands the terrible sores and piteous extremities of these poor creatures. Father Damien never had truer followers, and they are polished gentlemen, most delightful to meet in society; but it is nearly impossible to lure them into it, because they are heart and soul devoted to their divine work. A courageous Frenchwoman, Mademoiselle Jégu, had just joined them, to devote her life to the female section, and I hear that she has had a companion in her labours within the last twelve months. The most touching feature is the devotion of the lepers to these good priests. They really consider them fathers, and from the ready smiles and kindly greetings they accord visitors, it is easy to see how much their sad lot is cheered by such devotion. Father Wehinger started on a begging tour to try and get sufficient funds to make the establishment self-supporting, and he deserves success. The diet allowed is rice with vegetable curry, and a very small allowance of salt, pepper, chillies, or any other pungent seasoning. Meat is given twice a month, but each leper costs Rs. 55 per mensem for food, clothing, and lodging; the sum to be invested even at six per cent. needs to be a large one to support even 300 lepers, and these poor wretches outnumber 1,200 in Mandalay and its surroundings. The Mattei treatment, as tried by the fathers, if taken in the very commencement of the disease, has had advantageous results; but, owing to its long incubation, and the licence with

which it is allowed to run its fatal course, the efforts of the priests are very seriously hampered. A leper (especially since the decision of the Commission) associates as freely with the rest of his family as if he was himself clean, but in India he is treated as an outcast from his kinsmen and household. They are even allowed to marry in Burma, although such strenuous efforts are made to stamp out the terrible disease.

In the Government jail, under the superintendence of Surgeon-Major Dantra, very beautiful carving is created by the prisoners, and the establishment is well worth a visit. Those, however, who are blessed with wealth should not forget to see Signor Beato's studios, for a richer and more varied collection could never be seen, and the owner of them is one of the most genial members of the Club, as well as the most able cicerone to the "lions" of Mandalay.

If possible the visitor should try and see a Burmese Pwe, *i.e.*, a theatrical performance. The story being in the vernacular does not often reach European intelligence, but the marionette shows are characteristic, and very well put on. In 1894, in honour of Lord Lansdowne's farewell visit at the end of his administration, a remarkable series of these entertainments was given, as well as the war-dances by torch-light of the Shans and neighbouring tribes.

The cremation of a Phyoongee, or of the Head Phyoonge, or Priest, does not often enter into European experience, but is a strikingly impressive spectacle, and one we had the privilege of witnessing. The body had been embalmed in spices and honey for some years previously, had been conducted to the site of an old monastery, and there placed on a catafalque of gigantic dimensions. After many prayers and incense, priests ascended the ladders at various points of the catafalque, and simultaneously applied the flame to the enormous flambeaux, which quickly communicated it to the resin-steeped bier on which lay the corpse. A volcano of lurid flame showed forth the well-preserved features of his deceased reverence, while beneath, the gaily petticoated crowd joined in prayer with the ascetic-looking, keen-featured, yellow-robed clergy.





The Charge of the 8th and 9th Cuirassiers at the Battle of Reischoffen.

(*From the painting by Aimé Morot at Versailles.*)

LIFE OF NAPOLEON III.

BY ARCHIBALD FORBES.

ILLUSTRATED FROM NUMEROUS SOURCES.

CHAPTER XIV.

FROM SAARBRÜCKEN TO SEDAN.

THAT three companies of Prussian infantry and three squadrons of Prussian Uhlans should have made a deliberate and orderly retreat before a French army corps scarcely wore the aspect of a great triumph for the army corps; but nevertheless the petty affair at Saarbrücken was regarded in Paris as an important success. Napoleon knew better; he was not a great commander but he was quite aware that the loss of "one officer and ten men killed" could scarcely be said to constitute a "severe engagement." After Saarbrücken on August 2nd, the 2nd, 3rd, and 4th French Army Corps remained inactive on the left bank of the Saar until the 4th, when the defeat of General Abel Douay's division at Weissenburg on that day became known. The Emperor then gave orders to concentrate the army and to recall it towards Metz; and he gave to Marshal Bazaine the command of the three corps of the Saar. The 2nd Corps, however, remained on the Spichern plateau until the 6th, from which position on that day it was driven with heavy loss by bodies of Prussian troops of about equal strength. On the same day Marshal MacMahon, while holding the strong position of Wörth at the foot of the northern Vosges with the 1st Corps and a division of the 7th, was assailed in greatly superior strength by the army of the Prussian Crown Prince, and after a long, bloody, and desperate battle was utterly defeated and his army shattered into headlong rout. The 5th Corps, which had been ordered to join MacMahon's force, could not reach him in time for the battle, but de Failly joined the retreat from the Bitche vicinity and the two corps hurried in disorder across the Vosges to Luneville. The defeats of Spichern, Wörth, and all the early ruin, presage true of the wretched end, came bickering and crumbling about the ears of the unhappy Emperor. Bazaine, in the real stress of things, had got the handling of those three corps "of the Saar," one of which, however, the 2nd, had been badly mauled on the 6th at the Spichern. The insubordination and confusion hampered him at every turn. All he could do was to work out there in the



Marshal MacMahon.



General Palikao, French War Minister.

ront, conducting the retreat, covering the ragged edges, trying to keep the men in heart. At length, in a paroxysm of worry, the Emperor came out from Metz to consult with Bazaine, the man to whom he turned when he found Lebœuf and the others like the crackling of thorns under a pot. The rendezvous was Faulquemont, a little dunghill-village to the south-east of Metz. Bazaine's advice had a ring of soldierhood in it, but the Emperor, quivering with nervousness because of the Paris mob, would accept no suggestion that involved the uncoverment of Paris even in appearance. So Bazaine was bidden to take up a line of battle nearer Metz and 'give up this new hope of being allowed to make an effective diversion."

The blackness of the cloud overhanging the Empire grew denser, and the plot began that was to ruin Bazaine. Pietri telegraphed an urgent "confidential" to the Empress, that it should be insisted on that the Emperor must surrender the command-in-chief to Bazaine. The message thus continued: "If misfortune should still pursue the army, Bazaine then would be the subject of obloquy and so take the onus of the responsibility off the Emperor's shoulders." Bazaine did not know of the plot but he distrusted his own capacity for the high duty of the command-in-chief. There were two officers in the army who were his seniors. So, when he got the "letter of service" to take the command, he betook himself to the Imperial headquarters and urged that both MacMahon and Canrobert were older and better officers than himself. MacMahon had other work reserved for him; Canrobert was equal to his Crimean antecedent of shirking responsibility. "You are the right man," said the Emperor to Bazaine, "and it is an order I give you to take the duties." The Emperor must have felt a thrill of compassion for the man on whose shoulders was laid the cross which he had let fall. In the letters which the Emperor wrote to Bazaine, both after the capitulation of Metz and while Bazaine lay under the sentence of death pro-



Marshal Bazaine.



The Germans assaulting the heights of Spichern, August 6th, 1870.

(*From the painting by A. von Werner. By permission o the Berlin Photographic Company.*)

nounced by the Trianon court-martial two years later, there are expressions which have a note of real tenderness. "I find," wrote Napoleon from his Wilhelmshöhe captivity, "one real consolation in the depths of misfortune into which I am plunged, in knowing that you have always been staunch to me." He could say no less to the man before whom loomed the the fate of being stripped of everything dearest to the soldier—of reputation, of decorations cut from out the hostile ranks, —because he had held himself bound to the allegiance to which his soldier-oath had pledged him.

A commander-in-chief in name, a buffer and a scapegoat in reality, Bazaine had toiled hard amidst many discouragements to get the army out of Metz and forward on the march of retreat towards Verdun. At that army's rear the masterful Prussians had struck hard on the 14th and so brought about the battle of Borny, as the French call it, or Colombey, as the Germans name it, on the eastern face of Metz. No great organiser, Bazaine was in his element the moment that the war-music began to make the air throb. He turned fiercely and skilfully at bay, and although the fight won the Prussians the delay for which they had made it, Bazaine charged them a considerable effusion of blood for the advantage which he had no alternative but to concede. Bazaine was a man to whom fortune was never stingy in the matter of wounds. In the Borny

fight a shell-fragment struck him on the left shoulder; but it had been almost spent and gave him only a severe contusion. The fight over and the troops now again beginning to move through Metz westward towards Verdun, Bazaine bethought himself of his Master's anxiety to know the situation. That Master was the white elephant of Bazaine and the army; but in the countries where white elephants are, they live objects of sanctity. The Imperial headquarters were for the night in the Château of Longueville, a residence on the left bank of the Moselle valley, nestled comfortably under the guns of Fort St. Quentin. Thither in the dead of night, struggling his way through the retreating army jammed in the narrow streets of Metz, Bazaine betook himself, carrying his bruised shoulder from the battlefield. Of what followed it seems best to let Bazaine tell in his blunt but surely not ineffective way:—'I found his Majesty unwell and in bed,"—the malady that killed Napoleon a few years later had long previously been debilitating him,—"and I was immediately admitted into his bedroom. The Emperor greeted me with his wonted kind affability. I told him what had passed, about the battle, &c., and I gave vent also to my anxieties in regard to the next few days. I mentioned that I was suffering physically, and, adding my fear that I could not endure the pain the contusion caused me when on horseback, I begged that he would relieve me from the command. His Majesty, touching my shoulder where the torn epaulette showed the spot on which I had been struck, answered me with that kind humour which charmed all who came within its influence. 'This is nothing serious, dear Marshal, it is a matter of but a few days; and the blow you have received is but the token that it is you who are destined to break the spell of our ill-fortune.' Those were the Emperor's very words. He gave no hint that he had any other thought than to remain with the army.

"'I wait,' continued Napoleon, still seemingly nourishing his illusions, 'I wait for answers from the Emperor of Austria and the King of Italy, who at the beginning of the war evinced a disposition to befriend us; for Heaven's sake risk nothing by rashness, and above everything avoid any fresh reverse. I am leaning on you,'" were Napoleon's final words. As Bazaine passed through the outer room the officers of the Imperial *entourage* called out to him, "You are going to fetch us out of this hole we have got into, are you not, Marshal?" "I am going to do my best, gentlemen," answered Bazaine; "*tout mon possible;* none of us can do more, and there are none of us who would do less!" And so the sorely-troubled man went out into the darkness and consoled his bruised shoulder with a few short hours' sleep.

This was on the night between the 14th and 15th August. What happened next morning was told me in Zululand by the Prince Imperial. He was asleep in the bedroom next to his father's. A crash awoke the lad and he was still bewildered when the Emperor rushed into the room: "Get up and dress—quick, Louis, quick! the German shells are falling through the roof!" It was so; a Prussian battery had galloped up on the other bank of the Moselle to within range and the gunners had opened fire on the Château of Longueville. As the Prince looked out of the window while he hastily dressed, he saw a shell fall on the table in the garden at which some officers of the Guard were breakfasting; and when the smoke of the explosion blew aside three of the officers were dead men. The carriages and baggage might follow—Gravelotte was the rendezvous given; but meanwhile the business in hand was to get from under that shell-fire. There was a hurried cup of coffee for Louis and his father; then they and the suite went quickly to horse and the



The Battle of Woerth.

(From the painting by G. Bleibtreu. By permission of the Berlin Photographic Company.)

abominable German shells were soon left behind. Near the village of Lessy, the high-road to Gravelotte, cumbered with the impedimenta of a disorderly retreat, presented an absolute block. An interminable delay threatened to befall the Imperial party. But Prince Louis, during the early days at Metz while as yet the Germans were afar off, had done much riding about the adjacent country. Quietly bidding some soldiers to make a gap in the fence, he called out, "Follow me, father!" and led the way across country on a vineyard track the trend of which he knew. So the lad his quarters. It was his habit in trouble. I saw him doing just the same thing in the potato patch of the weaver's garden on the Donchery road on the way from Sedan, during the interval when Bismarck left him. As Napoleon stalked up and down, pondering uneasily, he was unconsciously making history, and just as unconsciously he was moving in the heart of a scene waiting to be made historical ere many hours had passed. For over against him was the old church of Gravelotte, on the edge of the graveyard of which the dead of the impending battle were to be used



The Surrender of Metz. (The French troops leaving the city as prisoners of war.)

(*From the painting by C. Freyberg. By permission of the Berlin Photographic Company.*)

conducted his seniors down into the valley by Chatel, then up on to the ridge which three days later was to be littered with corpses, past the auberge of St. Hubert, not yet battered into dust and blood, down into the Mance ravine, not then a ghastly shamble, and so up the slope between the poplar trees to the village of Gravelotte, standing in the angle where bifurcate the upper and the lower roads from Metz to Verdun.

Thither, at least as yet, came no German shells, and the hunted Napoleons could draw breath. The Emperor, after resting an hour, took to tramping to and fro in front of the post-house which he had made for breastworks. To the Emperor, about one of the afternoon, came the harassed Bazaine. Like Martha, the Marshal was "careful and troubled about many things." He tells: "I complimented his Majesty on his *fête* day" (a cheerful *fête* day truly!) "by presenting him with a little nosegay I had gathered in the garden of my last night's quarters." The Emperor gave thanks for the courtesy; and then, his trouble recurring on him, he asked in a troubled voice, "Must I quit the army?" Bazaine, in surprise, bewilderment, and embarrassment, begged of him at least to await events yet a little longer. So Napoleon turned to his people and said,


BRIEY
METZ
BOULAY
Thiaucourt
Gorze
Lantefontaine
Rumbas
Hagondange
Talange
Ay
Flévy
Ennery
Mancy
Pibiange
St Bernard
Gommelange
Valmunster
Villers Bettnach
Berlange
Eblange
Hurlonchamp
Gairlange
Mégange
Guenkirchen
Hinckange
Bronvaux
Fèves
Semécourt
Amelange Fe
Antilly
Vigy
Vry
Gondreville
Charleville
Bellefontaine
Hayes
Lue
Volmerange
Hellstroff
Condé Northen
Loutremange
Varize
Vaudoncourt
Bouvay
Mortange
Courcelles
Chevillon
Ravilly
Fouligny
Maizeroy
Grécourt
Servigny les Ravilly
Aoury
Henilly
Pange
Laquenexy
Jury
Domangeville
Berlize
Villers Stoncourt
Stoncourt
Razoncourt
Sorbey
Mecleuves
Chesny
Frontigny
Chanville
Lemud
Ancerville sur Nied
Vittoncourt
Arriance
Aube
Pontoy
Orny
Pournoy la grasse
Pournoy la chetive
Cherisey
Verny
Liehon
Dain en Saulnois
Haute Beux
Basse Beux
Remilly
Adaincourt
Aubecourt
Herny
Han sur Nied
Silly en Saulnois
Bechy
Luppy
Buch
Ancy
Vigny
Pagny
Flocourt
Envie
Vatimont
Rolaincourt
Tragny
Baudrecourt
Chénois
Lesse
Thimonville
Morville
Lucy
Achatel
Monchen
Sécourt
St Jure
Allémononi
Longeville
Louvigny
Solgne
Courcelles
Marsilly
Colligny
Mazery
Puche
Ogy
Borny
Colombey
Flanville
Retonfey
Glattigny
Silly sur Nied
Tuilerie
Les Etangs
Noisseville
Vantoux
Montoy
Belle Croix
Plantières
Vallières
Queuleu
Peltre
Mercy les Metz
Magny
Marly sur Seille
Poully
Fleury
Cuvry
Coin les Cuvry
Coin sur Seille
Vezon
Marieulles
Sillegny
Commerieux
Goin
Mardigny
Lorry
Arry
Mosselle
Conny
Fey
Sabre Ft
Tuilerie
Novéant
Arnaville
Vandelainville
Villecey
Pagny
Prény
Waville
Gaville
Bayonville
Dommartin la Chaussée
Dampvitoux
Xammes
Jaulny
Beney
Vittonville
Champey
Bouxières sous Froidmont
Vieville
Vaudières
St Marie
Boulonville
Xonville
Chambley
Lachaussée
Hageville
Charey
Rembercourt
Spotzville
Puxe
Buxières les Baraques
Arry
Jouy
Augny
Pierrevillers
Malancourt
Montois
Marange
Halloncourt
Mouzières les Metz
Brieux Chau
Amelange Fe
Augny
Rugy
Chailly les Ennery
Champion Fme
Malroy
Charly
Quilulles
Vany
Faulx
Vremy
Sancy les Vigy
Avancy
Marivaux Chau
Lafontaine
St Barbe
Chelloy
Poix
Villers Ornes
Woippy
Maison Rouge
St Eloy
Saulny
Plesnots
St Remy
Gde Maxe
Pte Maxe
Thury
Vigneulles
Lorry
Plappeville
Les Isles
St Martin
Bun
Moscou
Maison de Planche
Metz
Longeville
Moulins
Montigny
Ste Barbe
Woippy
Maizeroy
Ste Croix
Bois de Vaux
Bois de Woippy
Bois de Vaux
Bois de Jaumont
Bois de Grimont

"We will remain, gentlemen, but do not have the baggage unpacked." "During this colloquy," says Bazaine, "the soldiers, melancholy and beaten out, continued to defile along the road in front of the post-house. Not a single cheer; not one '*Vive l'Empereur!*' came from the broken and straggling ranks at the sight of that sovereign and his son so enthusiastically acclaimed but a few days before. The moral influence of the retreat had already so lowered the tone of the army!" Is it not a sombre etching, bitten in deeply by a few strong strokes?

Those two men, Emperor and Marshal, parted on the following morning, and for ever. Bazaine thus abruptly pulls down the curtain: "On the morning of the 16th the Emperor sent a galloper to find me. I lost not a moment, but rode alone at full speed to the Imperial quarters. I found his Majesty already in the carriage along with the Prince Imperial and Prince Napoleon. General de France's cavalry brigade was already on horseback to escort the Emperor. I had got no intimation in advance of those arrangements. I rode up to the carriage without dismounting. The Emperor seemed to be suffering, and he said to me but a few words: 'I have decided to leave for Verdun and Châlons. Get you on for Verdun as best you can. The gendarmes have left Briey because the Prussian scouts are in it.'"

Bazaine recorded no farewell, so abrupt was the parting. Napoleon whirled away out of bad into worse, until what relief the very worst can bring came to him after Sedan. The same afternoon Bazaine was in the heart of the fierce *melée* of Vionville, stemming with his own sword flashing through the dust of the hand-to-hand struggle a whirlwind charge of the Brunswick Hussars.

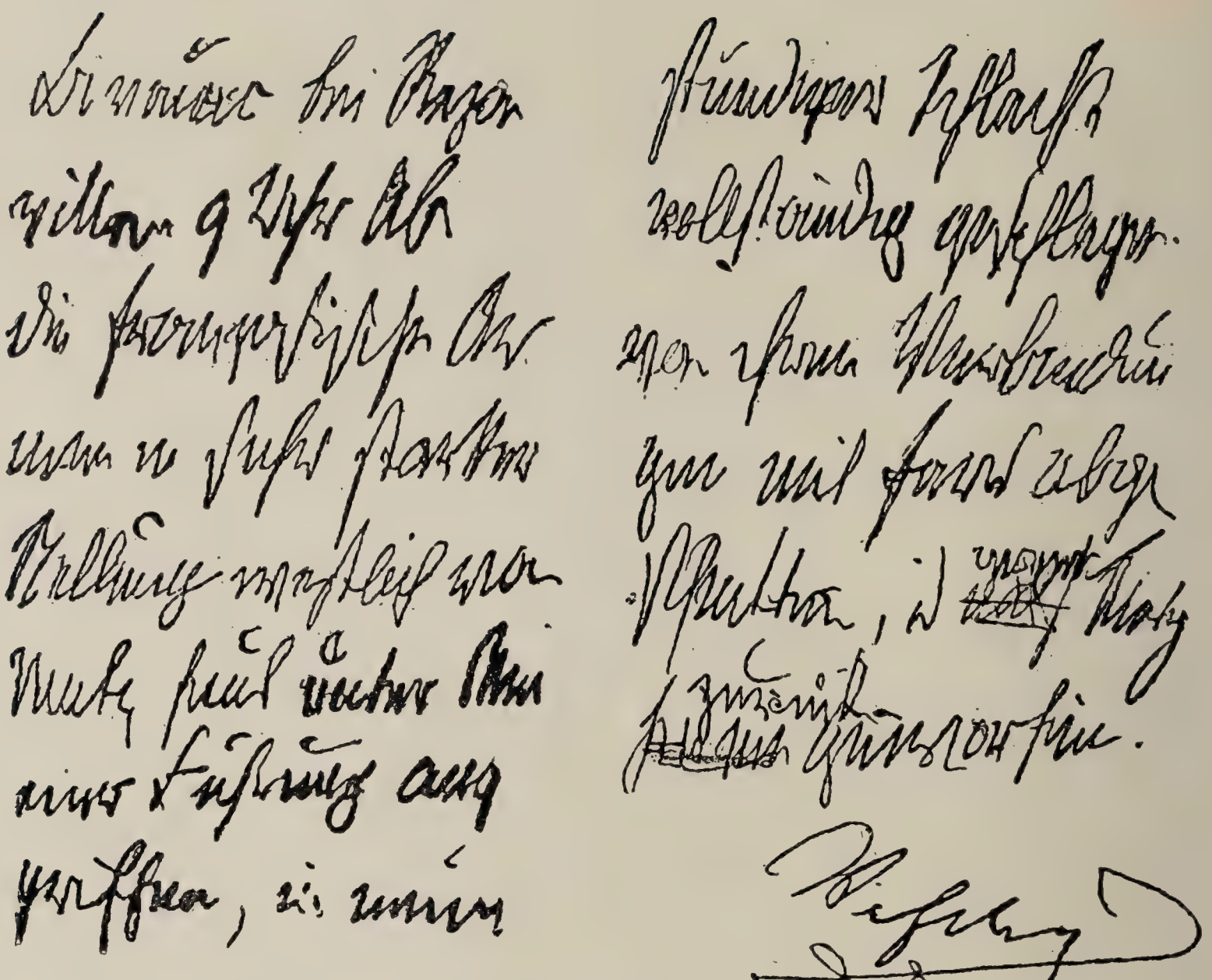
Towards evening of the 16th the Emperor reached the camp of Châlons, having ridden from Verdun in a crowded third-class carriage. His arrival in the camp was unheralded by drum or trumpet, and he installed himself in his quarters with the knowledge only of his staff. Marshal MacMahon had just reached the camp with the 1st Corps, scarcely reorganised after the rout from Wörth. The 12th Corps, then in process of formation in the camp, was originally intended to be given to General Trochu, but its command ultimately was bestowed on General Lebrun. Neither the 5th nor the 7th Corps had as yet reached the camp. Disorder reigned supreme in the camp, which seemed to be given over to pillage. Instead of smart and peremptory generals there were commanders in dirty uniforms who seemed afraid of showing themselves to their men. Instead of the fine regiments of other days there was a mass of beings without discipline, cohesion, or mark of rank—the swarm of dirty, unarmed soldiers known as *isolés*. Outside the tents and huts, squatting or lying around the bivouac fires, without arms and their uniforms in shreds, were the *isolés* of MacMahon, the fugitives from Reichshoffen, the remnants of regiments overwhelmed and dispersed by defeat; soldiers of the line without rifles or ammunition-pouches, Zouaves in drawers, Turcos without turbans, dragoons without helmets, cuirassiers without cuirasses, hussars without sabretasches.

The confusion was heightened by incursion after incursion of drunk and reckless mobiles from Paris. Each contingent was more insolent and unmanageable than the one which had preceded it. Masses of undisciplined blackguards surrounded the quarters of the Emperor, heaping on him foul and brutal insults which, nevertheless, the officers did not care to resent. A council of war was held on the morning of the 17th, which was attended by Marshal MacMahon, Prince Napoleon and several other generals including Trochu. It was resolved that the Emperor, having resigned the command-in-



The 39th Prussian Fusiliers at Gravelotte, August 18th, 1870.

(From the painting by E. Hüntgen. By permission of the Berlin Photographic Company.)



Facsimile of a despatch written by the King William of Prussia on the battlefield.

(*Translation.*) "Bivouac near Rézonville, about nine o'clock. The French army in very strong position to the west of Metz have been attacked under my leadership, and thoroughly beaten in a battle of nine hours' duration, and driven back from their connections with Paris into Metz.—WILHELM."

chief of the army, should return to Paris and there resume with vigour the reins of government. General Trochu was appointed by the Emperor to the position of Governor of Paris and also to the chief command of all the troops available for the defence of the capital, inclusive of the insubordinate levies of mobiles who had been sent to Châlons but who were forthwith to be sent back to Paris; he was to precede the Emperor and prepare everything at Paris for his Majesty's reception there. It was further decided on that MacMahon's army, as soon as concentrated on the Châlons camp, should march on Paris and accept a battle there if necessary for the defence of the capital. In Paris, however, the decisions of the Emperor were put aside without scruple. The Empress-Regent and the Ministers professed that the Emperor's return to the Tuileries, having regard to the excitement existing in the city, would involve serious danger to the Emperor's life and for the dynasty; and they conveyed to him the most serious warnings against the project he had favoured. The retreat of MacMahon's army to Paris was also strongly opposed on the ground that such a step would gravely wound the national vanity.

The Emperor consequently abandoned the project of returning to Paris and resuming the direction of affairs, determining to remain with MacMahon's army in the capacity of a private individual of

distinction. In effect, indeed, he abdicated at this time, in the height of a crisis when France was more than ever in need of the determined and energetic leadership of one man. To fill up the measures of France's disasters not only did Palikao's Ministry arrogate to itself the right of interfering with military operations, but even the Privy Council and the Presidents of both Chambers did the same under the ægis of the Empress-Regent, instead of leaving the direction of military operations to professional soldiers.

It is impossible to describe, in the space at command, the details of the battles of Vionville-Mars la Tour and St. Privat-Gravelotte, the former fought on the 16th, the latter on the 18th August. The hero of the first-named battle was the Prussian General Alvensleben II., commanding the Third Prussian Army Corps. With this single corps, a force of about 30,000 men inclusive of two cavalry divisions, Alvensleben for five long hours withstood the repeated attacks of the whole French Army of the Rhine. Bredow's cavalry charge from Vionville up to the edge of the Roman road was an exploit that will live for ever in the history of war. Later in the day Prince Frederick Charles assumed the command; the Germans were reinforced and fierce fighting continued until darkness set in. That the Germans, notwithstanding their inferiority in numbers, achieved a great strategical victory cannot be questioned. The slaughter was immense. The losses were about equal; each side suffered to the amount of 17,000 men.



The Crown Prince Albert of Saxony at the Battle of Gravelotte, Aug. 18, 1870.

(*From the painting by G. Bleibtreu. By permission of the Berlin Photographic Company.*)

The battle of St. Privat-Gravelotte was a yet more stupendous struggle than the contest of Vionville-Mars la Tour. The French army, with a strength of about 140,000 men, occupied the long com-

manding ridge in front of Metz, from the village of St. Privat on the right to St. Ruffin on the left, a length of about seven miles. On the part of the French the whole disposition for the battle was purely defensive, and could not well have been otherwise. On the German right was the 1st Army commanded by General Steinmetz, consisting of the 7th and 8th Army Corps. The 2nd Army, commanded by Prince Frederick Charles, held the centre and left, confronting the French centre and right. The 12th (Saxon) Army Corps was detailed to make a wide turning movement and strike in flank the French extreme right at St. Privat, at the same time that the Guard Corps should attack the hostile position in front. The operation was ultimately successful but with appalling bloodshed. As nightfall approached the whole French front was driven back with the exception of the extreme left, which maintained its position until early on the following morning. During the night between the 18th and 19th the whole French army was withdrawn to the vicinity of Metz, where it was concentrated under the protection of Forts St. Quentin and Plappeville. The German losses on the 18th reached a total of over 20,000; the French losses were about 12,000.

The Army of the Rhine was invested about Metz from the 19th and all direct communication between that fortress and the outside world was cut off; but Bazaine's latest despatches represented his military position in the most favourable light. He expressed the hope, after having devoted a few days to the re-equipment of his army, of being able to reach Châlons by St. Menchould. Should this route be found blocked he announced his intention of marching by Sedan and Mézières. By the Regency in Paris it was insisted on that MacMahon should make an offensive advance in the direction of Verdun, with the object of co-operating with Bazaine and effecting a junction with him. The Army of Châlons numbered about 140,000 men, but its condition was far from satisfactory. MacMahon could not dare to adventure a pitched battle in the Châlons position with troops most of which had suffered in their *morale*. On the other hand, he hesitated to carry out his plan of retreating on Paris. As a compromise he determined to march to Rheims, there to await events. On the morning of the 21st the march on Rheims began. After much hesitation MacMahon determined on sacrificing his military convictions in favour of a movement having for its object the relief of the Army of the Rhine. There came to him on the 22nd a telegram from the Minister of War to the Emperor, which must have greatly influenced MacMahon's decision. Palikao wrote: "If you do not march to Bazaine's assistance, the worst is to be feared here in Paris. It would be at once concluded, in case of such a misfortune, that the capital could not defend itself." MacMahon telegraphed that he would commence his march on the 23rd. In moving to Rheims he had lost two precious days; but at length, on the 23rd, the Army of Châlons marched from Rheims to the Suippes. The shortcoming of supplies for his army compelled the Marshal to move farther to the northward in order to avail himself of the resources of the railway, with the result of the loss of another day. The position on the 25th was from Rethel on the left to Vouziers on the right. Defection and insubordination were seriously manifested, especially after the distribution of rations had become so irregular and scanty that the soldiers resorted to requisitions on their own account. Bands of stragglers followed the army and wandered over the country, a terror to the peaceable inhabitants and a dangerous symptom of growing indiscipline. Great mobs of soldiers pillaged a railway train in the Rheims station, and did



The Battle of Rézonville.

(From the painting by Aimé Morot in the Louvre.)

not spare even the Emperor's private property.

After the battle of the 18th, the 3rd and 4th German armies advanced on the 21st towards the Meuse, marching on a broad front. The Prussian King's headquarters were on the 25th at Bar le Duc, whither came a telegram from London conveying the intelligence that MacMahon was assuredly moving to the relief of Bazaine by a wide turning movement to the north, beyond the right flank of the German army. The tidings were confirmed; the next day that army, with extraordinary alacrity and deftness, changed front to the right and moved northward with strenuous swiftness to thwart MacMahon's enterprise.

On the 27th the Marshal's headquarters were at La Chesne. The German cavalry were pressing on his flank all along the space between the Aisne and the Meuse—too well he knew that the German infantry were swiftly following the German horse. He had the clear consciousness that he was marching towards "that disaster which he wished to avoid." He therefore took the wise resolution to abandon an impossible undertaking and to retreat on Mézières; and he promptly telegraphed to Paris his determination, giving his sound and cogent reasons. The Ministry were obstinate in their ignorant and headstrong folly. To the Emperor came the blunt message: "If you leave Bazaine in the lurch there will be a revolution in Paris, and you and the army will be attacked by the united force of the enemy." The message to the Marshal came in the shape of a peremptory order from Palikao: "I require you to march to the relief of Marshal Bazaine by utilising the thirty hours' start you have over the Crown Prince of Prussia; the dynasty is lost, and all of us with it, unless you obey the demands of the inhabitants of Paris." The Emperor besought the Marshal not to march on sure ruin, pointing out that since the despatches of a Minister were not orders he was free to act on his own judgment. But MacMahon was what is known as a "duty soldier," and he held himself bound to obey the requisition laid upon him. The rearward march, already in progress, was countermanded; the troops had to retrace their steps along roads sodden with deluges of rain; and, weary, foodless, and disheartened, did not reach their destination until late on the 28th—some, indeed, not until the following morning.

All MacMahon's energies were now concentrated on reaching the right bank of the Meuse by the bridges of the Mouzon, Villers, and Remilly, and this he actually accomplished by the evening of the 30th. His personal exertions fought hard with the inertia into which his army had fallen. He failed, however, to conquer Failly's lassitude; that remained for the Germans. At noon of the 30th his corps were taking things easy in a valley near Beaumont, when a Prussian division "announced its proximity by its cannon-fire." The French sprang to arms and fought with great impetuosity. In all the campaign there were few struggles more fierce than this "Battle of Beaumont." Overpowered by numbers De Failly's corps, contesting every step, was at length compelled, shattered and dispersed, to fly in rout across the Mouzon bridge, its flight covered by the heroic devotion of a regiment of Béville's cuirassiers. The French loss in the battle of Beaumont was 1,800 killed and wounded, besides 3,000 prisoners; the Germans had won their victory at the cost of 3,500 killed and wounded.

On the late afternoon of the 30th the Emperor and the Marshal were on the heights of Mouzon with the 12th Corps. News came that the 5th Corps was retiring on Mouzon. The Marshal then said to the Emperor that all the army would soon have crossed to the right bank of the Meuse. He himself would not leave Mouzon until the operation was com-

pleted, but he suggested to the Emperor, since all was going well, that he should repair to Carignon, where the 1st Corps must have already arrived and where the headquarters would be established. So little idea had the Emperor of the dangerous plight of the army or of the magnitude of the defeat of Beaumont, that he sent to the Empress the following telegram, the last he despatched: "An engagement took place to-day, but not of any great moment." Scarcely an hour later General Ducrot brought him very alarming tidings. The 5th Corps had been driven back in disorder and the enemy in great force were close at hand. At Ducrot's pressing solicitation the Emperor consented to go to Sedan by railway, and he and his staff arrived at the station of that town at about midnight. The Sedan station was half a mile from the town and the Emperor had to tramp through the mud to the Torcy Gate, where he was delayed some time by civilian sentries before he was allowed to enter the town. Finally, long after midnight, he found his way to the sub-prefecture, weary, ill, and depressed.

MacMahon had been present throughout the fighting of the 30th, always in the front as his manner was. The defeat of the day and the attitude of the enemy made it necessary to abandon finally a movement in the direction of Metz. He might accept a battle in the strong position of Mouzon; yes, but he recognised that if he fought and was beaten the only resource was a retreat across the Belgian frontier and resultant disarmament. He remained long in doubt. "I do not know what I shall do," he said after sundown to Ducrot's aide-de-camp; "in any case the Emperor should be sent at once to Sedan." Sitting later by a bivouac fire, he called to him General Lebrun commanding the 12th Corps, and bade him retreat with his command on Sedan. "We have had a bad time," said the Marshal, "but the situation is not hopeless. The German army before us cannot exceed 70,000 or 80,000 men. If they attack us so much the better; no doubt we shall be able to throw them into the Meuse." Then the anxious sleepless man rode away, issuing to his forces as he passed the order to concentrate on Sedan. To Palikao he sent the laconic telegram, "Marshal MacMahon informs the Minister that he is compelled to retreat on Sedan." No further word—the Marshal's temper had reached the end of its tether.

By the morning of the 31st three of MacMahon's corps had reached the vicinity of Sedan after a straggling and chaotic night march; the 1st Corps did not arrive until the afternoon, having been charged with the duty of covering the retreat. MacMahon, had he but known it, had brought his army into a veritable trap, the only hope of extrication from which was by a march towards Mézières in the early morning of the 31st along the narrow wooded space between the Belgian frontier and the head of the great bend of the Meuse below Sedan. But throughout the 31st the unfortunate commander still pondered and hesitated. About mid-day he expressed his resolve to march on Mézières, and stated his belief that he could crush any opposition in that direction; yet at four p.m. he informed Ducrot that he had "no intention" of going to Mézières at all. To Felix Douay commanding the 7th Corps, who expressed anxiety about the key-point of the defensive position, he expressed himself: "But I do not wish to shut myself up in lines, I desire to be free to manœuvre." "M. le Maréchal," was Douay's grim answer, "to-morrow the enemy will not leave you time to manœuvre." MacMahon spent hours watching gloomily from the citadel the ominous concentric advance of the enemy. Everything seemed to go against him. In the Sedan railway station there was a provision train containing 800,000 rations; some hostile shells fell

close by and the station-master despatched the train to Mézières. It carried a company of engineers to blow up the bridge at Vilette; the engineers were duly dropped but the train carried away with it the explosives and implements.

The situation was curiously bewildering. MacMahon's army took up positions as for a defensive battle, the 1st and 12th Corps on the heights behind the Givonne valley and facing eastward, the 7th Corps fronting to the north-west from Illy to Floing, the cavalry and the shattered 5th Corps in reserve in the "old camp." But no orders for the morrow were issued; the night passed without any expression of a decision on the part of the Commander-in-Chief. "The truth is," said MacMahon before the Parliamentary Commission of 1872, "that I did not think of fighting a battle on the ground we occupied . . . and I did not yet know on which side I ought to effect my retreat." While he yet vacillated the enemy forced his hand.

When the Emperor reached Sedan at midnight of the 30th, it was suggested to him that he should forthwith continue his journey by rail to Mézières, where he would find the 13th Corps, with which he might return to Paris. But Napoleon refused this proposal, since his departure on the eve of a great battle might tend to dispirit the troops. He declared himself resolved to share the dangers and destiny of the army, whatever they might be. On the 31st he issued the following proclamation to the army, which, however, was but partially circulated:

"Soldiers! As the commencement of the war was not fortunate, I wished to hand over the chief commands of the armies to such of the Marshals as public opinion might designate. Hitherto success has not crowned your efforts; nevertheless I understand that Marshal Bazaine's army has re-established itself under the walls of Metz, and that that of Marshal MacMahon has suffered but comparatively yesterday. There is, therefore, no ground for despondency. We have prevented the enemy from advancing on the capital, and the whole of France is rising in arms to hurl back the invader. Under these difficult circumstances, seeing that the Empress takes my place so worthily at Paris, I have preferred the position of a soldier to that of a sovereign. No sacrifice shall be too great for me in order to save our country. It still contains, thank God, brave men, and if cowards should be found, military law and public opinion will render justice on them.

"Soldiers! prove yourselves worthy of your ancient renown. God will not desert France if each of us only does his duty!"

Those were the last words addressed by the Emperor Napoleon to the French army; their uncertain, contradictory, and dispirited tone was not calculated to raise the self-confidence of the army, or to inflame the fighting spirit of the soldiers.

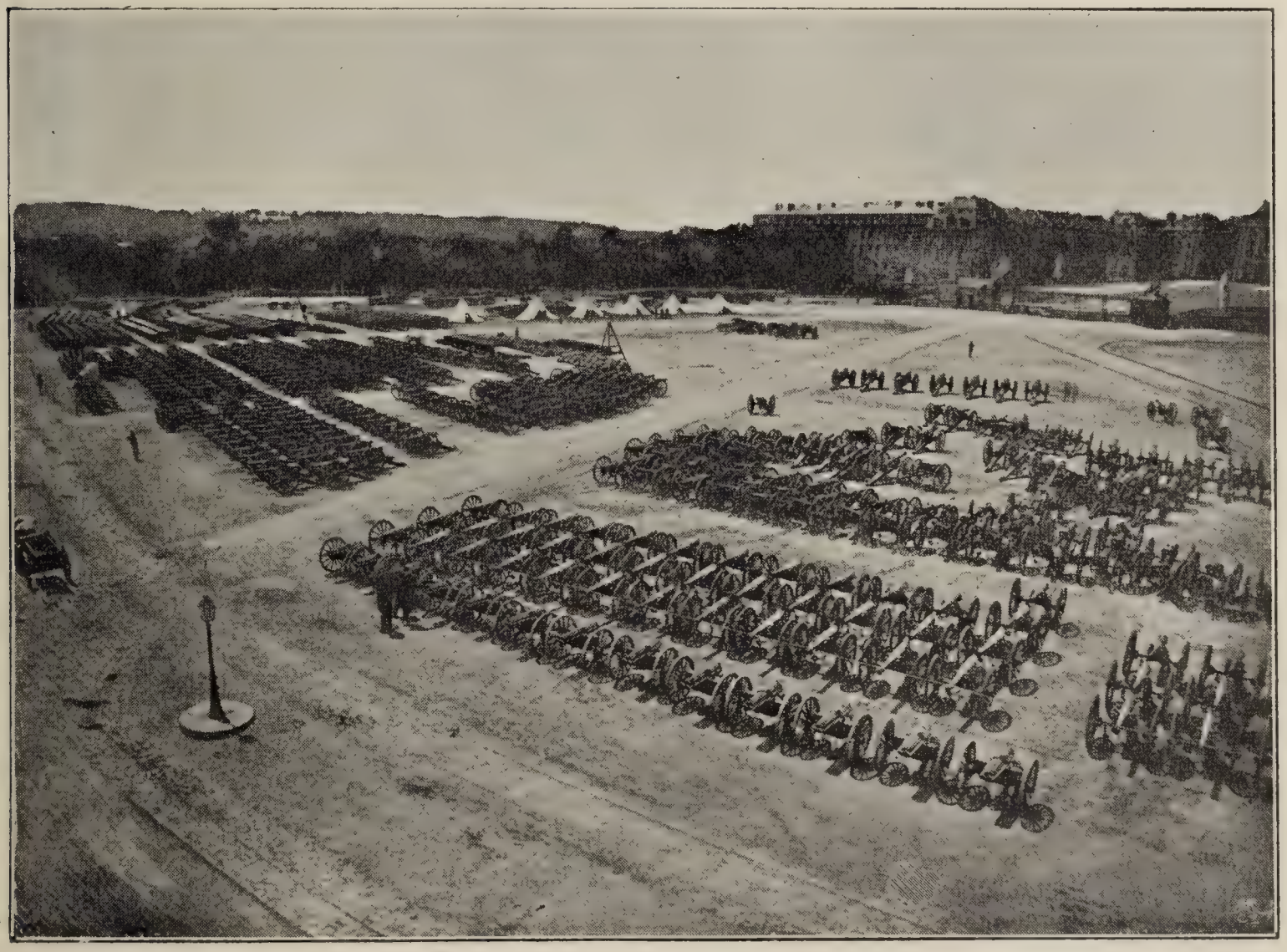
General Wimpffen, who was the senior General of the French army on active service, had been summoned from Algeria to Paris by the Minister of War in order to supersede De Failly in the command of the 5th Corps, and he reached the capital on August 28th. When on the following morning he was departing for the army, he received a letter from the Minister instructing him to assume the chief command of the army of Châlons in case anything should happen to Marshal MacMahon. Arriving at Sedan on the morning of the 31st he was received by the Marshal very coldly, and by the Emperor with tears in his eyes and in great grief at the precarious position of the army; but neither of the two told him how things actually stood, nor informed him regarding the plans for the future. The orders for his assumption of command not having been issued he intimated to General de Failly that he had come to succeed him in the command of

the 5th Corps, to which he presented himself as its new Commander and bivouacked for the night on the ground in its midst. Wimpffen's later course of action will presently be detailed. In his subsequent report to the War Minister he wrote very tersely: "I came, I saw, and I was beaten."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WAR PICTURES.

[*In connection with Mr. Archibald Forbes' History we have procured an interesting series of photographs taken in France during the war. The first instalment is published herewith, the second will consist of views in the City of Paris itself during the siege, and will appear in a subsequent issue.* —EDITOR *Idler.*]



The Place des Armes, Versailles.

(*From a photo taken in* 1870.)



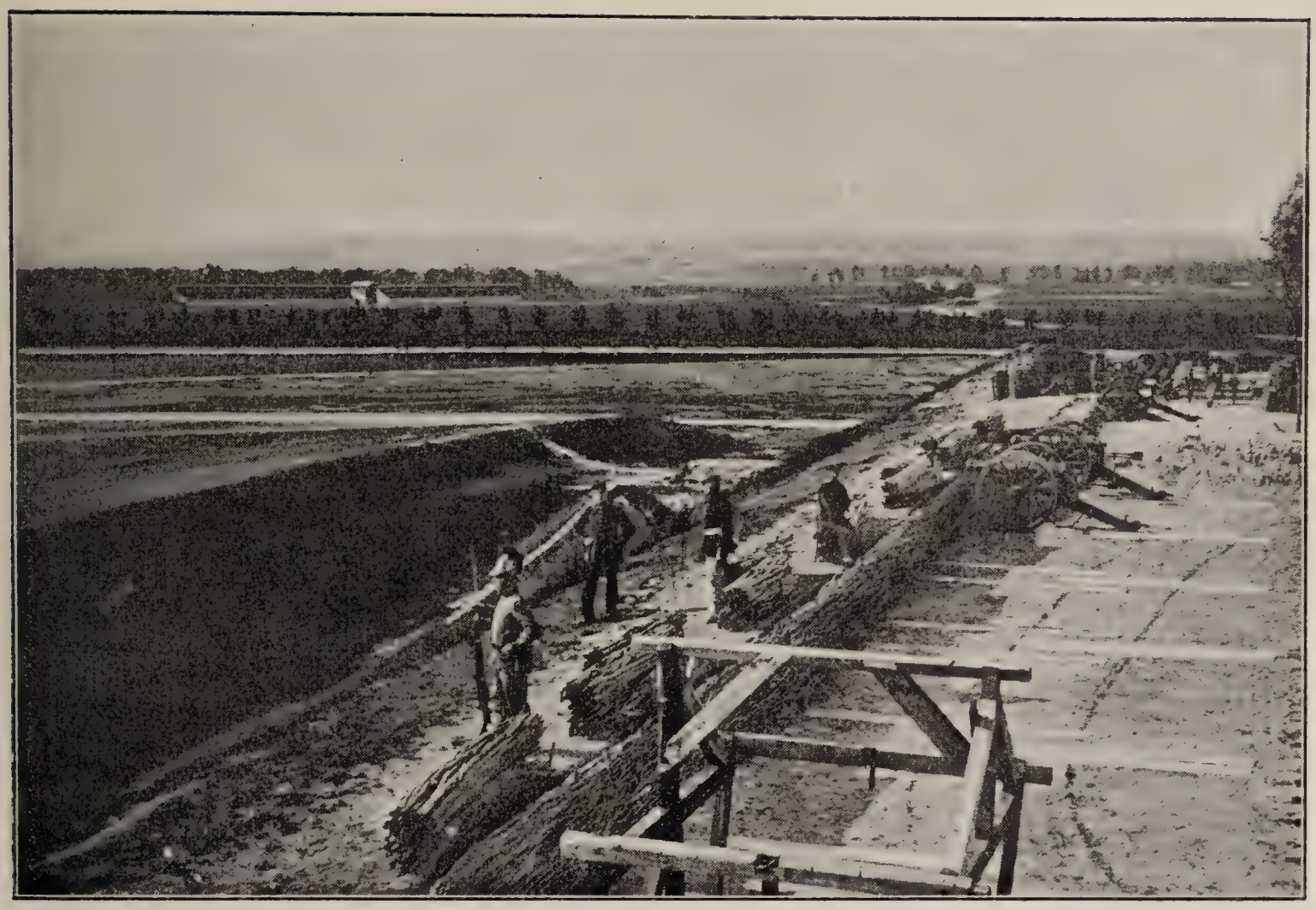
Rosny. A Prussian Guardhouse.

(*From a photo taken in* 1870)



View of the Bridge of Joinville with Prussian soldier on guard.

(*From a photo taken in* 1870.)



Plateau de Gravelle.

(*From a photo taken in* 1870.)



General view of Champigny taken from the ruins of the Château de Maire.

(*From a photo taken in* 1870.)



The High Street of Le Bourget after the War.

(*From a photo taken in* 1870.)

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SAMUELSON'S FRONT TOOTH.*

BY EDEN PHILLPOTTS.

ILLUSTRATED BY JOSEPH SKELTON.

I BELIEVE Samuelson was the only Jew that ever came to Dunston's, and I expect, taking it all round, he might have had a better time at a school for Jews in general; though in one way he wouldn't have done as well, and wouldn't have had the adventure with old Grimbal, which turned out so splendidly for him when old Grimbal died.

Though easily the richest chap at Merivale, and getting no less than ten shillings a week pocket-money, Samuelson was so awfully fond of coin that he hardly spent a penny, and the only thing he did with his money was to lend it to fellows. He didn't lend it for nothing, having a curious system by which you paid in marbles, or bats, or knives, for the money, and, in spite of that, still had to pay back the money itself after a certain time. You signed a paper, and Samuelson said that if chaps hadn't paid back the tin on the dates named it would be very serious for them. But it got serious for him after a bit, because Steggles, who knew quite as much about money as Samuelson (though he never had any), borrowed a whole pound once, and promised to pay five shillings for it for one term; and Samuelson was new to Steggles then, and agreed. But when the time of payment came, Steggles said that Samuelson had better regard it as a bad debt, because he wasn't going to pay back even the original pound. Then Samuelson thought a bit, and asked him why, and Steggles told him. He said: "Because you know jolly well the Doctor doesn't allow chaps to lend money."

And Samuelson said:

"This is the first time I've heard that."

"Anyway it's usury, which is a crime," said Steggles, "and I'm not going to pay anything; and, being less than twenty-one, you can't make me; so it amounts to a bad debt, as I told you just now. You've done jolly well, one way and another, and you've got two bats, and Lord knows how many indiarubber-balls, and cricket-balls, and silver pencils, and knives, out of it, including Ashby Minor's watch-chain, which is silver; and if you take my tip, you'll keep quiet, because once all these kids get to know anybody under twenty-one can borrow money without returning it, then it's all up with your beastly financial schemes."

Samuelson was remarkably surprised to know what a lot Steggles had found out about him, and accused him of looking into his play-chest; and Steggles said he had. Then Samuelson went; and about three chaps who had heard the talk told others, and they told still more chaps, until, finally, a good many fellows who owed Samuelson money felt there was no hurry about paying it back till it happened to be convenient. In fact, Samuelson jolly soon saw he couldn't do any more good for himself like that, and at the beginning of the next term, when chaps were pretty flush of coin, he wrote up in the gym, "There will be a sale of bats, knives, and other various useful articles, between

* *Copyright in the United States by Eden Phillpotts*, 1897.

twelve and one o'clock, by auction, on Tuesday.—SAMUELSON."

Somebody tore it down, but not before most fellows had read it; and when Samuelson and young Miller, who had a bat in the auction, and hoped to get it back if possible, were seen carrying Samuelson's play-chest to the gym after dinner on the appointed day, of course we went. It passed off very well for Samuelson, because the things were really good, and often almost new. He seemed to know all about auctions, and hit the chest with a stump, and explained the things, and what good points they had about them. He only took money down, and I will say nobody could have done it fairer. If a knife had a broken blade, for instance, or a bat was slightly sprung, which happened with one, he always pointed it out, so that nobody could say he had been choused over it. Young Miller got back his bat for four shillings and eightpence; and Ashby Minor got back his silver chain for fifteen shillings; but it wasn't much good to him, because, in order to raise the fifteen shillings, he had to raffle the chain at once, at shilling shares; and he took one, hoping to be lucky, but he wasn't. Samuelson told me afterwards that the sale came out fairly, but not quite what he had hoped. He rather sneered at the Dunston chaps in general, and said they were a poverty-stricken crew; which got me into a bate, and I told him that I'd sooner be the son of an officer in the Royal Navy, which I am, than the biggest



Seemed to know all about auctions.

Jew diamond dealer in the world, his father being in that profession. He said there was no accounting for tastes, but he should have thought that a man who could deliberately go and be a sailor must be weak in the head. Then I punched him, and he instantly went down and apologised.

Before coming to Samuelson's front tooth, just to let you know exactly the chap he was, I'll mention another thing he did. An old woman was allowed to bring up fruit and tuck generally, and sell it to us after morning school. Steggles, who knows the reason for pretty nearly everything, said this was permitted by Doctor Dunston to take the edge off our appetites; but anyway, the old woman sold strawberries and raspberries in summer-time, and these were arranged with cabbage-leaves in little wicker baskets at about fourpence each. Well, one day Samuelson, who never refused to eat fruit if offered it, but very seldom bought any, asked the old woman what she gave for the wicker baskets, and she said threepence a dozen. Then he asked her what she would give for those that had been used once, and she thought, and said they would be worth at least three halfpence a dozen to her. He didn't say any more, but after that it was a rum thing how all the used baskets, which generally were seen kicking about the playground in shoals, disappeared. Nobody noticed it at the time, but afterwards we remembered clearly that they *had* disappeared. And just at the end of the term, a chap, hurrying in late after the bell rang, came bang on Samuelson and the old woman round a corner out of sight of the gates. And the chap saw Samuelson give her a pile of baskets, and get three halfpence. Of course, it was the last three halfpence he ever got, because, when it became known, the chaps rendered their baskets useless for commerce in many ways. And Barlow called Samuelson "Shylock Minor" when he heard that he'd made two shillings and fivepence halfpenny, which name stuck to Samuelson. And Steggles got nine other chaps to subscribe a penny each, and buy a pound of flesh from a butcher's shop, because, in Shakespeare, Shylock was death on his pound of flesh. The pound was put under Samuelson's pillow by Steggles himself; and when Samuelson shoved his watch under his pillow, which he always did at night, he found it; and Steggles says he turned pale, but read what was pinned on the pound of flesh, and then smiled and wrapped the meat up in a letter from home and said: "What fools you chaps are, wasting money like that. But it looks all right, and will mean a good feed for nothing."

Next day he got up very early and took his pound of flesh down to the kitchen and got them to cook it; and he ate about half before breakfast and had the rest cold in his desk, during Monsieur Michel's lesson, which was a safe time. And Steggles said we ought to have gone one better and put poison on it.

The great affair of the tooth came on at the beginning of next term; and first I must tell you that next door to Dunston's lived an old man, so frightfully ancient that his skin was all shrivelled over his bones. He didn't like boys much, but he would look over his garden-wall sometimes into our playground and scowl if anybody caught his eye. Various things of course went over the wall often, and it was one of the excitements of Dunston's to go into old Grimbal's garden and get them back. Twice only he caught a chap, and both times, despite his awful age and yellowness of skin, he thrashed the chap very fairly hard with a walking-stick; but he never reported anybody to Dunston, and it was generally thought he regarded it as a sort of sport hunting for chaps in his garden. Of course, in fair, open hunting he hadn't a chance, and the two he did catch he got by stealth, hiding behind bushes on a rather dark evening.

Well, the facts would never have been known about this tooth but for Samuelson's mean spirit. It happened to be necessary for him to fight Bray, and though not caring much about it, he couldn't help himself. Besides, Bray, though the champion of the lower school, was tons smaller than Samuelson, and Samuelson didn't know till after the fight that Bray was a champion, the true facts about Bray's greatness being hid from him.



The tooth had a most particular fascination for Nubby.

Just before the fight Samuelson said, "Oh! my tooth, by the way. It may be hurt, and it cost my father five guineas." So, to our great interest he unscrewed one of his two top front teeth and gave it to his second. You couldn't have told it was a sham, so remarkably was it done, and it screwed on to the foundation of the original tooth much like a spike screws into the sole of a cricket-boot. Samuelson had fallen down stairs when he was ten and knocked off half the tooth, so he told us; but Murray, who is well up in science, said that all Jews' front teeth are rather rocky, because, in feudal times, they were pulled out with pincers, as a form of torture, and to make the Jews give up their secret treasures. Murray said that after many generations of pulling out, Nature got sick of it, and that in modern times the front teeth of Jews aren't worth talking about. Murray is full of rum ideas like that, and he hopes to go in for engineering, having already many secret inventions waiting to be patented.

As to Samuelson, Bray licked him rather badly in two rounds and a half. Then he was mopped up and dressed, and screwed in his front tooth again with the greatest ease.

Once it got known about this tooth and fellows were naturally excited. Steggles said it was on the principle of a tobacco-pipe mouthpiece; and, finding the chaps were keen to see it, Samuelson let it be generally known he would freely show it to anybody for threepence a time, and to friends for twopence. But this was a safe reduction to make, because, properly speaking, he hadn't any friends. Seeing there were nearly 200 boys at Dunston's,

and that certainly half, including several fellows from the sixth, took a pleasure in seeing the tooth, and didn't mind the rather high charge, Samuelson did jolly well; and, in the case of Nubby Tomkins, he made actually one shilling and threepence; because the tooth had a most peculiar fascination for Nubby, and he saw it no less than five times. After that, Samuelson made a reduction to him, as well he might. But somehow Slade, the cock of the school, was very averse to Samuelson's front tooth when he heard about it; and he decided that there must be no more exhibitions of it for money. He told Samuelson so himself.

However, a new boy came a week afterwards and heard about the strangeness of the tooth, and offered a shilling, in three instalments, to see it; which was too much temptation for Samuelson, and he showed it, contrary to what Slade had said.

Slade, of course, heard, for the new boy happened to be his own cousin, though called Saunders; and then there was a curious scene in the playground, which I fortunately saw. Slade came up to Samuelson in the very quiet way he has, and asked him in a perfectly gentlemanly voice for his front tooth. At first Samuelson seemed inclined not to give it up, but he saw what an awfully serious thing that would be, and finally unscrewed it, though not willingly.

"Now," said Slade, "I'll have no more of this penny peep-show business at Merivale. I told you once, and you have disobeyed me. So there's an end of your beastly tooth. What's this?"

He took something out of his pocket.

"It's a catapult," said Samuelson.

"It is," said Slade, "and I'm going to use your tooth instead of a bullet, and fire it into space."

"It cost five guineas," said Samuelson.

"Don't care if it cost a hundred," answered Slade, still in a very gentlemanly sort of way. "We can't have this sort of thing here, you know."

Slade was just going to fire into space, as he had said, when a robin suddenly settled within thirty yards of us, on the wall between the playground and old Grimbal's. Slade being a wonderful shot with a catapult (having once shot a woodpigeon) suddenly fired at the robin, and only missed it by about four inches. He said the shape of a front tooth was very unfavourable for shooting. But, anyway, the tooth went over into Grimbal's, and we distinctly heard it hit against the side of his house.

Then Slade went away, and we rotted Samuelson rather, because not having the tooth looked rum, and made a difference in his voice. He took it very quietly, and said he rather thought his father would be able to summon Slade; and before evening school, having marked down the spot where he fancied his tooth had hit Grimbal's house, he went to look with a box of matches. What happened afterwards he told us frankly; and it was certainly true, because, with all his faults, Samuelson never lied to anybody.

"I went quietly over, and began carefully looking along the bottom of the wall, using a match to every foot or so," he said, "and I had done about half when I heard a door open. I then hooked it, and ran almost on to old Grimbal. He had not opened the door at all, but was coming up the garden path at the critical moment. Of course he caught me. He was going to rub it into me with his stick, when I said I should think it very kind if he would hear me first, as I had a perfectly good excuse for being there.

"He said:

"'What excuse can you have for trespassing in my garden, you little oily wretch?'

"Oily wretch was what he called me, and I said that my tooth had been fired into his garden that very day, about half-past one, by a chap with a catapult; and I lighted a match, and showed him it was missing.



He was going to rub it into me with his stick.

"He said:

"'How the deuce are you going to find a tooth in a garden this size?' And I told him I had marked it down very carefully, and that it had cost five guineas, and that I rather believed my father would be able to summon the chap who had shot it away. He seemed a good deal interested, and said he thought very likely he might, if it was robbery with violence. Then he asked me if I was the boy he had seen beating down the price of a dormouse at Wilkinson's in Merivale, and I said I was. Then he said, 'Come in and have a bit of cake, boy'; and I went in and had a bit of cake, and saw on a shelf in his room about fifty or sixty cricket-balls, and various things which he has collared when they went over. He asked me a lot of questions about different things, and I answered them. All he said was about money. He also asked me to be good enough to value the things he had, which came over the wall from time to time; and I did, and he thanked me. They were worth fifteen shillings and tenpence; and Wright's ball, which everybody thought was stolen by the milkman, wasn't, for old Grimbal's got it; and the milkman should be told and apologised to.

"Well, he knew a lot about money, and told me he had thousands of golden sovereigns, which he makes breed into thousands more.

"He said:

"'You're the only boy I ever met with a grain of sense in his head. Now, if I gave you a cheque on my bankers in Merivale for five pounds to-day, and wrote to you to-morrow morning to say I had changed my mind, what would you do?'

"I said, 'It would be too late, sir, because your cheque would have been sent off to my father that very night, to put out at interest for me.' He said, 'That's right. Never give back money, or anything.' Then he asked me my name, and told me I might come back to-morrow, and look for my tooth by daylight."

That was Samuelson's most peculiar adventure, and, though he never found the tooth, or saw old Grimbal again, yet, about seven or eight months afterwards, when old Grimbal was discovered all twisted up and dead in bed by the man who took him his breakfast, the result of Samuelson's visit to him came out. Old Grimbal had specially put him into his will by some legal method, and Doctor Dunston had Samuelson into his study three days after old Grimbal kicked. It then was proved that old Grimbal had left Samuelson all the things that came over the wall, and also a legacy of fifty pounds in money, because, according to the bit of the will which the Doctor read to Samuelson out of a lawyer's letter, he was the only boy old Grimbal had ever met with who showed any intelligence above that of the anthropoid ape.

Samuelson returned all the balls and things to their owners free of charge, but not until the rightful owners proved they were so. And the money he sent to his father; and his father, he told me afterwards, was so jolly pleased about the whole affair that he added nine hundred and fifty pounds to old Grimbal's fifty. Therefore, by shooting Samuelson's front tooth at a robin, Slade was actually putting the enormous sum of one thousand pounds into Samuelson's pocket, which I should think was about the rummest thing that ever happened in the world.

Samuelson stopped at Dunston's one term after I did. He was fairly good at French, and very at German; but of other things he knew rather little, except arithmetic, and his was the most beautiful arithmetic which had ever been done at Merivale; for I heard Stokes, the mathematical master, tell the Doctor so.



ON DOUGLAS PIER.
By C. Douglas Mackenzie.

She (encouragingly).—"Supposing I were to fall in, what would you do?"

He.—"I suppose I'd have to bear the expense of the funeral."

SINEW AND SENTIMENT:

THE PICTURED HISTORY OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

BY FRED MILLER.

ILLUSTRATED FROM PRINTS IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM COLLECTION.

PART I.

THE last century, especially the latter half of it, was fortunate in having its history pictorially recorded in a way that was at once delightful to look at, and at the same time thoroughly characteristic of the age. There is no need to turn the pages of a learned and lengthy compilation to obtain an insight into the character of our forbears a century ago when we can have the period brought vividly before us in the numerous prints which have come down to us, and which I, for one, have studied with absorbing pleasure in the Print-Room of the British Museum. Fortunate, indeed, were the painters of the time in having a race of engravers to translate their works, the cunningest craftsmen and most sympathetic of interpreters we have ever seen or are likely to see.

Children are best taught through the medium of pictures, for the eye is the sense-organ most readily and powerfully appealed to, and we, children of a larger growth, can be appealed to in just the same way; and I would suggest to the readers of THE IDLER who are historically bent, that before they plunge into such a work, say, as Mr. Lecky's, they should



The death of General Wolfe. After Sir Benjamin West, P.R.A.

(*Engraved by Wollett—his masterpiece.*)



Lindor and Clara. I.

(*Engraved by F. Stannier, after Wheatley.*)

spend a little time looking through some of the pictorial records of that day. There is more real value, *as historical documents*, in Hogarth's prints than in the well-balanced judgments and critical estimates of the most painstaking historian writing of a period quite remote from his own, for in the prints we only have the distortion common to all observers, whereas in histories we get the perversion of bias in addition to distortion.

Hawthorn tells us, in a well-known passage, than when he came across portions of an old almanac in the chest in "The Old Manse," which was filled with learned theological compilations, they were to him like pieces of a magic mirror, in which a bygone age was reflected. These pieces of an old almanac which he found in the chest were the only literature that *lived;* the earnest painstaking effort of the learned was utterly dead to him. How much more are old prints themselves like magic mirrors! They do, indeed, enable us to see the past, as it seems to me nothing else does; and so I have selected a few old prints for reproduction in these pages to enable the idle reader to judge of the historical value of this material, of which the finest collection in the world is in the Print-Room.

When I speak of pictorial history, I don't mean pictures made for a particular book—a history; pictures "illustrating" the text, or adorning the page. "Cuts," as they used to be called, may lighten the appearance of a book, and may have an intrinsic artistic value, but they are *not* historical documents. *I* am writing around pictures—a very different matter to having pictures drawn to illustrate what I write. The pictures I am thinking of are the contemporary limnings which have survived. The Bayeaux Tapestry, simple

as it is in expression, is, from an historical point of view, worth all the canvases produced by painstaking research — "stretching a hand through time," galvanising the past into a semblance of life in attempting to show us *what happened*. Those who needled the tapestry *knew* what took place. Your R.A., painting what he *thinks* happened, may produce an interesting picture, of æsthetic but of no historical worth, because we might, in our mind's eye, evolve from our inner consciousness a picture that would more vividly call back the past than does the R.A.'s masterpiece. Painting history, it is hardly necessary to remind my readers, is not choosing some moment in history, and attempting to picture it, but it is recording what *is* taking place — the aspect of the moment; and an artist like Mr. Phil May is drawing history, the history of the "gutter-snipe," in a way so vivid and veracious as to make such drawings invaluable to the sociological student a century hence. He who attempts to breathe life into the past, and show it to us as the moving pageant pulsating with the countless emotions which stirred the people into action, is at best a clever conjurer, who only for a while deceives the eye.

The English of the last century did a good deal of fighting by sea and land; more than their share, seeing that they left us to pay the bill. Consequently we find that records of our wars by land and sea hold a very important place in our pictured history. Their popularity must have been equal to the most notable successes in the present day, seeing that Boydell received from the sale of Wollett's engraving of "The Death of Wolfe," up to 1790, fifteen thousand pounds! These tributes to the *sinew* of the race we expect to



Lindor and Clara. II.

find when we were fighting half the world for supremacy, and coming off singularly victorious in so unequal a combat. But running parallel with this homage of the tiger within us, we find a class of pictures in which the sentimentality of our forbears finds expression. These pictures of *sentiment* are of more interest than those of sinew, because the latter are in no way peculiar to the time or the race, while the lull in the storm of battle, even to a nation given up to fighting; moments when this warrior caste would delight to look on scenes not aglow with the blaze of cannon or the burning fort or homestead, but of such scenes as Goldsmith describes in *The Deserted Village*, where the waving of the wheat takes the place of the waving of the war-pennon. Apparently when the lamb took the place for the time being of



The Siege of Gibraltar.

(*Engraved by Sharp, after T. S. Copley, R.A.*)

former are. It is a kind of sentiment which touches us only because it is removed from us by a century, and not because we feel it in any way. I can point to no other period in which so great a difference is seen between the art of what I have termed sinew and that of sentiment, though later we shall see obvious links between the two. The interest is not found in the mere contrast between the art devoted to peace and the art devoted to war. *That* we expect to find, for there must always be periods of the tiger, the art which ministered to these peaceful moments went to the other extreme, and for tragedy gave us bathos, for fortitude and pluck gave us a sentimentality which we can understand appealing to a girl or an effeminate man, but not to the fighting caste. To find a house-breaker amusing himself in his leisure moments stringing beads seems no more incongruous than this change from war to peace, as recorded in these prints of a century ago.

We know that many people steadily

advancing towards drunkenness become "maudlin moral," and even religious. I can remember a cook we had when I was a boy, who used to get drunk on Sunday evenings and sit on the fender singing hymns. Such contradictions are always to be found; and so we must suppose that those who did the fighting in the last century, when they hung a picture on their walls, preferred a "Pious Pastor" or a "Match Girl" to the "Siege of Seringapatam" or the "Sortie from Gibraltar," while the women-folk, and those left behind to follow the peaceful vocations, got their taste of fighting from the pictures recording our prowess.

It has been pointed out that your man of action, the man whose nerve and courage never desert him, and who can face danger without shrinking, is, when this tension is off him, easily moved to tears by a simple tale of suffering, or the sorrows of the virtuous victim in melodrama. Not given up to analysing his feelings or the weighing of artistic values he is in no way critical as to the kind or quantity of the sentiment offered him; as like as not is he to be moved by bathos as pathos. We have occasional opportunities of seeing the kind of religious exercises your converted prize-fighter indulges in. The expression of his religious emotion is calculated to make the judicious grieve, but after all he is the best judge of what suits him; why should we wish to fit him with religious garments? But we must look a little more closely at the warlike pictures of the eighteenth century before we examine further the sentimental utterances of the day.

The art of the last century has a distinction which we look in vain for in that of the present, even when we allow "for the glory of its being far." It was not popular in our sense—pitched to the voice of the man in the street, nor was it prodigal, seeing that the audience (as judged by numbers) was a distinctly limited one. Art was not thrown broadcast on the world, but addressed itself to a small, cultivated public of well-to-do leisured folk. It took no cognisance, therefore, of the feelings of the people, for the people did not exist to the ruling classes, save as hewers of wood and drawers of water, or privates in the ranks. A Latin or Greek quotation prefaced each essay



"Jack's ashore." After Singleton.



The death of Captain Faulkner. After Stothard.

issued in the last century, for the writers knew that their readers were very much like themselves. If I could express in a sentence what seems to me to be the essential difference in the conditions under which artists worked then and now, I should say that the cultivated exclusiveness of the eighteenth century has given place to captivating the man in the street in the nineteenth; that in place of distinction we go in for popularity. Distinction we know always implies disabilities or inequalities, for in a society where all are equally eminent no one would be distinguished. The more democratic we become—and the tendency is assuredly in the direction of government for the people by the people, rather than in the old days for the few by the still fewer privileged ones—the less distinguished for the while can our art be, seeing that artists have to seek their patronage from the masses, while those of the eighteenth century obtained it from the classes. And this transitional period through which we are passing accounts to a great extent for that lack of distinction, the uniformity of mediocrity which seems to me so characteristic of the day. We see it strikingly shown in America, where the democratic spirit has charged through the veins of the people and largely directed their impulses. Matthew Arnold pointed out this lack of distinction, and gained their hatred for so doing.

Let us see what was the consequence of the art of the last century addressing itself to a cultivated clever class, who had leisure to enjoy because they were not involved in "the fierce race for wealth." Their very ease and assuredness of position narrowed their sympathies and gave them a false conception of men and things, notwithstanding Pope's admonition to study man. They appear to have been easily deceived by ornament, and there was a great deal that was unreal—consciously sham—about their thoughts and feelings which found expression in their art. We never find them carried off their feet by the torrent and tempest of passion. They were always decorous and restrained —"perfect gentlemen." Their womenfolk too were, to use Pope's words, "mistress of themselves when China falls."

They carefully avoided hurting themselves, and therefore the ugly finds no expression in their art. Everything was well ordered in what was to them the best of all possible worlds. Religion sat comfortably upon their shoulders until such upsetters as Wesley and Whitfield appeared, doing their best to spoil life by making it uncomfortable.

Putting aside, for the time being, the works of sentiment we find that their war-pictures are charged with sentiment almost as unreal. It is war from a sentimental point of view—war decked out in full regimentals to display herself to advantage—from the commander-in-chief's point of view, and not as the private sees it. *That* has been left for a De Neuville, a Detaille, a Kipling to show us. Why should artists have shown war from any other point of view than that of their customers, seeing that only the privileged few were going to buy the prints which were engraved from the pictures?

In such pictures as the "Siege of" and "Sortie from Gibraltar," we are shown the pomp and panoply of war, a magnificent *coup d'œil*, that were they placed on the stage would to-day make tableaux which would draw all London. The ugly, cruel, craven side of it was left out, for who thinks of the price paid for victory when we can shout as victors? But whatever may be our mental attitude towards these eighteenth century war-pictures we must acknowledge that the painters then knew how to arrange a striking tableau. They had the grand manner of presenting their subject which appears to be lost. They were not bothered about that debatable word *realism*. Special correspondents and artists on the spot did not exist, neither did photography; so their imagination was very little fettered, and they could place their subject on the canvas in the way which seemed to them most effective. They were always story-tellers making use of symbols whenever possible, fearlessly grappling with the subject in a workmanlike manner, troubling them-



The Sortie from Gibraltar. After Trumbull.

(*Engraved by W. Sharp—his masterpiece.*)

selves little, as I have said, as to whether their work was real, actual, or whatever the word is which expresses that photographic fidelity which appears to be the standard whereby all art work in the future will be measured.

Painters in the future will, I suppose, trust to "snap-shots" for everything, and then we shall obtain accuracy, for a camera is assumed to be much more truthful than an artist; but do not then expect grandeur, insight, the wide and sympathetic vision of the poet, that majesty of movement which comes from a trained eye and hand taught what to look for and what to throw away, that *coup d'œil* which the painters of the eighteenth century sought to give us. Imagination will have no room then for the sole of her foot. Like conscience she will be driven out of the habitations of men.*

And yet it is the touch of imagination which makes the scene live on the canvas. It is not so much what goes into the brain as what comes out that we are concerned with in art. Could a snap-shot (had it been possible to have obtained one) of that supreme moment in the battle of Trafalgar when Nelson was mortally wounded, however much it might be enlarged, stir the blood and make us feel awestruck and overwhelmed as Turner's picture in the National Gallery does *some* of us? The painter shows us what each of us sees in the mind's eye, and the eye of the mind sees farther and wider than the eyes of the head: the camera may be the latter, it can never be the former; it is sight but not insight.

Photography is fast driving imagination out of art. Indeed, artists who have to earn their living by their work had better turn photographers and so hasten the event to which the world is tending. Those who come after will have many alternatives to face, and the loss of imagination is one of them. It seems likely to come with the loss of the grand and picturesque in nature, for what little escapes the hands of the railway contractor or speculative builder will be the jealously-guarded property of a millionaire, or be shown at so much a head to groups of hard-eyed sightseers by the paid agent of a company owing it.

The collection of prints in the British Museum of the eighteenth century will as time goes on grow increasingly interesting. What a relief it will be to turn aside from photography and enjoy the work of men who did without photography, but preferred to trust to insight and imagination and their own unaided observation.

* NOTE.—Since this was written some of the pictorial newspapers have given us snap-shots on the field of battle in Thessaly, and readers of *The Idler* can judge of the effectiveness or the commonplaceness of such records.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]



SHREWSBURY.*

BY STANLEY J. WEYMAN.

ILLUSTRATED BY CLAUDE A. SHEPPERSON.

CHAPTER XXV.



O say that I went from the presence without knowing how I did it, and that when I reached the courtyard I had no more idea by what staircase I had descended than if I had been blind, is but the truth; nor is it to be wondered at, when the amazing thing which had happened to me is in the least degree weighed or considered. In truth I walked on air and saw nothing, I was so deeply overjoyed; and though it is certain that as I went out I met one and another, passed the sentries, and ran the gauntlet of curious eyes—for who that quits a court escapes that ordeal?—I was no more conscious of the observations made upon me, or of the surprise I excited, than if I had really walked in the clouds. Issuing from the gates I took, by instinct rather than design, the road to London, and, hugging to my breast the letter which the King—the King!—had entrusted to me, made the best of my way towards Tyburn.

I had been wiser had I gone by the other road through the village and taken the first coach I found; there are commonly one or two at Kensington waiting to carry passengers to London. But in the fluster of my spirits I did not measure the distance, or the time I should consume in walking. My main anxiety at the moment was to be alone; alone, and at leisure to probe my fortune and success, to appreciate both the relief and the good luck I had compassed. I could have sung as I walked; I could have skipped and danced; and a gleam of sunshine breaking the March sky and gilding the leafless arms of the trees and the flat green pastures that border the road north of Hyde Park, I was moved to raise my hat and reverently thank Providence for this wonderful instance of its goodness; which I had not had the heart to do for some time.

When I descended to earth again—a step which was hastened by a flash of recollection that showed me Ferguson's niece waiting at Clerkenwell Gate, a little figure, forlorn and desolate, yet with eyes of wrath and a face puckered with determination—when I came I say a little to myself and to think of Hogsden Gardens, and remembered that it lay on the farther side of town by Bunhill Fields, I was already at Tyburn turning; and it seemed to be no longer worth while to ride. The day was on the wane, and the road thence to St. Giles's Pound was lively with persons come out to take the air. Through these I threaded my way at a good pace, and coming to Holborn turned up Cow Lane, and so got speedily to Smithfield, and across the market to Long Lane. I knew my way so far without having need to ask.

Here, however, I took sudden fright. My mind, which had been busy with the girl and the steps I should take to find her—if indeed I wished to find her, about which I was puzzled, my circumstances being now so different—was invaded by the notion that I had been long on the

* *Copyright*, 1897, *by Stanley J. Weyman in the United States of America.*

road. To this was added next moment the reflection that messengers sent to arrest the Duke might forestall me by taking a coach. The mere thought threw me into a hot fit, and this increased on me when I considered that I did not know the remainder of the road, and might waste time in tracing it. My first impulse in this strait was to seek a guide; and I looked before and behind me. But Long Lane by Smithfield is only one degree better than Whetstone Park, and I shrank from applying to the sots and drabs who stood at the doors or lounged out of the patched windows and lazily watched me go by.



"Hark you, my friend," said the King, "can you keep your mouth shut?" (Ch. xxiv.)

In this difficulty, and growing more diffident and alarmed the more slowly I walked, I looked about eagerly for some person of passable aspect of whom I could enquire. I saw none; and my uncertain glances and loitering steps were beginning to draw on me advances and an attention that were anything but welcome, when I reached a corner where an alley, now removed—I think it was then called Dog Alley—runs out of Long Lane. Here, as I paused, I saw a man, decently habited, come out of a house a little way down the alley. He closed the door behind him, and, as I looked, turned, and went off in the opposite direction.

This was my opportunity. Without losing a moment I ran after him, and he, hearing my steps, turned; and we came sharply face to face. Then—and then only, when it was too late to retreat—I saw with unutterable dismay that the man I had stopped was no stranger, but the person who had dressed me up the night before and taken me to the mysterious house in the suburbs—the man called Smith whom I had first seen under the Piazza in Covent Garden, and again in Ferguson's room!

To come face to face with anyone of the gang was enough to make my knees tremble under me; for had I not just informed against them? But of this man, though his civil treatment had been a pleasant contrast to Ferguson's brutality,

I had conceived an instinctive dread; based as much on his reserve and on a secret power with which I credited him as on his contemptuous treatment of my tyrant. In a word, had I come on Ferguson himself I could scarcely have been more overcome.

On first hearing my footsteps the man had turned on me very sharply, with the air of one who had no mind to be followed and no taste for followers. But, seeing who it was, his face grew light and he whistled his surprise. "I was on my way to you," he said, "and here you are. This is good luck. I suppose Ferguson sent you?"

"No," I stammered, avoiding his eyes, and wondering, with inward quakings, what was going to happen to me. "I—I lost my road."

"Oh!" said he, and looked keenly at me. "Lost your road, did you? Well, it was very much to the purpose, as it happens. May I ask where you were going?"

I shifted my feet uneasily. "To Bunhill Fields," I said, naming the first place in that neighbourhood of which I could think.

"Ah!" he answered; and though it seemed scarcely possible that he could fail to observe the heat and disorder into which his presence threw me, he made no sign. "Well, you are not far out," he went on heartily, "and I will come with you. When you have done your errand we will talk over my business. This is your way. I know this end of the town well. And so," he added with a sharp look at me, "it was not Ferguson who sent you after me?"

"No," I said.

"Nor his errand that brought you to this part?"

"No," I said again, my lips dry. "And I need not give you the trouble of coming with me. I shall be taking you——"

"Out of my way? Not at all," he answered briskly. "And it is no trouble. Come along, my friend."

I dared say no more, nor show further reluctance; and, with feet like lead and eyes roving furtively for a way of escape, I turned and went with him. Nay, it was not my feet only that were weighted; the letter, and my consciousness of it, lay so heavy on my mind it was like lead in the pocket.

I was indeed in a strait now! And in one so difficult I could discern no way out of it. I could in part, and in part only, command my countenance, but I failed absolutely to command my thoughts; which did nothing but revolve tumultuously round the words, "What am I to do? What am I to do?" words that seemed written in red letters on my brain. Only one thing was clear in the confusion, and that was the urgent necessity of hiding my errand; the disclosure of which must carry with it the discovery of the place whence I came and the company I had been keeping. With time to think and coolness to distinguish I should have seen the possibility of avowing my errand to the Duke, while laying it on Ferguson's shoulders; but pushed for time and unable at a pinch to weigh all the issues, I could form no determination, much less one leading to so daring a step.

In the meantime we moved on; and at first my companion seemed to be unconscious of my sluggish pace and my perturbation. But presently I felt rather than saw that from minute to minute he glanced at me askance; and that after each of these inspections he laughed silently. The knowledge of this, and that I lay under his observation, immeasurably increased my embarrassment. I could no longer put a fair face on the matter; but every time he looked at me I looked away guiltily, unable to support his eyes. This presently grew to be so insupportable that to escape from my embarrassment I coughed and affected to choke.

"You have a cold, I am afraid," he said, scarcely concealing the sneer in his

tone. "And yet—you look warm. You must have walked fast, my friend?"

I muttered that I had.

"To overtake me, perhaps! It was good of you," he said in the same tone of badinage. "But here we are. What part of the Fields do you want? Whitecross Street?"

"No," I muttered.

"Then it must be Baxter's Rents."

"No, I think not."

"Bunhill Row, then?"

"No, I think not."

"No? Well, there is not much else," he said; and he shrugged his shoulders, "except the Fields and the burial-ground. Your business does not lie with the latter, I suppose?"

"No," I said faintly. And we stood.

At another time I must have shuddered at the dreary expanse that on this uttermost fringe of the town stretched before us under a waning light; an expanse of waste and weeds broken only by the dead wall of the burial-ground or the chimney of a brick-kiln, and bordered, where its limits were visible, by half-built houses, and squatters' huts, and vast piles of refuse. Ugly as the prospect was, however, and far from re-assuring to the timorous, I asked nothing better than to look at it, and look at it, and continue to look at it. But Mr. Smith, who did not understand this mood, turned with an impatient laugh.

"I suppose that you did not come here to look at that," said he.

Like a fool I jumped at the absurd, the flimsy pretext.

"Yes," I said. "I—I came to take the air."

The moment the words were spoken I trembled at my audacity But he took it better than I expected, for he only paused to stare at me, and then chuckled grimly. "Well," he said, "then, now that you have taken the air we will go back. Have you anything to object to that, Mr. Taylor?"

I could find nothing.

"I will come with you," he continued. "I want to see Ferguson, and we can settle my business there."

But this only presented to me a dreadful vision of Ferguson, released from his bonds, and mad with rage; and I stopped short.

"I am not going to him," I said.

"No," said he. "Then where, may I ask, are you going?" And he watched me with a placid amusement, which made it as clear as the daylight that he saw through my evasions. "Where is it my lord's pleasure to go?"

"To Brome's—in Fleet Street," I muttered hoarsely. And if he had had his back to me at that instant, and I a knife in my hand, I could have run him through! For as I said it, and he assented, and we stepped out together to return the way we had come through Long Lane—over which the sky hung low in a dull yellow haze, the last of the western light—I had a swift and stinging recollection of the King, and my lord, and the letter, and the passage of time; and could have turned on him and poured out curses on him in the impotence of my rage and impatience. For the hour of grace which the King had granted was gone, and a second was passing; and still the letter that should warn the Duke of Berwick lay in my pocket, and I saw no chance of delivering it.

That Smith discerned the chagrin which this enforced companionship caused me—though not the ground of it—was as plain as that the fact gave him pleasure. I had no longer such a command of my features that I could trust myself to look at him; but I was conscious, using some other sense, that he frequently looked at me; and that always after these inspections he smiled like a man who finds something to his taste. And I hated him.

How long with these feelings I could have borne to go with him, or what I should have done in the last resort, re-

mains unproved ; for at the same corner half-way down Long Lane, where I had first espied him, he paused. "I want to go in here," he said. "I need only detain you a moment, Mr. Taylor."

"I will wait for you," I muttered, tingling with sudden hope. While he was inside I could run for it !

"Very well," he said. "This way."

I fancied that he suspected nothing, I fancied even that I had been wrong throughout; and overjoyed I went with him to the door of the house from which I had seen him emerge; my intention being to flee hot-foot the instant his back was turned. The house was three-storied, high, narrow and commonplace, one of a row not long built. Apparently he was at home there, for taking a key from his pocket, he opened the door; and stood aside for me to enter.

"I will wait," I said.

"Very well. You can wait inside," he answered.

If I had been wise I should have turned there and then, in the open street, and taking to my heels have run for my life and stayed for nothing. But, partly fool and partly fearful, clinging to a hope which was scarcely a belief—that when he went upstairs or into another room, I might unlatch the door and begone—I let myself be persuaded; and I entered. The moment I had done so, he whipped out the key and, thrusting the door to with his shoulder, locked it on the inside.

Then he threw off all disguise. With a laugh of triumph he turned to where I stood, trembling in the half-dark passage. "Now," he said, "we will have that letter if you please, Mr. Taylor. I have a fancy to see what is in it."



"Now we will have that letter, if you please."

"That letter ?" I faltered.

"Yes, that letter !"

"I have no letter," I said.

"Pooh ! letter or no letter, out with it ! Do you think I could see you touching your breast every half-minute to make sure that you had it, and

not know what was in the wind? You are a poor plotter, Mr. Taylor, and I doubt if you will ever be of any use to me. But come, out with it—unless you want me to be rough with you. Out with whatever you have, and no tricks!"

He had a way with him when he spoke in that tone, not loudly but between his teeth, his eyes at the same time growing towards one another, that was worse than Ferguson's pistol; and I was alone with him in an empty house. Some, who would have done what I did, will blame me; but in the main the world is sensible, and I shall forfeit no prudent man's esteem when I confess that, after one attempt at evasion—which he met by wrenching my coat open, and thrusting me against the wall so violently that my head spun—I gave up the letter.

"I warn you! I warn you!" I cried, in a paroxysm of rage and grief. "It is for the Duke of Berwick, and if you open it——"

"For the Duke of Berwick?" he cried, pausing and gazing at me with his finger on the seal. "Why, you fool, why did you not tell me that before? From whom? From that scum, Ferguson?"

"From the Duke of Shrewsbury," I answered, rendered reckless by rage.

"What?" he cried, in a voice of supreme surprise.

"From the Duke of Shrewsbury," I repeated; thinking that he had not understood me.

"My God!" he said, with a deep breath. "And have I caught my lord at last!"

"You are more likely to be caught yourself!" I answered, furiously.

He took no heed of that, but merely signing to me to follow him, he sprang up the stairs; and opening a door led the way into a back-room bare and miserable, but lighted by the last yellow glow of sunset. It was possible to read here, and without a moment's hesitation he broke the seal of the letter, and tearing the packet open, read the contents.

I could see that the perusal gave him satisfaction; his face, which in the level light cast by the window seemed to gleam with joy, no less than his movements, bearing witness to this. Flourishing the letter in great excitement he twice strode the floor, muttering unformed sentences. Then he looked at the paper again and his jaw fell. "But it is not his hand!" he cried, staring at it in dismay. And then recovering himself, "No matter," he said. "No matter! It is his name, and his signature, and the veriest fool would have used another hand. Is it yours? Did you write it, blockhead?"

"No," I said.

"No! Then how—thousand devils, how did you come by it? By this—eh?" he rapped out. "This letter? What d——d hocus pocus is here? What have you to do with the Duke of Shrewsbury that he makes you his messenger?"

He stretched out his hand as if he would shake the truth out of me; and I knew that I had never been in greater danger in my life. Yet something of wit came to me in this extremity. Comprehending that if I said I came from Kensington I might expect the worst, I lied to him; yet cunningly used the truth where it suited me. "The Duke came to Ferguson's," I stammered.

"To Ferguson's?" he answered, staring at me.

"Yes, and bade him get that letter to the Duke; for his lodging was known and warrants would be out."

Smith clapped his hands softly. "What!" he cried. "Is he in it as deep as that? Oh, the cunning! Oh, the cunning of him! And I to be going to all this trouble and subtlety, and close on despair at that! And so—Ferguson gave you the letter?"

"They both did."

"The old fox, too! And I was be-

ginning to think him a bygone! Why he beats us all! he beats us all! Or he would have beaten us if he had not trusted this silly. But I am forgetting. The Duke must be warned—if he has not started. When was this given to you, Mr. Trusty Taylor?"

"Two hours ago," I said, sullenly.

"Two hours!" he said; and I was pleased to see that that alarmed him. "You fool!" he continued, "why did you not tell me at once what you had got, and whither you were going? If the Duke is taken it will lie at your door. And if he is saved—ha! ha!—it will be to my credit."

"I will come with you," I said, plucking up a spirit as I saw him about to leave.

"No, you will not," he answered, coolly repulsing me. "I am much obliged to you, but I prefer to gain the credit and tell the tale my own way. You will stay here, Mr. Taylor; and when the Duke is away I'll come and release you. In the meantime I would advise you to keep quiet. Hoity-toity, what is this?" he continued, as in my despair I tried to push by him. "Go back, you fool, or it will be the worse for you. You are *not* going out."



I saw a man had come to a stand before the door.

With that, resisting all my appeals, he thrust me forcibly from the door; and, whipping outside it, locked it on me. In vain I hammered on it with my fist and called after him, and even threatened him. With a mocking laugh he clattered down the stair, and I heard the house-door slammed and locked. I listened a moment after that, but all remained quiet; and then, wild with rage, I turned to the window, thinking that I might escape that way. Alas, it looked only into a walled yard, and was strongly barred.

Then, God knows I thought myself the most unlucky of men: a man ruined on the point of a great success. I flung myself on the floor in my despair; I could have dashed my head against the boards. But presently, in the midst of my bewailing myself, and when the first convulsive fit of rage was abating, a new thought brought me to my feet, my teeth chattering. What if Smith, before he returned, fell in with Ferguson? The meeting was the more probable, since if Ferguson succeeded in freeing himself, he was as likely to hasten to the Duke of Berwick to warn him as to do anything else. At any rate I was not inclined to sit weighing the chances; on the contrary, hastening frantically to the door, I tried it with knee and shoulder. To my joy it yielded somewhat; on which, throwing caution aside, I flung myself against it with all my weight. The lock gave way, and, the door flying open, I came near to falling down the stairs.

Still, I had succeeded. But I soon found that I was no nearer freedom than before. The passage was dark, and the house-door, when I had groped my way

to it, resisted all my efforts. This drove me to seek another egress, if such a thing existed. In the dark the search was not easy, but at length, and by dint of groping about, I hit on a door which led into a downstairs room ; it was unlocked and I entered, feeling before me with my hands. I trod cautiously across the room to where the window should be, and sought for and presently found the shutters. I tried the bar, and to my joy felt it swing. I let it down and dragged the shutters open, and with a sigh of relief saw through the leaded panes the dark dull lane outside, with a faint light from a neighbouring window gleaming on the wall opposite.

I was seeking for a part of the window that would open, and wondering whether, if I did not find one, I should have the courage to burst the casement and run for it, when a step approaching along the lane set my heart beating. The step came nearer and paused ; and peering out, my face close to the glass, I saw a man had come to a stand before the door. After that, to say that my knees quivered under me but faintly expresses the terror I felt ! For as the man moved he brought himself within the circle of light I have mentioned, and at the same time he raised his face, and through the glass my eyes met those of Ferguson !

CHAPTER XXVI.

If, a few minutes before, I had thought myself the most unlucky of men and placed beyond fear or misfortune by that which had happened, I knew better when I saw that sight from the window. I fell back into the darkness, as if even from the road and through the panes Ferguson's eyes must discover me. Ignorant whether the room in which I stood contained anything to shelter me, or barewalled must discover me to the first person who entered with a light, my natural impulse, when the moment of panic passed, was to escape from it.

But to do this in haste was not easy. By the time that, trembling in every limb, I had groped my way into the passage the key was turning in the lock of the outer door, and I saw myself within an arm's length of capture. This so terrified me that I sprang desperately for the staircase, but stumbling over the lowest step, fell on my knees with a crash that seemed to shake the walls. For a moment the pain was so sharp that I could only lie where I fell ; nor when, spurred by the imminence of the danger, I had got to my feet, could I do more than crawl up the stairs and crouch down on the landing, a little to one side, and out of eyeshot from below.

Willingly now would I have forgiven Fortune all her past buffets in return for present safety, for if Ferguson came up, as I thought him sure to come up, I was lost. I could neither retreat without noise, nor, if I could, knew where to hide. In this extremity, my heart beating so thickly that I thought I must choke, I was relieved to hear Ferguson — after spending what seemed to me to be an age striking flint and steel in the passage— go grumbling into the lower room ; where a glimmer falling on the wall of the passage told me that he had at last succeeded in procuring a light.

It was no surprise to me to learn that he was in the worst of tempers. I heard him swear at the open shutter; then, almost before I had thanked Providence for present safety, he was out again in the passage. I made no doubt that he was going to ascend now, and I gave myself up for lost. Instead, he stood and called "Mary ! Mary !" Then, "Do ye hear, you hussy? If ye are hiding above there, it will be the worse for you, you d—d baggage ! Come down, d'ye hear me?"

Now, I thought, getting no answer, he would come up ; and my heart stood. But it seemed he called only to make sure, and not because he thought that she was above; for he went back into the lower room, and I heard him moving to and fro, and going about to

light a fire, the crackling of which gave an odd note of cheerfulness in the house. I was beginning to weigh the possibility of slipping by the door, on the chance of finding the outer one unfastened, and had actually risen to my feet when a key grated in the lock, and, supposing it to be Smith, I sank back into my former position.

Had it been Smith, it would have been some comfort to me; for I thought him more prudent if no less dangerous than the plotter, and fancied that I had more to fear from one than from two. But the step that entered was lighter than a man's; and in a moment Ferguson's greeting told the rest and made the situation clear.

"Ha, you are here at last, are you!" he cried with an angry oath. "Did you want me to break every bone in your body, lass, that you stayed out till now, and I to have the fire to light? You should have a pretty good tale to tell or have kept clear of this! D'ye hear me? Speak, you viper, and don't stand there, glowering like a wood-cat!"

"I am here now," was the sullen answer. My heart leapt, for the voice was Mary's; the weary tone I could understand.

"Here now!" he retorted. "And that is to be all, is it? Perhaps, my girl, I will presently show you two minds about that. Where is the baggage?"

"I have not brought it."

"Not brought it?" he cried.

"No," she answered.

"And why not, you Jezebel?"

"You need not misname me," she answered coolly. "I was followed and could not come here; and I could not carry it with me all day. And I could not send it, for there was no one here to take it in. It is at the Spread Eagle in Gracechurch Street, to go by to-morrow's waggon to Colchester. That is what I told them, but it can be fetched away in the morning."

"If I did not think you were a big liar, girl?" he answered doubtfully; but I knew by his tone that he believed her.

"You may think what you like," she replied.

"And how do you suppose I am to do for to-night?" he answered querulously.

"You must do as you can," she said. "You have your Hollands, and I have brought some bread and meat."

"It is a dog's life," he said, with a snarl.

"It is the life you choose," she retorted.

He paused awhile in sheer astonishment at her audacity. Then, "*Peste!*" he cried. "What is it to you, you slut?"

"Why, a dog's life too! and not of my choice!" she answered passionately, her voice breaking. "What am I better than an orange-girl in the streets? What do I get, and walk the pavement on your errands night and day? What do I get? And always hiding and sneaking, hiding and sneaking! And for what?"

"For your living, you graceless baggage!" he roared. "Who feeds you and clothes you, you hussy? Who boards you and lodges you, and finds you in meat and malt, you feckless toad? You shameless——"

"Ay, call names!" she answered bitterly—and it was not hard to discern that she was almost beside herself with the long sick waiting and the disappointment. "It is what you are good for! It is all that your plots end in! Call names, and you are happy! But I am tired, and tired of it, I tell you. I am tired of bare boards and hiding, and all for what? For those that, when you have brought them back, you will be as fierce to oust as you are now to restore! And shameless it is you call me?" she continued with feverish rapidity. "Shameless? Have you not sent me into the streets a hundred times, and close on midnight, and not a thought or care what happened to me so long as your letter went safe? Have you not sent me where to be taken was to

be jailed and whipped, and not a thought of pity or what a life it was for a girl? Have you not done this and more?" she continued, breathless with passion. "And more? And *you* take praise for feeding me! *You* call me graceless and shameless!"

She paused and gave him room to speak; but though he put on a show of bluster it was evident her violence alarmed him. "Odd's name, and what is all this?" he said. "What ails the girl? What has set you up now, you vixen?"

"You!" she cried vehemently. "You and your trade!"

"Well," he said, with a sort of sullen reasonableness, "and what is the matter with the trade? What is wrong with the trade, I say? I'll tell you this, my lass, you would live badly without it."

"I would live honestly," she cried. "And as my father lived!"

"You drab!" he cried. "Leave that alone."

Judging from the tone of his voice I expected him to break out with fresh oaths and curses, but instead an astonishing silence fell on the two. It fell for me at an unlucky moment; for, forgetting, in my keen desire to see as well as hear, the risk I ran, I had crept down the stairs, and now lacked but a pace of seeing into the room. The noise ceasing, I dared neither take that step nor retreat; and it was only when the silence had continued so long that curiosity overcame fear, that I ventured the advance; and looking in, saw that the girl, her fire and fury gone, was leaning against the wall beside the hearth, her face averted; while Ferguson himself, in an attitude of dejection scarcely less marked, stood near her, his head bowed and his bloodshot eyes fixed on the fire.

"Ay, he lived honestly, your father," he muttered at last. "It is true, my lass. True it is. But—he had a fair wind, had Alan, and a short course; and if he had lived to be sixty, God knows! We are what we are made. I mind him well, and the burn we fished and the pickle things we took out, and your mother that played with us in her cutty sark, and not a shoe between us nor a bodle of money; but the green hills round us, and all we knew of the world that it lay beyond them. And that was all your father ever knew, my lass. And well for him! Ay, well for him! But woe's me! and woe to the man who took my living! and woe to the evil King!"

His voice was beginning to rise; in a moment he would have reached his native pitch of denunciation, of which even now some of his many writings afford a pale reflection. But at the word *King* there came a sharp knocking at the door, and he paused. For me, I turned in a panic, and, heedless what noise I made, I hurried up the stairs. The steps creaked under me; but fortunately the knocking was repeated so quickly and persistently that it covered the sound of my flight. And I had safely ensconced myself in the old place before Ferguson, doubtless in obedience to some signal, appeared in the passage and opened the door.

Immediately half-a-dozen men poured in, growling in low tones; and passed into the room below. Until the outer door was closed and secured, I could catch nothing, though fear sharpened my ears. Then, as Ferguson went in after them, one of the new-comers raised his voice in answer to a question. "What is up?" he cried with a rattling oath. "What is up, old fox? Why, all is up! And we'll swing for it before the month is over, if we cannot clear out to-night! You are a clever one, Mr. Ferguson, but you are caught this time, with better men. God! if I had the sneak here that peached on us, I would cut his liver out! I would——"

Two or three voices joined in to the same tune and drowned his words; one asking where Prendergast was, another where Porter was, a third indulging in threats so horrid and blasphemies so

profane that I turned cold where I crouched. And no wonder; I began to understand what had happened, and my situation. But that nothing might be spared me Ferguson, in a quavering voice, that proved all was news to him, asked again what was the matter.

"The Blues are moved," cried three or four, speaking at once. "They were marching out when we left," cried another. "The guards at Kensington are doubled, and the orders for the King's hunting to-morrow are cancelled. They were hurrying to and fro calling the Council when we came away, and messengers were beginning to go round the taverns."

"Ay, and they have seized the horses at the King of Bohemia's Head," added another, "so they know a lot."

"But is it—certain?" Ferguson asked, with a break in his voice.

"As certain as that we shall hang for it, if we do not get over!" was the brutal answer.

"And the Captain?"

"I have been at his lodgings. He has not been heard of since noon. He ordered his horse then; and they say took the road. And hell to it, if that is so, he is half way to France by this! And safe! Safe, you devils, and we are left here caught like rats!"

"Ay, we'll go farther than France!" one shrieked. "As for me I am off. I shall go, and——"

"No, by God, you don't!" cried another; and flung himself, as it seemed to me, between the first speaker and the door. "You don't go and sell the rest of us, and save your own neck."

"Where is Porter, then?"

"And Prendergast?"

"Not here! Nor Sir William! Nor Friend! So what is the good of talking like that!"

"He will make a fat hang, will Sir William!" said one, with a mad laugh that died in his throat. "It will cure his gout."

At that, one of the others cried with furious oaths for liquor; and I judged that Ferguson gave them of his Hollands. But it was little among so many, and was gone in a moment, and they calling for more, "There is a keg upstairs," said he, feebly. "In the back-room. But get it for yourselves. You have hung me. To think that I should have played the game with such fools!"

They laughed recklessly, a savage note in their voices. "Ay, you should have stuck to your pen, old fox," one cried. "Then it was only the printer hung. But we'll drink your health before you swing. Up, Keyes, and fetch the stuff. It may be bad, but we'll drink to the squeezing of the Rotten Orange once more; if it be the last toast I drink!"

CHAPTER XXVII.

The terror that had gripped me on their first entrance, and driving all the blood in my body to my heart had there set it bounding madly—this I should vainly describe to persons who have never been in such a situation or within a few feet of death. That, reckless and driven to the wall, the conspirators would sacrifice me to their vengeance if they discovered me I felt certain; and at any moment they might come up and discover me. Yet behind me were the confining walls of the house whence I knew of no exit; and before me, where alone evasion seemed to be possible, the open door, and the flood of light that issued from the doorway, forbade the attempt. I lay sweating and listening, therefore, while they snarled and cursed in the black mood of men betrayed and hopeless; yet because of the chance that after all they might go out as they had come, I had so far kept my terror within bounds.

Not so, when I heard Ferguson bid the man mount and fetch the keg. With prudence, I might still have controlled myself and kept quiet; and holding my breath though I were suffocated, and

silencing my heart though I died, I might have lain and let him pass—supposing he brought no light. Nay, had I crouched low, he might not have observed me with a light; for I was a little beside the stair-head, and to enter the room whence I had broken out he need not face me. But when I heard him stumbling upwards, a sudden horror of the loneliness of the house came on me, with an overwhelming perception of my helplessness and of the life and death struggle to which the men below were committed—so that death seemed to be in the air; which together so far overcame me that I did the last thing I intended to do. As the man came up the stairs, a light in his hand, I rose up and stood, gasping at him.

He paused and held up the light. "The devil!" he said, staring. And then, "Who the —— are you? Oh, I see. Here, Ferguson! Here's your man!"

The answer from below was a roar for liquor.

"What are you doing here?" the man with the light went on, puzzled as much by my silence as my presence.

"I am—going," I stammered. A desperate hope rose in my breast at sight of the man's perplexity. He might let me pass.

For aught I know he would have done so; and it is possible that I might have gone unseen by the open door and gained the street. But as he stood, staring, a second man came into the passage, and looked up and saw me. "Hallo!" he said. "Who is that?"

"Ferguson's man," Keyes answered. "But, boil me, if I know what is the matter with him!"

The other called Ferguson, and he came out, and looked; looked, and knew me, and with a scream of rage, sprang up the stairs. In the first fury of wrath he threw himself on me so suddenly and with so much violence and intention that I was a child in his hands; and but for the others' exertions, who (not understanding the matter) tore him from me, I must have been choked out of hand. As it was I was black in the face, dizzy, and scarcely conscious when they freed me from him: nor in much better case for the respite. For with all they could do he would not release my shoulder; but dragging me down, he cried breathlessly and continuously to the others to listen—to listen! That he had the traitor! that I was the informer! the spy, the blood-seller! And with that, and as he partly forced and partly hauled me down the stairs, the men thickened round me, until dragged into the lighted room I found myself hemmed in by a ring of lowering faces, a ring that, look where I might, presented no breach or chance of escape, no face that pitied or understood. He who seemed to be in highest authority among them — afterwards I knew him for Charnock the unfrocked Fellow of Magdalen, who suffered later with King and Keyes—did indeed make Ferguson let me go; thrusting him back and calling on him to tell his tale, and have done with his blasphemy. But though I turned that way in momentary hope of aid, I read no encouragement in a face as stern and relentless as it was fanatical. A lamp hooked high on one wall obscured half the circle and flung a bright glare on the other half; but in light or shade, seen or unseen, and whether drink flushed it, or passion blanched it, every face that met my shrinking gaze seemed to be instinct with doom.

In such situations fear, which spurs some minds, paralyses others. Vainly I tried to think, to frame a defence, to deny or avoid. The glare of the lamp dazzled and confused me. To Ferguson's passionate iterations, "The Lord has delivered him into our hands! I tell you, the Lord has delivered him into our hands! There is your informer! There is your traitor!" I could find but one answer—a feeble, "I am not! I am not!" This I continued to repeat—while one



In the fury of his wrath he threw himself on me.

plucked me this way that he might see me better, and another that way—until Keyes struck me on the mouth, and thrusting me back bade me be silent.

"And you, too, Mr. Ferguson," Charnock said, raising his hand to still the tumult, "have done with your swearing, and talk plainly. Say what you know, and have no fear; if what you allege be proved, we will do justice on him."

"Ay, by ——!" cried Cassel. "A life for a life."

"But, first, what do you know?" Charnock continued brusquely. "Speak to the point. We must be gone by midnight, if we are to save ourselves."

Then, and then only, I think, Ferguson, hitherto blinded by rage, became sensible of the fact that he stood himself in a dubious position; that to tell all, and particularly to reveal the visit which the Secretary had paid to him at his lodgings, would place his conduct in a light far from favourable. Not only were the men before him in no mood to draw fine distinctions, but it was on the credit of his name and as his tool that I had come to be mixed up in the matter and gained my knowledge of it. It took no great acuteness, therefore, to foresee that their suspicions, once roused, they would punish first and prove afterwards, and be as ready to turn on the master as the man.

Such—when I came to review the scene afterwards, coolly and in safety—were, I had no doubt, the reflections that gave Ferguson pause at the last moment; and that occasioned a kind of fit into which he fell at this juncture—his eyes glaring, his jaw moving dumbly, and his hands springing out in uncouth gestures, like those of a man half-paralysed—a fit which at the time was set down to pure rage and a temper of mind always bordering on the insane. But, probably, under cover of that display, his crafty brain, apt in such crises, did its work; for when he found his voice he had his tale pat; and where truth and a lie most ingeniously and sometimes inexplicably mixed would scarcely serve his turn or win him credence, he imposed on his hearers, even on Charnock, by pure scorn and an air of superior knowledge.

"What I know," said he, "you shall know. It is enough to blast him ten times. To-day it happened that the Secretary came to my lodgings."

For a moment the roar of surprise which followed the statement silenced him. But in a moment he recovered himself.

"Ay!" he said, looking round him, defiantly. "The Secretary. What of it? Do you think that you know everything, or that everything is told to you? To-day, I say, the Duke of Shrewsbury came to my lodgings."

"Why?" cried Charnock, between his teeth. "Why? Answer me that!"

"Why?" Ferguson answered. "Well, if you will have it, to send a message through me to the other Duke, as he has done three times before since his Grace has been in England."

"To the Duke of Berwick?"

"What other Duke is there?" the plotter asked, scornfully.

"But by G——! If the Secretary knows that his Grace is in England——"

"Well?"

"What will he not know?"

"I cannot say what he will not know, Mr. Charnock," the plotter answered, with a superior smile that brought his wig to his eyebrows. "But I can say what he did not know. He knew nothing of your little business. For the rest, when he left me I missed my man here, and coming to enquire, learned that he had been seen to join the Secretary at the door of the house, speak to him, and go away with him. That was enough for me. I changed my lodging, slipped away here, and had been here an hour when you came. As soon as you said that someone had peached to-day I guessed who it was. Then Keyes cried that he was here, and there he was."

"But how did he come to be here?" Charnock asked, sternly, and with suspicion.

"God knows!" said Ferguson, shrugging his shoulders; "I don't."

"You did not bring him?"

"Go to, for a fool! Perhaps he came to listen, perhaps he was sent. He knew of this place. For the rest, I have told you all I know, and it is enough or should be. Hang the dog up! There is a beam and a hook. You hound, you shall swing for it!" he shrieked, bringing his crimson, blotched face close to mine, and threatening me with his swollen fingers. "You thought to outwit me, did you? You, you dog! You crossed me and thought to sell me, did you? You dolt! you zany! you are sold yourself! Sold and shall swing! Swing! Swing and rot; ay, and so shall all my enemies perish!"

"An end to that," said Charnock, pushing him away roughly. "All the same, if this is true, he *shall* swing."

"I can say it is true!" cried a man thrusting himself forward, while with shaking knees and chattering teeth, and tongue that refused to do its work, I strove to speak, to say or do something—something that might arrest the instant doom that threatened me. "It is true enough," he continued, coolly. "I was on the watch at Kensington this afternoon and saw the Secretary arrive and go in to the Dutchman. And he had this bully boy with him. I know him again and can swear to him."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

I am sure that it is one thing to confront with calmness a death that is known to be inevitable, and quite another and a more difficult thing to assume the same brow where hope and a chance remain. I am not ashamed, therefore, that in a crisis which amply justified all the horror and repugnance which mortals feel at the prospect of sudden and violent dissolution, I fell below the heroic standard, and said and did things, *miles impar Achilli*.

Nevertheless, it is with no goodwill I dwell on the matter; in writing, as in life, there are decencies; things to be told and others to be implied. Let few words suffice then, alike for the moment when Charnock, holding back the others, wrung from me, half-swooning as I was, the admission that I had been to Kensington; and for those minutes of frenzied terror which followed, when screaming and struggling in their grasp, now trying to fling myself down, and now shrieking for mercy, I was dragged to a spot below the hook, and held there by relentless fingers while a rope was fetched from the next room. I had no vision, as I have read that some have, of the things done in my life: but the dark faces that hemmed me in under the light, the grim looks of one, and the pallor of another, —even Ferguson's hideous visage as he hovered in the background, biting his nails between terror and exultation—all these, and enlarged and multiplied, I saw with a dreadful clearness; a keenness of vision that of itself was torture.

"Oh, God!" I cried, at last. "Help! Help!" For from man I could see no help.

"Ay, man, pray," said Charnock, inexorably. "Pray, for you must die. We will give you one minute. Here is the rope. Who will fasten it?"

"A fool," cried a shrill gibing voice, from somewhere beyond the circle. "No other."

I started convulsively: I had forgotten the girl's presence. So doubtless had the conspirators, for at the sound of her voice, they turned quickly towards her; and, the ring of men opening out in the movement, she became visible to me. She stood, confronting us, her lips red, her face white as paper, her eyes glittering with a strange fierceness. Long afterwards she told me that the sound of my shrieks and cries ringing in her ears

had been almost more than she could bear: that as scream followed scream she had driven the nails into her palms until her hands bled; and so only had been able to restrain herself, knowing well that if she would intervene to the purpose her time was not yet.

Now that it had come, nothing could exceed the mockery and scorn that were in her tone. "A fool," she cried, stridently, "has fetched it, and a fool will fasten it! And, whoever hangs, they will hang. And two of you at the back there will hang them. Why, you are fools, you are all fools, or you would take care that every man among you put his hand to the job, and was as deep as another! Or, if you like precedence, and it is a question of fastening—for the man who fetched the rope, he is as good as dead already,—let the hand that wove the noose, tie it! Let that man tie it!" And with pitiless finger she pointed to the old plotter, who sneaking, and cringing in the background, had already his eye on the door and his mind on retreat. "Let him tie it!" she repeated.

"You slut!" he roared, his eyes squinting with fury. "Your tongue shall be slit. To your garret, vixen. Do you hear me?"

But the others, as was not unnatural, saw the matter in a different light. "By ——, the wench is right!" cried Cassel; and Keyes said the same; and another backing him, there was a general chorus of "Ay, the girl is right! The girl is right!"

At that, the man who had brought the rope threw it down. "There's for me!" he said, gloomily, and with an ugly gleam in his eyes. "Let the old devil take it up. It is his job, not mine, and if I swing, he shall swing too."

"Fair!" cried all. "That is fair!" And, "That is fair, Mr. Ferguson," said Charnock. "Do you put the rope round his neck."

"I?" Ferguson spluttered; glaring from under his wig.

"Yes, you!" the man who had brought the rope retorted with violence. "You! And why not, I'd like to know, my gentleman?"

"I am no hangman!" cried the plotter, with a miserable assumption of dignity.

But the words and the evasion only inflamed the general rage. "And are we?" Cassel roared, with a volley of oaths. "You covenanting, psalm-singing, tub-thumping old scribbler!" he continued. "Do you think that we are here to do your dirty work, and squeeze throats at your bidding. *Peste!* For a gill of Hollands I would split your tongue for you. That and your pen have done too much harm already!

"Peace!" Charnock said. "Peace! Go softly, man. And do you, Mr. Ferguson, take up the rope and do your part. Otherwise we shall have strange thoughts of you. There have been things said before, and it were well you gave no colour to them."

I cannot believe that even I, writhing in their hands, and screaming and begging for life, presented a more pitiable spectacle than Ferguson exhibited thus brought to book. All the base and craven instincts of a low and cowardly nature brought to the surface by the challenge, he quailed and cowered before the men; and shifting his feet and breathing hard glanced askance, first at one and then at another, to see who would support him, or who could most easily be persuaded. But he found scant encouragement; the men, savage and ill-disposed to begin, and driven to the wall, had now conceived suspicions, and in proportion as delay and his conduct diverted their rage from me, they turned it on him with growing ferocity.

"Here is the cock of the pit!" cried Keyes, a trooper and a man of no education, who lacked even the occasional French word that betrayed the others' sojourn with King Louis. "D—— him! He would have us hang the man, but won't

lay a finger on him himself! He is no Ketch, isn't he? Well, I hang no man either, unless I put a hand on *him*." And he pointed at the plotter.

A murmur of assent, stern and full of meaning, drove home the words.

"Mr. Ferguson," said Charnock, with grave politeness, "you hear what this gentleman says? And, if you ask me, he has reason. A few minutes ago you were forward with us to hang this person. And among gentlemen, to urge another to do what you will not do yourself lays you open to comment. It may even be pretended that if your rogue informed, you were not so ignorant of the fact as you would have us believe."

It was wonderful to see how the men, sore and desperate, caught at that notion; and with what greedy ferocity they turned on the knave who, only a few moments before, had swayed their passions to his will. It was to no purpose that Ferguson, head and hands shaking as with a palsy, strove frantically to hurl back the accusation. His wonted profanity seemed to fail him, while the violence which had daunted men of saner temperaments proved no match for Cassel's brutality. The latter, breaking in on him before he had stammered a score of words, called him liar and sneak, and was in the act to hound his comrades on him, when something caught the ear of one of them. With a cry of alarm this man, who stood near the door, raised his hand for silence.

Rage died down in the men's faces, and involuntarily they clustered together. But hardly had the alarm been given and taken, or the lamp which hung against the wall been snatched down and shaded, before the sound of a key in the door reassured the conspirators. For me, who throughout the scene had leaned half-swooning against the wall, listening, with what feelings the reader may judge, to the contest for my life—for me, who now stood reprieved, and for the moment safe, any change might be expected to be fraught with terror. But whether I had passed the bitterness of death, or had exhausted my capacity for suffering, it is certain that I awaited the event with lack-lustre eyes; and hearing a cry of, "It's Mat Smith! It is only Smith!" felt neither fear nor surprise. When Smith entered, followed by a woman, and with a quick glance took in the room and its occupants, I did not move.

"Good," said Cassel with an oath of relief. "I thought that the soldiers were on us. But if they had been, curse me, but I would have sent this old Judas to his place before me!"

Smith looked with a grim smile from the speaker to Ferguson; and raising his eyebrows, "Judas?" said he, with ironical politeness. "Is it possible that you refer to my friend Mr. Ferguson?"

"Strangle your friend!" Cassel answered coarsely. "Do you know that his man there has blown on the thing and sold us?"

Smith's eye had already found me, where I leaned against the wall, my hands tied. "I see," he said coolly. "I knew before that the game was up; and I have been somewhere, and warned someone"—this with a glance at Charnock, who nodded. "But I did not know how they had the office."

"He gave it! That is how they had the office!" Cassel retorted. "And it is my belief like man like master! I no more believe that that poor piece there would have dared to inform without his patron's leave than——"

He left the end of his sentence to be understood; but Charnock, taking up the tale and disregarding Ferguson's mutterings, described in a few words what had happened. When he came to the girl's intervention in my behalf, the woman who had entered with Smith, and who, though she seemed to be known to the conspirators, had hitherto remained fidgeting in the background, moved farther into the room. Approaching the girl, who was

sitting moodily at a table by the fire, she touched her cheek with her fingers, and then on a sudden, slipping her hand under her chin, turned up her face. The girl made no resistance, and the two women remained looking into one another's eyes while one might count twenty. Then the newcomer, who was the same I had seen with Smith at the great lady's house in the outskirts, let the girl's face drop, with a little flirt of her fingers.

"Doris and Strephon, I see?" she said. And she sneered.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]





Clerks as dockers on board s.s. "Plato."

A FAMOUS STRIKE'S SECRET SETTLEMENT.

BY PERCY CROSS STANDING.

ILLUSTRATED FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.

"The corollary of the right to combine is the right to abstain from combining."



FOR some six weeks in the April and May of 1893 the town and port of Hull were seething chaos. The royal and ancient Borough (it is now a City, by the way) of "Kingston-upon-Hull"—so successfully held *against* the King during the struggles of Cavalier and Roundhead — seemed possessed of the Devil. Squadrons of light cavalry, heavily armed, patrolled the streets, while formidable gunboats with bristling armaments cast anchor in the Humber and thence commanded the town. Imagine to yourself a port comprising seven miles of docks and nearly a quarter of a million inhabitants, its commerce at a deadlock and cargoes rotting at the wharves, its present well-being and future existence as a port jeopardised by the action of its own dock-labourers, and its people living under a positive reign of terror.

In short, it looked as if the Armageddon of the labour movement was to be decided on Humber's banks.

It was war to the knife between employers and employed. Neither side was prepared to give way or give quarter, and the scene presented by the Third Port speedily became one of actual siege, even to the presence of that indispensable "factor" in the making of modern warfare—the War Correspondent. For the redoubtable Mr. Bennet Burleigh, together with many another knight of the pen and pencil, swooped down upon Hull in force, and Press *levées* took place daily at the hotels where these gentlemen would foregather to prepare their descriptive matter for London. And truly there was no lack of "copy," some of their despatches having to be written amid the glare of great conflagrations—for a few

strikers, maddened by the foreknowledge of impending defeat and, alas! by the pangs of hunger also, scrupled not to set fire to wharves and timber-yards.

Yes, those were tough times for the Third Port.

The present writer has lived in a beleagured city 'mid stress of active warfare; but the condition of Hull at this time gave a very fair picture of the real environment. Once at least the Dragoon Guards were called upon to execute a regular charge, and more than once it appeared as though the waiting gunboats had serious business before them. Finally, the men grew quite desperate, and even their leaders began to perceive that the situation was untenable, and that the longer purse of Capital was going to win the day. *Laborare est orare* is an excellent motto; but Capital is inclined to be a sceptic when once it finds the bit between its teeth.

The true story—or, indeed, *any* story—of the secret settlement of this celebrated strike has never been told. I propose to tell it now.

Mr. John Burns did not visit the Third Port during this stormy period. Neither did Mr. Havelock Wilson participate in the struggle, the laurels of leadership on the men's side—such as these were—being borne off by Mr. Tom Mann and Mr. Ben Tillett, supported in a more or less subordinate sense by Messrs. Fred Maddison and Tom McCarthy—both since known to notoriety as unsuccessful candidates for the Parliamentary representation of different divisions of Hull. I question whether anyone will ever know how near the men came to winning the battle. Certainly they themselves never will; and the partners in the Wilson firm are scarcely likely to speak out. "Rat labour," as it is cheaply but effectively called, was at first somewhat difficult to obtain, and at one time there seemed great likelihood, albeit the employers assumed from the first a bold front, that scarcity of emergency labour would win the strikers' cause. But the result was a fresh exemplification of "how it strikes the strikers," though Messrs. Wilsons' clerks were set to work on the docks.

The losing game played by the unfortunate dockers had endured six weeks. Strike-pay was but a tradition now, and the men, notwithstanding Mr. Tillett's exhortation to "draw their belts tighter," had long ago lost heart.

It was a heart-wringing spectacle to watch the "processions" of gaunt, white-faced men wend their way through the once busy streets day after day. The Hull docker is, as a rule, not a man to be despised. He is law-abiding and respectable. Besides, he is a good worker, and his qualities were made manifest by contrast when the strange labourers were imported.

The story of the settlement of this memorable and disastrous strike is strangely simple. The chief actor in it has never opened his lips to disclose the facts. It is necessary to explain here that one of the most influential and prominent members of the Shipping Federation at this time of stress and suffering was Mr. Fred B. Grotrian, a former M.P. for Hull, and who is also the proprietor of the *Hull Daily Mail* and the *Hull Times*. Arriving at the *Mail* office one morning after nearly six weeks of the strenuous struggle, Mr. Grotrian was asked by the Editor of the *Daily Mail* (Mr. Lewis) if he would see Tom Mann. It was hoped that if a meeting between a responsible member of the Shipping Federation and Mr. Mann could be arranged, some definite good might ensue. The sequel was that a few minutes after the conversation above referred to took place, the Editor of the *Daily Mail* had quietly left the office and had penetrated to the sanctum of Mr. Tom Mann at a Temperance Hotel near at hand.

The self-constituted ambassador knew, of course, that he had no *locus standi* as negotiator—he was actuated by nothing

save a deep sense of the horrors attendant upon this, one of the greatest strikes that had ever taken place in England—but said that if Mr. Mann would consent to meet Mr. Grotrian at the office of his newspaper, he felt confident something satisfactory could be arrived at, even at the eleventh hour. Mann immediately said that, so fervent was his appreciation of the untold misery inflicted upon the wives and families of Mann, and the Editor of the *Mail*. Mr. Grotrian briefly explained his views to Mr. Mann. The labour leader, in his turn, was succinct and conciliatory, and spoke as one having common-sense, not to mention earnest human sympathy. Mr. Grotrian was not long in suggesting the terms of a resolution to which both sides might be parties. Mr. Mann, after consideration, did not disapprove them. The resolution was then roughly drafted



After the great fire. Looking towards Victoria Dock.

(Photo by Turner & Drinkwater, Hull.)

the strikers by a long-protracted contest such as this, he would gladly attend a conference as suggested, provided there was a reasonable possibility of anything definite arising therefrom.

Within ten minutes after the opening of the conversation in the Editor's room Mr. Mann was at the *Mail* office. For quietness' sake, he was taken up into a secluded room at the top of the building. Only three persons were present, Mr. F. B. Grotrian, Mr. Tom upon a scrap of paper in lead pencil by Mr. Grotrian. Mr. Mann naturally wished his colleague Tillett to be present before any further step was taken, in order that his opinion might be obtained. By eleven o'clock on that eventful morning a compromise (as the event proved) had been agreed upon.

Mr. Mann left the *Mail* office as quietly as he had entered it. His visit, however, had not been unobserved. There was jealousy and heart-burning in conse-

quence ; but it is more important to note what happened an hour or two afterwards. Mr. Mann went to the Corporation Field and addressed a mass meeting of hungry men and women, and instead of the usual stimulating speeches of the fighting order, the leader spoke in guarded and conciliatory terms. The situation had completely changed. The settlement of the strike was heralded and foreshadowed in that never-to-be-forgotten speech. The whole town was soon talking of it. Ben Tillett returned to Hull by a later train, and the next morning he was present at the second meeting at the *Mail* office.

In the dingy reporters' room of that provincial newspaper, then, this curiously assorted trio—the sprightly, alert merchant, the melancholy-visaged editor, and the dark-faced agitator—met and reviewed the situation, now desperate indeed. In the street below might be heard the champing of bits and clatter of accoutrements, as the Dragoons prepared for possible developments ; while afar off, from the direction of Dock-side, came a distant murmur proclaiming that the baffled strikers were concocting some fresh desperate plan for mending matters in their own way. Presently Mr. Ben Tillett arrived to join this informal and unpremeditated conference. The situation, as the three understood it, was explained to the anxious-looking little man in the clerical headgear (Tillett, by the way, conducted a good deal of his "agitating" on the bicycle !), and at first he seemed inclined to take rather a different view to that entertained by his colleague.

"What do you propose, Mr. Grotrian ?" demanded Mr. Tillett.

Time was brief ; words must be so too. Why ? Because, with *both* their leaders absent, the men might even now be taking matters into their own hands—might be transforming Hull into another Stamboul, organising an assault upon the Dock offices or the Bank, or "dumping" the directors of the Dock Company in the Humber. It was explained that it was mainly a question of terms. The men had stood out for six weary, bitter weeks —had fought hard for a principle, ay, had starved and were even now starving for it. Were he and Mann to be subjected to the humiliation of going upon the Corporation Field that afternoon and telling the men that all was lost, even their honour ?

The scene was an impressive one. Here were no Cardinals, Archbishops, Bishops, or Lord Mayors engaged in "arbitrating" between the right and the wrong, the just and the unjust. They were simply four men face to face with the realism of hard, searing facts, shirking no aspect of the question at issue, but resolute in desiring and intending the basis of a settlement that should be effectual. The conversation was carried on in undertones, and it is probable that Mr. Bennet Burleigh and his colleagues would have given a great deal to have an ear at the keyhole. By the time that Mann and Tillett came to be of the same mind—for from the first they had genuinely wanted to see the last of a wretched, squalid, unnecessary fight—half the battle was over, and that the worst half. The heads of an arrangement were jotted down in language that had to be of the "tenderest" and most conciliatory kind, in order to suit both parties—but especially the strikers.

That very afternoon, besieged Hull was given a fresh sensation. One of the newspapers displayed in bold and leaded type the magic legend, "Strike practically at an end"—a statement promptly discredited by all as being merely "father to the thought" and as but the echo of a *canard* that was now growing as old as the eternal hills.

The news had a magical effect. The local labour leaders were up in arms. They had not been consulted or invited to the preliminary sittings, for if they had been, the end in view would have been defeated and the strike would have been



Messrs. Wilson's clerks discharging the s.s. "Montebello."

prolonged. In the meantime, Mr. Tom Mann and his friend and co-leader had an extremely difficult part to play; but they did not acquit themselves badly.

Those must have been difficult times for the magnetism of Mann and the incisiveness of Tillett to make themselves felt. "Be my brother or I will kill you" is a hard doctrine at best; and on the other hand, neither of the men's leaders, having battled so long, felt inclined to say, with the Gallic demagogue, "I must follow them because I am their leader." For the great majority of the strikers the bitterness of death had passed, and if you had questioned them on that beautiful spring afternoon you would have received oral and ocular demonstration that such was the fact. They wanted an end of the whole wretched business.

The scene must now be removed to the Shipping Federation offices, a few yards from the *Mail* building. Mr. Grotrian had had the interview with Mr. Mann on his own responsibility, and when his Committee read Mr. Mann's speech in the afternoon after the interview they were surprised, not disagreeably it is said, at the conciliatory and the unexpected tone of the counsel now given by the labour leader. Only two persons were, in truth, in the secret, and when the proprietor of the *Mail* faced the Shipping Federation in the morning, he found men still marvelling at the spirit of peace which Mr. Mann's speech had breathed.

The clause for settling the strike which had been drafted, the author (Mr. Grotrian), after great trouble, induced the Committee of the Shipping Federation to accept, but it involved journeys to York and London, where there was very stout resistance. The Federation said in effect, "We have fought this battle. The victory is ours. We can dictate our own terms." The compromise arranged however held the field.

Soon all the world knew that Hull was emancipated, that the "siege" was raised, and that it was practicable to send vessels into the port with a reasonable prospect of getting them unloaded and discharged in a given period. Things quietened down amazingly, and it was now possible to walk the streets, and even traverse the docks in safety. But a mighty mischief had been done to the poor old port.

Thus was arranged, in surely the most singularly original fashion that the century had seen, one of the greatest and most disastrous labour upheavals of the period. The most notable feature of the settlement was, as I have shown, that it originated with a man who was entirely disinterested in every way, and who acted simply and solely upon the dictates and desires of the common humanitarian instinct. The earnestness so displayed happened to strike the right chord at a peculiarly critical moment, when the men were rendered desperate by the awful knowledge that those dependent for bread upon their stout arms were "clemm'd"—when the revolted workers who had struggled so long and (for the most part) so gamely, needed but a few more hours' slow starvation to develop into mere shop-wreckers and incendiaries.

The timely Secret Conference that obviated such a terrible eventuality surely merits a conspicuous place in the "abstract and brief chronicle" of the labour movement in Great Britain. The men had failed—failed badly; but in the final resort had they not shown, to paraphrase Swinburne, that high failure does sometimes overleap the bounds of high success?

A MUSICAL DUEL.

BY W. L. ALDEN.

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST GOODWIN.

"I'M not denying," said my American friend, "that considerable shooting is done in the States, but there's worse things than revolvers, and worse ways of quarrelling than a fair and square shooting-match. There were the two Simmonses, Dan and Eliab. They were brothers, and having been brought up Quakers, they had a sort of prejudice against shooting at one another; so they quarrelled with music, as you might say, and I'll leave it to any fair-minded man to say whether they didn't make a worse mess of it than they would have done if they had quietly emptied their revolvers at each other in a decent, straightforward way.

"The quarrel happened a good many years ago, when the city of Oshkosh was about a third of its present size, and Dan and Eliab were two of the leading citizens. They were both married, and had large families, and were universally respected, though I can't say that they were really popular, owing to their habit of saying unpleasant things, and their pig-headed obstinacy in sticking to their own opinions. Of course, being brothers, there wasn't any very great affection between them, but they got on together all right, having the same political views, and both of them hating the Roman Catholics worse than poison. Then, again, they were agreed in loving quiet, which was something that no man could get in the town of Oshkosh, the town being full of street-pedlars, and organ-grinders, and milkmen, and such. So Dan and Eliab built two cottages close together, about three miles out on the prairie, where there wasn't as much noise as would have kept a cat awake, and where they were so secure from observation that if an organ-grinder should happen to find them out they could kill him, and plant him under the prairie grass without being let in for any unpleasant legal formalities.

"Well! when the cottages were finished, the brothers moved into them, and for a while they were as contented as they could well be. But there was no denying that the situation was a little lonesome for their children, and for that reason Dan finally consented that his eldest daughter should have a piano, and take lessons on it. Accordingly, the piano arrived, and the girl set to work, having promised her father that she would practise three hours every day, so that the money he paid out for her shouldn't be wasted. She used to begin to practise every morning at eight o'clock, and never let up till eleven, besides taking an occasional hack at the piano three or four times in the afternoon. Dan didn't seem to mind the noise very much, but it was more than Eliab could stand. He complained that the piano was as bad as any Oshkosh hand-organ, and insisted that Dan should send the thing away. Of course, Dan, being, as I have said, an obstinate man, wouldn't do anything of the kind, and the result was that both the men got tremendously mad at each other, and Dan ordered Eliab out of his house, and Eliab went home breathing out threatening and slaughter, the best he knew how, he being handicapped by reason of his Quaker education, which didn't permit him to ease his mind by swearing.

"That very day Eliab sent up to Oshkosh and bought the biggest and loudest hand-organ he could get. It wasn't one of these windy sort of organs, which sound like an accordeon that's been grown under glass; but it was one of the kind that are built to make folks realise what a boiler factory is like. Eliab set this organ up in his house, and gave one of his small boys orders to play on it every morning from eight to eleven. The boy liked the job, considering that it was a noisy one, and, as I've heard, he played the organ in a jerky sort of way, instead of turning the crank at a regular rate. This made the noise a great deal harder to bear than it would have been if the organ had been played as a professional organ-grinder would have played it, and Eliab calculated that it wouldn't be long before Dan would say that he had had enough, and would agree to send away his piano on condition that his brother would send away the hand-organ.

"But Dan wasn't the sort of man to admit that he was beaten, and Eliab ought to have known it. A week after the hand-organ agony began Dan told his second son, who was about sixteen, that he was going to give him a cornet, and that he should expect him to practise on that cornet from eight to twelve every day, excepting Sundays. The boy was delighted, and when the cornet came he was anxious to blow it all day long. I don't know if you ever heard a beginner on the cornet doing his best to lower the value of neighbouring real estate. If you never have, I can tell you that of all strangling, choking, maddening sounds, those that the cornet makes in the hands of a beginner are the worst. The hand-organ made more noise than the cornet, but it wasn't in it so far as its effects on the nerves were concerned. Eliab saw that, what with the piano and cornet combined, he was badly outnumbered, and he sent at once to Oshkosh for musical reinforcements, in the shape of a trombone. It seems that in his young days he had been a member of a small musical society that used to meet and practise on various sorts of instruments, and in that way Eliab had come to learn that the trombone is far-and-away the most devastating brass instrument the world has ever seen. You see, the trouble with it is that nobody who hasn't practised for at least ten years can ever make a bull's-eye on the trombone when he aims at any particular note. He is sure to shove the slide out a little too far, or not quite far enough, or to blow a trifle too hard, or something of the sort. Anyway, he hardly ever hits the right note, and consequently, to hear a beginner trying to play a tune on the trombone is to risk a man's reason, as well as his immortal soul.

"Eliab selected his oldest son, who was a big fellow of seventeen years old, with a pair of lungs made of double-riveted copper, and agreed to pay him ten dollars a week to blow the trombone eight hours a day, and also promised to give him a daily thrashing if he didn't blow his level best. Dan was sitting at dinner the day the trombone began, and the first blast of it lifted him pretty near off his chair. He stood it for an hour, and then he took his hat and went into the city, coming back at nine o'clock with two good-sized drums and a pair of cymbals. The next morning he organised his three youngest children into a military band, as you might say, and told them that they were to bang away on the drums and the cymbals at all hours. The children didn't need any encouragement. They made a practice of getting up early in the morning and beating their drums about all day long. The noise they made pretty near drowned the piano and the hand-organ and the two brass instruments, and Dan began to think that this time he had got the better of his brother, and that the latter couldn't hold out very much longer. With the view of hastening this result, Dan gave orders that the piano and the cornet, as well as the drums and the cymbals, should



He hired a dozen hand-organs.

be played together, and that the child who made the most noise should have a reward. I never happened to hear these concerts myself, but they do say that they laid over anything that Oshkosh ever produced in the way of music. What with the piano playing one tune, and the cornet playing another, and the drums and cymbals playing no tune whatsoever, and contenting themselves with doing a general slam-bang business, Dan's house could have given odds to the biggest boiler factory that ever was in operation.

"But Eliab had his answer ready. When Dan played his drums, Eliab saw them, and went a Chinese gong better. He had the gong put in his own room, and he used to batter it the greater part of the day. When he put his full strength into it, it just swamped all the other instruments in both houses. Not content with this, Eliab took to waking up in the middle of the night, and hitting half a dozen blows on the gong. Of course, nobody could sleep while this noise was in progress, and Eliab must have known that it was a little hard on his own family. But he didn't mind that. He was one of those devoted men who are always ready to sacrifice their entire family to a principle, and so long as he could keep Dan and his family awake at night he didn't care how much his own rest, and that of his wife and children, was broken.

"Dan didn't like the gong. He said that it was a heathen instrument, which a Christian man ought to be ashamed to use, and that he was very much afraid that his brother was a thoroughly bad man. However, Dan wasn't by any means ready to give up the fight. He sent all the way to Chicago and bought an old forty-two pound carronade, and planted it in his back-yard. The next morning at sunrise he fired it, and broke every window in his own and Eliab's house. Naturally Dan wasn't pleased with the appearance of his broken windows, but he was more than satisfied with the effect that the cannon had on his brother. By this time Eliab had lost so much sleep that he was about as nervous as a woman, and the first time the cannon was fired it frightened him so tremendously that he came near going into a fit. Dan made it a rule to fire the cannon at all odd hours day and night, and as it was the middle of summer, and no rain was to be looked for at that time of year, he didn't take the trouble to replace his broken window-glass, and just banged away with his cannon and kept the rest of his grand sacred concert going from morning till night.

"Eliab was gradually coming to the conclusion that Dan had the strongest set of nerves in the Simmons family, and that consequently he would come out ahead in their great musical contest. However, he determined to make one more effort. He hired a dozen hand-organs, and paid the organ-grinders five dollars a day to play all together in front of Dan's house. They were to begin playing at four o'clock in the morning, and to keep on till ten at night, only stopping an hour for dinner, and another hour for supper. Every organ played a different tune from every other organ, and the general effect when the whole dozen were at work was worse than fifty simultaneous cat-fights. Dan stood it for one day, and then he left home with his whole family, and Eliab thought that he had won, and was about as happy as a good man can be who sees that his labours have been finally rewarded. But as it turned out he was a little too previous. Dan was gone only two days, and when he returned he brought with him a steam-boiler and a calliope that had cost him four hundred dollars, and was said to be the most powerful calliope that had ever been built. In case you don't happen to know what a calliope is (and I have noticed that there are a heap of things that you Englishmen don't seem to know), I'll just mention that



They started down to Dan's house, led by the Sheriff.

it is a collection of steam-whistles of different sizes, and that these whistles are arranged with a key-board, like that of a piano, so that tunes can be played on them. The average-sized calliope, such as is generally carried by our passenger boats on the lakes, can be heard about five miles, but this one that Dan had bought would loosen the back teeth of a nervous man who was at least ten miles away from it. Dan had made up his mind that he would spend his last dollar in getting square with his brother, and so, in addition to paying four hundred dollars for the calliope, he hired four men to play it. Each man was to play for three hours on a stretch, and the moment one man stopped playing his place was to be taken by another. In this way the machine was to be kept going all day and all night, and Dan calculated that Eliab would be glad to reimburse him for all the expenses that his obstinacy had cost, when the time for arranging a treaty of peace should arrive. Considering that Dan wasn't a musician himself, he did one very smart thing. He went to the best musical conductor in Oshkosh, and asked him what he considered the most trying tune that had ever been written. The conductor thought the thing over for a while, and then he told Dan that taking it by small and large he was of the opinion that *Sweet Violets* would drive a man crazy sooner than any other tune. So Dan ordered his four men to play nothing but *Sweet Violets*, and to play it with all the steam-power that they could raise. The people up at Oshkosh heard the calliope as plain as if they had been next door to it, and after it had been in action for a little over twelve hours they started down to Dan's house, led by the sheriff, the postmaster, and other prominent citizens, with the intention of hanging Dan to the nearest tree, and giving Eliab orders to quit the State, and never to return, under pain of death. However, their services were not needed. Just before they reached Dan's house the calliope stopped, and there was a most tremendous silence all over the place. You see Dan had just learned that Eliab had been driven stark mad, and had blown out his brains. Of course, there wasn't any further necessity for the calliope, or any other form of aggressive music, for Dan was too much of a gentleman to annoy his brother's widow unnecessarily. So the struggle between him and Eliab having been brought to a close, Dan invited the leading citizens to come in and sample his best whiskey, and he then and there made arrangements with the most expensive undertaker in Oshkosh to give his brother a funeral that would do credit to the family. There wasn't anything mean about Dan, if he was a little obstinate, and he always said that, considering his brother was dead and gone, he could honestly say that he didn't bear him any grudge.

"Now, I don't know what you think, but my opinion is that if Dan and Eliab when they first quarrelled had taken a friendly shot at one another, it would have been a great deal better than what they actually did. Both Dan and his brother, and their innocent families, underwent a heap of suffering, and Eliab finally shot himself, a thing which I always consider a misuse of a revolver, just because of the prejudice which the brothers had against the ordinary way of settling disputes. But then, perhaps, we ain't called upon to judge their conduct. Anyway, it wasn't any affair of mine, and I only mentioned it to show that there may be worse things than a shooting affray."

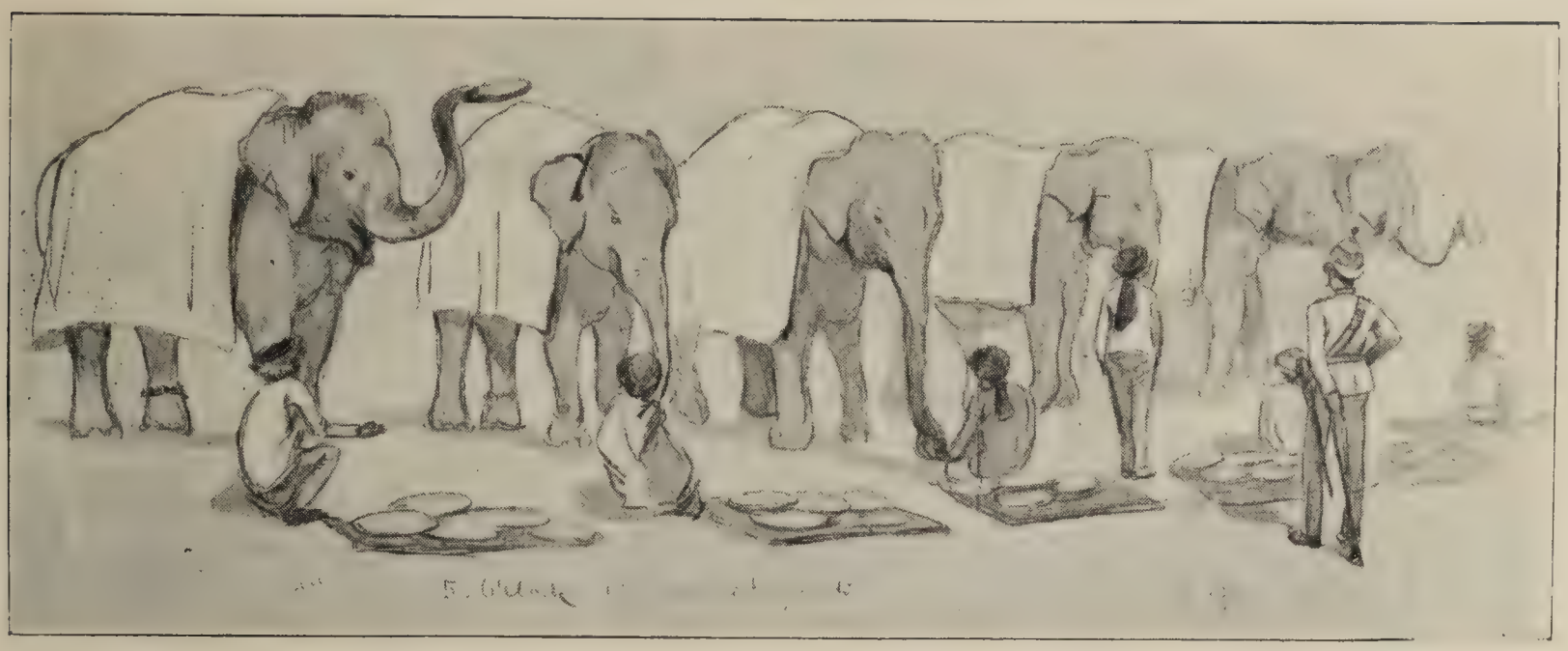


SEPTEMBER.
By Max Cowper



Mr. Fred. Villiers in his studio.

(*Photo by Elliott & Fry.*)



Five o'clock tea with the elephants, Afghanistan.

MR. FREDERIC VILLIERS.

BY ROY COMPTON.

HERE, there, and everywhere has wandered the cool and dauntless war artist and correspondent, Mr. Fred. Villiers, who is ever ready at a moment's notice to go "to the front"; and wherever on the battlefield the most exciting sketch or incident can be obtained, regardless of risk, you will find the "veritable vagrant," as he has happily termed himself.

After an hour's chat with him in his quaint studio you are impressed with the fact that vagrancy is a delightful, if dangerous occupation, provided you have



A sick parade, 20th Native Infantry, Afghanistan.

as a professional background a popular English paper and are equipped with a good physique, a touch of sound philosophy, indomitable pluck, and average good temper.

Mr. Villiers, having a large share of these necessary attributes, has travelled far as special war artist for *The Graphic* and *Black and White*, in the pages of which papers he has made himself well known to the public by his lifelike lightning sketches, made truly "at the cannon's mouth," which depict, with at times unpleasant realism, the soul-stirring and ghastly ravages of *la guerre*. Lately he has laid aside his facile pencil for a quill, and, as special correspondent for *The Standard*, fills most ably the post once occupied by the brilliant writer Mr. Cameron, who is still spoken of with affectionate regard by his *confrères*.



A placard on the walls of the Exhibition, Chicago.

Few indeed of the public who read so greedily the "war news" each morning realise the risk at which each exciting episode of the battlefield is obtained, or that the vivid sketch which appeals so keenly to their English love of courage and conquest has often cost a life; and it is to be regretted that in this record reign so few marks of Royal favour have been bestowed upon these men, who have spent the greater part of their lives in the roar and danger of the battlefield, writing with pen and pencil a truthful and unbiassed history of their "Nation's Military Greatness." Surely one or two were at least deserving of a Jubilee medal?

I found Mr. Villiers busily engaged writing his lecture on Thessaly, which he hopes to deliver on his return from the Soudan, whither he has already gone.

Talking over the events of his last campaign as he showed me the large number of most interesting photographs with which he intends to illustrate the same, he remarked, "I was never in a tamer campaign. The Turks fought well, but then they had not a very brilliant



Sketch in a Turkish Bazaar.

enemy to fight. I certainly do not agree with the majority of correspondents as to the alleged cowardice of the Greeks. There is plenty of decent material in their army which could be worked up, but the majority of the officers are abject curs, and it is only the younger ones who appear to have any patriotic feeling. There was really no interesting incident which would be entertaining just now when the public have been satiated with every detail for months; but I think it was amusing the way the Prince took his defeats. When Mr. Gwynne, Reuter's "special," during the armistice visited the headquarters of the Greek army, the Prince said to him: "You know, Mr. Gwynne, that Napoleon always found the most difficult feat was to carry out a successful retreat in the face of the enemy. I have carried out three!"



Snap-shot of a Greek crowd.

Whilst speaking, the war correspondent leads the way into his studio, which is a curiosity shop *par excellence*. The floor is carpeted with rugs brought from the mosque of St. Sophia. There is a wonderful screen of Mashrabeyah work which carries your thoughts away to Egypt, and another which came from the palace of King Theebaw, composed of innumerable pieces of looking-glass



A corner of Mr. Villiers' studio.



The March of the Turkish Prisoners, Jan. 2nd, 1878.

set in gilding. There is an ancient bedstead from Abyssinia, whilst blood-curdling knives, swords, and revolvers —one of which belonged to poor Cameron —literally bristle on the walls. There is also a Soudanese shield, and divers spears; the camel-saddle of my host, and the rug which he used as a camel-cloth; brass bowls from Burmah and a quaint chafing-dish stand on a table over which, in a case, repose the medals, with their many-coloured ribbons—Russian, Servian, Roumanian, the Khedivial Star, and the Order of Takova,—which have fallen to his share. There are also richly embroidered Japanese draperies and gowns lying here and there, which give a touch of beautiful colour to the unique studio.



Mr. Fred. Villiers' hand by Röntgen Rays (by Professor Silvanus P. Thompson).

"How did you come to start on *The Graphic?*" I ask abruptly, as the war correspondent leisurely seats himself and searches for a cigarette, having found me and my note-book a resting-place on the most comfortable divan possible, which is covered by a beautiful silk flag—a memento of the massacre he witnessed at Port Arthur.

"My start on *The Graphic* came most unexpectedly. One afternoon I was sauntering down Holborn when I noticed a little crowd reading the poster of an evening paper which set forth that Prince Milan of Servia had declared war against Turkey. It occurred to me on the moment to write to the Editor of *The Graphic*. I did not even wait to get home, but, going into the British Museum, sat down and wrote a letter offering my services as war artist in the coming campaign. I shall not easily forget the delightful state of suspense I was in from that moment, or what my feelings were when morning brought me a wire from Mr. Thomas—'See me at my private address.



The Russian retreat from Plevna, August, 1877.

As soon as I entered his study he at once asked me:

"'Can you speak French or German?'

"'French fairly well,' I replied.

"'That will do. When can you go?'

"'At once.'



After luncheon on a P. & O. steamer.

"'Then please leave by to-night's mail.'

"And that very night I was travelling by the Continental Express to my first taste of war, armed with two letters of introduction, one to the English Ambassador in Vienna and one to Archibald Forbes, the War Correspondent It was in the historic town of Belgrade I first heard the clang of war, the noise of the smith's hammer, the tramp of troops, the clanking of the orderlies, and sharp word of command, to which later was added the whiz of bullets and sharp rattle of shell."

"Was it the spirit of enterprise only that prompted your career?"

"No; from about the age of ten years pictures had an attraction for me, and also tales of bloodshed and daring deeds. I



Mr. Fred. Villiers in his studio.

(*Photo by Elliott & Fry.*)

was educated in the North of France, came home at seventeen, decided to become an artist, worked hard until I was admitted into the Royal Academy Schools—then spent all my spare pocket-money in night classes and accessories of canvas and colours, made several attempts to ingratiate myself with editors, and by a stroke of good fortune started as Special War Artist of *The Graphic*."

"And what were your impressions of your first battle?"

"A gradual 'awakening,' then a few shots here and there, increasing to a deafening roar. I shall not forget my sensations when the first cannon, near which I was sketching, opened fire and the air was filled with smoke, and now and again there was a terrible explosion and a flash of fire. It was not, however, till the Turks returned our fire and I had witnessed the bursting of the first shell that I appreciated the terrible realities of war. Before the report of that explosion had passed away poor fellows were lying round writhing in mortal agony and horribly mutilated. That sight unnerved me for a moment, but the swift whiz of a bullet soon brought me to my senses. The same night we retreated under a heavy fire and a torrent of rain. The Servians were defeated in every engagement during that campaign, though I was not present at the decisive fight at Djunis, as I had instructions from my paper to join the Turkish army if possible; so I journeyed from thence to Rustchuk and on to Constantinople. There I fell in with a colleague, and, travelling as his secretary, procured many



Mr. Frederic Villiers.



Refugees outside the Opera House, Volo. A snapshot by Mr. Villiers.

sketches of the Bulgarian atrocities. Then shortly an armistice was proclaimed, and I went back to Constantinople."

"And from there?"

"Journeyed to Russia, passing over the frontier from Yassy as a grocer's assistant, for I could not enter the country as an English correspondent. I avoided suspicion *en route* by taking my notes on my thumb-nail and transferring the same with details



At the Chicago Exhibition. Returning to my lodgings.

when I got back to my hotel. It was not till later that the long expected war broke out, and I had time to return to England and renew my kit—it was in April '77. I saw the first shot fired across the Danube; and I also heard the last shots of the campaign in the valley of Maritza."

"And what is the most interesting fight you witnessed in this campaign?"

"Plevna: because it was naturally a very



Major Stuart Wortley bringing the news of the fall of Khartoum.



"I charge the Russian guns."

strong place, and it was the first difficulty the Russians had met with in their advance into Turkey; it was only captured after 142 days' hard fighting, and when 40,000 Russian and 30,000 Turkish soldiers had been slaughtered. It was in this campaign I was given up for lost, and my friend Forbes had arranged with Colonel Wellesley, who had left for England, to break the news of my death to my mother; luckily before he reached England a wire from me rectified the mistake. On another occasion, in the advance of Hicks Pasha's army against El Obeid in the Soudan, walking down Fleet Street I noticed the announcement of my death in the evening papers. So twice I have been numbered with the majority. At the close of the Russian campaign I went to Syria and sketched the Eastern ceremonies in Jerusalem for my paper."



A street in Constantinople.

"And what was your next campaign?"

"Afghanistan. In that I became great friends with Sir Louis Cavagnari, and after the signing of the Treaty of Gundamuk he gave me the pens used on that occasion. Come and have a look at them."

In a little glass-covered frame by the side of his writing-table are the identical pens, and also an autograph letter from Sir Louis Cavagnari to the artist.

"When showing these to a Frenchman who was visiting my studio, he wittily remarked, 'Ah! and this is all that remains of the Treaty of Gundamuk.' And that is right, for shortly after it was treacherously broken and my friend Sir Louis Cavagnari massacred with his followers. It was almost the first news I received on landing at Sydney."

"And when did you paint your first picture for the Academy?"

"After I had been a tour round the world. From Afghanistan I was commissioned for Australia. Journeying through



A night attack at Suakim.

India, I dined with the Viceroy, Lord Lytton, at Simla; then I visited Bombay, and arrived at Sydney for the opening of the Exhibition. Australia with its civilisation and open-handed hospitality was a delightful experience after the hardships of war. I visited Tasmania *en route* for New Zealand, and having stayed in Auckland, came home *via* San Francisco, Honolulu, across the Rockies to New York, seeing *en route* the Mormons and the commercial life of Chicago, and then I came back and settled down in my studio for a while to paint."



A gentleman of Adowa, Abyssinia.

"In all your travels who has been the most interesting personality you have encountered?"

"That is a difficult question, there have been so many. I think perhaps it was young General Skobeleff—a most daredevil soldier. I remember after the declaration of peace on the plains of San Stefano the English and American correspondents arranged a meeting between General Skobeleff and Baker Pasha, the two men who for months had attracted the attention of the civilised world. The two generals met with mutual admiration and heartily shook hands, and then quietly walked to and fro arm-in-arm, chatting over their past experiences. Skobeleff was an excellent General, for he was always in touch with his men and officers. It was when I was the guest of this General in the camp at Tchekmedak overlooking Constantinople that, the conversation turning on the *motifs* that inspired the various armies, I pointed out to him that his soldiers were imbued with almost as much fanaticism for the Orthodox Church and their great White Czar as the fanatic Turk who had hown such heroic spirit during the war.

"'Yes,' Skobeleff remarked, 'I think you're right, and you—turning to a French guest—'have something that inspires your troops.'

"'C'est la gloire,' replied the Frenchman.

"Skobeleff smiled, and, turning to me, said,

"'You English, I don't believe you have any religion to fight for.'

"'Oh, yes, I think so,' I replied, 'perhaps the most seductive of all—"British interests,"' at which the General laughed and characteristically expressed his admiration for our soldiers and his wish to meet them and try their strength."

"And what is the most disagreeable sight you have witnessed?"

"The massacre at Port Arthur. Not only the soldiers but the coolies took part in the three days' bloody work—it was, in fact, a cold-blooded butchery. The citizens, in virtue of the Japanese commander's proclamation, were killed in their shops, their stiffened bodies bent in the act of kowtowing. Any Chinaman was fair game for slaughter. I saw a number of badly wounded pigs in one village running



My dragoman in Syria.



The American contingent of Bluejackets in Cairo.



Refugees on the road to Larissa. A snap-shot by Mr. Villiers.

about with their heads nearly severed from their bodies."

After some weeks' rest in the north with his *bon camarade* Archibald Forbes, where Mr. Villiers enjoyed the hospitality of Mar Lodge and Invercauld, as a guest, with His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, of the Duke of Fife, and where he was initiated into the mysteries of deer-stalking and all the characteristics of Highland hunting life, once more Mr. Villiers' roving spirit asserted itself and he started for the land of the Pharaohs. It was at Alexandria that he met with an amusing incident in the midst of a night of horror.

"We started to penetrate into the town at sundown, stumbling over dead bodies and *débris* of looted shops, and the howls of starving dogs added in no small degree to the horrors of the night. The town and sky were lurid with red flames. As Cameron and I reached the Place de Consuls we saw suspicious looking objects lying amongst the trees. As they did not show fight we cautiously approached them. An exclamation of horror came from Cameron, for the bodies, on nearer inspection, were headless and armless.

"'Here's good colouring for our telegrams,' exclaimed Cameron. "What a stir this will make at the British breakfast table!"

"We moved nearer to the horrible spectacle—and"—Mr. Villiers pauses, and concludes with a smile—"they were simply dressmakers' dummies looted from the shops, and from which the clothes had been stolen. They had been thrown to the flames."

It was this gallant war artist who crossed the Desert with the Gordon relief column and was the only correspondent who got as far as Metemneh; of the rest, two were shot dead, and the rest remained at Gubat. He has also marched with the Servians against the Bulgarians, and with the British troops in Burmah against King



An incident on the Nile—the wreck of the Nasef-el-Keer.

Theebaw. To narrate again all the stories, adventures, and horrors that my host confided to me in that pleasant studio would be impossible. As I am but a young soldier in a field in which he has become well known as an expert, my modesty forbids me giving any personal impressions of my *confrère* beyond that "he is a jolly good fellow."

"A PIPE TO SMOKE."

BY WILLIAM G. HUTCHISON.

A PIPE to smoke is all I crave,
With it for comrade I can brave
The winter weather of mischance,
The icy grip of circumstance,
Forget that I am Fortune's slave.
I pity him that feels its suave
And subtle charm, and, luckless knave,
Finds not the source of all romance—
A Pipe to smoke.

And when in days to come I wave
Farewell to life and all it gave,
Be this my latest utterance:
"Grant me, ye Gods, and so enhance
The distant land beyond the grave,
A Pipe to smoke!"



Antient style. "Not a bite or sup, mind, till we've earned our luncheon.'

SPORT.

BY BENNETT COLL.

ILLUSTRATED BY JOSEPH SKELTON.

OLD STYLE.

"JACK! . . . What, Jack, I say! Deuce take the fellow! . . . *Ja-ack!!*"

"Hullo! What'sh er mak'ng sush inf'nal row 'bout?"

"Now heaven forgive thy sluggard's folly! Zounds, man, 'tis gone four 'o the clock. The birds——"

"Ay, ay; I'm awake now, old boy. Breakfast ready?"

"Breakfast! I had mine an hour ago. Shake together, man, and be down in a trice."

"Why, here I am. Took a brief nap in my clothes—just for once."

"Hurry, then. 'Tis a good mile and a half to the moor, and a tramp of twenty miles to follow. Parkins has gone on to Four Oak Hill—half-way—with the prog; our two men are here with the game-poles, and a couple of dogs are in leash. Help yourself to the beef. Here's a tankard of cool October. Ha, ha! Does it taste good? Cram a lot of things into your pockets and come along. Not a bite nor sup, mind, till we've earned our luncheon."

"Ready, now. What's o'clock? Half-past four! Best foot foremost then."

"Right! Harry — where's Harry? Good lad. Send on the pointer—so. Steady now. Keep in line, Jack, and leave my birds alone. Ha, ha! Shall I have to wipe the eye of thee again, as I did last year? Thrice over, by this blessed sun!"

"Wait till I give you a dose of your own physic, old boy. Got your powder-flask ready?"

"Pooh! Those caps of yours will miss fire to a dead certainty. Bet you a crown I get the first bird."

"Done with you——Hullo! . . . Steady, Harry; there's a point. Didn't know there were any——Hand over your crown, old man. First bird to me."

"And—right—left—to me. Good. Brace and a half. We'll look up the rest, away round there. Bit strong on the wing to-day. H'm!"

"Good breeding season, you know. Ha! This moor-air! Glorious, sir, glorious. Worth a guinea a mouthful. Wait! . . . Steady again."

"My bird, I think?"

"Undoubtedly mine."

"I beg pardon, but——"

"Hang you, Jack, I say the bird's mine."

("Mark, gentlemen; mark, two — three! oh, lor!")

"I'll see you jiggered first. That bird belongs to me."

"Get away with your rubbish. Your fire was half a yard wide."

("Mark, gentlemen! For the Lord's sake, mark! Oh, blazes; there they go!")

"I was dead on to it, I tell you. D'ye think I'm blind?"

"D'ye take me for a fool?"

("Gentlemen, there's two coveys or ten gone right off—miles away.")

"Confusion! String the birds on my pole, Harry."

"No; on mine."

("Please sir, and gentlemen, there ain't no bird. Both on you shot to once, and the bird's clean blowed away.")

(*Later.*)

"Jack, I forgive thee all thy sins. A little more punch. Capital morning's work. Fifteen brace, and more to come. Rather a rough ten mile tramp, eh?"

"So, so. There's a stiffer bit by-and-bye. But, Lord! How bracing the exercise; how keen the enjoyment. I feel I could walk for ever in this air."

"Ay; and then there's a good dinner to look forward to. Another box of caps, Harry, and more powder."

NEW STYLE.

"Duchess out to-day?"

"'Mmps. Somewhere about. Probably in the next butt—ogling the Brewer. We're rather early, ain't we?"

"A trifle. Just gone eleven, though. S'pose we shall make a start presently. D'you know anything?"

"Why—the Brewer—our host, you know. H'm! Can't think of his name, just now. Anyhow, he's got forty beaters out, and a whole kennelful of dogs. They've been driving up for a week past."

"Ah! Birds'll pack well, then. I say—the beer-trade must be pretty flourishing. I hear this fellow's rent for the moor runs into four figures. Wonder how he does it."

"Yah—hum. Can't say. Excuse my yawn. Didn't get to bed till early this morning—playing Pills, you know."

"Open a bottle of fizz—there's one in the hamper. Put you right in a twinkling. Done much with the partridges this year?"

"Rather! Young Chandler had me down for the First. Hoisted his kite, you understand; so that we made capital bags."

"Er—a kite?"

"Yes. Shaped like a hawk, don't you know. You fly it over the turnips, and the birds daren't stir."

"By Jove! That's deuced good, that

is. Made your thirty or forty brace a gun, I'll bet."

("Whistle's just gone, gen'men. Birds is coming up on the wind.")

"All right. I say, what's-your-name; don't show yourself. Point your gun slick overhead and fire in the middle. . . . Good. Look here, my men, just hand the guns more smartly next time, there's good fellows. Where were we? Oh, about the kite. Yes. There's a fellow—Nicholson of Ours—who's getting out a patent for sporting-guns. Going to apply the Maxim principle to the present breech-loader. You just sit in a butt, like this, wait for the whistle, and turn a handle when the grouse drive overhead. Pretty thing, I believe."

"Must be. Precious stiff figure for it I suppose?"

"N—no. Hundred and fifty guineas, p'r'aps."

"H'm. Make his pile over that little job, no doubt. Hanged if I don't feel a bit peckish.

"Tuck into what's going, then. You'll find the *menu* inside the hamper cover."

"Ah! Paté-de-fois-gras. Good. Cutlets in hot-water dish. Better. French rolls, cold chicken, ham—looks good—lobster salad. Better and better. Champagne galore. And—oh, this is too good; positively they haven't forgotten the ice! Will you peck?"

"Er—no thanks. Breakfasted an hour



Modern style. "Our host, you know. H'm! Can't think of his name."

ago. Look here; when you feel bored just say so, and I'll order round the dog-cart. Tool you over to our host's smoking-room."

"Ah! Perhaps a game of billiards—eh?"

"Just my form. But, after eating the Brewer's luncheon, hadn't we better wait and have another shot? 'England expects,' don't you know."

"Exactly. Another shot, by all means."

"Good. Better fire together, this time. Much the best plan. Right in the middle, remember."

(*Later.*)

"Just been counting the bags they've brought in. Two thousand five hundred brace, and over, to thirty-five guns. Worst of it is, the Brewer is busy packing the lot for the London market."

"What! Aren't we to share the——? Oh, I say!"

"Devil a brace for anybody. Beastly bad form, though."

"Horrid. Tell you what; tip the keeper a fiver. We can't go home empty-handed."

"No. There's—er—a shop I know, where they'll have plenty. Better let me give you a lift—now—before the other fellows get there."

("Beg pardon, gen'men. Beaters 'ud like to drink yer 'ealths. Thankee, sir; an' thank *you*, sir. . . . 'Arf a thick 'un each! Well, I *ham* blowed!")





A. E. Stoddart's forward-drive.

(Photo by Hawkins & Co. From "The Jubilee Book of Cricket," by permission of W. Blackwood & Sons.)

WANDERINGS IN BOOKLAND.

CERTAIN artists have always felt the need of embodying high passions in the garb and speech of an idealised past. The drama has usually gone to Greece and Rome, the novel to the mythical ages of chivalry. The fashion for Greece and Rome has gone out for the present, and owing to the imaginative and emotional force of the Pre-Raphaelite poets and painters, following the lead of Tennyson—himself, of course, influenced by Scott,—the Burne-Jones and William Morris knight-and-lady convention is the current convention of idealism.

But there is one characteristic which differentiates M. Maeterlinck from the Pre-Raphaelites. Sharing all their mystical passion, their intense desire of beauty, and wrought with the same strange music and colour, he is not only a poet of the ecstacy of passionate love, but a subtle psychologist of its problems. *Aglavaine and Selysette* is a "problem-play" as much as any of Ibsen's, but it is a problem-play written to a music of which the problem comes to seem perhaps an artfully-contrived discord. In great tragedy, the heart is consoled for the tragedy by the beauty. It was terrible, but it was beautiful! It was terrible that Selysette should die for Aglavaine and Meleander, but how beautiful! "I felt that it was not possible," says Aglavaine in one place, "for that it was not beautiful." Such perhaps will be the watchword for the morality of the future, for the world never said a shallower thing than "beauty is only skin deep," nor heard a profounder than :

> "Beauty is truth, truth beauty : that is all
> Ye know on earth and all ye need to know."

Perhaps even Keats hardly knew how profound a thing he was saying!

New ground is indubitably broken by one of the authors of *The Money-Spinner and other Character Notes*, by H. Seton Merriman and S. G. Tallentyre (Smith, Elder & Co.). A great many of us are aware that the author of *The Sowers* is, with the exception of Mr. Fred Whishaw, the one English fictionist of repute who can write knowledgeably and powerfully of Russian life seen from the inside. But Mr. Merriman's versatility is not such common knowledge, and in the few stories of the three-and-twenty that make up this volume in which we detect his hand, he agreeably and frequently surprises us. Although two names appear on the title-page these stories are not actually written in collaboration, but by the separate hands of Mr. Merriman and Mr. Tallentyre. *Character Notes* is a title that exactly fits these always artistic and often pathetic sketches. We were especially pleased with "The Scholar," with its description of the Riviera of forty years ago, as containing "much more of heaven and less of earth" than to-day. In the sketch entitled "The Farmer," a high level of pathos is reached ; while "The Spinster" is studded with bits of genuine humour :

"Her bedroom is a perfect portrait gallery of ancestors. She keeps an especial silk pocket-handkerchief to dust them with, which is used for no other purpose. The Eldest says she never saw anything so hideous as the old things, and would like to know why people's ancestors always have great beaks of noses like that ; the Eldest's own nose being an engaging little snub. Tab's family are



Illustration from "The Money-Spinner."
(*By permission of Messrs Smith, Elder & Co.*)

like the nightly hair-brushing to her—a religion. No matter how disagreeable or how impecunious, alive or dead, provided they are relatives Tab is ready to take them to her heart. When the ne'er-do-weels are shipped off in despair by their friends to Buenos Ayres or California, she writes them long letters full of affection—and enclosing a Post-office Order. It is thought that the relatives do not always read the letters. But there is no occasion on record on which they have not taken kindly to the Order.

"'Generosity,' with the highest of motives, of course, does her best to shake Tab's belief in her family.

"'Generosity' says, 'Isn't it absurd to see how proud the Joneses are of their uncle because he is a General? *Any* one can be a General. Isn't it ridiculous, Tab?'

"A little colour rises in Tab's worn face. It is to be feared that she is afraid of 'Generosity's' back-handed little stabs, and has not the courage to make a spirited reply. She says feebly, 'Oh, very!' But her heart is as true as steel to that effete old papa."

The publication of Prince K. S. Ranjitsinhji's sumptuous *Jubilee Book of Cricket* (Blackwood) was eagerly awaited by most lovers of the greatest of all games. It would be absurd to claim for the Prince's work that it possesses the strength of such cricket classics as Mr. Fred Gale's *The Game of Cricket* and Mr. Pycroft's *The Cricket Field*, or the peculiar attraction of the reminiscences strung together by such masters of the sport as W. G. Grace and



K. S. Ranjitsinhji—glance-playing back.

(Photo by E. Hawkins & Co. From "The Jubilee Book of Cricket," by permission of W. Blackwood & Sons.)

Richard Daft. But without claiming this for it, the book is possessed of very considerable attractions for every reader who is a cricketer—and lives there the (English) reader of the worser sex who is not? The Prince, it appears, can write cricket as well as play cricket, and the views that he expresses invariably appeal to the mind of the true sportsman by reason of the sound common-sense by which their enthusiasm is tempered. As, for instance: "There is a great deal of nonsense talked sometimes when a whole eleven collapses in a particular match. The probable causes of such failure are freely discussed and readily invented. In nine cases out of ten the reasons found are wrong. The law of averages, to which all human beings are subject in cricket as in other things, is quite enough explanation. Every man fails on an average once out of every six or seven times he goes to the wicket. There is no mathematical reason why it should not happen that five or six batsmen on the same side take their inevitable nought or one in the same innings of the same match. Such a series of coincidences is more often, I believe, the explanation of collapses than nervousness or similar suggested causes." This *Jubilee Book of Cricket* consists of nearly five hundred pages, the Universities and Public Schools' section being contributed by W. J. Ford and Dr. Case. The volume, which is superbly illustrated, is "dedicated, by Her Gracious Permission, to Her Majesty the Queen-Empress."

Mr. Robert Barr's new novel *The Mutable Many* (Methuen) was published at a highly fortunate moment, when there were rumours of "strikes" and "lock-outs" on every hand. "Fortunate moment," used in such a connection, sounds a trifle paradoxical perhaps; but what we want to convey is that Mr. Barr's latest story is written round a great strike, the author contriving to make the central incident a love episode between the daughter of the manager and the leader of the strikers—a convention this, perhaps, but a pretty one all the same. The book contains a good deal of happy character drawing, notably that of Barny Hope, who of his vanity would be an artist, but who does not "understand the rudiments of drawing, and as for colour there isn't a pavement chalk-artist who is not his superior." Altogether, Mr. Barr has managed to surround *The Mutable Many* with something approximating to the atmosphere of a real strike, taking us back in fancy to the days of '89, when, thanks to John Burns' straw hat and the *Marseillaise*, London's labour was enabled to impose its own terms upon its employers.

The second of "Ouida's" successes of the present publishing year—for as popular successes they must in fairness go down into history—has been scored with *The Altruist* (Fisher Unwin). However much we may marvel at the "passion for romance" which still permits so considerable a section of the reading public to expend time and tears over the irritating heroes, heroines, and adventuresses of Ouida's novels, it must at least be placed to the credit of this industrious lady that she seems to have deserted, however temporarily, her tedious convention of dying for sweet love's sake without reasonable cause or excuse. On the other hand, it is highly probable that the average Marxist or apostle of Herbert Spencer would wish to be further informed concerning Ouida's exact definition of the beautiful word "altruist" ere taking her central character to their hearts.

To mention the names of Ouida and of Miss Marie Corelli in juxtaposition will, it is to be feared, pain the susceptibilities of the many. But we have noted with some amusement (the whole of the world except ourselves having gone to the seaside) that a belated paragraphist has put himself to the trouble of discovering what writers of fiction are the most in demand this season among sojourners by the Blue. And the answer leads off—of

course!—with the names of these two much-criticised ladies. We are not greatly surprised, knowing how great a power (though we cannot for the life us tell *why*) Miss Corelli still wields over the minds of provincial readers—while it is not given to every novelist of Ouida's class to produce, in the waning autumn of a career, two such popular successes as *The Massarenes* and *The Altruist* inside the same twelvemonth. Next in order on this "seaside list" comes Sir Walter Besant with his admirable *A Fountain Sealed;* other books said to be enjoying a great vogue just now being Mrs. Riddell's *Did He Deserve It?* Christie Murray's *A Rogue's Conscience*, and Mrs. Campbell Praed's *Nulma*. While on this question of the quality and quantity of seaside reading, it may not be out of place to refer to the testimony lately given in the columns of one of the great dailies, by a highly respectable, not to say eminent, member of the publishing fraternity, on the vexed question of the "threepence in the shilling" discount given to the public by booksellers. A new and serious element, be it noted, has been introduced in the increasingly "popular" prices at which works of fiction are sold. Hence one is not surprised to learn that the publishers have invited the booksellers to reduce their threepenny discount to twopence, Of 789 booksellers to whom this "invitation" was issued, no fewer than 729 have replied giving their assent. "So now we are only awaiting the authors, decision," remarks Mr. Macmillan.



Illustration from the new edition of "Jess."

(*By permission of Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co.*)



Watering camels on the Nile.



On Camel-Back IN THE SUDAN

BY HILLIARD ATTERIDGE

War Correspondent of "The Daily Chronicle."

PROBABLY most of us first met the camel—a fabulous animal, having little in common with the reality except his hump and his long neck—in those most delightful travels of childhood and boyhood, travels made in imagination, with the help of story-books. It was the age of everyday marvels, and the very name of the camel carried us off into a world of wonders. We had only to join any respectable caravan, and there was sure to be a mirage before long, succeeded possibly by a simoom, but in the evening an oasis would be reached, beautiful as an eastern garden, with shady palms and cool waters. Just for the sake of an exciting change, a few days' journey farther on, our travellers would miss the oasis and begin to die of thirst, and we, of course, would be in the same direful straits. Then to save our lives we killed our camel—always in imagination—and drank of the great supply of pure water, which was preserved, according to the school-books, in his second stomach. This fabled provision of nature was all the more remarkable, as the unfortunate beast himself never had anything to drink from the time we started to cross the desert. The Desert was itself a part of Wonderland. For though it had a vague relation to the maps of Asia and Africa, it was always very properly understood to be a pathless region on the borders of Nowhere. The Arabian tales all happened close by, and was it not an easy distance thence even to the realm of genii, gnomes,



Mr. Atteridge's camel with the "maklufa" (native saddle).

and fairies? Most of us having an early and romantic idea of the Desert—the one mysterious Desert with a capital D—formed also a romantic estimate of the camel.

We probably met him first in the flesh, or rather in the hairy skin, at the Zoo-



Mr. Andrew Hilliard Atteridge.

(*Photo by Ball, 17, Regent Street, S.W.*)

logical Gardens or in the travelling menagerie. Our hearts beat. Here was something from the East alive, out of the wonder tales and the coloured pictures. We rode upon him, back to back, securely strapped to safe seats hung pannier-fashion at his sides, yet much flung about by his long swinging strides. It was a short day-dream. The crowd of sight-seers disappeared. The sands were around us. The silent beast had accepted us meekly at threepence apiece, and he parted from us, suddenly but as calmly, at the top of a step-ladder, when we had to come down out of the desert at once.

These early memories return to one as the camel is met for the first time on his own ground by the Nile, when camel-riding is to be a reality of travel instead of a happy incident of child's-play. Our old friend gives us to understand at the first glance that we have never met before. He is very different from that poor relation of his, meek of manner and somewhat small in size, that we saw led round the track at the show, with the children on his back. He is quite unlike his alleged portrait in the coloured pictures. He is more scraggy and angular, with great knobby joints, a weird bit of living and moving gauntness with a face that is like no other animal's in its dreamy look of stubborn resignation to whatever fate may bring. At Cairo, the traveller sees him chiefly as a beast of burden. The tall camels with their loads of forage and vegetables, hanging in green masses at their sides, tower above the traffic on the long Kasr-en-Nil bridge. An Arab or a negro will perhaps be perched high on the top of the load, but this can hardly be called riding. Along the river margin west of the bridge an embankment is being repaired, and here we see the camel playing the part that a contractor's tip-waggon would fill in England, for he is

bringing up the clay in wooden boxes hung at his sides, and, as he reaches the proper point on the bank, the brown native navvy knocks a bolt out of the bottom of each box, and four hundredweight of material is added to the bank. Out at the pyramids the tourist has his first camel-ride. The Arabs keep a few camels at their village just below the edge of the pyramid plateau. The beasts are not very wonderful specimens of their race, and all the work they do is to walk lazily round with a tourist seated in unstable equilibrium on the saddle. This saddle is a kind of compromise between a horse's and a camel's gear, for the American or Britisher mounts astride, that being the only kind of riding he knows anything about. But the trappings of the camel make a brave show, they are bright with red and saffron-yellow, and there are long cords and tassels wherever there is a place to hang them. So our tourist mounts, is slowly walked round, and then is photographed on camel-back, as a kind of guarantee for future years that he has been an Eastern traveller.



In Camp.

But to see what the camel is really worth one must leave Cairo, with its well-paved suburban roads, far behind, and go up the Nile to the regions where the desert presses close on the river margin, and the sandy track between the narrow belt of cultivation and the edge of the waterless wilderness is the only road from one sun-baked riverside village to another. Still more does one realise what the camel is to the Arab at those points where the caravan-tracks of the desert strike the river; at Keneh, where the much travelled route from Kosseir on the Red Sea reaches the Nile; near Assiout, at the starting-point of the tracks



Watering the Camels.

that lead by the great oasis of Selima to Darfur and Kordofan ; at Assouan, whence runs the way of the desert by the wells of Haimur and Negem to Berber ; or at Korosko, where camel track and telegraph line run southward through the low rocky hills to the Egyptian outpost at the wells of Murat.

My first real acquaintance with the camel was at Assouan, when I was on my way up the Nile last year. An old hand at such matters had advised me to buy my camels there, and for four days my chief interest lay in the negotiations for the purchase. I was absolutely ignorant of the points of a camel. I knew he ought to have a hump and a long neck, and that was about all. But a British officer who was buying animals for the expedition, and knew as much about camels as any white man can ever hope to learn, kindly assisted me with expert advice. Even with such help the buying of a pair of camels proved the longest piece of bargaining I have ever done in my life. Early each morning there was a kind of camel market held on the edge of the town, near the cavalry lines. We would ride out to see if we could select a likely animal. There were four of us, Captain Smith, rather *blasé* of camels, looking at them from the familiar professional point of view, and three others to whom the long-necked beast and all his surroundings were still a novelty. It is well for us we cannot see even the near future. Those morning rides would not have been so light-hearted, nor would there have been so much of joke and laughter in our haggling with the Arabs, if we had realised that two of the three, "Roddy" Owen and my comrade Garrett of *The New York Herald*, were never to come down the Nile.

A noisy, chattering, gesticulating crowd of coloured folk in flowing robes would meet us as we rode up, and lead us to the place where the camels for sale lay couched on the sand, heavy, hot, and odoriferous, their heads bobbing about on the long grey necks, like snakes erect. Take a look at this beast, the biggest of the lot. The narrow slits of the nostrils are tightly closed to keep out the dust stirred up by our approach. The large eyes look out upon vacancy from under the bony knob of the eyebrows. The lips are drawn up tightly, and the greenish teeth show with an ill-humoured and ill-used air, as the jaws move, grinding from side to side, chewing the cud. The camel looks more vicious than he is, but when he is in one of his nasty humours woe to the man that is caught unawares by arm or shoulder in that big mouth as in a mill, to be presently flung to the ground and crushed by those huge knees. Happily this aggressive mood is rare. The camels today are on their best behaviour, waiting for a new master, moodily silent so long as they are let alone, but muttering and humming and bubbling and groaning and grunting if anyone so much as touches them. The Arabs are superior beings at home in their society ; but the animal for sale casts a supercilious look at the mere European who is going to venture to ride him. He has never met us before, he says as plainly as any words ; we have never been introduced ; he is not anxious for tourist acquaintances. His estimate is quite right. We know nothing of him, and approach conscious that all our troubles are before us.

One camel purchased for Owen is the result of an hour of wild debate, with much trotting and galloping to show what the beasts can do. The Captain sometimes mounts for a short turn, but we decline to follow his example and "try what it is like." We mean to make our first attempts when there is not such a crowd looking on. Even Owen, most daring of steeplechase riders, takes the prudent course. "A camel is not exactly like a horse," he remarks, "and there is no reason why we should have all these black fellows laughing at us." We return

to the hotel. "Better luck to-morrow," says Captain Smith hopefully, "they were a poor lot to-day." But after lunch a wild uproar outside the gate of the long courtyard tells us the camels are coming. Our Arab friends have got together another batch. We sally forth to see them. Garrett and I look on from the arch of the courtyard, but Smith, conspicuous in his khaki-coloured helmet, has plunged into the midst of the noisy crowd of yelling men and boys high out which tower the necks of three camels, one ridden by a little Bisharin, nearly naked and grinning with delight at prospective *backsheesh*, the two others led by head-ropes. Smith mounts and careers away under the palms of the river bank, and back again at a brisk swinging trot. "This one is pleasant to ride, a very easy gait," he says to me as he pulls up. "Just you try him." To my inexperienced eye it looks as if the bold rider and his mount have been pitching about like a boat in a heavy sea. "Thanks," is my reply, "I can take your word for that and a good deal more. You may buy the brute for me." And the brute is bought, but it takes a good half hour to settle the bargain. The Arab, a lineal descendant of one of the forty thieves, names an extravagant figure. The Captain replies by offering an absurdly low one. Then intermediate prices are suggested amid a babel of comments from all the bystanders. More than once the Arab dealer turns away in disgust, but goes no farther than the next corner, and comes back to accept a sum that a few minutes ago was impossible. At last the bargain is struck, the golden sovereigns (which he calls guineas) are counted out into the brown hand of the Arab, and the camel is led off to the Government lines to have my name painted in black, tarry letters on the curve of his neck.

Owen is missing all the afternoon. Just before dinner-time he makes his appearance. "I have been riding my camel!" he says, with a triumphant air "I have had my first try." "Well, what was it like." "It was awful," he answers, and he acts the scene as he goes on. "I held on like this before and behind, like grim death; and now and then the beast would look round as if he meant to get a hold of my knee and 'savage' me. I shall have a thick stick or a pistol with me next time." A born rider, who could manage anything that went on four legs, Owen was as much at home on a camel as on a horse before he was a week older.

My experiences of camel-riding began at Wady Halfa. I used the native saddle, the *maklufa*, a slightly hollowed seat carried upon a padded framework over the hump, without stirrups. Efforts have been made to evolve a better saddle, but what the Arab has worked out for himself through centuries of experience is probably better than anything the European newcomer can make for the purpose. One rides by balance, not by grip, and it is much less tiring than riding on a horse, for the simple reason that one can vary one's attitudes in at least half-a-dozen different ways. Then, too, one need not watch where one's mount is going, even on the roughest ground. He is the most sure-footed of beasts, and if there is another camel in front one need not guide one's own. For centuries camels have been following each other in strings, and it has become an instinct to keep to the leader's track. So, once one can ride, one may tie the head-rope to the front of the saddle and read or even doze, and let the camel take care of himself. But this comfortable stage is not reached at once and the first attempts at riding are a rough experience.

Mounting is a serious business. The Arab mounts while his camel is actually rising from the ground. But the beginner cannot even attempt this. So an Arab servant plants a foot firmly on the bent knee of the animal, which is

lying down in an uneasy waiting attitude, ready to start up the moment it feels the least weight on the *maklufa*, which, set high above the hump, has no more resemblance to a horse's saddle than to the side-seats of the children's menagerie ride. On this lofty throne the rider is told to place himself with his legs on the neck. A rope goes to the beast's head, fastened not to a bit but to the head-stall. Sometimes there is a string running through a slit in the nostril, but it is better to do without this if possible, though there are camels that cannot be controlled without it With a properly trained mount the slightest touch with a light stick on one side or the other of the neck suffices for guiding. The camel goes to the right if touched on the left, and *vice versâ*. The head-rope is used for slowing or stopping his career. But



A Long Drink.

we are anticipating. Let us come back to the serious business of mounting.

Hardly has the new owner reached the saddle when, with a vehement jolt, the vast mass of camel begins to rise, lifting joint after joint and pitching backwards and forwards. The learner keeps his seat, holding on for his life. He swings back as the hind legs stretch, forward as the forelegs unfold and go up, then backward again, remembering that the four pillars of the camel are long beyond reckoning, and he is only half up yet; then forward once more lest he go over the tail as the front of the beast takes its full height. This complicated rise is the work of two seconds, but a lurch the wrong way would be ruin. With an inward sense of relief the rider finds that there is no more pushing up; the process is over as suddenly as it began. He has survived it. He is throned aloft, and the camel has at



Watering the Camels.

once begun to walk off, ceasing that laborious groaning and snorting which was the noisy accompaniment to the trial of a first mounting. The camel walks, but not as his diminutive relation walked in the circus of old. This one means business, and goes along fast, and the new rider feels as if he had mounted an unsteady church spire on the move. The Arab suggests in French that Monsieur should practise the mount again. He speaks to the camel with a kind of choking noise in his throat, and at the signal down on his knees goes the beast, and badly shaken, but safe in the saddle, the rider wonders how long it takes to get used to this sort of thing, and having slipped to the ground, valiantly begins his trials all over again. It is some time before one gets used to the lofty perch of the *maklufa* and the rolling movement of the camel in its lurching side-to-side jog-trot.

This jog-trot of about five miles an hour is the camel's best pace. The loaded baggage camel will walk at most two and half miles in the same time, so the pace of a convoy is slow. There are numerous breeds and varieties of both the baggage camel, called by the Arabs *gimel*, and the riding camel, or *heggin*. The broad distinction between the two is very much the same as that between the draught horse and saddle horse, though, as in the case of horses, some animals hold a middle position and are used for both purposes. The carrying power of the baggager and the speed of the riding camel are both much exaggerated in current accounts. Four hundredweight is about the limit for the Nubian *gimel*. As for long rides, Slatin escaping from Omdurman made one hundred and thirty miles in the first twenty-one hours, but the result was that the camels were completely knocked up. Ohrwalder and his companions did two hundred miles in the first three days of their escape, and in the eight days' ride to Murat the average was a little over fifty miles daily; but the camels suffered from the hard driving at the outset, and the want of proper food and rest later, and when Murat was reached they were mere skin and bone. The old school-book accounts of the camel have fostered the idea that he can live for days on the recollection of a past meal and the hope of what is to come. But though he has a certain power of endurance, like all animals that live in the wilderness, and can on occasion hold out for three days without a feed or a drink, he suffers for it, and he does much better in every way when he is fed and watered regularly, and has proper rest. He is an animal, and not a mere machine.

But he is a very unsympathetic animal. His owners and drivers never seem to get familiar with him as men will with horses, or even mules and donkeys. And he suffers for it. Thanks to our ignorance of him in all our recent campaigns, we have tried to get impossible tasks out of him, with the result that every convoy track is marked with his bones. The dying camels on the line of march are a pitiful sight, happily becoming rarer as we have come to know more about the unfortunate beast, and do not leave him so much to the mercy of the rough-handed rabble from whom the camel-drivers of an army are recruited.

There are very few accidents in camel-riding. There is an Arab proverb that says men can be killed by a fall from a donkey, but not when they fall from a camel. I have had one such fall. My camel suddenly plunged down a slope, and I was shot out over the front of the *maklufa*. I was luckily able to get my right hand on the horn of the saddle and fell on my feet, pulling the camel up with the head-rope at the same moment. I was none the worse for a fall of seven feet. The most dangerous experience is to be run away with. Sometimes, though not often, the camel will bolt, then, as a veteran camel-rider put it to me, "You

may pull back the head and neck, but the legs keep running on." At full speed few white men can keep the saddle.

The Arab seems to ride instinctively. To see the men of the camel corps rattling over rough stony ground at headlong speed is a sight not to be forgotten. To the European it seems a miracle that they are not thrown at every step. Sixty miles out one day and sixty miles home the next is a feat often accomplished on their scouting expeditions by these soldiers of the desert, the camels being, of course, fed and watered before and after the ride. It was this power of using the camel for a rapid rush across a waterless waste that made the Dervish raiders so dangerous to the Upper Nile villages, so long as the Mahdists held the Dongola province.

South of Khartoum, three or four hundred miles above the fork of the White and Blue Niles, comes the country where rain falls regularly. Here ends the region of the camel Arabs, and we reach that of the cattle-owning tribes. The camel is the animal that makes life and work in the rainless region possible. He seems made for it, different from every other beast in habit, in outer form, in the very structure of his blood. Even when one is familiar with him day after day, there is something strange and uncanny in his ways. The Arabs have a saying that when the Creator called the camel into existence, even He was astonished at His own handiwork. Possibly this feeling of strangeness arises from the fact that however long one may know a camel, however well or badly he may be treated, the result is not as with other animals, either love or hate, confidence or fear. He lives in his own mysterious world, far away from us even when he is our daily servant on the march and in the camp.



LETTERS TO CLORINDA.*

MY DEAR CLORINDA,—I had forgotten the story until your letter reminded me of it. I remember now our talking over it together, as we walked through the wood that wet autumn afternoon, keeping to the leafiest covers, listening to the ceaseless weeping of the rain. The brown leaves beneath our feet were sodden; a churchyard odour came from the clustering fungi; a beech-nut, dropping from bough to bough, fell every now and again beside us.

You would not have it that a man could love a woman, and she not know it. He might keep silence, and she would not let him know she knew; but that would be all. You thought it more probable that the woman might love the man without his ever guessing it; but when I asked you if you had ever come across such a case, you could not give me any single instance. But still you thought it might be.

I, better prepared, gave you an instance of a friend of mine who loved a woman with his whole heart; but, though they had been friends for years, she never learnt his secret.

"How do you know that she never guessed it?" you asked, and I told you: because she was a woman who, had she discovered it, would have put a gulf between them, duty claiming her to other paths; whereas she still remained his friend; and you answered,

"Perhaps she trusted him, knowing him to be strong."

And then we drifted away from our subject, as was our wont: and passed the mist-haunted glades, arguing whether love were a good thing in itself, apart from its fruit—whether love thus hidden, thus hopeless, helped or hurt a man.

So the story, my dear, never got itself written. I am sorry. I think it would have proved interesting; but perhaps all our best stories are the stories that never get into print—the stories that we keep for circulation in our own brains. What delightful stories they are, those dream-stories, where we are our own heroes and heroines—where we do brave things, noble things—wicked things sometimes, but always big things, while the world looks wondering on. In these stories we are never mean or little, and the audience is always there to see and admire us. That is the saddest part of the stories we live; so often we play our parts to empty benches, or if a thin house be present they misunderstand, and laugh at the pathetic parts; and, when our finest opportunity comes, the royal box, in which he or she should be sitting to watch us, is vacant.

One of these days I intend to make a book of the stories I have never written. It would be a good book I think, but a long one. There is one story—a ghost story—that I have often tried to write. It begins most excellently, but what really happened I have never been able to make out. I call it: The Echo of the Four Corners (*L'Écho des Chemins de Traverse*, for the scene of the story is laid in the South of France). The old château stands far back from the road, behind an avenue of elms, where all day long the rooks caw ceaselessly to one another. The rooks are the only living things about the house, for, of the four roads three dwindle into mere cart-tracks through the wood, and the fourth leads but back to the white straight Roman highway, where

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on stormy nights, they say, one still may hear, drawing nearer from the mountains, the long-dead tramp of the legions. From the village, a league distant, I often stroll here of a summer evening, when the sun is dyeing blood-red the many casements; and, leaning my arms upon the creaking gate, conjure up the vanished faces that once looked out from the now vacant windows.

One evening, while I am musing thus, there comes from the house a cry—a low wailing cry of a child in pain, and dies away. I should have thought it a fancy of my brain, but that the rooks hear it also, and, rising from the trees, fly swiftly away, a black screaming crowd, and, though I linger till the twilight dies and the night comes creeping up the hill-side, not one returns. Then, a day or two later, a still stranger incident occurs, for the thing happens in broad daylight, when no sad twilight is there to paint fantastic shadow-pictures on my mind. I have climbed up the steep pathway through the wood, and am nearing the four corners, when I see before me the figure of a child, running. I can hardly credit my own eyes, for the château stands far away from all human habitations. Not even a peasant's cottage is within that silent woodland, and the grass-grown roads, coming from nowhere, leading nowhere, are troubled with few footsteps. I call to the child. She turns her curl-framed face, and laughs at me, yet runs on towards the gate, and I hasten after her. She flies, still laughing, as though it were a game we were playing, looking back over her shoulder every now and again to see that I am coming. I follow, taking care only to keep pace with her, thinking to please her. So we pass under the whispering elms, she fifty yards or so in front of me, and I catch one last glimpse from her mischievous eyes as she turns the corner of the château and disappears. I quicken my pace now that I am out of sight of her, and reach the corner a few seconds later, but she is nowhere in view. I run round to the back of the house, but still there is no sign of her, and I call, but there comes no answer. So for an hour or so I search and shout, but only the rooks answer me, mockingly, as it seems to me.

"Someone is living in the house," I tell myself, but my blows upon the rotten doors are answered only by the scuttling of a thousand rats, and in the tangled wilderness of the garden every path is choked with brambles.

The mystery of the house weaves its spell around me, so that all my thoughts are of it, and then, one evening, coming to it, as is my wont, I find there, before me, leaning his arms upon the white gate, an old, old priest. I greet him, and we fall to talk; and the old priest tells me a strange tale.

"The place was just as you see it now," said the old priest, "when I, a young man, first set eyes upon it, more than fifty years ago. I was travelling with a dear friend, whom I loved; and, passing this way one summer evening, with our knapsacks on our backs, we paused, held by the sad beauty of the spot, and leant upon the gate as you and I are leaning upon it now. The place fascinated my friend. There is some evil charm about it that draws one—do you not feel it? No one owned the house. No one in the neighbourhood knew to whom it belonged. For years it had remained tenantless, dropping even then into decay. The weeds grew in the garden then, as now, and the rats gnawed the fine old Louis Quatorze furniture, as they are gnawing it this day. If we drew nearer we should hear the sawing of their sharp teeth. My friend took what you call French leave to spend a few days in the house. He would not let me join him. He was a poet, and he thought its mournful solitude would inspire him. I was accustomed to humour his whims,

and I let him have his way. How could I know—how could I guess? It is easy to be wise afterwards."

The old priest paused in his talk. A rook cawed, as if talking to himself, and I waited. After a while the old priest went on again.

"He, my friend, would stroll round the garden of an evening after he had eaten of the simple supper he had cooked for himself; and one night, in a laughing mood, standing where we are standing now, by this gate, he turned towards the house, and shouted the chorus of a song. And, as he ended, he heard the last line shouted back to him in a voice so clear, so distinct, that at first he thought it must be some chance passer-by joking with him. It is a wonderful echo, listen to it."

The old priest raised his voice, and shouted down the dim avenue the last line of a Latin hymn: "God save us from all evil things!" and the words came back: "God save us from all evil things!" But the voice seemed to me to be not the voice of the old priest, but a strange mockery of it; and a fear seemed to fall upon us both.

"A wonderful echo," I said at last.

"If it be an echo," answered the priest. "My friend called again to it, and it answered him back again, time after time, then—God forgive him—he flung towards it a blasphemous verse from a ribald wine-shop song, and there returned to him upon the gathering darkness, not the words he had uttered, but a long low laugh, that rose and fell and died away into the wood, and my friend's blood froze in his veins. Better had he followed his fear and fled, but he was full of the folly of youth, and slowly he forced his footsteps down the black avenue, and across the threshold, and the heavy oaken door closed upon him—God rest his soul!"

The old priest remained silent long, until at last I questioned him. "No, not my friend," he replied, "I have never seen him since. A strange creature came out of the house in the dawn, and dragging itself to the door of the monastery, fell there, and the brethren took it in, and sent for me. It bore the face and form of my friend, but who or what it is God knows. And, for the sake of its pleading eyes, I also took the cowl, that I might be near it always, to comfort it, and pray with it. It has strange fits, and at such times no man dare be with it but myself, but when its violence is past it is like a little child, and I have grown to love it, and one day the good God will take it to Himself."

There are other stories that I cannot write—I will tell you them some day. There is one story I thought of writing backwards—that is just the way I would think of writing a story, you will say. A man wandering idly forces his way from curiosity into the centre of a small crowd on the Embankment. A woman has just been dragged from the river. She is dead. Something about her interests him in spite of himself, so he makes it his business to institute enquiries. He finds she was a woman he had met years before at a *bal masqué* in Venice. He remembers he had been strangely attracted by her. They had left the ball in a gondola, and for hours had drifted on the silent waters, talking. She would not then lift her mask nor tell him who she was, though it seemed evident she knew him. He had urged her to meet him on the next day, and she had promised, but she had never kept her word, and he had not seen her again until he saw her dead face on the wet pavement, and the other faces bending over it. Having now a clue, he traces her life back still further, and finds that he and she were children together, living in the same village. They had been playmates—sweethearts almost, had they been old enough to know it. He went away to school, and when he returned she was gone, and no one would tell him anything

about her. When her name was mentioned a hush always fell upon the company. They told him something had happened, and that he would never see her again. It had troubled him at the time, but other things had come into his life, and, boy-like, he had forgotten her.

I cannot tell why I could never write that story. The stories I have written are, I feel, so very poor compared with the stories I have meant to write. Perhaps other writers say the same sometimes.

Yours ever,

JEROME K. JEROME.

YOUR LOVE AND MINE.

BY SWANHILDE BULAU.

YOUR love for me is as a garden fair,
Where, after work and pleasure, you retire.
Perchance it pleases you that I admire
And love and trust you so—perchance if e'er
To ask a little more love I should dare,
You would be troubled and begin to tire
Of love it was so easy to acquire—
Enough! I am contented with my share.

My love for you is not a part, but all
Of my poor life, so dull before you came.
What thought have I by day but of the hour
Of dusk when we shall meet? How I recall
At night the words you said, your praise or blame
You are my *life*, I but your wayside flower.





"FROM AN ULTIMATE DIM THULE." I .

(A Record of Dreams.) By S. H. Sime.

THE QUEST OF THE OOF-BIRD.

Away down the Valley of the Bho-Jees, over the Mountains of the Shadder-Jax, through the vast attenuated Limbo of the Cree-Pee; spat upon by the Ah-Ach-Sper, ensorcelled for countless æons by the wiles of the Pewking Peout, clutched at and pinched by the Hootsmonarvgotye, chased by the Pit-a-Pats, and worried by the Gobble-Grob—away we quested in search of the nest of the Oof-Bird. Material objects should not be looked for in the Realms of Abstraction. We were cornered by the Aingnoos at last and dodged zealously back over the borders and through the Gates of Horn.

[*To be continued.*]

THE IDLERS' CLUB.

IS THE WAR CORRESPONDENT A NECESSITY OF CIVILISATION?

BY ARCHIBALD FORBES ("DAILY NEWS"), A. HILLIARD ATTERIDGE ("DAILY CHRONICLE"), G. W. STEEVENS ("DAILY MAIL"), WILFRED POLLOCK ("MORNING POST"), FREDERIC VILLIERS ("BLACK AND WHITE"), MELTON PRIOR ("ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS"), AND SIR WILLIAM HOWARD RUSSELL ("TIMES").

Archibald Forbes would shoot every War Correspondent.

For better or for worse, the War Correspondent, as regards a British army in the field, has been stamped out. The journalist who now accompanies an army is merely a war *reporter*. He dances in the fetters of the censorship, whose power over him is absolute; it may not only detain or withhold his work, but at discretion may alter it so that he may be made to say the direct reverse of what he has written. If the position has its humiliations, it also has its compensations. The censorship which makes a bond-slave of the war reporter, *ipso facto* relieves him of all responsibility for the words he writes. Lord Wolseley, in the early editions of the *Soldier's Pocket-book*, described the War Correspondent of the untrammelled era as "the curse of modern armies"; and that somewhat strenuous verdict he retains in the latest edition as still applicable to the reporter who works under the yoke of the regulations set forth in its pages.

I may humbly venture to remark that from the military point of view I entirely concur in Lord Wolseley's objections to the presence of journalistic persons with an army in the field against a civilised enemy. Were I a General, and had I an independent command offered me, I would accept it only on condition that I should have the charter to shoot every War Correspondent found within fifty miles of my headquarters. The most careful correspondent cannot write a sentence—a sentence which the strictest censor, if he is to pass anything at all, cannot refrain from sanctioning—that may not give a hint to the astute intelligence-officials of the other side.

What then? It is not a question for the newspapers, which dread a war because of the huge expense entailed without adequate compensation. It is a question solely for the public, whose servants the General and the war-journalist alike are. If the hungry public deliberately prefers news to victories—for that is the issue in a nutshell as regards an European war—then on the head of the public be it.

* * * * *

Hilliard Atteridge deems him a luxury rather than a necessity.

It can hardly be argued that the War Correspondent is an absolute necessity. The world somehow managed to get through several thousand years of very respectable fighting without him. And what is more wonderful, we know all about hundreds of battles where there was no "chiel amang them takin' notes." Indeed, our knowledge of some of these earlier fights, belonging to the period before the coming of Sir W. H. Russell and his clan, is quite as complete as the

story of more recent victories and defeats. Nay, the narrative is, in some instances, easier to follow; for the testimony of half-a-dozen brilliant professional journalists "writing up" a battle from different points of view is more puzzling to the average reader than a plain official despatch. On the good old principle on which the cobbler holds that "there is nothing like leather," I should like to be able to say that the War Correspondent is an absolute necessity of civilisation. But at the first glance facts seem to point the other way. Why, even in recent years there have been very pretty fights with no "specials" looking on. In the Nile Expedition of 1884-85 there was a little crowd of "specials" with the desert column, but not a single one with the river column. Yet somehow we know the story of the battle of Kirbekan quite as well as the tale of Abu Klea.

Nevertheless, the War Correspondent has, like other modern inventions, come to be regarded as a necessity. Did you ever read Haliburton's story of Sam Slick the Yankee clock-dealer? He travelled about the country selling clocks; but he never asked a farmer to buy one. He would ask him, instead, to take care of a clock for him till he called for it again on his next round. And the farmer, who did not really want the clock, would get so used to having it on his mantel-shelf that he would pay for it rather than see it carried away when Sam looked in three months later. "It's human natur'," the pedlar used to remark confidentially to his friend. In the same way the British public has got so used to the War Correspondent as an ingredient in every properly conducted campaign, that they would feel quite unhappy if they had to do without his lively narratives of blood and slaughter. John Bull would look very suspiciously at the official bulletins if there were no "specials" to confirm them. And for the matter of that he wants the special artist also, to make things as realistic and vivid as may be.

In this way the "specials" are to a certain extent a necessity. No General who knows his business fights a battle till they have all come up. The field-telegraph is carried on to the front chiefly for their use. When they have done with it, the official despatches go through. Then for a penny, or even half that sum, paterfamilias, as he sits down to his morning tea and toast, can have all the excitement of the battlefield at second hand, with enough of horrors to make him happy for the rest of the day.

The "special" is one of the luxuries of civilisation. Our grandfathers got on very well without him. For the men of to-day it would be impossible. As well do without trains and telegraphs. Was it not Lord Wolseley who described the harmless necessary special correspondent as "the plague and curse of modern armies"? But in the latest edition of his *Soldier's Pocket-book* we read that though soldiers may object to the presence of the correspondents in camp on military grounds, yet "as long as the British public's craze for sensational news remains as it is now, the English General must accept the position." And Lord Wolseley has always "accepted the position." No man has been more friendly and helpful to the "special" than our present Commander-in-Chief.

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G. W. Steevens is sardonically sceptical.

A necessity in the sense that the world could not go on without him, the War Correspondent obviously is not. He is not so necessary, for example, as the sun. Many thinkers have held that war itself is not a necessity; so that unless the War Correspondent went on corresponding without any war—which is not so impossible as perhaps you think, and far from undesirable—he cannot be a necessity either. Neither is he necessary to the existence of war; there were many wars before the Crimean, and, by all accounts, very good ones. He is not even necessary to the history of war, which got on quite well without him, and does still. The material of military history is furnished by the reports, whether official or unofficial, of the men who conduct military operations, and who understand them. If, therefore, the War Correspondent is not necessary to the world, to war, or to the history of war, to what is he necessary? The answer is simple: He is necessary to himself.

The drudging public at home cannot even form a conception of the unbroken

happiness of the War Correspondent's life. Ask a shiny-seated City clerk how he would like a life made up of a mixture of sea-voyages, camping-out, Polytechnic tours abroad, and close finishes at the Oval. Such is the lot of the War Correspondent, only better. There is just enough risk to make it more thrilling than Association football and less dangerous than cross-country riding. There is just enough hardship to make it healthier than a boating tour and less wearing than omnibus-driving. The War Correspondent is privileged, with less than the average of danger, hardship, or responsibility, to be the spectator of the most exciting events the world provides. His life is a perpetual round of change and mental rest; his invitations and his bills cannot reach him while he is away, and when he is at home he has plenty of inclination and of money to accept both. He has unrivalled opportunities of picking up foreign languages. The costume is comparatively inexpensive, and eminently picturesque. Perhaps this is enough to say of the superior happiness of the War Correspondent. Why should one who has gone through only a single brief and unimportant campaign take advantage of his luck to exult over his less fortunate fellows?

Now, why should War Correspondents be deprived of the advantages they enjoy? They are a small class, but not wholly an undeserving one. They do no harm. War goes on just as well with them as it used to do without them; if they are indiscreet in their despatches the censor cuts the indiscretion out. They cost nothing to the country in medals, pensions, or Jubilee honours. Lord Wolseley has more than once publicly denounced them. Why not let them alone? The only charge against them is that they are not necessary: let he who *is* necessary fling the first stone at them.

* * * * *

Wilfred Pollock forgets to mention that he went to war on a "wheel."

"Is a newspaper a necessity, and Why?" has already been satisfactorily answered in the affirmative. No doubt, ever since Eve ate that apple there has been a desire in the world for knowledge, however ephemeral, and the daily newspaper of the present time is the outcome of this craving for news. The question therefore becomes: "Is a War Correspondent a necessity to a daily newspaper, and Why?" Now, it must not be assumed that a newspaper as a general rule is run from purely benevolent motives. As a matter of fact, in the majority of cases, the supreme object of a newspaper is to make money for its proprietor. Thus our original question should read "Is it to the pecuniary interest of the proprietor of a daily newspaper that he should employ a War Correspondent or War Correspondents, and Why?" Now we know what we are talking about, and, without much difficulty, the question seems to answer itself in the affirmative.

Experience shows a special demand for war-news on the part of the public. Every daily newspaper recognises this fact by giving the latest war-intelligence the most prominent place in its news-columns. Everyone, moreover, who is familiar with journalism is aware of the extra value of any news that can be proclaimed as "special." Now, the War Correspondent has generally a better chance of supplying his journal with "special" news than has any other of its reporters, owing to the difficulties that must be overcome before getting any "stuff" on the wires, and because a campaign occupies a far larger arena than does a street-accident, the Divorce Court, or even the Stock Exchange. Once upon a time, no doubt, there were War Correspondents who did not venture out of Fleet Street, realising that such a situation was at once economical, safe, and convenient. The news-agencies provided the rough facts, which they themselves embellished with a variety of picturesque and startling details. Nowadays, however, when Reuter's representative sends lengthy descriptive telegrams of three thousand words apiece, their occupation is gone. It is hardly necessary, however, to note that the War Correspondent who invariably stays about ten miles from the front might just as well remain in London.

It may, then, be conceded that good "special" war-news is to the interest of a daily paper's circulation, but at the same time I am well aware that an increased circulation is not always to the pecuniary interest of its proprietor. This is obviously the case when the "ads." have reached their highest rate and occupy the maximum of space, whereas the paper and ink consumed in the publication cost actually more than

the money demanded for each copy of the journal. In such a case, no doubt, a War Correspondent may not be a necessity, though the reputation of the paper would undoubtedly suffer if he were consistently not employed.

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Frederic Villiers would not tolerate his presence unless——

The question is rather a difficult one for a War Correspondent to answer, for naturally he would not be very loyal to his profession unless he said "Yes." But to my mind there is much to say for and against the War Correspondent. I have always felt that, if I were a General commanding in the field during war, unless I knew the correspondent's record who was about to be attached to my division, I should strongly object to his presence with my force—more especially at the present time, when there is so much competition between newspapers and so many journals requiring exclusive sensational information, thus necessitating quite a little army of correspondents in the field. For instance, quite a few of the correspondents during the recent war between Turkey and Greece were certainly not the most desirable men to have with an army, owing to their lack of military knowledge, tact, and discipline. Tourists travelling for the benefit of their health, or young men wanting a change from some sedentary occupation, were hastily impressed in the service of British newspapers by their local correspondents in Greece or Turkey and hurried to the front, many of them not knowing the difference between a company and a battalion, or percussion and shrapnel shell.

Of course, these gentlemen may eventually surpass in excellence of descriptive power and physical endurance men like Forbes and Russell; but while they are in the transitory stage their necessity is not apparent. To the General in command their presence at headquarters must have been a source of danger and irritation. Firstly, in not knowing how to avoid in their despatches that which would give information to the enemy; and secondly, in hastily criticising the army with which they were associated. For this kind of haphazard correspondent there is not much necessity, but there is place for a War Correspondent who has tact and some military knowledge.

The public are naturally anxious to hear from an independent source the doings of their army in the field, or of their ships of war in the enemy's waters, placed before them with a little more local colour than is generally introduced in a War Office despatch; and certainly in our days local colour is laid on sometimes with so generous a brush that I have wondered where all the ruddy hue comes from. This type of correspondent is of great service to officers and men when campaigning. He throws a light on many little acts of heroism that, but for his search for local colour, might never have been brought to notice. Victoria Crosses and brevet rank have very often been the result of some plucky incident which the War Correspondent has chronicled.

If I may digress a little from your actual question and bring in the War Artist, I certainly think the necessity for his *raison d'être* is rapidly declining. One illustrated weekly has already started publishing pictures of bloody battles on telegraphic communication worked up in Fleet Street. If the public are satisfied with this sort of work—and I believe the paper in question has not decreased in circulation—the death-knell of the War Artist is sounded, and able men like Seppings-Wright and Maud, who are continually risking their lives in the interests of their respective papers and the public, had better throw up the sponge, for how can they compete successfully with such enterprising journalism?

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Melton Prior thinks he is most distinctly necessary.

It appears to me that the answer to the question lies in the fact that war itself is one of the great factors in a nation's progress and *prestige*, and therefore the War Correspondents and War Artists are necessary to faithfully chronicle the doings of the army in the field, and take no small part in the march of civilisation, and it would be a grave pity to my mind, were the events on the battlefield and in the camp

left to the General or headquarter staff to send home, as they undoubtedly would be written to suit their own views and wishes or those of their Government, whereas the Correspondent or Artist chronicles with unbiassed mind each detail of the fight, and, moreover, he cannot be bought. He should, without fear, send home to his paper faithful accounts of the good points in the fight, as well as not fail to censure a General who has blundered.

To my knowledge many Correspondents have been complimented and thanked by the General, or those in command, for having brought forward to the public notice some brave and gallant deed or some injustice which would otherwise have been suppressed or lost sight of, and I will go so far as to say that several English officers owe their promotion to the correct accounts sent home by the Correspondents. I think it would be wiser and kinder if the General in command of a division would inform the Correspondent what he is doing or intends to do, placing him on his honour not to telegraph the information till a certain time, instead of the Correspondent having to go about to so-called "back-doors," and consequently often obtaining a garbled account and forwarding home false news.

We go to "the front" as a body of men at the risk of our lives for the benefit of the public, and I am proud to be able to say that in the twenty-one wars in which I have represented my paper, I could swear to the truth of every incident in my sketches, and I am never afraid of being challenged as to any fact I send home. Some little time ago, on being interviewed, I spoke very strongly on Photography *versus* the War Artist. I think it a great pity that one or two leading papers have fallen into the error of having pictures manufactured from information telegraphed from "the front," assisted by a few photographs. It is impossible for a man to be taking snap-shots with a camera, and at the same time to be making notes in his sketch-book of the great and vast events taking place before him. I have personally never been able to send home photographs, because I find, if I want to do my paper justice by getting out faithful sketches, I have no time to play with photography, and I felt perfectly grieved on my last campaign when I saw a clever young artist depending on an income he was making by sending photos. home, not one of which, as far as I could see, would be of any interest to the British public. To my mind, it is as bad as when a General throws down the sword to take up the pen.

The fact that all the leading papers in every part of the civilised world, at an enormous cost, send Correspondents as well as Artists, not only to represent their paper on the battlefield, but for any or every important event which is taking place abroad or at home, proves that he is of the utmost value, not only to his paper but to the public at large. Where would the paper be which on the morning following any important event, either military or social, did not chronicle the same?

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Sir W. H. Russell will not reply.

Sir William Howard Russell writes that, in his opinion, "It is not advisable, in the interests of the Press, to discuss the utility of the War Correspondent."





THE IDLER.

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"THE BIRTHDAY."

DRAWN BY ROBERT SAUBER.

THE EVOLUTION OF A NIHILIST.

BY FRED WHISHAW.

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN SCHÖNBERG.



THE lessee of the one shop which the village of Deviatko could boast, was just dead; and this was a serious business for the community, because Adolf was the one and only decently honest man in Deviatko until this great calamity occurred. Old Adolf Egoritch had been perceptibly aging for a long while, and at last, one winter day, after enjoying his weekly steam bath at the village bathing hut, he walked home through the terrible frost too lightly clad, got a touch of pleurisy, and died.

The consequence of this much-deplored event was that there was a shop to let, a circumstance which had not occurred in the village in the memory of the oldest inhabitant, for Adolf Egoritch had been an institution in the place from time mmemorial.

Great interest was felt in the community as to the old man's probable successor. The Starost, or elected chief of the village, had communicated with the local government of Kazan, the nearest large town, begging that the fact of the village shop being to let might be made known among the tradesmen of the place, at the same time naming the price asked for the vacant house, as well as the annual premium payable to the village by the shop-holder for the privilege of monopoly.

Within a week the Zemstvo at Kazan wrote that a new tradesman might be expected any day, a Jew, one Abraham Danielovitch Yevréyeff, a good trader, and a man of energy and capacity, who would be likely to be of service to the community.

To the village authorities, the idea of a Hebrew coming among them was at first rather staggering. They had had no dealings with Jews, up to this time, and knew nothing of them, excepting that they were not Christians, and had rendered themselves for ever hateful to every good Russian by the antagonism of their race to the Founder of Christianity. For this reason the peasants thought God would certainly withdraw the blessing which the village had hitherto enjoyed, if they set up a Jew in their midst and bought their food and clothing from an enemy of the Faith.

The Starost was very eloquent on this subject. "God help us if we do this thing, Brothers," he said at a meeting of the village elders. "I am told that the Jews have been known to laugh at our Blessing of the Water-ceremonials, and to spit at our Processions of the Cross as they pass by."

All present crossed themselves in pious horror, and it was at once resolved that an opposition shop must be set up. One of the peasants, Ivan Zaitzoff, was elected tradesman to the village, the rest undertaking to see to the cultivation of his land whilst he should be busy in the shop. So Ivan's hut was transformed into a trading establishment, and Ivan, who was one of the few members of the community able to write his name, took

steps to procure goods wherewith to supply his customers. His first move was to obtain a stock of cotton prints and red shirts, ready-made. Having no idea of the proper method of buying in the cheapest market, Ivan drove over to the next village, having first sold his reserve store of seven sacks of wheat, in order to provide himself with ready money. He found that the shopman at Ruchee was in the habit of charging his customers considerably more for their goods than old Adolf Egoritch took for the same articles at Deviatko. Nor could Ivan persuade the Ruchee trader to sell to him at below the retail rate; so that his first venture in general stock was at a higher price than his customers were willing to pay, even without the addition of a small margin of profit for Ivan's trouble. For the first three days Ivan sold no goods at all; then his black bread became uneatable, and his salted herrings went bad, and had to be thrown away. The purchasers came and looked at the cotton goods, but, on hearing the price, shook their heads and remarked one and all, "But, Brother, Adolf Egoritch sold us the same goods at a far cheaper rate; something is wrong with your arithmetic, Brother; count it up again!" So Ivan's stock was left on his hands, and meanwhile the Jew arrived with a large caravan of tempting wares, with which he stocked and dressed his shop, making it appear a very fairy store in the eyes of the admiring rustics, who had never yet seen goods temptingly displayed.

A crowd of peasants watched the arrival, the unpacking, and the setting out of the stock. They gaped at the goods, and stared at the Jew and his man; the men admired the various shirts, baggy trousers, and sheepskin coats displayed; while the women were loud in their praises of the prints, the fine linen, the towels, and gaudy handkerchiefs, of which there seemed an unlimited supply.

"Masha, my soul," said one matron to her neighbour. "God must have forgiven this particular Jew. How else could he be blessed with so many beautiful handkerchiefs for the head?"

"Probably you are right," replied Masha, "it is God's will. If He ordains that we should buy from a Jew, what then? It is God's will!"

"We can at least ask the price of his goods," remarked the Starost. "Who are we to say that we cannot deal with this man or that? If God has sent him down here, no doubt, Brothers, we are intended to buy from him—if he sells cheap enough!" concluded the Starost, sententiously.

So in a very short time the shop was crowded with men and women handling the goods and asking the prices. It soon transpired that the beautiful goods on sale were to be had at a lower rate than even old Adolf Egoritch was wont to ask for inferior articles—at a figure, indeed, which made poor Ivan's prices appear ludicrously high. The natural consequence was that Abram Danielovitch drove a roaring trade on his very first night at Deviatko, and the fact of his Jewish origin was entirely lost sight of in the excitement of purchasing excellent goods at low prices.

As for poor Ivan he appealed in vain for custom. "At least buy the stock you caused me to purchase for you, Brothers he cried, as the villagers passed his shop, laden with parcels from the opposition establishment. But one and all said, "No, Brother Ivan, there is something wrong with your arithmetic; you must see for yourself that you are wrong. Look at these prints, four kopecs a yard cheaper than yours, and better quality, too! Verily, God has blessed this Jew, and us also; this is a good business! Tot it up again, Brother Ivan, you are wrong somewhere!"

The whole village was loud in its praises of Abram the Jew. He was so polite—quite like a real Barin (gentleman) to look at, and so obliging. "Why," cried the Starost, "when I found I was

seven roubles short in paying for that sheepskin I bought: 'What does it matter, Mr. Starost,' says Abram Danielovitch, 'I'll put it down to your name, you can pay me when you like!' Well, now, Brothers, Jew or Christian, no one could deal fairer or more neighbourly than that."

So poor Ivan was left completely in the cold, and his stock of goods remained on his hands. But this was not all. The fact that he had set up a shop in opposition to Abram Danielovitch was an offence to the latter virtuous individual, and Ivan found that he had made a bitter enemy.

"Why, Starost," Abram remarked, "I was expressly told that this was to be a monopoly—how is it this man has dared to set up a shop in opposition to mine? This is an illegality!"

"So it is, so it is, Brother Abram Danielovitch," the Starost concurred, "he has no right to trade, that is clear; we have been guilty in this, Brother Abram, but it shall be put right, you may be at ease, Brother." And Ivan was informed that he must trade no more.

"But what about my stock?" asked Ivan.

"That, dear Brother Ivan, must be even as you please. If it seems good to you to drive it back to Ruchee, do so, we cannot forbid it. But Abram Danielovitch is right, he pays the village for a monopoly, and you were wrong to set up a shop in opposition. Let us hope that he will not claim a fine from you, Brother Ivan, for that might also be, if it were God's will!"

So Ivan harnessed his horse and took his ill-fated goods back to Ruchee, where the trader would not give him more than half-price for the stuff.

Ivan returned to the village, with his capital reduced to one-third its original amount, and spent the morning standing outside his cottage door, abusing at the top of his voice in thorough Russian style all the tribes of Israel in general, and Abram in particular; the Starost; all his neighbours, their wives and families; and things in general.

Abram Danielovitch heard him, and made a note of the circumstance, visiting it upon the unfortunate Ivan very soon after by sending in a claim for fifty roubles' compensation for breach of contract involved in the setting up of an opposition shop. The peasants in conclave considered the matter, and awarded the full amount to Abram as against Ivan individually.

"But I set up the shop by your instructions," protested Ivan, "and lost heavily by it!"

"That, Brother, is not our fault," replied the Starost; "the shop was yours, and the risk of trading and other risks were yours and not ours."

The end of it was that Ivan had to pay. He had but twenty roubles in ready cash, and no prospect of more until after harvest-time, so he remained in Abram's debt, and Abram was glad for he knew that he could now put the screw on when required.

The Jew was, at first, very popular with the peasantry. He had set apart one large room for "assemblies"; and here his male customers would congregate of an evening to smoke their pipes and discuss the prospects of the crops. Some would go to make their supper of black bread and herring, the Jew occasionally treating his friends to a gratuitous glass of vodka. This was the thin edge of the wedge.

Their taste for drink once reawakened, the peasants very soon found it necessary to change their bye-law prohibiting the sale of liquor. A month after his arrival Abram was doing a large and increasing business in vodka and beer. The sacks of wheat stored under beds or hidden away elsewhere against a rainy day soon came forth and were sold for ready money—to Abram, of course. The price of wheat went down, for everyone wished to dispose of his stock, and Abram explained



And ought to be shot down whenever met with.

that he could not risk the purchase of so much wheat except at a lower rate. But the peasants wanted the vodka, and the wheat went for what it would fetch.

The villagers drank regularly now every evening, and by the time the spring came round, and the time for sowing spring wheat, they had drunk up their capital and had nothing to sow and no money for seed. But Abram contracted for the purchase of their future crops at the reduced rate, and advanced money sufficient both for seed and drink. Moreover, he took over for a consideration the sole right of shooting over the peasants' lands, for Abram was a bit of a sportsman and loved to get his gun off at a sitting bird or hare, though he eschewed those that flew or ran. Now Ivan was also a sportsman, and loved to take out his old single barrel muzzle-loader in the hopes of finding a covey of willow-grouse sitting close, and which would allow of a family shot being brought off with comparative certainty and a due regard for economy in powder and shot. Therefore, on the fifteenth of July, the day on which shooting commences in Russia, he was out with his gun and old dog, as he had been accustomed to sally forth on this day ever since he could remember, before the days of Jews and the sale of shooting rights. Neither the one nor the other was going to stop his sport, Ivan had boasted, whenever he happened to feel inclined to shoot.

The Jew was out also with his assistant and two half-bred setter dogs; and seeing Ivan prowling about with his gun, ordered him home, explaining that he alone now enjoyed the right of shooting over the village lands. By way of reply, Ivan, who loathed the other ever since the affair of the fine (half of which was still unpaid), raised his gun and shot one of the dogs dead, shouting as he did so, that if the Jew were properly served he should be treated in the same way, for that Jews were, if anything, worse than dogs and ought to be shot down whenever met with. White with rage Abram returned to the village and informed the Starost of Ivan's action and threat. Ivan was summoned before the Council, confronted with the Jew, and asked for his version of the matter.

"My version, Brother," said Ivan, "my version is that I deserve punishment for shooting an innocent dog instead of an accursed Jew. I ought to have shot the Jew and spared the dog, but I hope God will pardon me!" Whatever secret sympathy the members of the Council may have felt for Ivan, they were all by this time so deeply involved in debt to Abram Danielovitch that they dared not show their sympathy if they felt it. Ivan was condemned to twenty-five blows of the knout, which were then and there administered. At the same time the Jew obtained judgment against the unfortunate man for immediate payment of the unpaid portion of the ancient fine, together with interest for nine months; in default, Abram was to have the right to cut and sell Ivan's standing crops, reserving to himself the full amount due to him, and handing over the balance, if any, to Ivan.

On being released from the thongs which had served to bind him during his punishment, Ivan staggered from the room, and into the dusty road, a ruined and disgraced, but also a desperate man. That evening he disappeared from the village and for many a day was seen no more, whether at Deviatko or elsewhere. As a matter of fact he went to St. Petersburg and became a recruit in the great army of the Discontented.

Ivan was an easy capture for the Nihilists. He fell, so to say, like a ripe fruit into their mouths. He had been abominably treated by Destiny and others, especially by the Jew Abram, down at his village of Deviatko. Men like Ivan were a godsend to the agents of the Discontented. These people soon marked him out at his work at the grain wharves at Podnefsky and studied him. They saw

that he was a sufferer of wrong, real or imaginary, and one of the brooding kind, and it was not long before they made friends with him, and began to instil their own amiable ideas into his head. They found him an apt pupil indeed, and one who held the little understanding he possessed entirely at their disposal, to be moulded as they willed. They had no difficulty in speedily convincing Ivan that Authority was the root of all evil, and the prime cause of every wrong, whether at Deviatko or elsewhere, and that before things could be righted in the country, rivers of blood must flow in St. Petersburg, and in all the large towns of the Empire.

"Yes, but what about the Jew Abram?" asked Ivan. "I can take part in nothing else until I have settled accounts with him first."

Ivan was assured that Abram should not be lost sight of; but meanwhile he was not to jeopardise the affairs of the Brotherhood by indulging in any *vendetta* of a private nature. There was other work for him, in the interest of the great cause, which must first be attended to.

So Ivan quickly developed into a Nihilist attached to the Executant Branch, and was scheduled for possible employment. All this took place during the last few months of the reign of Alexander II., the Liberator—who fell, it will be remembered, at the hands of those whom he had honestly striven—according to his lights—to benefit.

And Ivan was soon employed, for he was told off to murder a high official, and not only accomplished the detestable task, but escaped scot free.

After this success he was deputed with others to make that notorious attempt upon the Tsar's life, by mining the roadway of the Malaya Konyushnaya, which ended, happily, in failure and in the arrest of those desperadoes who had taken part in the plot, among them our friend Ivan.

Now it is not intended to dwell upon the ghastly details of poor, misguided Ivan's career as a Nihilist. He thoroughly deserved his fate; and yet, in a way, one is sorry to hear of the man's capture, because he had undoubtedly been badly treated by Destiny. His simple rustic mind had been unhinged by the pressure of circumstances over which he had no control. He had believed in justice; in the simple and inevitable rightness of right and wrongness of wrong; in a God Who would unquestionably see to it that His servants who trusted in Him were not put upon by the wicked who denied Him; and in all these items of elementary faith he had found himself utterly mistaken. He discerned no justice, no sympathy, no God at hand when required to set right the wrong—none, that is, of the kind he had set up for himself—and therefore Ivan had thrown his beliefs to the winds and allowed himself to drift wherever the current took him, with a heart that hated all it had once loved or respected and a moral sense stunted and warped and cut down to the earth level.

Meanwhile down at Deviatko, Ivan's village, matters fared badly enough with our old friends. They knew little of Ivan's troubles, but they had plenty of their own. All through the preceding summer, in the July of which Ivan had left the village, the peasants of Deviatko continued to drink, and fell deeper and deeper into debt. When the time came for cutting the wheat the usual rejoicings were but half-hearted and faintly joyous, for all men felt that the profits of the splendid crop standing golden and tall around them were no longer theirs, but the Jew's.

True, there was a balance of profit for each, after paying off all debts at the shop; but then there was the coming year to live through, and the drink to be paid for; the vodka took a good deal of money when one came to think of it (which one very rarely did!).

However, here was the crop, and the

Jew had built enormous barns to receive it, and this year the wheat was all sold to him instead of to the usual buyers from Kazan, who came with their barges ready for it, and were astonished and disgusted to find that there was not a sack to be had, though, as they took care to inform the peasants, they would have paid a couple of roubles per quarter more than the price at which Abram had bought.

The peasants were beginning to see that they had placed their necks in the halter, but it was too late. One by one they found, as the winter months went by, that in order to keep body and soul together, and to secure the now necessary supply of vodka, they must let their allotments of land. And to whom but Abram? There was no other capitalist; besides they owed him money, and he knew how and when to put on the screw.

So Abram Danielovitch began to acquire land, and gradually and almost insensibly became first a small holder, then, by slow degrees, the largest in the village, until one fine day the peasants discovered that they were no longer unencumbered proprietors of any part of their native soil, but were merely as labourers living upon the land of Abram Danielovitch Yevréyeff who was practically Lord of the Manor.

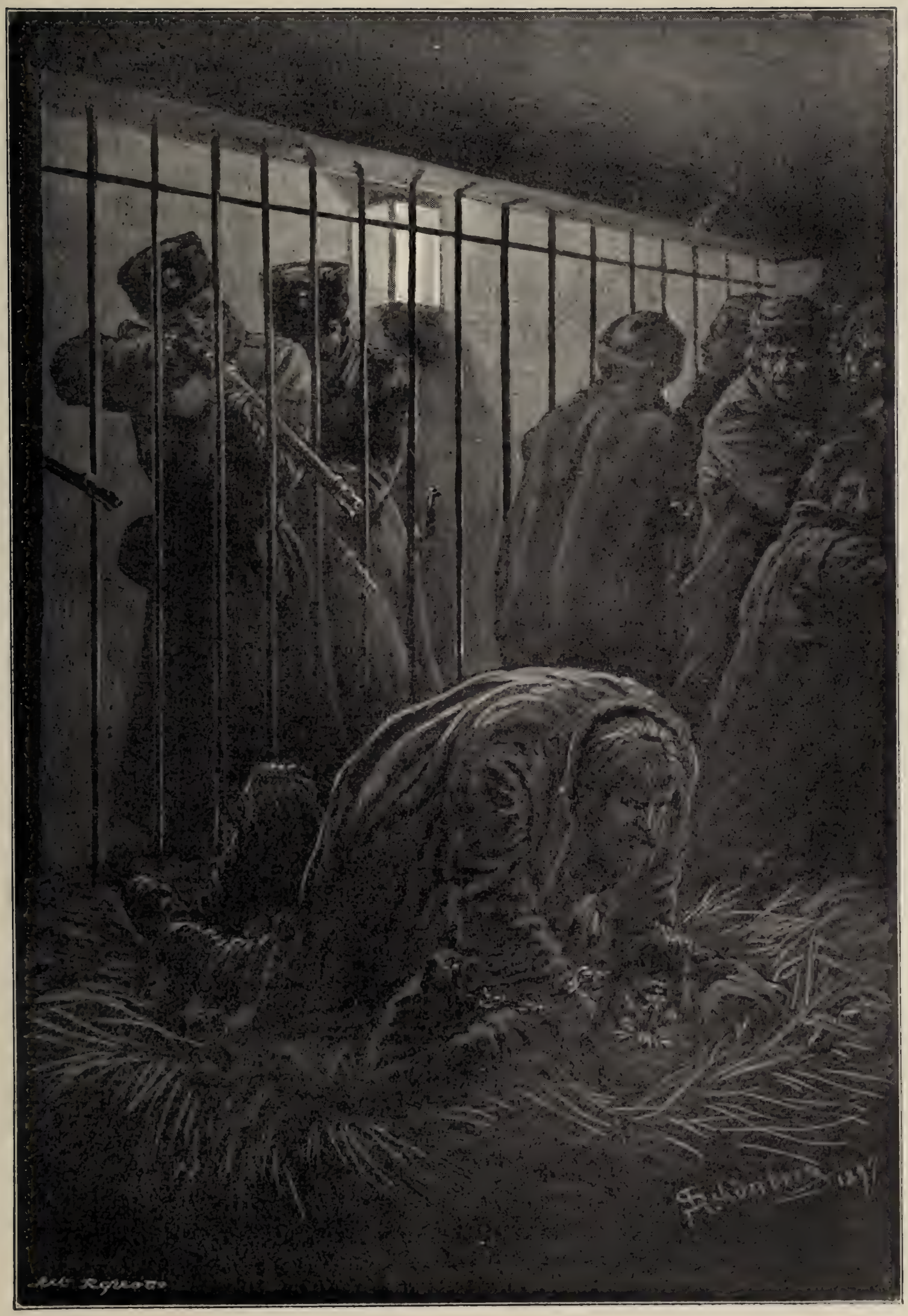
This discovery did not tend to increase the popularity of Abram among his neighbours in the village. He had steadily lost ground throughout the winter—indeed the first month at Deviatko had been his most popular period! for further acquaintance with the Jew and his methods added nothing to the great impression which he had succeeded in making on that first evening—and from being distrusted he became disliked, and, now that the whole population was under his thumb, absolutely detested.

Men and women alike now recognised the fact that they had been fooled by this Hebrew, and yet—so completely had he established his power over them by means of "the screw"—they could neither cease to buy at his shop the everyday necessaries of life, lest he should press them for the amount of the "little bill" which every one of them owed, nor could they, by settling their accounts, free themselves of his thraldom and agitate for his removal from the village. Had the Jew known it, his position was growing dangerous; for the Moujik, long-suffering and patient as he is towards constituted authority, has no idea of being bullied by anyone unlicensed to that privilege. He will frequently turn again and rend such an one when he least expects it!

Abram had taken good care to prevent the possibility of money being saved to pay debts, by gradually getting into his own hands, as has been shown, the use of all the peasant land around. The rent paid by him for this, together with the labourers' wages earned by the Moujiks employed by him to cultivate their own land for his benefit, were barely enough to keep their bodies and souls together. Abram saw to that!

But at last the peasants bestirred themselves and awoke from sleep. The village Board met in solemn and secret conclave and the state of things was passed in review. It was suggested by the Starost, and unanimously assented to, that, drink being clearly at the bottom of troubles in Deviatko, the sale of drink must be made illegal, as it had been in the happy old days when Adolf Egoritch still kept the village shop and no Hebrew had as yet come near the place, with ruin and misery treading close upon his footsteps!

So the sale of vodka was once more made a forbidden commerce, and Abram saw, to his rage, that the Moujiks were not so completely subjugated as he had hoped. His trade in drink gone, half his profits would go with it; and as his profits meant the indebtedness of the peasants and their consequent dependence upon him, Abram felt that his hold upon the community must gradually be lost if this new state of



His wrists are not so tightly tied but that he can wind his fingers round Abram's throat.

things were to be allowed to continue. But the Jew had no intention of allowing the battle to go against him without a desperate struggle. The sale of drink had been instrumental in making his position and influence in the place, and the sale of drink should continue in spite of all their *Volosti* and *Zemstva*. The Moujiks would never become abstainers now, the vodka had become too necessary to them; drink they must and drink they should, even if he were obliged, for awhile, to make them a present of the vodka.

So Abram took to inviting the peasants to supper, at which meal the vodka made its appearance and played, of course, an important part. The Moujiks had no objection in the world to this, only, as they reminded "Brother Abram," he must take care not to transgress the law!

But, as the Jew expected, there were many of the weaker vessels who were not satisfied with the drink which they consumed as guests, and took to purchasing vodka "on the sly." Had not Abram been living in a fool's paradise he would have known that this was all that the Starost—now his bitterest enemy—desired. That worthy had set a watch upon the shop, and to pounce upon Abram and catch him, red-handed, in the act of selling a *vedro* of the spirit was an easy matter; and so it happened that, on an evening, the Jew, who was seated in the midst of a group of bibulous friends, was surprised and annoyed by a visit from the *ooriadnik* or village constable. This gentleman informed Abram that, by virtue of a warrant which he had in his pocket, he must beg the latter to accompany him to the nearest police station.

"Get out, you drunken idiot," said the Jew.

The *ooriadnik* explained that he might or might not be a drunken idiot, but that Abram must be good enough to come with him—which he eventually did, little dreaming that he was leaving the village never to return, and that the short journey of a couple of miles to the police station was to prove the first stage of a much longer journey to a "distant locality," as the Russian papers, forbidden to mention the dreaded name, used, in bygone years to call Siberia.

Meanwhile, poor, ill-used Ivan had been doing his best to qualify himself for a journey to the same distant region. Ivan had murdered Prince Korovine and had escaped. He had then plotted with others, as has been shown, against a greater than Korovine, and this time he had not escaped; and so it fell out that two of our friends found themselves bound, unknown to one another, for the same destination and at about the same time. And so also, having brought them thus far, it behoves me now to finish with Ivan and the Jew, who, as it happens—having been so dear to one another in life,—in death were not divided.

Imagine, then, a tiny, low, one-roomed wooden hut, capable of accommodating perhaps ten persons, if these did not object to be uncomfortably crowded. Now imagine that hut packed with upwards of thirty men and women, filthy, haggard, bleeding from the chains which gored their wrists and ankles, lying and sitting one upon another, herded as close as sardines in a tin; groaning, cursing, weeping, wailing—some few dying. The walls are reeking with the heat and stench of the overcrowded place. Half-a-dozen soldiers are standing or sitting on chairs around, their rifles in their hands, chatting and laughing among themselves, and occasionally taking a "refresher" from a bottle of vodka which one of them has produced in the absence of the powers that be.

This is a halting-place on the road to Siberia, and these wretches are the condemned. A few hours have passed in wretchedness and discomfort, and most of them are now trying to sleep, for it is night. The place is lighted by one filthy oil lantern hung from a nail on the wall,

and it is not easy to distinguish faces; but if we look around we shall, I think, recognise at least two of the miserable creatures among the crowd. The occupants of the hut consist of two parties which arrived almost simultaneously this evening by different routes, and you and I, reader, know one member out of each party. That emaciated, dirty creature over there is the Jew Abram, who is on his way to expiate his misdeeds at Deviatko, convicted by an official who is a decade ahead of most of his fellows in his treatment, if not in his hatred, of Jews. And yonder, asleep, or nearly so, is friend Ivan Zaitzoff. He looks the devil-may-care ruffian to the life as he lies there with his eyes shut and a scowl over his black visage. But he must be sleeping the sleep of the watchdog with all his senses on the *qui vive*, for suddenly he starts up into a sitting position and listens; he has heard or seen something which has interested him; as a matter of fact he has caught sight of the Jew Abram. Another movement and he is certain of his man, and a dreadful change passes over his face. It has assumed the expression of the tiger about to spring on its prey—see! he is on his knees, now he is standing, but stooping to avoid detection by the guards. They are dozing now, half-drunk, so that he is able to pick his way quickly and silently over or across the forms of four or five reclining creatures who swear at him as he passes, and strike out. Then, in an instant, with a spring and a furious yell he reaches his quarry; his wrists are not so tightly chained but that he can wind his fingers round Abram's throat and press, and press, and squeeze his life out. Abram struggles and scuffles, cursing and gasping for breath, and the noise of the encounter attracts the attention of the soldiers, who seize their rifles. A couple of sharp reports bring every dozing wretch in an instant to his feet: what has happened?

Nothing particular! only that a refractory convict has been exempted the remainder of a tedious journey to Siberia, and that Russia has relieved herself of a Jew!

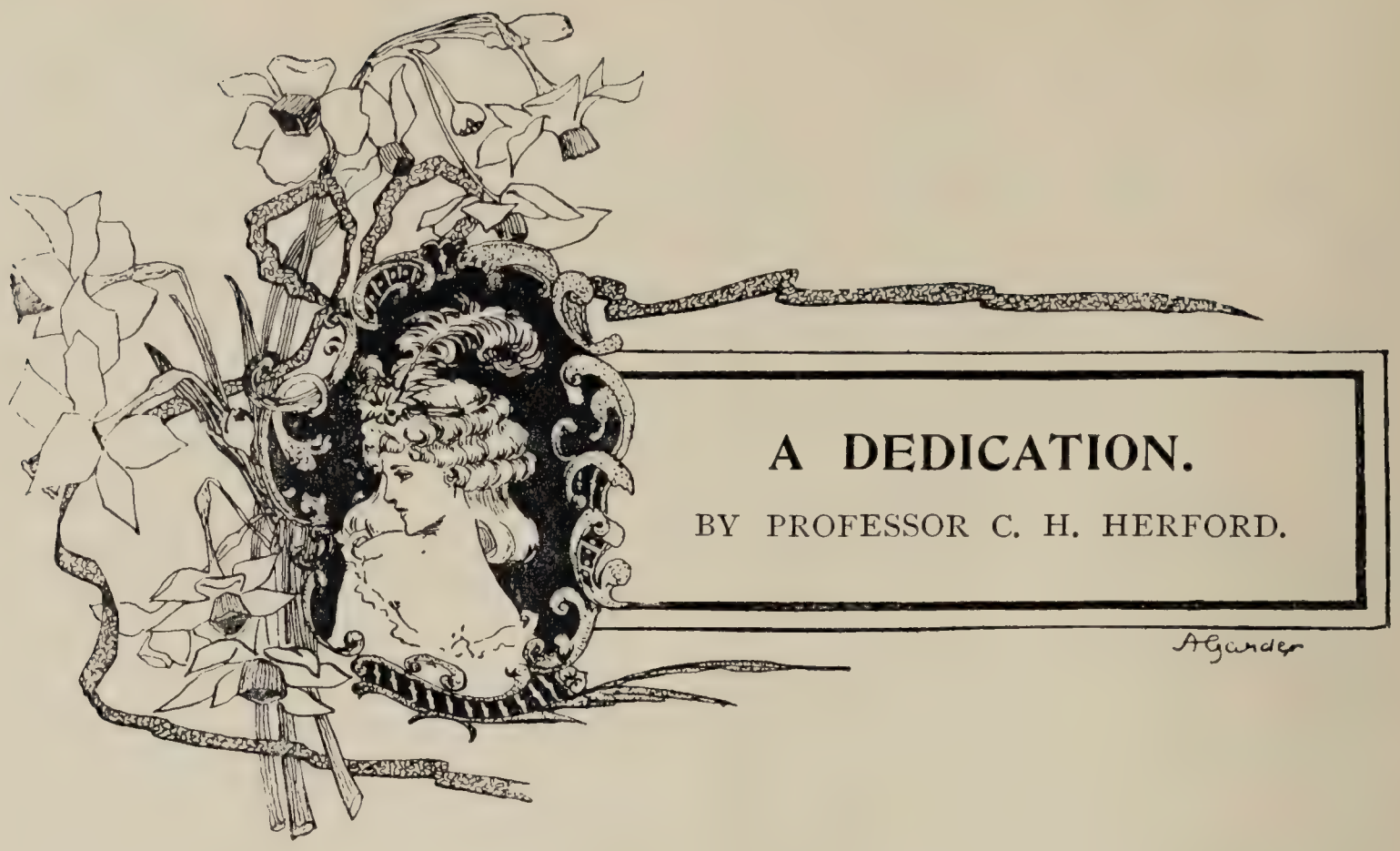
Nevertheless the affair was reported in the *St. Petersburg Viedmosti* of a week later. Here is the official account of the circumstance:

"On the 15th instant at a convict station at Dubrofka, a terrible fight occurred during the night between a political convict and a Jewish tradesman convicted of swindling the peasants at Deviatko, both on their way to Siberia under sentence of the Courts. The soldiers on night duty in the room, containing thirty-three prisoners, report that at three in the morning they were suddenly roused by a great noise of scuffling in a distant corner of the apartment.

"Hurrying towards the spot they perceived that two prisoners were engaged in a combat, which they describe as of the most savage description.

"A powerful Russian peasant—a political prisoner, convicted of implication in the Malaya Konyushnaya affair of last month—appeared to have seized with his hands, manacled at the wrist though they were, the throat of his adversary, a Jewish convict, and to be in the act of strangling the latter, whose teeth were fixed in his arm. The guard threw themselves upon the assailant, but so terrible a grip had he obtained upon the throat of the other that the united efforts of three soldiers were insufficient to compel him to relax his hold, and it was found necessary to fire a volley into his person before the body of the Hebrew — who was already dead — fell from his grasp.

"The affair caused great excitement among the rest of the prisoners present, whose attitude became so menacing under the influence of the agitation caused by the above scene, that the guard was trebled for the remainder of the night. No explanation is given of the causes which led to the fatal struggle."



[The following lines "to M. H.," forming the dedication to Mr. Herford's metrical translation of Ibsen's *Brand*, published by Mr. Heinemann, are reproduced by permission of the author.]

Not to a lily-haunted glade
I lead you, where idyllic hours
Shed softly upon sleeping flowers
Their charm of changing shade ;

But to a forest, tossed and torn
By a great wind that rends the sky ;
And through it quivers one lone cry
Of nightingale forlorn.

Love's cry, in rude contention met
With thunder of the wind of Will :
O listen ! you whose soul is still
To such sweet concord set

That Will upwelling, tender-strong,
Out of Love's inmost heart of fire,
Breaks on the world as on a lyre,
And out of storm grows Song.



TURKISH WEDDINGS.

BY LAURA B. STARR.

MARRIAGE in Turkey differs from concubinage only in the dowry, or settlement, which gives the first wife an exclusive claim upon the society of her husband from the evening of sunset on every Thursday to the same hour on Friday, which is the Moslem Sabbath and the day on which all Mohammedans believe the world was created.

The laws of Mohamet allow all good Mussulmans the privilege of having four wives each, but from motives of economy, if no other, this custom is rapidly dying out; few except the very wealthy Turks avail themselves of Mohamet's liberality in this direction.

The first wife, though she be not the favourite, retains her position and dignity, that is, providing she had been of equal rank with her husband before marriage, so long as she lives with her husband, and the other wives and concubines must obey her in all domestic matters, and frequently act as her servants.

The Koran declares that a man having four wives must give each one a week of his time and attentions in succession. If he does not do this, the neglected one may go to the Cadi and complain, and he compels the recalcitrant husband to comply with the law; in olden times it was the custom for the woman to take off her shoe and turn it upside down to intimate more than she cared to say. Sometimes this means a divorce, but more often only a restitution of conjugal rights. In the courts of Egypt and Constantinople it is a matter of common occurrence.

If a wife cannot agree with the other ones, her husband is bound to give her a separate apartment. Most polygamous husbands feel the truth of the old Turkish proverb which declares that a house with four women is like a ship in a tempest.

The Turkish law forbids women to unveil their faces before any man except relatives of a certain degree. Under such conditions it naturally follows that many, if not most, men marry without having looked upon the face of their brides. The women have much the advantage in this instance, for though they may not show their faces, there is nothing to prevent their seeing the men they are to marry, as often as they please.

The *yashmak* (face veil) and *feredji*, a loose outer garment which covers the wearer from head to foot, are as serviceable a disguise as a mask and costume at a fancy-dress ball. Herself entirely concealed from view, the bride-elect may, if she choose to do so, walk about at her pleasure with nothing to prevent her from seeing the man to whom her parents or guardians have promised her. Nothing surprises Occidental visitors more than the freedom with which Turkish ladies go about at all times of day and night. Formerly they were not allowed even to visit the public exhibition of a friend's nuptial trousseau without being accompanied by an eunuch or a female slave, but now they go where they will and no man molests or makes them afraid.

Shrouded in the folds of the *feredji*, with the *yashmak* properly adjusted, a man would not recognise his own wife in the street, nor presume to speak to her if he did. The very garments which they were condemned to wear as a token of their

seclusion, prove admirable aids to intrigues, and a disguise which the sharpest eye cannot penetrate. If jealousy dictated the use of these garments it could not have more effectively defeated its own object.

Marriages are brought about by a go-between, who arranges everything, even to the smallest detail. It is, of course, only a civil contract, and, curiously enough, it may happen that neither party is present when the contract is signed; the deed is executed by proxies, and the witnesses are the nearest relatives of the bride and groom. The Turkish husband, like the English, makes a marriage-settlement; the wife is not required or expected to bring a dowry. If she seeks a divorce she forfeits her portion, but if the husband desires it, she is allowed to retain all that was originally settled upon her.



Turkish lady with yashmak.

There are innumerable festivities connected with the wedding, at the house of the parents of both bride and groom: these are going on night and day for a week previous to the final ceremony. Both give a farewell party to their intimate friends, and the bride's last visit to the bath is one of great ceremony and rejoicing. She makes her way thither in a sort of triumphal procession with her friends' band of music and buffoons and the entire day is given up to bathing and feasting.

From the time of a young girl's first visit to the bath to her wedding-day she is served by the same attendant, who exacts no fees, but whose proud privilege it is to stand behind the bridal-chair when the groom comes in to remove her veil and take his first look at her face. This privilege he buys of the attendant for a goodly sum, which he must put into her hands before he attempts it. Upon the occasion of one Turkish wedding which I attended, I hoped, by not understanding the language in which the guests are told to leave the room, I might be allowed to remain and witness the unveiling, but it is needless to say I was not permitted to do so. Although several Europeans were invited to the wedding, we were not allowed to enter by the same door as the harem ladies, but were told to "find the door for Franks," which we did after some trouble.



The indoor dress of a Turkish lady.

Of course, the harem ladies wore no veils indoors, as no man except the eunuchs were supposed to enter; but for some reason the head of the house unexpectedly came into one of the rooms, and there was such a scurrying as I never saw before. All the women who could do so secreted themselves behind the window-curtains and portières; those who could neither do this nor get out of the room took up the skirts of their dresses and covered their faces.

The bridal procession, which conveys the new-made wife to her husband's home, is as gay an affair as the means of the families will admit, and it is always accompanied by the *zagareet*, the cry of joy, that peculiar shrill whistle without which a bride would be sure to be unhappy in her new home. The feasting is kept up all night, dancing-girls and singing-men and women add to the amusement of the guests, who are naturally separated upon this as on all other occasions.

Three days after marriage it is customary for the wife to ask her husband to name the persons who are to have the privilege of *Momaharem*, that is, of entering her harem. He usually replies by

naming her father, brothers, and uncles. The story is told of a man who had found his bride far from the handsome creature she had been represented to be, and who brutally said: "I give you my free permission, my dear, to show yourself to all the men in the world, except myself."

The Turk, apparently, has the same dislike to thin women that Marc Antony had to lean men, for he values the beauty of woman by the hundredweight, the fatter she is the handsomer. The great use of the bath, and the indolent life of the harem, naturally tend to bring about this condition, but if a girl is not considered plump enough, she is put upon a certain diet for weeks before her marriage, and fattened like the Strasburg geese.

The *yashmak* worn by Turkish ladies consists of two squares of white tulle, each folded cornerwise. One is bound across the forehead, covering it to the eyebrows, and tied behind upon the nape of the neck, leaving the ends loose or folded round the head like a turban. The other covers the whole of the lower part of the face, and is caught back and joined with the first square. Indoors the lower one only is removed, and I have sometimes seen them of different colours to match the costume, which looked very coquettish indeed, and once I saw some princesses in second mourning with their turbans trimmed with violets. It is needless to say that the white tulle makes a handsome woman look even more beautiful, and so softens the outlines of an ugly one that she appears really well-looking.

The veil that Mohamet said was to be "a sign of a woman's virtue, and a guard against the talk of the world," is only an added attraction or an impenetrable disguise as she chooses to put it on. The long black or white *yashmak* attached to the head by a hollow metal tube over the nose, and worn so commonly by the women of Egypt, is not seen in Constantinople, except upon women of the lower classes.

The Turkish bride whose wedding I attended was "white as the crest of Olympus" in a gorgeous Paris gown of white satin; the last view I had of her she was seated on a beautifully embroidered chair, covered with all the diamonds of the family and a veil of woven gold. Behind her stood the old woman from the bath; before her was laid a handsome Persian rug, upon which I was told the bridegroom would kneel and make his final prayer before receiving permission to unveil his bride.

In the olden days, before the conventions of society were relaxed, a bride would have worn "a little on one side of her head, a small round cap of crimson velvet embroidered with silver; her black tresses falling over her shoulders, a vest of white damask worked with gold, with wide open sleeves, and parted in front to show her full drawers of rose-coloured silk, falling in many folds over her small feet clothed in slippers with turned-up Chinese points; a sash of green satin round her waist; diamonds on her neck, in her hair, at her girdle, on her arms, in her ears, on the border of her cap, on her slippers, buttoning the neck of her chemise, and across her forehead."

It is an old custom among the Turks for the father to clasp a jewelled girdle about his daughter's waist on her wedding-day as a parting gift; no one but her husband is allowed to unclasp it. Occasionally one may see a bride decked out with diamond stars glued to her cheek and forehead. Again, a lady of the highest class will often put all her jewels on a slave who moves slowly about that all may see them.

The saddest moment in the life of a Turkish woman is when she enters her husband's home, that is, if she be No. 2, 3, or 4, for naturally those who have preceded her look upon her as an interloper, and subject her to a scrutiny and such treatment as only jealous and unscrupulous women dare indulge in. If she be not

No. 4, she can comfort herself with the thought that her day of retaliation may come. Every wife knows that when her husband introduces a rival into his home he is only making use of the privilege accorded to him by the Koran, but she does not like it; there never lived a woman who cared in the least for her husband, who was not unhappy when she found another usurping her place and privileges.

In many cases nowadays the father of the bride in a first marriage will not give his consent until the groom has promised not to take any other woman to wife. Even in the olden days, when a man was allowed to keep as many female slaves in his harem as he liked, an unwritten law forbade him to make use of one that belonged to his wife; all that she had inherited or acquired by purchase or gift were exempt from the husband's machinations.

Divorces are frequent and easily obtained; if a husband mistreats his wife, speaks ill of her, or if he has worshipped at the feet of strange goddesses—outside those allowed him by law—the wife has only to present her written statement of grievances to the tribunal, and in a majority of cases she is given her freedom. A man having divorced his wife may not remarry her, as he frequently wishes to do, until she has been married and divorced. Frequently the wife marries a man with the understanding that they are to be divorced the next day, then she is free legally to remarry her former husband, from whom she perhaps separated in a hasty moment only to regret it later.

Princesses of royal blood, we are told, may see men and choose whom they like for their husbands. If they fix their affections on a married man, he is obliged to divorce his wife, or wives if he has more than one, and is thereafter forced to put up with one wife only. Princesses will allow no rivals, and their influence in high places is so great that they are able to keep their husbands in strict order, for it is an easy matter to disgrace them, or have them bowstrung if they offend seriously!



THE CAP'N'S COX'N.

BY W. F. SHANNON.

ILLUSTRATED BY BERNARD F. GRIBBLE.

"Macgrigor Anstruther Cahoun, A.B.,
Was as cool a card of the Queen's Navee
As ever roused the Hard, Portsea,
Or painted Point.
But his soul was among the damned, we hear,
'Cos he took up rum and turned down beer,
And frequent threw his inner gear
All out of joint.

"But Cox'n Macgrigor Cahoun, V.C.—— "

'THERE'S no doubt he's a very diff'rent chara'ter," observed my friend Chatty Mather, A.B. "But we don't want to sit in this fog and hear about it. There's nineteen verses to that hymn."

So we went out. We had been to a sing-song in a "rough" house in Portsea, and it was getting towards that time in the evening when hilarious spirits insist on using the table as a platform and make grave attempts to dance hornpipes on the mantelshelf.

"But what's the song all about?" I asked, as we walked up Queen Street.

"Didn't I never tell ye about that? No? It starts here, too. Thisyer Macgrigor Cahoun was in the *Dooke*, layin' in the stream, when Cap'n Billy Bunson hoisted his pennant on her. Fust gen'ral leave after, Sam—which was the tally Cahoun sailed under in that ship—didn't get back when he ought. He was adrift forty-nine and a half hours, and then he arrove aboard in a waterman's boat, wid one boot on, no cap, and a general' tore appearance. He limbered up afore the skipper the followin' Thursday, a' course.

"'What's this?' says the Cap'n. 'Broke your leave by over forty-eight hours? How's that?'

"'Missed me train, sir,' says Sam.

"'What hole of a place was you in then, where they on'y runs one train in two days?'

"'London, sir.'

"'Master-at-Arms, how many trains from London in a day?' said the Cap'n, turnin' to the johndy.*

"The johndy looks 'em up. 'Nearly forty, sir.'

"'Did you miss all the eighty, my man?'

"'On'y jist, sir. Hardly to be called a miss it wasn't. A sort of a nouter, sir, I should call it.'

"'Indeed! Fourteen days 10 A, and stop his leave for a month, Master-at-Arms.'

"'Very good, sir,' says the johndy. 'But he's already habitual leave, sir.' [Only going ashore once in three months.]

"Cap'n Bunson hung on a minit as the beadle—which is the same as a johndy—spoke, and Sam took the opportunity to say he'd rather have cells than 10 A.

"The Cap'n looked him up and down for a minit or two. 'Well, my man,' he says, 'we don't know each other very well yet, but I think we shall. Of all the d——d impudent scoundrels I ever met wid, you're the d——dest. You come aboard in a filthy condition after a drinking turn-out, and tell lies about missin' trains'—('On'y jist, sir,' whispers Sam)—'and now you ast a favour! You want to *choose* your punishment, eh? Why, damme, if you told the truth I wouldn't give ye any at all. All you men lie and say you miss trains, and none of you think of

* Johndy—gendy—gendarme.



"What's this?" says the Captain.

sendin' a chit off explainin' that you're dead drunk and can't come.'

"'No, sir. Never struck me as any good, sir,' says Sam.

"'Exactly. And yet you all know that I know what's the matter.'

"'Yes, sir.'

"'Try to tell the truth for the future, then. And as you want cells, do seven days of 'em in addition to the 10 A.'

"Sam done his cells, meditatin' deep all the time, and then done his 10 A mournful. It's very wearin' is 10 A, while cells is quiet and peaceful. In 10 A, when it's your watch below, you clean brass or paint-work, or holystone decks, or take a rest for two or three hours on the quarter-deck, standin' at attention facin' the paint-work, and two yards from anythink to lean aginst. You eat under the sentry's eye (and eat rapid too, because your time's short) sittin' on the cable-deck, which is the windiest place in the ship. It's a fair torture of a punishment, although it don't sound hard in Parliament, where they asts about it sometimes. Your grog's stopped in both punishments, and you mustn't smoke, a' course.

"When Sam next got leave he done the usual—broke it. Instid of him, a telegraph come to the Cap'n. That mornin' the Cap'n was the most ferocious on the defaulters I ever seen him. He give 'em all the maxi'um punishment. He yapped at the officers: he said there was court-martials still to be had: he swore he'd have a hangin' at the yardarm; or, as there wasn't any on some ships, he'd put up wid a david.

"We was all in the dark, a' course, about what had upset him. We thought his noolaids at breakfast was on'y warranteds or cookers, and a little thing like that is quite enough to throw a post-cap'n out o' gear, I can tell ye. But when Sam arrove, sixty-three hours late, as usual, we heard diff'rent.

"Sam was put in irons at once, and piled down below before he knoo where he was. He looked very hurt at the johndy and ast him why he give him this sort of thing, so diff'rent to his usual welcome. Where was them smiles he knoo so well? he ast, and the johndy told him it wasn't no smilin' turnout this time. 'It's mut'ny and court-martials,' he says.

"'Ah, well,' says Sam, as they was shuttin' the cell door, 'we can't all be bloomin' well spotless. My pore head! Sleep, gentle sleep. Rock me——'

. . . . . .

"'Did you send this?' said the Cap'n, when he was brought before him. The Cap'n was tappin' a telegraph, and looking dark as—as—the double-bottom.

"'I certainly sent one, sir,' says Sam, and quite sober he was by this time, I can assure ye.

"'Read it,' says the Cap'n. 'Is that it?'

"The readin' on it was 'Blind drunk' won't come. Yours respectful, M. A. Cahoun.'

"'Yes, sir, that's it,' says Sam. 'I guv it to the landlord of the *Dog and Duck* to send when my leaf was up, if I was too drunk to send it myself. But it's true, sir, it's quite true. I can bring witnesses to prove it.'

"The Cap'n nearly choked hisself. He couldn't get out sufficient words at once. Might he be perished if ever he met such infernal cheek, he said. Any fool would know it was true. 'Tak' him away. I'll apply for a court-martial.'

"Now all this time Sam had been puttin' on the injured-innocent look, and he'd got it set.

"'But, sir,' he lammed off, 'you *told* me to do it. You said, tell the truth and shame the devil and I'll let you off the next time. And now I've done it, see what I git? That's trustfulness, that is!' And he pretended to turn to go below with the johndy.

"A sort of recollection seemed to come

over Cap'n Bunson. His for'id begun to unwrinkle from the up and down strokes and started to wrinkle the other way for a smile. But he smoothed his face.

"'Come here, Cahoun,' he called. 'Are you a Scotchman?'

"'On'y a Stamshaw Scotchman, sir.'

"'Oh, on'y a Stamshaw Scotchman? And what's that?'

"'Father, Scotch. Mother, Cockney. Meself born in Stamshaw, sir.'

"'I see. Well, Cahoun, you do honour to your country.'

"'Which one, sir?' said Sam.

"'The country of mefastitiscs,' he says, meanin' Scotland. 'You'll overreach yourself one day, my man. I remember the occasion. I was skarcastic, and you think it's fine fun to carry on the joke, do ye? A seaman must learn that a officer can turn his jest to earnest very sharp.'

"'I wish you'd do it now, sir,' says Sam, smart as anythink.

"The Cap'n frowned agin. He didn't quite see the point. He had to think out to hisself. 'I promised to let him off, in fun. He takes it in earnest. I take his earnest in earnest and start out to run him in for a court-martial, but he says he wishes I would turn my joke to earnest, 'cos then I must let him off. I believe the devil's cornered me.'

"Sam said he surmised all this argument was goin' on in the Cap'n's mind, and when he jist said 'Remanded,' he knoo he was safe.

"The Cap'n sent for him next day to his cabin.

"'Cahoun,' he said, 'I've decided to be in earnest.'

"'Thank ye, sir.'

"'I've put you in my boat's crew.'

"Sam was took aback, flat aback. He'd never been petted before.

"'But I'm habitual leave, and a thorough bad chara'ter, sir.'

"'You have been. But I'll give you a clean sheet, Cahoun. You start afresh.'

"'I—my—excuse me, sir, my eyes is weak,' and Sam drawed his sleeve acrost his face.

"The Cap'n was lookin' through Sam all this time he was tryin' not to leak. When he seen he was a bit manly agin', 'Shake hands, my man,' he says, and they shook hearty.

"'For the future, sir——'

"'No promises, Cahoun,' puts in the Cap'n. 'I won't have it. You are in my boat. Don't disgrace *me*.'

"That was Cap'n Bunson's way.

"When his cox'n was promoted to a higher ratin', Sam Cahoun took the billet, and so there you are. Now you know Sam, and will be able to understand that for Cap'n Bunson he'd go through brimstone and treacle, to put it mild, and I put it mild, as you p'r'aps don't care for hell and blazes?"

"Ssh," I said, "certainly not."

"I thought not. Well, now we comes to Egypt, and the desert and the fight in the night. You know the Naval Brigade was there, a' course. Cap'n Bunson was there wid it, and Sam, who follored him like a shadder in every scrap, which was right. As Sam said, 'S'pose the Cap'n captures the enemy in bunches like Nelson used to do, I must be there to stack up the captured swordses and spearses, while he politely bows to the niggers.'

"But in this night fight the Cap'n got lost somehow. You remember we was drove back, formed up, broke again, reformed, each man plyin' his gun or his cutlass wid all his might to keep his own life. It was the most tremenjus burnin' fiery furnace I've ever bin in. You couldn't see in the least what you was a doin' of. I seemed to hear, dreamy, between the hard work of cuttin' and thrustin', Sam moanin' that he'd lost the Cap'n, and astin' everybody if they'd seen him. And they all said 'No!' emphatic, and went on fightin', thinkin' he was wid some other company.

"'What did he want to slope off by

hisself for, tryin' to sneak all the glory, I heard Sam sayin'. 'Nelson always uster stick by his cox'n and share it. Well, so long, Chatty, I seen him last over this way. Out the way, *you!*' And, still in a dream, I seen him down one or two Noobians and pass into the thick of the fight.

"Then I surmised he'd bin speakin' to me.

"But the rest of us was pushed back and back, sweatin' and baked. Sometimes I heard, and yet did not hear, husky voices screamin', 'Stick to it, Navy!' or Number One thunderin', 'Steady on the right, men!' or the pipin' of the sub-lootenant, 'Off-sides there!' as a Dervish speared his way through the line and he pipped him wid his revolver.

"And as for me, I was gettin' tireder and tireder. The whole earth was full of mad black men, and they was all waitin' their turn at me. Something 'ud loom up like a figure in a fog, big and sudden. There'd be a little private fight, and one of us was down bitin' at the sand, or clutchin' at the air, or beatin' a tattoo, or just simply still. And the sound in your ears was maddenin', so that the eyes seemed useless. Three-and-forty times I lunged and parried, and three-and-forty niggers made earth, and still they popped up. And I was diggin' lazily away at 'em wid my bayonet, downin' of 'em, when I woke up in a field hospital tent, and Sam was holding my hand.

"'I found him,' he says, after a bit.

"'Who?' says I.

"'Cap'n.'

"'Didn't know he was lost,' I says, and went to sleep agin.

. . . . . .

"When I was gettin' well I heard all about it.

"It seems the Cap'n had got separated in the rush, wid between four and five bluejackets——"

"*Between* four and five, Chatty?" I asked.

"Did I say between? That's how it was telt me. I surmise there was a budding A.B. amongst 'em then, an O.D., but I don't know for certain. They was surrounded by a howlin' mob, and no doubt fought away blind like I did. But one went down, and another went down, and on'y Cap'n Bunson and one bluejacket was left, back to back, when Sam Cahoun came boundin' into the circus, yellin' out 'Stamshaw for ever!' which he'd made a kind a' war-cry; and 'Wayo Wuz-Fuz!' and sich things. The other pore fellow was speared at that minit by a big buck nigger, but Sam was on the spearsman at the same instant and spread him out so that he never spoke no more.

"Then he stood by the Cap'n and they fought silent, except when Sam used his navy revolver or his sea-service cutlass wid effect. Then he'd remark loud enough for the Cap'n to hear, 'Brass buttons retired hurt, sir,' referrin' to a chap who wore a coat but no trousies, who was partic'larly active. The brass buttons jist shone up in the starlight, ye understand. 'Chap wid a white shirt sicked off, sir.' The Cap'n answered not a word, but fought grim. He was breathin' hard, too. At last the crowd seemed to melt away, and they two thought they was safe, when another mob in full retreat rolled along, and pore Cap'n Bunson fell wid a shovel-headed spear in his chest.

"The battle was ended, the enemy was gone home, and the British Army camped where it stood. Search parties went out lookin' for the wounded, but the battle had been scattered, and no ambulance came near Samuel, where he stood by the Cap'n. So at last he hoisted him up, and staggered wid him towards the nearest camp fire, far away.

"'Halt! Who goes there?' sang out a sentry at last.

"'Me,' said Sam, 'a blighted matlow [*matelot*], which is French for flatfoot.'

"'French, eh?' snapped the sentry, one of the Black Watch he was. 'Say



"But Sam was on the spearsman the same minute."

what yer doin' here, quick, or I fire.' And he held his musket in a shootin' attitude.

"'Me dear McPherson, you see before ye a cox'n, a cap'n's cox'n of the Royal Navy, wearin' round his neck his superior officer, bashed about a bit.'

"'Advance, cap'n's cox'n of the Royal Navy, wid the superior officer bashed about a bit, and give the countersign.'

"'Look here, McPherson——'

"'My name's not McPherson.'

"'Eh, mon, I know it ain't. I took ye for a parsnip, and tried to butter ye. Your native heath's in the Mile End Road. But we'll argue this out to-morrow, cully. What I started out to observe was, that if you repeat all I say, and ast for countersigns and all that, we shall never git to the doctor. Call the sergeant of the guard, for God's sake. Oh, here he comes. Sergeant, kindly tell off a couple of hands to help carry Cap'n Bunson here, wounded and unsensible. Your man Smith is all for the articles of war and shootin' at sight.'

"'Smith! his nam's Macfarlane.'

"'Oh, is it? Well, good-night, Privit Mac—farlane. Now, Sergeant dear, show us the Naval Brigade, and we'll do the rest.'

"So the sergeant told off some men to carry the Cap'n, but in half-a-dozen paces Sam himself tumbled down and wanted carryin'. He'd got several gashes, and was a bit weak. The fust thing he said when he come to was to ast if they'd brought in the other bluejackets what was wid the Cap'n. They had not, for they was all dead.

. . . . . .

"The Cap'n got about before I did. My wounds was not any of 'em dangerous, but they was in great plenty. I got thirteen hurt certificates. 'Just your luck,' says Sam, 'I go in the same battle and on'y git four! Look at the honour you've got!'

"'Well, you should 'a stood by me,' I said, 'then you could 'a shared it, for all I care. I ain't a Cap'n though, I ain't.'

"'Now, Chatty,' he says, 'you're a-wanderin.' Wound Number 12 ain't quite healed. Go to sleep."

. . . . . .

"The Cap'n made full enquiries about Sam's evolutions on the battlefield. He offered to git him promoted to a warrant's billet. But Sam wouldn't take a warrant at any price. He said he wasn't goin' to be no salt beef squire; it was bad enough to look after cap'ns, let alone gunners' and boatswains' stores. His head wasn't good enough for any keepin' of accounts, he said: and he was goin' to be Cap'n's cox'n and nothin' else, except Adm'ral's cox'n later on, when Cap'n Bunson got his hoist to the flag rank.

"The Cap'n argued the point, but Sam could always beat him at that.

"So the Cap'n give in. But he had forwarded an account of it all, and a strong recommend for the Cross. And he got it too, did Cahoun, and the Queen herself pinned it on.

"For once in a way Sam lost his bearin's. The Queen held out her hand for him to kiss, and Sam ups and shakes it hearty. She laughed, and so did the Prince, and all of 'em. Sam seen the point then, and when the Prince stepped forward holdin' out his hand, Sam dropped on his knee and went to kiss it. But the Prince wouldn't have it, and they shook like old friends, and all the Court crowded round in the next room to shake with the tall sailor, wid 'For Valour' on his chest, and ast him how he done it, and he said he didn't know, he supposed he was excited at the time.

"And now the Cap'n's a Full Adm'ral, and Sam is Adm'ral's cox'n, and his beard torpedo-rig—which is pointed—and all goldy coloured: the finest made cox'n in the Navy, and that is as much as to say the whole world.

"And when lady visitors sees him a sittin' in the starn-sheets of the Adm'ral's

barge, wearin' the little iron Maltese Cross, they says, 'The Victoria Cross! Dear me, how did you get that, my good man?' And he answers, 'It's all a mistake, mum. I was a wanderin' round wantin' a scrap, and I come up like the pleeceman towards the end of one and took all the glory. The other bluejackets, mum, what was there before me, happened to lose the number of their mess, and the Queen don't give her medals to dead men.'

"'Do you mean the poor fellows were killed?' says the lady, shrinkin' wid horror at the way he says it.

"'Yes, mum. But we expect that sort of thing in a fightin' Navy. If Death comes, we say, let him come sharp and short. No maimin' and blindin', but a fair downer in action. That's sea divinity, mum. We ain't tender and we ain't treated tender.'

"'How dreadful!' says the lady, and then she asts the Adm'ral if all his men are sich brutes as his cox'n, and the Adm'ral laughs, and says he hopes so."

DAWN IN THE BERNESE OBERLAND.

BY ROBERT CROZIER O'LONGAN.

DARKNESS is disenthroned on high, but here
Twilight abides that hour the radiance growing
Shall stream across the crimson peaks, bestowing
New life upon the world. Unto the ear
The brooks now sing—from sunless clefts appear
Visions of scarlet blooms in darkness blowing,
And yellow stones uptorn by freshets flowing,
Plunge into purple gulfs and disappear.

And far above Earth's tumults where the breath
Of Dawn, the sorcerer, glows, the glittering beaks
Of emerald precipices melt; each arch
Drips slowly, and for ever underneath
Delirious rivers, dash'd round perilous peaks
And thundercloven crags, commence their march.



SOLITUDE.

BY EDWARD TICKNER EDWARDES.

WITH A DRAWING BY GEO. C. HAITÉ, R.B.A.

AMID the swimming vapours of the night,
The stealthy moon creeps on her wintry way ;
And gazes down from dark and cloud-locked bay
On distant seas a-glimmer with her light.
And with her dainty pencillings of white
She fills the darkest hour before the day.
The lonely sea-girt moor lies dim and grey,
Where sweeps the salt west wind in wavering flight,
Drenched with the chill moist odours of the sea.
And from the dreary plain sounds dolefully
The melancholy plover's wailing song,
Filled with disconsolate grief and misery.
And hooting owl, on muffled pinion strong,
Cleaves the faint night with doleful melody.



A corner of the jungle in Malaysia.

MY PEEP AT PENANG.

BY PERCY CROSS STANDING.

AS the sea-bird flies, or, to express it more poetically, as

> "The night-wind sighs,
> Our vessel flies
> Across the dark lagoon,"

the Island of Pulo-Penang, otherwise Pinang, is situate some four hundred miles north-west from Singapore. It is neither the least productive nor the least picturesque possession of the Empress-Queen.

Sunrise or sunset is the best time to approach the island from the sea—only the difficulty is, as in approaching Singapore, to realise that you *are* approaching an island. It boasts one of the finest natural harbours in the world (a harbour that never lacks plenty of shipping) and a splendid anchorage. Backed by a range of noble hills, the little town strikes a stranger as one of the prettiest in the Far East, particularly, as I say, if you can manage to time your arrival at morn or dewy eve. When I was there Penang was actively agitating for a wharf of her own, to be erected (of course) at Government expense. And quite right too! It is a reproach that at least three of our largest trading Eastern ports, Colombo, Singapore, and Penang, have been unprovided with adequate wharf accommodation, while others smaller, not under British protec-

tion and comparatively unimportant commercially, are splendidly provided. It is a worse reproach still that Singapore has not a decent-sized dock of its own. And why in the world is pilotage in and out of Colombo Harbour compulsory, when the captain of the biggest ocean steamer is competent to take his ship in or out "with his eyes shut" after one visit?

But I digress. The town of Penang, albeit the entire island has only 140,000 inhabitants, contains perhaps a thousand Europeans, almost all British—double the number of Europeans in, *par exemple*, the city of Bangkok in Siam. But then Bangkok is not a British possession. There is a Protestant Bishop, and also, I think, a Catholic Bishop of Penang. The leading steamship lines trading to the port are the P. & O., the British India, and, of more recent years, the Shell Line (London).

"Happy is the country that has no history"—this island in Malaysia has very little. Penang is the oldest of the three Straits Settlements, having been "founded" (not annexed) in 1796. A decade later it became the penal settlement for Bengal, *vice* Port Blair, and a rapid progress was effected during the Viceroyalty of the Marquis Wellesley, who projected the expeditions against Malacca, the Moluccas, and Manilla, 1795-6-7. For a short period after the Treaty of Amiens the island enjoyed a tranquil time, while waiting for those in authority to discover its adaptability to naval and military purposes. The Indian Government now made Penang a separate establishment, and in 1807 a Recorder's Court was established here.

It was just at that moment in the world's history when the greatest captain of any age was in the zenith of his power, when French men-of-war and letters of marque were sweeping the seas clear of our fat East ndiamen (as told in Marryat's inimitable *Poor Jack*), laden as these were with the wealth of Cathay. How little one hears of this page in our history—how carefully it is wrapped up in the stirring record of Nelson and Rodney's great and glorious works!

Stamford Raffles founded Singapore in 1819, what time Penang was struggling hard and not unsuccessfully against Dutch monopolists. In 1825 this matter was satisfactorily settled by the Treaty of Holland, and eleven years later saw Singapore the capital of the Straits, *vice* Penang. Our settlement looked calmly on at the terrible Sepoy Mutiny and the resulting demise of "John Company." In 1867 Penang was transferred to Colonial Office rule, since when it has certainly had no history worth mentioning. The origin of the nomenclature Pulo-Penang, by the by, is "betel-nut" in the Malay jargon; and I regret to add that the repulsive practice of chewing betel is carried to excess in Malaya. With regard to the neighbouring colony of Province Wellesley, Penang lies in much the same geographical position as Liverpool does to Birkenhead. It is astonishing how few of the people are native-born Malays, the majority being Chinese and natives of British India. One finds many of the true-born Malays serving as firemen and sailors on board of British ships in the Far East—and remarkably good sailors they are.

I found the climate hotter than that of Singapore, and it is not relieved by showers at night-time. Penang is policed excellently well, the men utilised being for the most part tall swarthy Sikhs, with a sprinkling of Scotsmen. Needless to say, the island has its "wrongs that require remedies." One is the aforementioned want of a wharf. When I was there the place was never garrisoned by more than two companies, who would, it was understood, be *withdrawn on the outbreak of war*, and this despite the fact that Penang's share of the Straits Settlements' military contribution of £100,000 is no less than £45,000. A third cause of heart-burning was touched upon by Mr. Alfred Keyser in *The Nineteenth Century*. After premis-

ing that his own object was "to give prominence to the fact that without any direct act of annexation the British Government has made itself responsible for the administration of the greater portion of the Malay Peninsula, and to direct attention to the wealth and at the same time to the wants of the countries comprised in that geographical expression," this writer averred that "the control exercised over them should be more rigid than the hitherto somewhat apathetic condition of passive acquiescence by the Government of Singapore in the action of the several Residents has made it."

The population of Penang increases at the rate of 16,500 annually, including many Chinese. The Sakheis, not the Malays, are the aboriginal inhabitants of the Malay Archipelago, though the latter appear to have arrived here at a period anterior to the spread of the Mahommedan religion. They seem to have penetrated to every place whither a boat could carry them; and though now spread all over the peninsula they can hardly be said to live away from the rivers. The aborigines were hunted down by the Malays and their women carried off as wives and slaves. As a result of this, even in a country boasting a British Protectorate, the sight of a Malay—or, indeed, of any stranger—approaching a village in the more sequestered districts, is still the signal for the timid Sakheis to forsake their dwellings and flee to the hills and forests. Personal courage, be it noted, is not a marked attribute of the Sakhei character. This savage people retain some of the most primitive and savage customs, including the use of the blow-pipe and poisoned arrow for shooting birds. Mr. F. Swettenham in his *About Perak* pays a special tribute to the virtues of the Malay and Sakhei women.

The tropical scenery and vegetation of the island are delightful in the extreme. A fine sea breaks upon the beach, which, being sandy, affords enjoyable bathing. No doubt there are vast possibilities before Penang as a centre of commerce.



IRISH.
By Malcolm Patterson.

"Durn it, I'll get the bloomin' thing out if I have to shove it in."

THE VEILED MAN:

BEING AN ACCOUNT OF THE RISKS AND ADVENTURES OF SIDI AHAMADOU, SHEIKH OF THE AZJAR MARAUDERS.

BY WILLIAM LE QUEUX.

ILLUSTRATED BY WARWICK GOBLE.

II.—A Sappho of the Sand.



THROUGHOUT our breathless land of sun and silence there is a well-known adage that the word of a Veiled Man is like water poured upon sand which, when once dropped, is never to be recovered. I am, alas, compelled to admit that there is much truth in this; nevertheless, to every rule there is an exception and in every tribe of the Touaregs, from those of the Tidikelt to those of the Adrar, are to be found men who are not thieves or evil-doers, even though they may be marauders.

Those acquainted with the progress of recent events in Algeria will remember that when our brothers, the Kabyles, rose against our new masters, the French, and committed the terrible massacres at Al-Setit, news was promptly circulated over every one of the vast Saharan plains that the forces of Al-Islâm had at last risen against the infidels. Eager for the fray most of the desert tribes, among them the Touaregs of the Benin Sissin, Haratin, and Kel-Owi, or "People of the Light," united against the Roumis. Hence, we of the Azjar pressed northward in force in order to unite with the warlike Beni-Mzab in a formidable attack upon the French posts at Gardaia and Wargla, south of the great Atlas range. Assembling at the El Gettara oasis we left our women, old men, and children encamped, crossed the high sun-baked lands of the Tademayt, then, passing up the rocky waterless valley of the Miya, traversed the region of bare red sandhills known as the Erg, and leaving Wargla fifty miles to the east, set our camels' heads towards Metlili, halting one day's march off that town.

In ordinary circumstances we should never have dared to approach so near the sphere of French influence, especially as this was the region of the Beni-Mzabs who zealously guarded any encroachment upon their territory. But war had been declared against the Infidel, and the Shorfa (Faithful) were uniting beneath the green banner of Al-Islâm. At high noon we halted, and soon afterwards there appeared a French Colonel with a large escort of his scarlet-burnoosed Spahis. The officer, who had ridden from Metlili to intercept us, was received courteously by Tamahu, our Sheikh. He demanded the payment of taxes, but the proud old man whom I have since succeeded answered, "Tell that lord of yours, that if he wants our taxes he can come for them himself, and we will make sure he gets them, in silver coins too, for we will roll each franc into a bullet, and deliver it to him ourselves." The Colonel declared that the taxes must be paid, but our Sheikh courteously requested the infidel and his horsemen to return to the town.

"Then you intend fighting?" the Colonel asked, at last.

"We do," answered Tamahu. "Tell thy lord that The Breath of the Wind decline to make submission to the French."

"You intend attacking Metlili?" the

officer enquired, thoughtfully, twirling his pointed moustache.

Our Sheikh nodded, his keen eyes watching the face of the infidel. The latter's countenance grew grave, whereat we, standing around leaning on our spears, laughed in derision.

"Thou art of the great army of the infidels," Tamahu said. "Yet thy face palest when we speak of conflict!"

The officer started, and knit his grey brows.

"I fear not thine host of Veiled Men, fierce and relentless though ye be. True, I am a soldier, but one thing alone I dread."

"Thou fearest to lose thy life," observed our Sheikh, knowing that the garrison at that little desert town was but small and weak.

"For myself I care nothing," the Colonel answered. "It is the fate of my daughter that I fear."

"Thy daughter! Why is she here, in the desert, so far from Algiers?"

"Not having seen me for four years she travelled from Paris a moon ago to visit me. Both my captain and my lieutenant have died of fever, and we two are now the only Europeans in Metlili. The rising of thy tribesmen hath occurred so unexpectedly, or I would have sent her under escort back to the coast."

"Is thy daughter a child?" asked Tamahu.

"She is nineteen," answered the officer, whose name he informed us was Colonel Bonnemain. We at once knew him by repute as a distinguished traveller and soldier.

"Thou knowest what is said of the word of a Touareg," the Sheikh said, regarding him keenly.

The Colonel nodded.

"Canst thou trust these my tribesmen with the escort of thy daughter?" Tamahu asked. "If thou wilt no harm shall befall her. We have agreed with the Mzabs to attack and pillage thy town, because thou, with thine horsemen, hast established a post therein; therefore it must be done. But the Azjars wage not war upon women, and ere we commence the attack thy daughter shall find safe asylum within our camp."

For a moment the Colonel hesitated, looking intently into the dark, bright eyes of our aged head-man. But seeing honesty and truth mirrored in his face the infidel held out his hand, and in silence more eloquent than words gripped that of his enemy. At last his tongue's strings became loosened.

"Henceforth, although I am an officer of the French, and compelled to fight against thee, I am nevertheless thy friend, and some day will prove my friendship. Gabrielle shall be within thy camp at dawn."

"The Azjars will give her the welcome of friends," answered our Sheikh.

With a brief expression of heartfelt thanks Colonel Bonnemain vaulted lightly into his saddle, and wishing us "Peace," spurred away to where his troop of expectant Spahis awaited him.

"May Allah guard thee and thine," answered Tamahu in response to the infidel's salutation, and a moment later our enemies were riding hard away towards the far-off horizon.

The long breathless afternoon went slowly by. We had not encamped, because we knew not when our allies, the Beni-Mzabs, might approach, and rapidity of movement was of urgent necessity, inasmuch as a formidable French column was on the march. Spent by long travel, the majority of us stretched ourselves on the hot sands and slept, leaving half-a-dozen to act as sentinels and prevent surprise; but at the *maghrib* hour all were awakened by the clear voice of our aged marabout reciting the *fatihat*. Every man, without exception, knelt upon the sand, his back turned upon the blaze of crimson in the west,

and recited the *sûras*, praying to Allah to prosper our expedition.

When we arose, Tamahu, his right hand raised to heaven, and his left grasping his gleaming spear, exhorted us to remain faithful and to bear arms bravely against the infidels.

"Ye are called forth against a mighty and a warlike nation," he exclaimed. "Ye shall fight against them, or they shall profess Islâm. If ye obey, Allah will, of a verity, give you a glorious reward; but if ye turn back he will chastise you with a grievous chastisement. Allah has promised you many spoils, which ye should take; and he giveth these by way of earnest; and he restraineth the hand of man from you; and the same may be a sign unto the true believers; and he guideth you in the right way. Allah knoweth that which ye know not; and he hath appointed you, besides this, a speedy victory."

Long and earnestly the old Sheikh addressed us, quoting from our Book of Everlasting Will to emphasise his declarations. Then he referred to the compact he had that day made with the leader of our enemies.

"A woman of the Franks we shall receive into this our camp. Remember, O my people, that she will partake of our salt, and that while this war continueth she is our friend. Let not a single hair of her head be injured. The word of thy Sheikh Tamahu hath already been given."

That evening we spent in sharpening our spears and shangermangors, preparatory to the fight, singing snatches of war-songs and discussing the prospects of the attack. Perhaps of all the tribes in the trackless solitudes which constitute our home, we of the Azjar are among the most active, vigorous, and enterprising, inured as we are to hardships, and with our mental faculties sharpened almost to a preternatural degree by the hard struggle for existence in our arid rocky fastnesses. The rearing of oxen, horses, and goats is our chief occupation, but the scarcity of water and our speedy exhaustion of the scanty pasturage of the oases keep us perpetually on the march. Agriculture is scarcely possible under a sky from which rain does not fall for six or eight consecutive years; therefore it is, perhaps, not surprising that we have developed into desert-pirates.

Those who have never set foot upon the Saharan plains can possess but a vague idea of their appearance. In the whole of the Great Desert, a track comprising over two million square miles, there is not a single carriage-road, not a mile of navigable waters, not a wheeled vehicle, canoe, or boat of any kind. There are scarcely even any beaten tracks, for most of the routes, though followed for ages without divergence of any kind, are temporarily effaced by every sandstorm, and recovered only by means of the permanent landmarks — wells, prominent dunes, a solitary eminence crowned with a solitary bush, the remains of travellers, slaves, or camels that may have perished of thirst or exhaustion between the stations.

Long and patiently we waited for the arrival of the woman to whom we had promised protection, but although the night passed, the dawn rose, and the hours crept on towards the noon, our vigilance remained unrewarded. A second day passed in inactivity, then, wearied of waiting, we struck camp and moved forward.

The afterglow had deepened into evening dusk when at length we came within sight of Metlili. Looming high up on a pinnacle of rock, white against the clear sky, its appearance astonished us, for it looked impregnable. Its flat-roofed houses rose tier upon tier around an exceedingly steep eminence crowned by a great mosque with high square minaret, while at the foot of the hill were some scattered date-groves.

We had passed over the summit of a sand ridge, and were making a dash

straight upon the French stronghold, when we noticed that our presence had already heen detected. Upon the walls a few Spahis in scarlet and some white-burnoosed Arabs were moving hurriedly. Suddenly there was a flash from the Kasbah, followed by a report, loud, sharp, echoless. Our enemies had opened fire upon us.

Tamahu instantly gave the word to spur forward on the wings of haste. With one accord we rode in a huge compact body so swiftly as to justify our popular appellation "The Breath of the Wind," and, regardless of a rapid rifle fire that was poured out from the white walls, pressed forward to the foot of the rock. Here we dismounted, and with loud yells of savage rage dashed up the rough narrow way that gave entrance to the town. Many of my companions fell dead or wounded ere they reached the hastily-barred gate, but by dint of fierce and dogged determination we pushed forward in force so great that we managed to at last batter down the huge wooden doors. Next second we poured into the place in overwhelming numbers. Up its steep streets, so narrow that two asses could not pass abreast, we engaged Spahis and Zouaves hand-to-hand. So strong was our force that soon we overwhelmed them, and commenced loud cries of triumph as we dashed up towards the Kasbah. Suddenly, however, as we approached it we saw that its walls literally swarmed with French soldiers who, at word of command, fired a withering volley from their rifles which caused us to hold back dismayed.

Colonel Bonnemain had evidently received reinforcements. With their firearms they were more than a match for us.

"Courage, brothers!" I heard Tamahu cry as he bra ndished his spear. "Let us show these dogs of infidels that the Touaregs are no cowards. Of a verity the Roumis shall never be our masters."

With set teeth we sprang forward towards the high sun-blanched walls of the citadel, determined to take it by assault, but alas! its battlements were full of well-armed Spahis and Turcos, and from every point showers of lead swept down upon us. Still we kept on undaunted. Once I caught a momentary glimpse of Colonel Bonnemain. He was standing upon the wall bareheaded, shouting and waving his sword. But only for an instant. He disappeared, and was seen no more.

Almost at the same instant a loud incessant spitting of guns deafened us; bullets swept through our ranks in deadly hail, killing us by dozens and maiming hundreds. Then, dismayed, I saw mounted on the wall a strange-looking weapon, which once charged shed rifle-balls in hundreds. Death seemed inevitable. My companions, appalled by the sight of that terrible engine of destruction, wavered for an instant, then, with a cry that Eblis was assisting the infidels, turned and fled.

Above the din of battle Tamahu shouted himself hoarse. But darkness having now fallen none could discern him amid the dense smoke and constant flashing of the guns. Thus the defenders drove us back, sweeping us away with their deadly machine-gun, and, making a sortie from the fortress, bayoneted the more valiant ones.

Our cause seemed lost. As soon, however, as we had drawn the Spahis outside their fort, we turned, and re-engaging them hand-to-hand, quickly hacked our way back to the very gates of the Kasbah, the streets in the vicinity being heaped with dead and dying. Suddenly, however, just as we were relinquishing our hope as a forlorn one, loud shouts, followed by the beating of tam-tams, gave us renewed courage. From mouth to mouth the glad tidings were repeated. The Beni-Mzabs, one of the most powerful tribes on the desert-border, had come up,

and being our allies, were rendering us assistance.

Of the exciting moments which immediately succeeded, I have but vague remembrance. Suffice it to say that the warlike race of the Aulas to the number of two thousand poured into Metlili, and with our forces combined we succeeded in dislodging and totally annihilating the French garrison. Everywhere throughout the town fighting quickly became general, but in such numbers had we now assembled that those holding the Kasbah were compelled to sue for peace. The Beni-Mzabs declined, however, to give quarter, consequently the scenes of bloodshed were terrible to behold. Before dawn the sack of the town had commenced, and everywhere the firebrand was applied. The loot obtainable was, we found, of very little value, nevertheless both the Beni-Mzabs and our own tribesmen were in high glee at their first success against the infidel forces. It was regarded as precursory of a great victory.

Just as the sun was rising I was inside the ancient citadel so recently the infidel stronghold, and was exploring its many courts with their old blue-tiled fountains and cool, handsome colonnades, when suddenly as I passed beneath an archway in the thickness of the wall a noise startled me. My companions in arms were regaling themselves in an open square before the great white mosque, therefore I was alone. Around me lay many bodies of Touaregs, Spahis, and Beni-Mzabs, while some of the wounded were still groaning, dying slowly, for there had been no attempt to succour the disabled. To fall in a holy war is not a misfortune, but the reverse. The noise, a loud knock, again sounded, and turning I saw a bolted door, which I at once opened, and was confronted by a pretty dark-haired French girl, who, glancing at me in terror for an instant, screamed and fled down a flight of stone stairs into an impenetrable darkness.

In a moment I dashed after her. Already the Kasbah had been set on fire, and to save her life instant escape was necessary. Below, in the small foul stone chamber, used long ago as a prison, I discovered her crouching. She screamed loudly at my approach, fearing me perhaps because of the mysterious black veil across my face, and knowing that the Veiled Men were of bad repute.

"Thou art Mademoiselle Gabrielle, daughter of our friend Colonel Bonnemain," I exclaimed in the best French I could articulate. 'Fear not, but fly at once with me, or we may both lose our lives."

"How knowest thou my name?" she gasped in amazement. By the glimmer of light that came from the open court above I saw that her face was beautiful but deathly pale. "True, I am daughter of Colonel Bonnemain, but thou art a Touareg. Assuredly thou art our enemy, not our friend. Why, it was thine hosts who attacked us!"

Briefly I explained the promise of our Sheikh, assuring her of our friendship. At first she was inclined to doubt my sincerity, but at length I prevailed upon her to accompany me in our race for life from the burning ruins. Quickly we sought Tamahu, and as there were no women with us she was at once placed under my protection. I was to be her guardian and her champion during the remainder of hostilities. Long and earnestly we both searched and enquired for her father, the Colonel, but could discover no trace of him. Some of his Spahis who survived declared that he had been struck down in the earlier hours of the conflict, while others maintained that they had seen him fighting uninjured up to the very last. From our enquiries it appeared evident that, on receiving unexpected reinforcements from the north, he had determined upon holding out against us, and overlooking our agreement with the Beni-Mzabs, was ill-advised enough to



Was confronted by a pretty dark-haired French girl.

decline our good offices. Then, when he found an attack in force being made, he locked Gabrielle in a place of safety until the fight should end.

Full of excitement were those days that followed. I must, however, here confess that within twenty-four hours I found myself deeply attached to this bright-eyed fragile girl whose gallant father had disappeared so mysteriously. We of the Azjars, leaving the prosperous town of Metlili a mere pile of smoking ruins, encamped for a few days in the vicinity where there was an excellent well, then together with the fierce horsemen of the Beni-Mzab set our heads towards Wargla, another French outpost. At first Gabrielle felt the fatigue of travel terribly. Fortunately she could ride well, and as her inseparable companion I endeavoured to render her journey as comfortable as possible. At my suggestion she had exchanged her European clothes for the *serroual* and *haick* of the Arab women, finding that mode of dress more comfortable and less conspicuous than her own; and so light-hearted she grew that not unfrequently she would join me in a cigarette. Her grace and manner charmed us all. The fierce horsemen of the Azjar and the Beni-Mzab are scarcely chivalrous where women are concerned, but ere we had been on the march three days there was not a single tribesman who would not execute her slightest wish.

Riding day by day over the breathless solitude of sand no single word of complaint ever escaped her. Whenever we halted, before she ate she would busy herself in attending to our wounded; sometimes bandaging an arm or a leg, at others pouring out water and handing it to a thirsty man with a pleasing smile that quickened his pulse. Then, after we had eaten and turned our faces to the Holy Ca'aba, she would take an old Spanish mandoline which one of my companions had picked up cheap long ago in Oran, and play and sing to us in a sweet contralto songs from her own far-off Paris. They were mostly gay *chansons*, such as one hears in the *cafés* in Algiers, and those with refrains were sung lustily in chorus by the whole of the great assembly.

One night after she had given us several songs I persuaded her to dance. To those unaccustomed to life in the desert the scene would have appeared a strange one. The bright moonlight shining full upon her, tipped also with silver the keen heads of a couple of thousand spears upon which her audience leaned. She had fascinated them. Unanimously it had been declared that she was an enchantress. Only one fact remained to mar her happiness: the uncertainty regarding her father's fate.

"I will dance on one condition, Ahamadou," she answered, in French, throwing back her pretty head and showing her white teeth as she laughed.

"What is that?"

"I will dance if thou wilt take off that hideous black veil. Thou hast been my friend all this time, yet, strangely enough, I have never beheld thy face."

I hesitated. Such a demand was unusual, for a Touareg never removes his veil.

My companions overhearing it and noticing my disinclination to acquiesce, with one accord urged me to accede, and at last, amid much good-humour, I unwound my black *litham*.

Long and earnestly she looked into my eyes. Her gaze lingered upon me strangely, I thought; then suddenly clapping her hands, she raised her long white arms above her head and to the thumping of four *derboukas*, one of which I held, she commenced a slow graceful dance. Never tired of exerting herself to comfort the wounded or amuse those who were her father's bitterest foes, she danced on until she sank completely out of breath. Then she reclined upon the soft rugs spread for her, and, with Tamahu and

myself, smoked a cigarette in silence. From her full red lips she blew clouds of smoke and watched it curl upward in the still night air. I glanced at her furtively, and saw that she had grown unusually thoughtful. Her brilliant eyes were fixed upon the stars.

At last, pillowing her handsome head upon a leopard's skin I rolled and placed for her, she wished me "Peace," and presently closed her eyes in sleep.

Silence, dead and complete, had fallen upon the camp. The stillness was only broken by the uneasy groaning of a camel or the soft footfall of a sentry whose spear gleamed afar in the white moonbeams. Gabrielle's heart slowly heaved and fell as she slept. Through that calm night I sat, hugging my knees and thinking deeply. Try how I would I could not get rid of the one thought that for days had possessed me, the thought of her. That she had entranced me; that she held me in her toils irrevocably, I could not deny. Never before had I looked upon any woman with affection until now. But I loved with all my heart and soul this delicate Roumi, whose fair face the sun had never kissed.

Was it not in order to behold my countenance she had that evening requested me to remove my *litham?* Her every word, her every action, now that I recalled them, showed plainly that she did not regard me with disfavour. The moon waned, the stars paled, and dawn was nigh ere I cast myself upon the warm sand near her, and snatched a brief hour's repose, not, however, before I had carefully placed a rug about her, fearing lest the morning dew, so deadly to Europeans, should chill her.

One bright balmy night we reached El Okaz, and halted. It was a large oasis with running water, luxuriant vegetation, and many palms. When the *maghrib* had been said, the evening meal eaten, and the sun was slowly sinking, I went forth among the trees to search for camel-grass, and invited Gabrielle to accompany me. She walked by my side, and when we were out of hearing I took her tiny hand in mine, and, raising it reverently to my lips, declared my love.

Slowly, but resolutely, she drew her hand away. The last ray of sunlight tipped her hair with molten gold as we stood together beneath a great high palm. Her brilliant eyes glistened with unshed tears.

"Alas! no, Ahamadou," she answered huskily. "We must not love each other, it would wreck both our lives."

"Why not?" I cried passionately, my arm around her waist, her slim white hand raised again to my lips. "I adore you. To me thou art my life, my love, everything."

"Ah! yes," she sighed sadly. "To you I owe my life. You have all been so good to me, although I am a woman of the Franks, that I can scarce believe that you are actually the Azjars, the dreaded Breath of the Wind, reports of whose exploits have times without number caused me to shudder."

"An Azjar never forgets a favour nor forgives a false friend," I answered. "To our enemies we are brutal and relentless; yes, those who eat our salt need never fear. Already hast thou had experience of the treatment the stranger receiveth within our tents."

"True," she answered, her hand closing tightly over mine. "I have had experience of thine own tender care of me, Ahamadou, yet——"

"Yet thou hast already grown tired of our life?" I hazarded reproachfully.

"Ah! no," she said quickly, fixing her brilliant eyes upon mine. "Thou hast asked if I could ever love thee. I tell thee that I do love thee, yet there is between us a barrier of blood, and such love can only bring unhappiness unto us both."

"Thou lovest me!" I cried, delighted, and taking her soft cheeks between my hard, sun-browned hands, our lips met for the first time in a long passionate caress.

Again she put me from her, saying,

"No, it can never me. We are of different races, different creeds. What is right in thine eyes is sin in mine; what is worship to thee is to me idolatry. No, Ahamadou. It must not be. We must not love, for we can never marry."

I was silent. Her argument seemed utterly unassailable. Never before had I faced the situation until now. She had, indeed, spoken the truth.

"But we love each other!" I cried, dolefully.

"Yes," she sighed, shaking her head. "I confess that I love thee," and her fingers again gripped my hand. "But it is the very fact that we love one another that should cause us to part and forget."

"Why? Until the war is ended thou must, of necessity, remain in our camp," I observed.

"And after?"

"Then we could return to Algiers, or to Oran, and marry."

She remained silent for a few moments, nervously toying with the single ring of emeralds upon her finger.

"No," she answered at length. "This love between us is but a passing fancy. When the war is at an end, thou wilt have become convinced of the truth of my words."

"Never," I answered. "I love thee now; I shall love thee always."

"Alas!" she said, laying her hand softly upon my shoulder, and looking earnestly into my face. "Now that we have both made confession we must endeavour to forget. We love each other, but the wide difference in our races renders happiness impossible. Thou wilt find for wife some good woman of thine own people, and I—perhaps I shall find some man of mine own nationality to become my husband. From to-night Ahamadou, if thou lovest me, thou wilt make no further sign."

I bit my lip to the blood. Although she had uttered these words, I saw that she nevertheless loved me with a mad, passionate love, for soon down her pink cheeks tears were coursing.

"Thou art all to me—everything, Gabrielle," I cried. "Allah knoweth how deeply and honestly I adore thee, I——"

The sound of a rifle shot startled us. With bated breath we both strained our ears. The evening gloom had crept on unperceived, and it was almost dark. In rapid succession other shots sounded, followed by the fierce, fiendish war-cry of the Beni-Mzabs. Instantly the truth flashed upon me. We had been surprised by the French!

By the route we had come we sped back to the encampment, where we found all confusion. A large body of Spahis had made a sudden and determined attack, but it had been repulsed. My first thought was of Gabrielle's safety. I found cover for her behind a huge boulder, and telling her to seat herself, and not attempt to watch the progress of the fight, returned, spear in hand, to bear my part against our enemies.

The cessation of the fighting was only for a few minutes. We heard the sudden sound of a bugle, and from among the trees there dashed a formidable troop of red-burnoosed horsemen, led by a young European officer, who sat his horse as if he were part of it. Even in that moment of excitement I admired the way he rode. The charge was, however, an ill-fated one. Not half those who dashed forward lived to retreat. The Arabs of the Mechefer, who had recently joined us, possessed guns, and the flashing of these, in combination with those of our enemies, illumined the darkness, while the still air was full of dense, stifling smoke. More desperate each moment the conflict grew. Undismayed by loss or misfortune, we thrice returned their attack, each time with increasing force, until our bullets and keen spears commenced to work havoc among the infidel ranks. Fast and furious



Long and earnestly she looked into my eyes.

became the fight, but gradually the attack upon us grew weaker, and at last, determined upon reprisals, Tamahu ordered a dash forward. With one accord we charged, and then before us the remnant of the ill-fated troop fell back and fled to save their lives.

When I returned I found Gabrielle kneeling beside the officer whose riding had been so conspicuous, tenderly bandaging an ugly spear-wound he had received in the left shoulder. She had improvised a torch, and beneath its fitful light was pursuing her task unconscious of my approach. Upon the clammy brow of the unconscious man she placed her cool, soft hand ; then, having felt his pulse, she seemed satisfied, and taking her flambeau went forward to one of my own tribesmen who had been injured in the breast. From the deep shadow wherein I stood I watched her, white-robed and fair like one of the good genii of whom the Koran tells us, passing from one to another, alleviating their sufferings as best she could, uttering cheering words, or giving water to the dying. I did not approach her, for my heart seemed too full. It was best, I thought, to leave her alone to her merciful work.

Before the sun rose many of those whom she had so carefully tended and watched had drawn their last breath, but the young officer, whose name I afterwards learned was André de Freyville, lieutenant of Spahis, had recovered consciousness sufficiently to thank his nurse, and learn from her lips the curious circumstances which had led her to accept the hospitality of our tents. He proved a pleasant fellow, and during his convalesence we all three had frequent chats together. Although he was our prisoner-of-war, he soon became on excellent terms with Tamahu, and his time passed happily enough. Colonel Bonnemain had, he told us, escaped when Metlili fell, and had reached Algiers unharmed.

Soon, in order to join forces with another large body of horsemen moving from the great Hammada, or stony table-land, in Tripoli, we advanced to the oasis of Medagin, two days' march from El Aghouat, then held in such force by the French that we dared not attack it.

Reaching Medagin at noon, we encamped. When the stars shone both Gabrielle and de Freyville sang us some French *chansons*, the one accompanying the other upon the mandoline. Before we scooped out our hollows in the sand to form our couches I borrowed a gun from one of the Arabs, intending to go out at dawn to shoot some desert-partridges in which the oasis abounds. Ere day broke I rose, and leaving the whole camp in slumber, strolled away to a rocky spot I had on the previous day noted as a likely place to find the birds. It was on the edge of the oasis, at some distance from the well where we had encamped. When I arrived there the sun had not risen, and the birds were still roosting. Therefore, with my rifle loaded with a bullet (for I had no small shot), I sat down to wait.

For perhaps half-an-hour I had remained when my quick ear detected the sounds of horses' hoofs. Believing the newcomer to be a French vedette I drew back behind a large boulder, with the barrel of my rifle placed upon the top of the rock in readiness to pick him off as he passed. On came the horseman, until suddenly he emerged from among the mimosas and euphorbias. An ejaculation of dismay involuntarily left my lips. There was not one horse, but two. The riders were fugitives. They were our prisoner-of-war Lieutenant de Freyville and Gabrielle Bonnemain, the woman I loved.

Mounted upon horses they had secured they spurred forward together at headlong speed. Their way on to the desert lay down a narrow stony ravine, to traverse which they would be compelled to pass close by the spot where I was lying in

ambush. On they came swiftly, without a word. Inwardly I gloated over my revenge.

This man was stealing from me the woman I loved dearer than life. And she—she had declared that she loved me! Yet her words were foul lies. She should die.

I fingered the trigger, and held my gun to my shoulder in readiness as the pair pressed forward, unconscious of their approaching doom. If ever the spirit of murder entered my soul it was at that moment.

When within a leopard's leap of the muzzle of my rifle she turned back towards her companion, uttered some gay words to him, threw back her head and laughed lightly, displaying her white teeth.

I raised my rifle and took deliberate aim at her panting breast. My hands trembled. Next second a flood of bitter recollections surged through my brain. I remembered those solemn words she had uttered: "We are of different races; different creeds. What is right in thine eyes is sin in mine; what is worship to thee is to me idolatry. It is the very fact that we love one another that should cause us to part and forget." Yes, my enchantress had spoken the truth.

My hands were nerveless. I dropped my gun, the weapon with which I had so nearly taken her young life, and through a mist of gathering tears watched her ride rapidly away beside her newly-discovered lover, and disappear over the dune towards El Aghouat.

When she had gone, my head sank upon my breast and my teeth were set, for full well I knew that never again could I love any woman as truly as I had loved her. My pole-star, the light of my life, had for ever been extinguished.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]





Arranging the articles of the Capitulation of Sedan on the night after the battle.

(From the painting by Anton von Werner. By permission of the Berlin Photographic Company.)

LIFE OF NAPOLEON III.

BY ARCHIBALD FORBES.

ILLUSTRATED FROM NUMEROUS SOURCES.

CHAPTER XV.

THE CATASTROPHE OF SEDAN.

THROUGH the dense mist of the early morning of September 1st the Bavarians advanced to the attack of Bazeilles. The wakeful Lebrun aroused his soldiers from their bivouacs and sent a message to MacMahon that his troops were already in action, a message which the Marshal received about five a.m. He mounted his ready-saddled horse, rode out to Bazeilles, saw that the defence there was being stoutly maintained, and then bent leftward on to the high ground overlooking the village of La Moncelle. As he sat on his horse there about half-past six, trying to penetrate the haze which enwrapped the valley, the fragment of a shell struck him on the thigh. He dismounted, fainted for a few moments, and then, rallying his strength, found the wound severe. He nominated Ducrot as his successor in the chief command and was then carried in an ambulance to the sub-prefecture in the town. On the way the Emperor, riding out to the field of battle, met the wounded Marshal and spoke to him some words of earnest sympathy. Later in the disastrous day they had a long interview, the Emperor seated by the Marshal's pallet. After the capitulation of the Army of Châlons, King William gave permission that the wounded Marshal should be moved from the noise and squalor of Sedan to the Château of Pouru-aux-Bois in the Ardennes to the eastward of the town. On his recovery MacMahon shared the captivity of his army in Germany and returned to Paris in time to conduct the extermination of the Commune.

About eight o'clock, in virtue of the Marshal's nomination Ducrot was exercising command and ordering a retreat on Mézières, which, if it had been promptly and resolutely carried out, might have temporarily saved at least a portion of the French army. The Emperor, who had ridden from Bazeilles to the heights of La Moncelle and had inspected the positions there under a very heavy fire, returned from thence to Balan. Here he remarked with great surprise the sudden retrograde movement of the troops which he had seen shortly before perfectly steady and occupying strong positions. He sent a message to Ducrot desiring to know what was meant by this retirement, adding that he had no intention of interfering with the General's dispositions in the chief command. Ducrot sent the reply: "The enemy is only amusing us at Bazeilles; the real battle will be fought about Illy. I am therefore withdrawing the troops in good order, with the object of concentrating the army for the march towards Mézières." The Emperor, whether satisfied or not with this explanation, remained faithful to his principle of non-interference and allowed General Ducrot to carry out his own project. But presently General Wimpffen produced his commission from Palikao; and Ducrot, although for the moment indignant at his sudden supersession, was



Map of Sedan and neighbourhood.

probably not very sorry to be relieved from a situation so complicated. Wimpffen countermanded the movement in the Mézières direction in favour of a hopeless attempt to break out to the eastward towards Carignan. Ducrot accepted the commands of the new Commander-in-Chief, and in accordance with the orders of the latter the 12th and 1st Corps reoccupied their original positions on the eastward front between nine and ten a.m. Shortly afterwards Wimpffen casually met the Emperor at Balan. His Majesty was by no means pleased at the sudden unexpected change in the Command-in-Chief, of which he had previously no intimation. He attempted to move Wimpffen from his purpose, but in vain. "Your Majesty may be quite at ease," said Wimpffen; "within two hours I shall have driven your enemies into the Meuse."

While the new Commander-in-Chief of the French Army was thus abandoning himself to illusions, the German troops were soon to surround the hapless bodies which were becoming more and more disorganised as the minutes passed. The Emperor had been under heavy fire soon after quitting the fortress in the early morning, but the heaviest fire was in the

vicinity of Balan. He left his escort and most of his aides-de-camp with a battalion of chasseurs screened by a wall, and went forward followed by four of his officers. Two of these, General de Courson and Captain de Trecesson, fell wounded close beside their master; a third officer, Captain Hendecourt, was killed while carrying a message from the Emperor to General Ducrot. At ten o'clock the Emperor dismounted, and slowly, silently, and unmoved, walked to and fro under a hail of fire. Shells burst close to him and covered him with dirt and smoke. But he remained unhurt, and after having remained for several hours near the south-eastern angle of the defensive position, he rode towards the heights of Givonne. Arrived near the old entrenched camp he found it impossible to advance farther, because of the roads crowded with wounded and fugitives. Despairing of the possibility of gaining the heights of Illy he decided to enter the town in order to confer with the wounded Marshal. On his way to Sedan the Emperor was compelled to force his way through bodies of fugitive troops who were thronging towards the fortress in straggling crowds. Shells were falling thus early in the streets of the town; just as the Emperor entered Sedan a shell exploded within a few yards of him, killing two horses. By this time he was much exhausted, and he was racked with the pain of his ailment which constantly tortured him. He reached the sub-prefecture, had a conversation with the Marshal, and would have remounted and ridden out again; but found the block in the streets so dense that he had to relinquish his purpose and remain in the sub-prefecture.



Moltke at Sedan watching the progress of the battle.

(*From the painting by A. von Werner. By permission of the Berlin Photographic Company.*)

When the Emperor returned into Sedan is not to be ascertained; nor, except inferentially, at what hour he first directed the white flag to be hoisted. No person avowed himself the executant of that order, but the flag did not long fly; it was indignantly cut down, according to general belief by General Faure, MacMahon's Chief-of-Staff, who did not give himself the trouble to communicate

with Napoleon either before or after taking this considerable liberty. Soon after two o'clock Wimpffen communicated to the Emperor his determination to force his way out, and appealed to his Majesty in writing to "place himself in the midst of his troops, who could be relied on to force a passage through the German lines." Wimpffen waited an hour in vain for an answer; then, with the utmost difficulty, he got together some 5,000 men who in the first instance he led towards the heights of Givonne; but his attack was beaten off after half-an-hour's sharp fighting, and the last resistance of the French on this part of the field of battle was thus completely broken.

How anxious was the Emperor that a capitulation should be speedily effected; how obstinate was Wimpffen that there should be no capitulation, but resistance to the bitter end; is shown in the testimony of Lebrun and Ducrot. "Why does this useless struggle still go on?" demanded Napoleon of Lebrun, who, a little before three p.m. entered his apartment in the sub-prefecture; "an hour and more ago I bade the white flag be displayed as a request for an armistice." Lebrun explained that to sue for an armistice a letter had to be signed by the Commander-in-Chief and despatched by an officer with a trumpeter and a flag of truce. Having duly procured the proper accessories Lebrun went forth to where Wimpffen was gathering troops for an attack on the Germans in Balan. As Lebrun approached the angry Wimpffen shouted, "No capitulation! Drop that rag! I mean to fight on!" and forthwith set out towards Balan carrying Lebrun with him into the fight.

Ducrot had been fighting hard about Illy and the upper part of the Bois de Garennes; but recognising that his efforts afforded no hope of success, he determined to pass through Sedan and join in an attempt to cut a way with Wimpffen towards Carignan and Montmidy. He had not even a corporal's escort, but he sent word to Wimpffen by the latter's orderly that he would enter Sedan and attempt to collect some troops in support of Wimpffen's efforts. What Ducrot saw in Sedan may be told nearly in his own words. The state of the interior of Sedan he characterised as indescribable. The streets, the open places, the gates, were blocked up by waggons, guns, and the *impedimenta* and *débris* of a routed army. Bands of soldiers without arms, without packs, were rushing about, throwing themselves into the churches or breaking into private houses. Many unfortunates were trampled underfoot. The few soldiers still preserving a remnant of energy were spending it in abuse and curses. "We have been betrayed!" they cried, "we have been sold by traitors and cowards!" There was really nothing to be done with such men, and Ducrot repaired to the Emperor in the sub-prefecture. Ducrot writes as follows:

"Napoleon no longer preserved that cold and impenetrable countenance so familiar to the world. The silence which reigned in the presence of the sovereign rendered the noise outside more startling. The air was on fire. Shells fell on roofs and struck masses of masonry which crashed down upon the pavements. 'I do not understand,' said the bewildered Emperor, 'why the enemy continues his fire. I have ordered the white flag to be hoisted. I hope to obtain an interview with the King of Prussia and may succeed in obtaining advantageous terms for the army.' While the Emperor and General Ducrot were conversing the cannonade increased in violence from minute to minute. Women were wounded and children were destroyed. The sub-prefecture was struck; shells exploded every minute in garden and courtyard. 'It is absolutely necessary to stop the firing!' exclaimed the Emperor. 'Here, write this!' he commanded General Ducrot: "The flag of truce having been displayed, negotiations are about to be opened with



General Reillé delivering Napoleon's letter of surrender to the Emperor Wilhelm on the evening of the battle of Sedan.

(*From the painting by A. von Werner. By permission of the Berlin Photographic Company.*)

the enemy. Firing must cease all along the line."' Then said the Emperor, 'Now sign it!' 'Oh, no, sire,' replied General Ducrot, 'I cannot sign; General Wimpffen is General-in-Chief.' 'Yes,' replied the Emperor, 'but I don't know where General Wimpffen is to be found. Some one must sign.' 'Let his Chief-of-Staff sign,' suggested General Ducrot, 'or General Douay.' 'Yes,' replied the Emperor, 'let the Chief-of-Staff sign the order!'"

The subsequent history of this order cannot be traced, nor, indeed, whether it ever got signed at all. Wimpffen had ridden back from the front on the double errand of procuring reinforcements and of trying to prevail on the Emperor to join him in his forlorn-hope attempt to break out. "About four o'clock," wrote Wimpffen, "I reached the gate of Sedan. There, at last, came to me M. Pierron of the Imperial Staff, who handed me a letter from His Majesty, telling me also that the white flag was flying from the citadel of Sedan, and that I was charged with the task of negotiating with the enemy. . . . Not recognising the Emperor's right to order the hoisting of the flag, I replied, 'I will not take cognizance of this letter; I refuse to negotiate!' . . . Having gathered in the town about 2,000 men, at the head of this gallant handful I succeeded about five o'clock in penetrating as far as the church of Balan; but the reinforcements I hoped for did not arrive and I then gave the order to retire on Sedan."

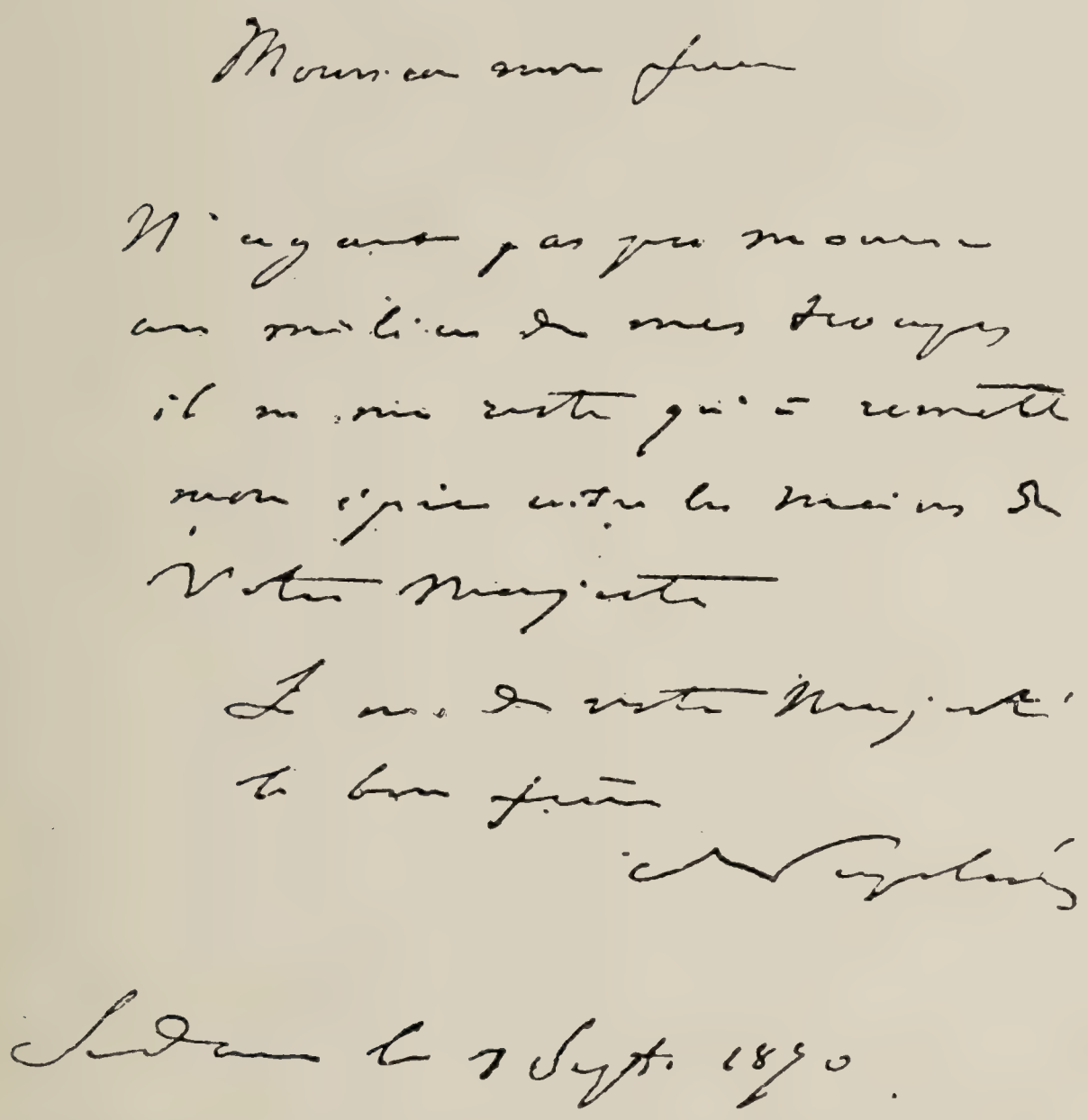
On his return to the fortress Wimpffen forwarded his resignation to the Emperor, who then attempted in vain to persuade first Ducrot and then Douay to assume the command. Wimpffen was finally sent for; and, in the presence of the Emperor, a violent altercation occurred between him and Ducrot in the course of which blows were actually exchanged. Ducrot, who was the more excited, withdrew; and, in the words of the Emperor, "General Wimpffen was brought to understand that, having commanded during the battle, his duty obliged him not to desert his post in circumstances so critical." Wimpffen would have been quite justified in persisting in resigning. The situation had been a purely military one and he was Commander-in-Chief; yet the Emperor, who had no military position whatsoever, had overriden Wimpffen's powers while as yet that officer was in supreme command.

From the hill-top of Marfée the Prussian monarch and his staff had been watching the course of the battle ever since the early morning. As the great ring of German soldiers was gradually closing in upon the encircled French army a last desperate effort was made to arrest the progress of the Teuton adversaries, and to break their lines by a great charge of cavalry. General Margueritte was ordered to advance with his reserve cavalry division by échelons eastward of Floing, crush everything in his front, and then, wheeling to the right, roll up the enemy's line. The 2nd Reserve Cavalry division, consisting of the four cuirassier regiments commanded by General Bonnemain, was to follow up Margueritte's charge; and several regiments of divisional cavalry commanded by General Salignac Fenelon were also brought forward to take part in this great cavalry attack.

Margueritte having ridden forward to reconnoitre the ground in his front, was severely wounded and was carried to the rear. Colonel Beaufremont was then the senior officer, and therefore assumed the command which Margueritte had perforce vacated. Gallifet's claim to have succeeded Margueritte in the command is wholly untenable; he commanded in the charge merely his own regiment. The whole of the French cavalry with Salignac Fenelon's lancers in the front, swooped down upon the enemy like a hurricane and broke through the line of

Prussian skirmishers, but were received by the deployed battalions with a point-blank fire so murderous that the French squadrons were actually mowed down. The divisions of Margueritte and Bonnemain renewed their attacks thrice with the greatest gallantry and devotion; but they were met with a fire so withering that heaps of killed and wounded men and horses were actually piled up in front of the Prussian lines.

As the afternoon drew on the French last point of refuge appeared the most suitable method of convincing him of the hopelessness of his situation and of inducing him to surrender. With intent to hasten the capitulation and thus spare the German army further sacrifices, the King ordered the whole available artillery to concentrate its fire on Sedan." This command, so states the *Staff History*, was issued at four p.m., and was promptly acted on. Results of the reinforced and concentrated shell-fire were soon manifested.



Facsimile of the letter from the Emperor Napoleon brought by General Reillé.

defeat was decisively apparent, yet, although the fierceness of the fighting waned, the now surrounded army remained heroically stubborn in its resistance to inevitable fate; and so its final death-throe had to be artistically quickened up. In the stern language of the German *Official History*, "a powerful artillery fire directed against the enemy's Sedan seemed in flames. The French return fire, gallantly maintained for a short time, was presently crushed into silence. At this moment the white flag was definitely displayed on the citadel flagstaff, and the German fire at once ceased. As the bruit of impending negotiations spread, hostilities ceased everywhere save about Balan where the contu-

macious Wimpffen was still battling to no purpose. The white flag being visible, the King directed Colonel Bronsart von Schellendorf of his Staff to proceed to Sedan under a flag of truce, and summon the French Commander-in-Chief to surrender his army and the fortress. The Prussian officer penetrated into the city and duly announced the character of his mission; but to his surprise he was ushered into the presence of the Emperor Napoleon, of whose presence in Sedan the German headquarters had not been aware. In reply to Bronsart's application for a French officer of rank to be appointed to negotiate, the Emperor simply informed him that the Commander-in-Chief of the French Army was General Wimpffen. This answer his Majesty desired Bronsart to take back to the King; and to intimate that he would soon send out his aide-de-camp, General Count Reillé, with a letter from himself to the Prussian monarch.

Bronsart came back trotting hard up the hill to the Prussian headquarters. As he approached he spurred his horse into a gallop, and, pointing backwards towards Sedan, exclaimed in a loud voice: "*Der Kaiser ist das*"; at which there was a loud outburst of cheering. It was about half-an-hour later, the time a quarter to seven, when the French officer rode up the hill at a walking pace, with a trooper in advance carrying a flag of truce, and with an escort of Prussian cuirassiers. He dismounted, approached the King, and with a silent reverence handed to his Majesty the Emperor's letter. Bismarck gave instructions to Count Hatzfeldt of the Foreign Office to draft the King's answer to the letter of the French Emperor. Sitting on a chair, the King used as his writing-desk the seat of another chair while he indited his reply to Napoleon. The following is the Emperor's letter to the King:

"SIRE, MY BROTHER, — Not having been able to die in the midst of my troops, there is nothing left me but to render my sword into the hands of your Majesty. I am your Majesty's good brother,

"NAPOLEON."

King William's reply was as follows:

"MY BROTHER,—While regretting the circumstances in which we meet, I accept your Majesty's sword, and request that you will appoint one of your officers, furnished with the necessary powers to treat for the capitulation of the army which has fought so valiantly under your command. I, for my part, have appointed General von Moltke to this duty.

Your loving brother,

"WILHELM."

Reillé rode back into Sedan with the King's reply to the Emperor's letter. Soon aften seven his Prussian Majesty and his suite started on the journey back to Vendresse, where were the Royal headquarters. Bismarck and Moltke rode into Donchéry there to take part in the conference for settling the terms of the capitulation, and the Marfée hill-top was deserted.

After supping in the Donchéry hotel on a tough beefsteak and a bottle of Donchéry champagne, Bismarck about midnight joined Moltke, whom the King had designated to treat for the capitulation of the French army. That was a strange conference which was held in the still watches of the night in the salon of a house on the outskirts of the little town. Wimpffen verified his powers, and presented to Moltke Generals Faure and Castelnau. Moltke introduced Count Bismarck and General Blumenthal. On one side of the table sat Moltke in the centre with Bismarck on his left and Blumenthal on his right. On the opposite side was Wimpffen by himself; behind him, somewhat in shadow, Faure, Castelnau (who specially represented the Emperor), and a few other French officers. Moltke sat silent and impassive; and after an embarrassing pause Wimpffen asked what were the con-



The meeting of Bismarck and Napoleon on the main road of Donchéry.

(From the painting by A. von Werner. By permission of the Berlin Photographic Company.)

ditions which the Prussian King was prepared to accord. "They are very simple," replied Moltke, "the whole French army to surrender, with arms and belongings; the officers to retain their arms, but to be prisoners of war along with their men." Wimpffen scouted those terms, and demanded for his army that it should be permitted to withdraw with arms, equipment, and colours, on condition of not serving while the war lasted. Moltke adhered inexorably to the conditions which he had specified, and was adamant to the pleading of the Frenchman. Losing temper the latter exclaimed, "I cannot accept the terms you impose, I will appeal to the honour and heroism of my army, and will cut my way out or stand on the defence at Sedan."

Moltke's reply was crushing. "A sortie and the defensive," he quietly remarked, "are equally impossible. The mass of your infantry is demoralised; we took to-day more than twenty thousand unwounded prisoners, and your whole force is not now more than eighty thousand strong. You cannot pierce our lines, for I have surrounding you two hundred and forty thousand men with five hundred guns in position to fire on Sedan; you cannot maintain your defensive there, because you have not provisions for forty-eight hours and your ammunition is exhausted. If you desire I will send one of your officers round our positions, who will satisfy you as to the accuracy of my statements." Wimpffen declined this offer; and assured that there could be no mitigation of the terms he exclaimed, "Then it is equally impossible for me to sign such a stipulation; we will renew the battle!" Moltke's quiet curt answer was: "The armistice expires at four a.m. At that hour, to the moment, I shall open fire."

There was nothing more to be said. The French officers sent for their horses. Meanwhile not a word was spoken; in the words of the reporter, "*Ce silence était glacial.*" It was broken by Bismarck who urged Wimpffen not to break off the conference in a moment of pique. The French general represented that he alone could not incur the responsibility of a decision; that it was necessary he should consult his colleagues; that the final answer could not be made by four a.m.; and that a prolongation of the armistice was indispensable. After a short colloquy in low tones between Bismarck and Moltke, the latter gave his consent that the truce should be extended to nine o'clock; whereupon Wimpffen quitted Donchéry and rode back to Sedan. He went straight to the bedside of the Emperor, who, having been informed of the German conditions, said, "I shall start at five o'clock for the King's headquarters, and entreat him to grant more favourable conditions."

Napoleon acted on his resolution. Expecting that he would be allowed to return to Sedan, he bade no farewells. As he passed through the Torcy gate before six o'clock, the Zouaves on duty there cried "*Vive l'Empereur!*" "the last adieu which fell upon his ears from the voices of French soldiers." The open carriage in which, with two officers with him and three more on horseback behind him, the Emperor sat in the undress uniform of a general officer and smoking a cigar, travelled towards Donchéry at a leisurely pace. At a hamlet about a mile from Donchéry there was a halt of considerable length while General Reillé went on to Donchéry, to intimate to Bismarck that the Emperor had left Sedan and was desirous of meeting him. Reillé had scarcely turned his horse away from Bismarck's quarters in the little square of Donchéry, when the Chancellor, in cap and undress uniform, his long cuirassier boots stained and dusty, came out, swung himself on to his big bay horse, and rode away on Reillé's track. He crossed the bridge at a walk and kept that pace for a little distance on the road to Sedan,



The meeting of Bismarck and Napoleon.

(From the painting by W. Camphausen. By permission of the Berlin Photographic Company.)

but presently broke into a sharp canter. About a mile short of Sedan, near the village of Frenois, he met an open carriage on the right hand of the principal seat of which there leant back a man of impassive features. Bismarck dismounted, letting his horse go, and drawing near on foot, uncovered his head and bowed low. The man to whom he spoke—the man allowed to remain in the adjacent wayside cottage until he should have an interview with the King. A few minutes after seven the Emperor and Bismarck ascended to the upper floor of the cottage. They remained there until twenty minutes past seven. Bismarck, remarking that the room was not clean, ordered two chairs to be brought out to the front of the



Conference between the Emperor Napoleon and Bismarck on the morning after the battle of Sedan.

(*From the painting by W. Camphausen. By permission of the Berlin Photographic Company.*)

with the leaden-coloured face, the gaunt-eyed man with the dishevelled moustache and the weary stoop of the shoulders—was none other than Napoleon the Third and last.

The Emperor wore a dark-blue cloak with scarlet lining, thrown back and disclosing the decorations on his breast. The *cortége* moved on a few hundred yards in the direction of Donchéry, when the Emperor, who seemed to be suffering, desired of Bismarck that he should be cottage: the two then sat down facing the road, the Emperor on the right, and an outdoor conversation began which lasted about three-quarters of an hour. As they sat, Napoleon occasionally smiled faintly and made a remark; but clearly Bismarck was doing most of the talking. Soon after eight o'clock Bismarck quitted the Emperor for a time, going to his Donchéry quarters for breakfast and to dress.

Madame Fournaise, the wife of the weaver whose cottage was occupied for a

short time by the two most conspicuous men in Europe, has left—she died several years ago—some interesting recollections of this eventful morning. The Emperor, she said, alighted, and came up her narrow staircase. To reach the inner room he had to pass through her bedroom, where she had just risen. The furniture of the inner room consisted of two straw-bottomed chairs, a round table, and a press. Bismarck, "in a rough dress," presently joined the Emperor, and for a quarter of an hour, said Madame Fournaise, they talked in low tones, of which she, remaining in the outer room, occasionally caught a word. Then Bismarck came clattering out. "*Il avait une très mauvaise mine.*" She warned him of the breakneck stairs but he "sprang down them like a man of twenty," mounted his horse and rode away towards Donchéry. When she entered the room in which the Emperor had remained, she found him seated at the little table with his face buried in his hands. "Can I do anything for your Majesty?" she asked. "Only to pull down the blinds," was Napoleon's reply, without lifting his head. In about an hour Bismarck returned in full uniform; he preceded the Emperor down the stairs, facing towards him as if to "usher him with a certain honour." On the threshold the Emperor gave Madame Fournaise four twenty-franc gold pieces—"he put them into my own hand; and he said plaintively, 'This, probably, is the last hospitality which I shall receive in France.'" With a kindly word of farewell, "which I shall never forget," the Emperor quitted the poor house in which he had suffered so much unhappiness. The Emperor's gift of the four twenty-franc pieces, Madame Fournaise, poor though she was, would never part with. Three of the coins bore the visage of Louis Philippe; the fourth was a Napoleon. When near her end she directed the three "Louis Philippes" to be expended in defraying her funeral expenses; the "Napoleon" was interred with her as her last behest, in the grave of the woman who had given to the unfortunate Emperor



The Emperor Napoleon escorted to the Emperor Wilhelm by Bismarck on the morning after the battle of Sedan, Sept. 2, 1870.

(From the painting by W. Camphausen. By permission o the Berlin Photographic Company.)

"the last hospitality he received in France."

Napoleon remained alone in the upstairs room of the weaver's cottage for about half-an-hour after Bismarck had left him; then, with a face of mortal pallor, he came out and betook himself to sauntering moodily by himself along the path in the potato-garden on the right of the cottage, his white-gloved hands clasped behind his back, and smoking cigarette after cigarette. His gait was curious. He limped slightly on one leg, and he waddled in a sideways fashion, the left shoulder forward, and his whole motion crab-like and doddering. Later, he came and sat down among his officers in front of the cottage, maintaining an almost unbroken silence while they spoke and gesticulated with great animation.

At a quarter-past nine there came from the Donchéry vicinity at a trot, a troop of Prussian cuirassiers who promptly formed a cordon around the rear of the cottage. The lieutenant dismounted two troopers, and without recognising the French group or making any semblance of salute, marched them up to behind the Emperor's chair, halted them, shouted the order "Draw swords!" and then gave the men their orders in an undertone. Napoleon started abruptly, glanced backwards with a gesture of surprise, and the blood rushed into his face—the first evidence of emotion he had evinced.

At a quarter to ten Bismarck returned, now in full uniform. Moltke accompanied him; but whereas Bismarck strode forward to where the Emperor was now standing, Moltke remained in the group gathered on the road. Half-way to Vendresse, Moltke had met the King, who approved of the proposed terms of capitulation but intimated that he could not meet the Emperor until they should have been accepted by the French Commander-in-Chief.

After speaking with the Emperor for a few moments Bismarck ordered up the carriage, which Napoleon presently entered; and the *cortége*, escorted by the cuirassier "guard of honour," moved off at a walk towards the Château Bellevue, which lies nearer to Sedan than does the weaver's cottage. The pretty residence looks out through its trees on the broad Meuse and the plain on which stands Sedan. The garden entrance on the first floor is reached by a broad flight of stone steps. The Emperor was ushered into the drawing-room in the central block, where he remained alone after Bismarck left him. He seemed ill and broken as he slowly ascended the steps with drooping head and dragging limbs.

After the departure of the Emperor from Sedan Wimpffen had summoned to a council of war the general officers of the Army of Châlons, who listened to the unfortunate chief as in a voice broken by sobs he recounted the terms insisted on by Moltke. Ultimately the council was unanimous in favour of acceptance of the conditions. But Wimpffen, nevertheless, procrastinated unaccountably hour after hour, notwithstanding that the hostile batteries were everywhere taking up menacing positions. At length an officer whom Moltke had sent with the ultimatum that at ten o'oclock hostilities would certainly be renewed unless by that hour negotiations should have been resumed, bluntly informed General Wimpffen that he had instructions to give the order as he rode back that the German batteries would open fire promptly at the hour named. Under stress of this argument Wimpffen accompanied the Prussian officer to the Château Bellevue, in the dining-room of which, soon after eleven o'clock, the capitulation was signed by Generals Moltke and Wimpffen. Then the latter had a brief interview with his Imperial master, whom he informed with great emotion that "all was finished." "The Emperor," in Wimpffen's own words, "with tears in his eyes, approached me, pressed my hand, and embraced me. My



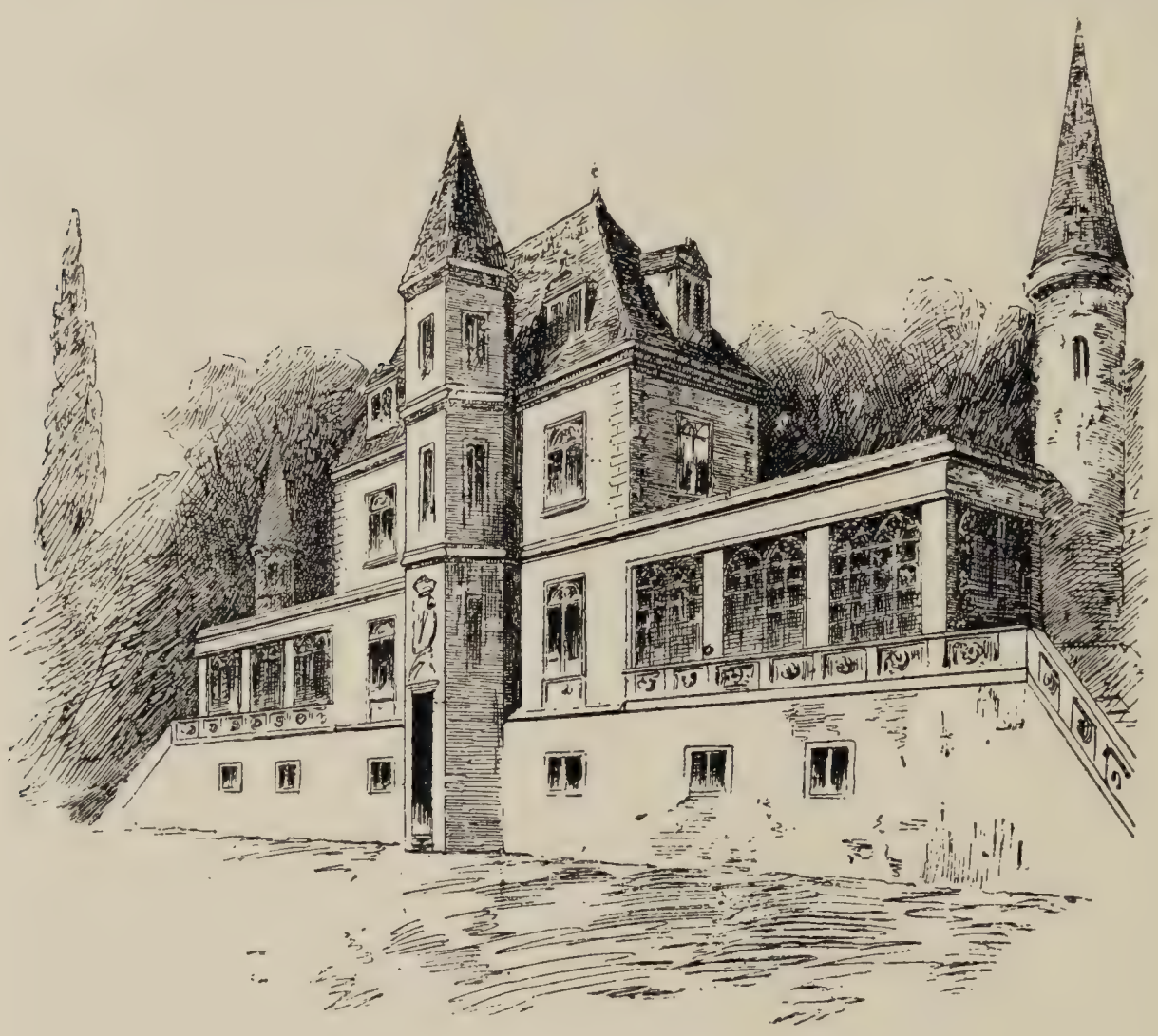
After Sedan. The meeting at the Château Bellevue.

(*From the painting by W. Camphausen. By permission of the Berlin Photographic Company.*)

sad and painful duty accomplished, I rode back to Sedan, '*la mort dans l'âme.*'"

Meanwhile the Prussian King, with his son and their respective staffs, awaited on the hill of Frenois the tidings of the completion of the capitulation. Moltke carried the convention to his Majesty who commanded the momentous document to be read aloud, and then he himself added a few words of thanks and acknowledgment to the German princes and to the army by whose valour and exertions results of so great magnitude had been achieved. Then the great cavalcade rode down to the Château Bellevue. As William alighted Napoleon came down the steps to meet him. The contrast between the two sovereigns was strange and painful; the German, tall, upright, square-

shouldered, with the flash of success from the keen blue eyes from under the helmet and the glow of triumph on the fresh cheek; the Frenchman, with weary stoop of the shoulders, his eyes drooping, his lips quivering, bare-headed and dishevelled. As the two clasped hands silently Napoleon's handkerchief was at his eyes, and William's face became full of concern. Their interview in the drawing-room of the château lasted for about twenty minutes. Then the Prussian King rode away to greet and congratulate his victorious soldiers. Napoleon remained in the Château Bellevue until the following morning.



The Château Bellevue.

Sir William Frazer mentions in his *Napoleon III.* that he possesses the volume of *Essais de Montaigne* which the Emperor was reading when the Prussian King arrived at the Château Bellevue. The following passage was deeply scored by Napoleon—the previous passage is on the immortality of the soul:

"Deux choses rendoient cette opinion plausible: l'une, qui sans l'immortalité des ames il n'y auroit plus de quoy assevir les vaines esperances de la gloire, qui est une considération de merveilleux crédit au mondes l'aultre, qui c'est une très utile impression come dict Platon, que les vices, quand, ils se desroberont de la veue et cognoissance de l'humaine justice, demeurent tousiours en butte à la divine, qui les poursuivra; voire aprez la mort des coupables."

Sir William has fallen into some errors in regard to the Sedan period. Napoleon did not sleep in the Château Bellevue on the night after the battle, but in the bedroom in the subprefecture which he had occupied on the two previous nights. Wimpffen found him there in the early morning of the 2nd on his return from the Donchéry conference. It was on the night of that day that he slept in the Château Bellevue; and it was on that night, and not on the night of the 1st, that he selected from a book-case in his bedroom Lord Lytton's novel *The Last of the Barons*, and read it in bed for several hours. The book lay face downwards on the commode at the bed-head, presumably where the Emperor had left off reading; and it remained there untouched for hours after Napoleon had crossed the frontier and reached Bouillon. Not three but four gold pieces were over the chimney-piece in the inner room of the weaver's

cottage; three were "Louis," and only the fourth was a "Napoleon." "What about the four twenty-franc pieces?" asked of Madame Fournaise a pilgrim to Sedan—"No doubt you have sold them over and over again?" "Oh, my God, no!" she exclaimed. "Never—never! Did he not give them to me with his own hand? See! the original four are in that locked case with the glass top on the mantel yonder. Over and over again I could have had 500 francs for the four pieces; but no money would tempt me to sell them!"

On the afternoon of the 2nd Napoleon was again visible; he had come out into the little park of the Château to superintend the reorganisation of his train, which had come out from Sedan in the course of the morning. He looked very wan and weary, but still maintained his impassive aspect. The Imperial equipage in its magnificence, the numerous glittering and massive fourgons, the splendid teams of draught animals and the squadron of led horses, presented an extraordinary contrast to the plain simplicity of the King of Prussia's campaigning outfit. In gold and scarlet the coachmen and outriders of Napoleon glittered profusely. He of Prussia had his postillions in plain blue cloth, with oil-cloth covers on their hats to keep the rain and dust off the nap. Zola, in his vivid but often grotesquely erroneous *Débâcle*, has fallen into strange blundering in regard to the Imperial equipage. He thus refers to it: "The Imperial baggage-train had been left behind in Sedan, where it rested in hiding behind the Sous-Préfet's lilac bushes. It puzzled the authorities to rid themselves of what was to them a *bête noire* by getting it out of the city unseen by the famishing multitude, on which its flaunting splendour would have produced the effect of a red rag to a mad bull. There came an unusually dark night, when horses, carriages, and baggage-waggons, with their silver stewpans, plate, linen, and baskets of fine wines, trooped out of Sedan in deepest mystery, and shaped their course for Belgium without beat of drum, over the least frequented roads, like a thief stealing away in the night."

The Imperial train, as has been said, was massed in the park of the Château Bellevue on the afternoon of the 2nd September. By the evening of September 3rd the capitulated French army was disarmed and enclosed under guard on the peninsula of Iges. There remained then in Sedan only its normal, or less than normal population, far too crushed to attempt any irregularity. A German governor had been installed, German troops were in garrison, and Sedan would not have dared to remonstrate if the Imperial train had perambulated the city in face of the population all day long.

On the morning of the 3rd September the Emperor and his suite left the Château Bellevue in a heavy downpour of rain, driving through Donchéry and by Floing and Illy across the battlefield of the 1st, and past the frontier to Bouillon in Belgium, *en route* for Wilhelmshöhe in Cassel. At Verviers on the morning of the 5th Napoleon learned from a newspaper sold to him by a newsboy on the railway platform, that he was no longer a sovereign. Accompanied by General Boyer, an aide-de-camp of King William, he reached Wilhelmshöhe the same afternoon.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

WAR CARTOONS.

REPRODUCED FROM THE BERLIN "KLADDERADATSCH."

[*The following reproductions of contemporary cartoons dealing with the war from the German point of view are given for their historical interest. Most of the characters are easily recognisable, Bismarck, with his three legendary hairs, being especially so. Allowance must be made for the spirit of partisanship which they naturally display.*—EDITOR *Idler.*]



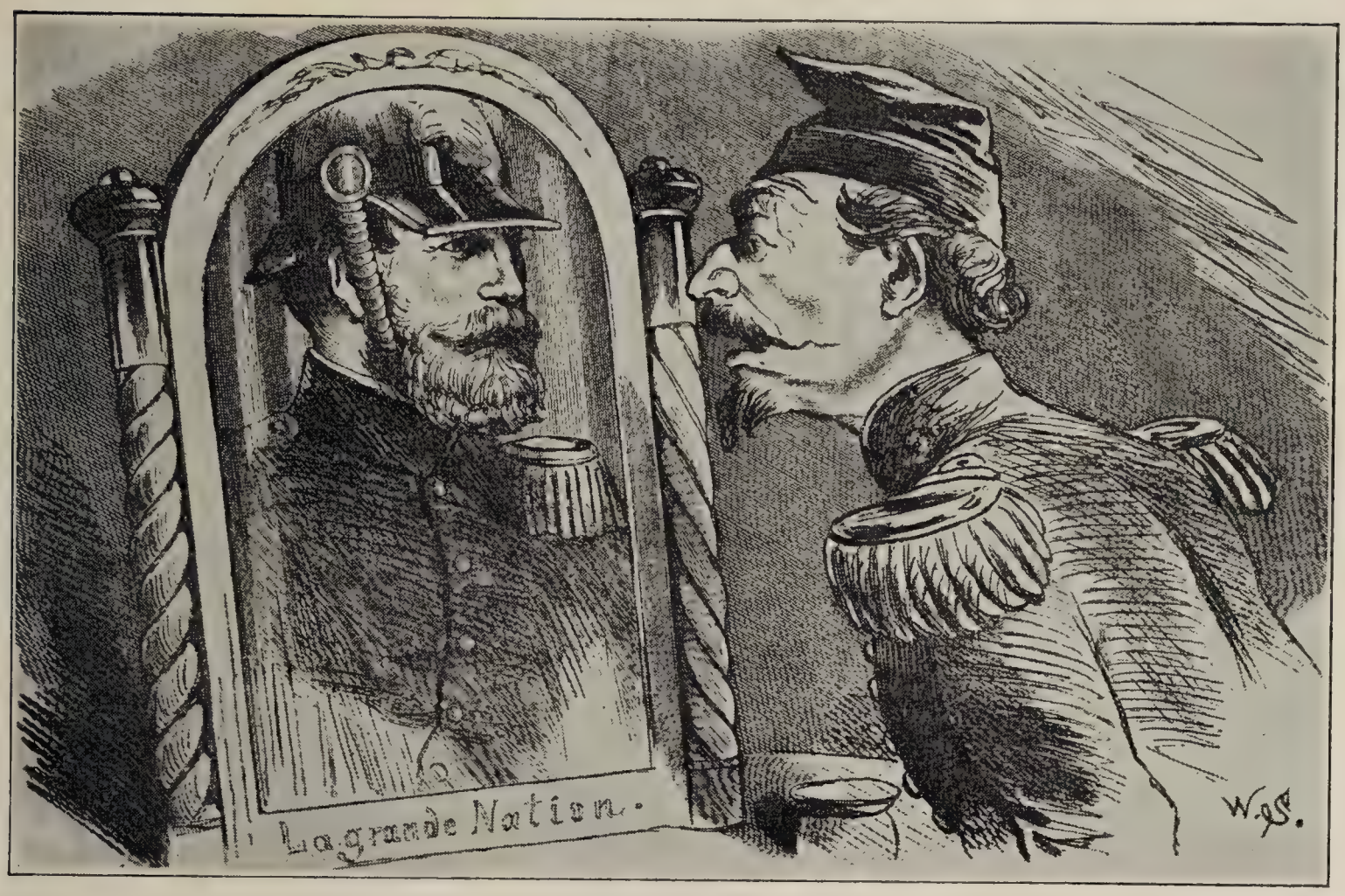
Aug. 21, 1870.] **A warning against half-measures.**

"Simply pruning is not sufficient. If the weeds are not torn out by the roots it won't be long before it has to be done all over again."



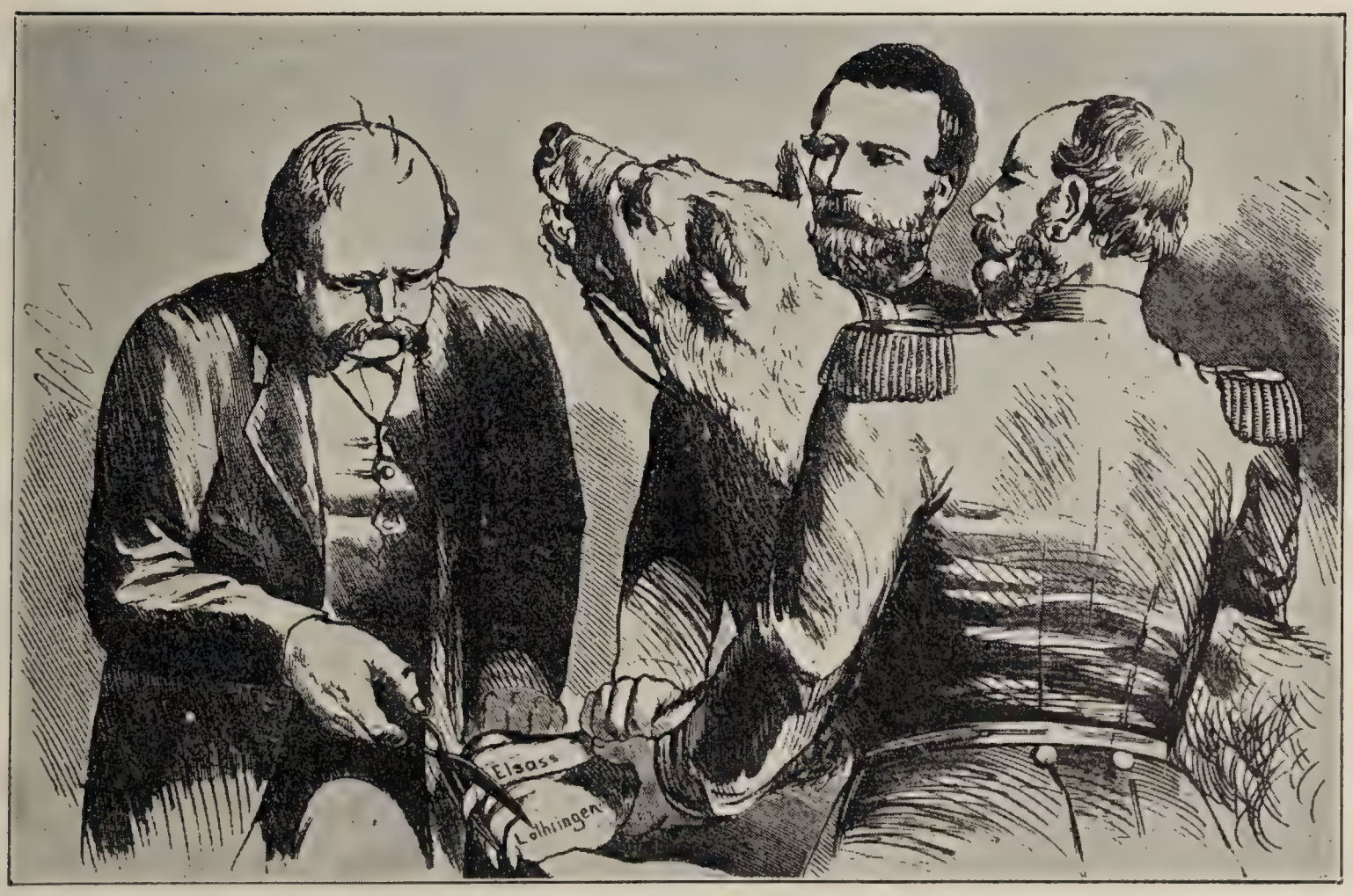
Aug. 28, 1870.] **The belated peacemakers (Lex mihi Mars).**

"We have managed the business alone and will make out the bill ourselves."



Aug. 28, 1870] **The terrible fright**

of the *G-r-r-r-rande Nation* as it woke up one morning, looked in the glass, and noticed how it had altered.



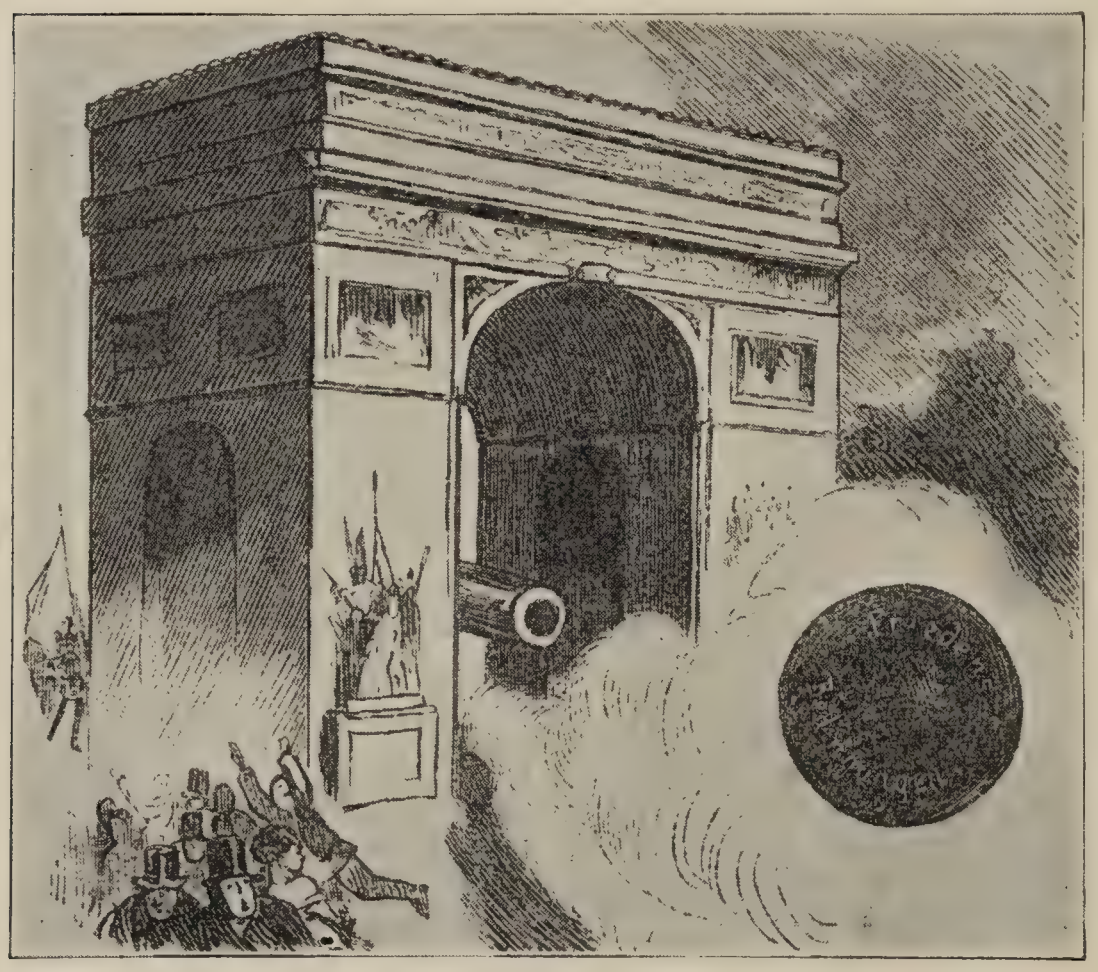
Sept. 4, 1870.] **Self-preservation.**

"We must cut the animal's claws or we shall have no peace from it."



Sept. 4, 1870.] **The last act of the Drama.**

Herr Bonaparte and his family retire into private life, and fetch their hard-earned savings from the English bank.

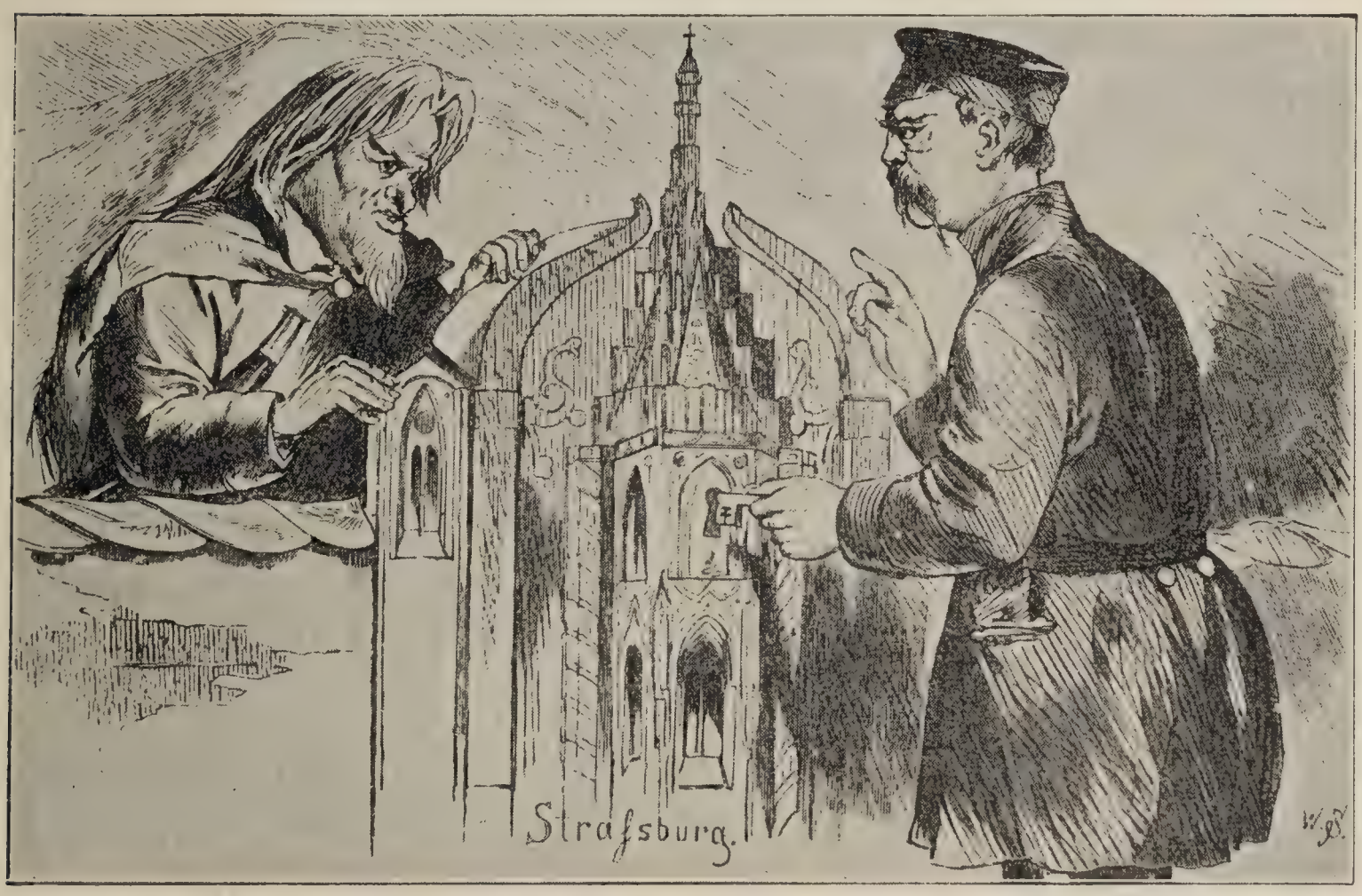


Sept. 18, 1890.]

How General Moltke's visiting card (conditions of peace) was sent into Paris.



Oct. 9, 1870] *Bismarck* (reflectively).—"With whom shall we make peace?"



Oct. 9, 1870.] **From the other side.**

Favre.—"But, in heaven's name, Strasburg is our back door!"
Bismarck.—"Yes, but in future we will lock it on the outside."



Oct. 30, 1870.] **The new boots.**

"You will find them a litt'e uncomfortable."

"Never mind, they are made of good old German leather, they have adapted themselves to French feet, but if well greased and polished they will soon regain their old shape."

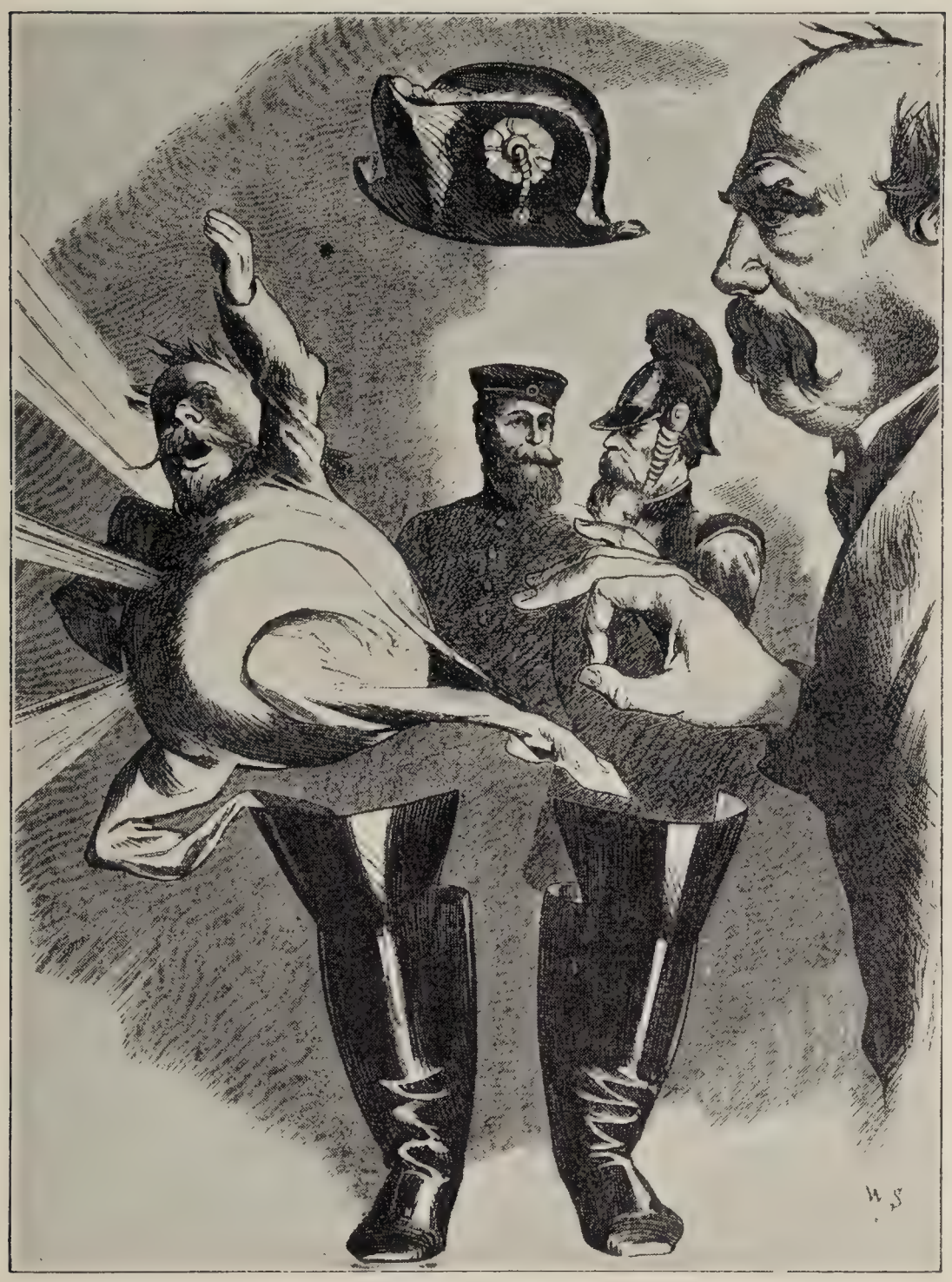


Nov. 6, 1870.] **French logic.**

1.—"I have bread and butter, and I only need wine, perhaps he will continue asleep."



2.—"Help! Help! The thief is stealing his property back!"



Sept. 20, 1870.] Lycoperdon Bovista.

Bismarck (flicking the phantom away) —"And this is what has made Europe tremble for eighteen years!"

THE TREATMENT OF OSCAR MERLYN.

BY A. J. DAWSON.

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANCES EWAN.

"'Tis an awkward thing to play with souls,
And matter enough to save one's own;
Yet think of my friend, and the burning coals
He played with for bits of stone."

A Light Woman.

ALL this happened, of course, before the Doctor came out from Canary, and before that fateful morning when Maryll bolted down the road from the court to his house, wig in hand, bent on murdering Daisy and the Doctor in the little conservatory which juts out over the path; before Daisy Maryll, *née* Tempest, became a widow and was re-married in one day. But not before her revelation of revulsion of white against black, nor before her first glimpse of the murder in a negro's jealousy of any white male human who speaks to his white wife.

Those things come very early. You see, of course, that they would. Such things require no explaining.

Maryll, you will remember, was black. Charcoal would have made a white mark on any part of him. Just after he was called to the bar in London, he ran away with seventeen-year-old Daisy Tempest, from her "finishing" school in Brighton. He married her in Liverpool. Then he wrote to inform her parents of the happy event. And straightway he brought her out here to Lagos, and stepped into his practice.

When her revelation came—poor little bundle of school-girl vanity!—I do not know exactly. But I should think it must have been on the steamer. He was full-blooded, you understand—very intensely a negro.

Consider it. She was, putting aside her school-girlism, all lilies and violets. Heavy, dead-gold hair; very large, pansy eyes, with full, creamy lower-lids. She was flowing, and gracious, and unusually well-developed, for an English girl of that age.

Anyhow, when young Merlyn came down from Cape Coast Castle to take over Brown Fardell's agency, Mrs. Maryll had reached the shuddering stage. Perhaps you have not seen that. It is too unpleasant to write or think about—much. Ask any woman who has seen a white girl married to a native. She will know, and probably will not tell you.

You can see it if the husband comes into the room suddenly, and walks up to her chair. It is a long, shivering shudder, beginning at the ankles, and running upward until it unfolds the hands, and they quiver in the lap. Then the shoulders take it from the wrists with a little convulsive twist; and crush it down finally into the fluttering bosom. Not pretty. But a moment's consideration will show you how inevitable, unless you are a good, innocent, racial equality maniac. In which case do not read this story, and, as you value your innocence, do not ever leave England, unless on a "personally conducted" tour.

And young Oscar Merlyn brought a letter of introduction from some man in Cape Coast who had met a step-brother of Daisy's in Cairo.

All the other white women in Lagos—there were three or four at the mission-



Mrs. Maryll had reached the shuddering stage.

stations, two or three traders' wives, and perhaps three whose husbands were officials—ignored Mrs. Maryll. They did not merely say she had outraged good form or common-sense, and was very much to blame in marrying a native. They did not say anything. They silently insisted that she did not exist—they did not see her.

Young Merlyn did not view the matter in this light at all. But then he was young, not merely in years. He was quite a new hand on the Coast, too, and he was a handsome, imaginative man, clean-minded, sensitive, and perhaps a little too emotional. Consequently he used to flush up and speak quickly, when he heard talk of this sort of thing. Also, he used to take a delight in excusing himself from the hospitality of other white ladies, by saying that he was engaged to dine or breakfast, as the case might be, at Mrs. Maryll's. And he was rather sought after, too, when he came to Lagos, because he was the most presentable man in the port.

He was related in some way to the Chief Justice, and had introductions to everyone. Maryll was absolutely bound, for these and many other reasons, to receive him well, and to make much of him. Merlyn, in return, made himself very companionable. He was sweetly ignorant about the native and his ways—the sort of man who always would be ignorant on the subject.

He had fresh, dewy notions about the brotherhood of men, and things like that. So he showed the same friendly, open regard for Mrs. Maryll as he would have shown for an Englishman's wife. More. He found her suffering in some way, so he sympathised. He found her lying under some sort of cloud which he did not understand, so he delighted in honouring her, and in openly championing her.

Maryll's eyes rolled about a good deal in consequence, and one saw a lot of their white, or yellow, parts. And at this time the girl who had been Daisy Tempest was only eighteen. She was only nineteen, you know, when the Doctor landed in Lagos, and the end came.

Then she had her little son who only lived a day or two. Heaven knows whether she was sorry or glad. It was all very painful. And afterwards, when she came out, the light in her girl-woman, pansy eyes, when they fell on her husband—this was simply uncanny. Merlyn was devoted in his sympathy and solicitude.

Now, you will understand the altogether impossible stage which had been reached in Merlyn's relations with the erstwhile Daisy Tempest. If one remembers Daisy's age, and then considers Oscar Merlyn, as compared with other white men in Lagos, not to mention comparison with Daisy's husband, one has the situation in a nutshell.

It was at about this time that old Captain Walters, Dr. O'Hara—whom you may remember playing a similar part in poor Horace Rorke's affair in Prowrah, with Mam'zelle Lisé Dinan—Willoughby, the under-secretary, and one or two other men at the English Club, who liked Oscar Merlyn, began to discuss his affairs gravely. They naturally wanted to save the boy. He was on the verge of a nasty and final sort of fall. And perhaps they thought of her, knowing that her position would be made worse.

Of course, Merlyn himself did not in the least "realise the nature of his position," as newspaper-men say. The central figures in such predicaments seldom do. And such realisation, had it come to him, would probably not have affected Merlyn in the least. As it was, he did not seem even to understand that in his position which would have made it crucial if he had been dealing entirely with people of his own colour. And this was comparatively insignificant. Now, the men at the English Club knew the native.

Their lesson had been learned years before.

"Ye see," said Dr. O'Hara, as he stirred a cock-tail of the same rich hue as his fine old Celtic nose, "the boy's as innocent as—as I am. Faith! He knows no more about the Coast than th' palm o' me fut does. If anyone tould him there was a foine healthy probability of Mister Maryll's poisonin' him some afternoon, an' then sellin' his wife to an Arab caravan next mornin'—why, the boy'd laugh at ye. He would positively laugh at ye!"

"True enough, Doctor. True enough," said Captain Walters, who, whilst the best of good fellows, was always the least thing pompous.

"Yes," put in Willoughby. "He wasn't here in that beast Adula Maeu's time, you see. And I don't suppose he's ever heard that the pilgrims will purchase flesh and blood, either."

"And pay a fair price when it's white," said another man.

"Well, now, phwat th' divil can we do?" asked the Doctor, wiping his seamed and cross-seamed forehead, and raising his feet to the leg-rests of his chair.

"Something must be done, an' that quick, for I tell ye there's bin th' very devil an' all of a trouble in th' tail o' the legal gentleman's eye, this week an' more."

"Yes! And, by gad! Merlyn doesn't seem to care one little curse. He always calls there after his drive, about eight in the morning, when Maryll is in court."

"An' iv'ry mother's son o' Maryll's servants are people from his own countryside, ye know," added O'Hara. "All Oreuta folk, ivery black rascal of 'em. An' they're all taught to spy on poor Daisy. One of 'em's always got an eye on her through a curtain or a window, waiting to run to Maryll."

"He's so infernally in earnest, though, is Merlyn. I don't believe he'd listen to anything you could say. Gad! He can't look at her without tears coming into his eyes."

"An' murder into Maryll's. It's a divil of a mess, sure enough. She's so confoundedly beautiful, you see. An' the dim lights, an' scents, an' sadness! Ah, well! I wish he was out of it."

Captain Walters leaned forward slowly, and dabbed his forehead, returning his snowy cambric to his sleeve, then:

"It is my opinion," he said, "speaking from observation, and a little experience, that any interference in such matters merely precipitates a crisis. It forces the man's hand, and makes him play more viciously, stake higher, and—er—land himself in a more damnable hole than he would otherwise have reached. It's an awkward thing to interfere with what people call their hearts, and you're never thanked, you know. You're only well cursed."

Then that conversation ended, as did, at about the same time, various other similar conversations. But it is probable that O'Hara was even then laying his plans.

One afternoon a report reached the Club that some natives, lying under the trees opposite Maryll's place, had heard Mrs. Maryll screaming, and other unpleasantly suggestive sounds.

Merlyn was sitting with the other men on the balcony, when someone blundered in with this report. Merlyn turned dead, buckskin white, and stalked out of the place without a word.

Then for two horrible days the atmosphere between Merlyn's quarters and Maryll's place reeked venom and danger. It was like the preliminaries to a snake fight. If one spoke, sparks of electricity flew off one's words. The details of complication were too unpleasant. Merlyn was wrought up to madness between love and sympathy, and jealousy and impotence. It had begun before this to tell upon him physically. And now came the blue hollows and drawn lines which tell

you that a man is trebling his cock-tail allowance and deducting the difference from his chop.

Then O'Hara and Willoughby came together, without Captain Walters, and locked themselves in the little visitors' room on the ground-floor of the Club. Later on, they sent for Dr. Mears, who had always attended at Brown Fardell's factory, and was therefore Merlyn's medical man.

There was much talk and not a little cock-tail consuming in the little visitors' room, and all that was heard when the men came out was what may be taken as an epitome of O'Hara's theory. Said he:

"Ye see, th' boy's living in a minor key. He's grown morbid. He's drunk on the scent of it, and the colour of it; the soft lights and the low music. She's a Rossetti study. It's all exoticism, an' th' cure for ut is open-airism. It's Horace Rorke's affair with Mam'zelle Lisé Dinan over again, an' ye know the cure. Homeopathy's impossible on th' Coast. It's opposites that's wanted, just as in Rorke's case, an' it's clear Providence that Chief Adrah's in town, with all his people, just as in Rorke's case, an' can take us right up into the jungle. Sweat and sunshine, an' muscle an' huntin', be gad! against scent and soft lights, an' cushions and tears."

And no one liked to remind good hearted O'Hara that the "father an' mother av a sweatin' an' a bakin'" which he had intended to administer as a cure in Rorke's case had ended—— But you have heard of Mam'zelle, and that little fluted, green, laudanum bottle.

Willoughby was sent to Merlyn to tell him to put his traps together to join a hunting party. Willoughby had a little discussion in Merlyn's quarters, and finally was told to go to the devil. He went back to O'Hara instead. Then Dr. Mears was sent, and came back, three-parts asphyxiated by the strength of Merlyn's cock-tails, but wholly unsuccessful.

Then O'Hara buckled on his armour. Maryll at this time was foaming. He simply wanted blood. And he looked like getting it. O'Hara and Willoughby concocted in the *Lagos Spectator* office a bloodthirsty telegram from Mantee side, Chief Adrah's country. There never was, and never will be, a telegraph wire in Mantee side. Brown Fardell's Prowrah agent was shown to be in horrible difficulties with natives of Adrah's tribe. Willoughby and O'Hara had their guns and baggage sent down the river to Adrah's canoe. Adrah was keen in the matter, and announced his intention of starting up-river on the midnight tide. The Doctor carefully gave it out that the trip would not occupy more than three or four days. Then O'Hara went alone round to Merlyn's quarters and found him writing to Daisy.

The report at ten o'clock that evening was that the two were quarrelling furiously, and that Merlyn had thrown a liqueur glass at the Doctor's head. Meantime half-a-dozen of Adrah's people, and two hammock-bearers with their hammocks, lay on Merlyn's front verandah.

Shortly before twelve, those two hammock-bearers loped past the English Club on their way to the river. Both hammocks were occupied, and as they passed the Club the occupant of one hammock was leaning over to swear at the man in the other.

"All right, me son"—it was the Doctor's voice—"but there'll be time enough to give me that divil of a batin' when we've got the poor beggar of an agent out of his troubles."

At that time we knew that Merlyn was physically weaker than a well-nourished kitten. Half-an-hour afterwards, half-a-dozen men from the Club were down at the river bank in their hammocks, to see Chief Adrah make a start. The men noticed that Adrah had two or three of his wives and his beautiful sixteen-year-old daughter, Neyula, aboard with him.

Only two or three Lagos men had ever seen Neyula, and they called her the most beautiful girl on the Coast. O'Hara had pulled her through a violent black-water fever, years before in Prowrah. So he knew.

Adrah's sixty odd paddlers began to sing.

"Eu a loo, aloo alaa, laa la, alaa ala!"

The moon was rising then, and as the long, black body of the canoe shot out into the stream, the men on the bank saw O'Hara and Willoughby plying Merlyn with liquor of some kind, and settling him down on a heap of rugs under the aft part of the stern awning.

And then no one saw Oscar Merlyn for almost a month. Maryll sweetened considerably after his disappearance, and asked men to dinner in the usual way. Men went out of curiosity, and, to judge from appearances, Daisy seemed to have effected some kind of a compromise. There was no more obvious difficulty between them. Willoughby's and O'Hara's leave had been lengthened from a week's privilege to a month's sick. Government House knew the whole position thoroughly.

After a fortnight, a messenger came down the river in a sampan from Kareuah. He brought a letter from Willoughby to Captain Walters. Willoughby said, "Maryll-iania perfectly cured, but a devil of a muddle all round. Look after my fox-terrier. Back soon. Merlyn very mulish."

He might have been more explicit. But then again he may have been afraid of the letter getting into other hands. Anyhow, as far as could be made out, Merlyn had got over the hopelessness of his affair with Mrs. Maryll. O'Hara's cure of opposites had evidently worked this time.

The greater part of another fortnight passed, and then, one evening, a report reached the Club that Adrah's canoe was only a dozen miles away, and coming down stream. Four or five men left the Club at once, and went down to the river in hammocks.

Gradually the news spread along the beach. Every white man in Lagos meandered down to the river, including the Chief Justice in a gorgeous new hammock. Then a lot of the better class natives, who had an inkling of the affair, wandered down and lounged about the bank. Finally a miscellaneous crowd of Arab pilgrims, street loafers, Houssas, and others, curious to know what things were toward, congregated among the mangroves by the river, and sat about in the moonlight.

Meantime Captain Walters and two others had gone up-stream in a small canoe. Three miles above the town they met Adrah's war-boat swishing down-stream, with her sixty paddlers all yelling. The Captain's boat-boys tied on to her stern, and the Captain clambered aboard with his friends, past Tewal Minye, Adrah's steersman, to the black line where the awning cut off the moonlight on the raised canoe deck.

There sprawled O'Hara and Willoughby very mahogany-coloured as to complexion, and smoking resignedly.

"Well?" said Captain Walters.

"Very unwell," murmured Willoughby, flicking wildly at mosquitoes. He had nothing much on beyond a silk shirt and his socks.

"Why? What's up?"

"Look down there, in that devil's back parlour," said O'Hara. Mosquitoes did not notice O'Hara. He was immune.

The Captain looked along under the elaborately-worked awning to the space usually occupied by Adrah and his womenkind. Adrah, six feet of magnificent copper-coloured savagedom, was stretched at full length, smoking a Rothschild cigar. Adrah was a man who owned a silk hat with tissue paper on it. Also he possessed gold and coral ornaments worth a king's ransom, and received consignments

of champagne by every other mail. None of Adrah's wives were visible.

On the side of the canoe deck, facing Adrah, Captain Walters was, by means of the moonlight which flooded the far end of the awning, afforded a fine view of beautiful Neyula, who was dressed in all her finery. And this was very fine, though it did not cover much of her body's sunrise beauty. She sat bolt upright, as a native girl sits when she is very happy. And the Captain fancied he could hear her purring. Lounging at her feet was Oscar Merlyn, dressed as much like an Oil River chief as an English gentleman. His eyes were raised to her's in an unmistakable way. He was speaking, and—it was Merlyn who was making Neyula to purr, like the beautiful, tropical panther she was.

"Ah! yes," murmured the Captain, dropping into a sitting position by O'Hara's side. "Yes. Good gad! and Adrah's a big chief too. The remedy—er—seems——"

"Yes! A devil of a lot. We've done all that mortal man could do, an' now we're just givin' him th' Continent. He wants a lot of room. Oh, I tell ye, it's a broth of a boy!"

The canoe reached its moorings at last, and the crowd on the bank cheered. Merlyn poked his head round the side of the awning He had an umbrella-leaf hat on. When he saw the whole settlement assembled, he said:

"Oh, d——! Let's go out into the stream till they go home.

It was a very impossible situation. Finally, seeing that there was to be no fun, the crowd tailed off slowly. Then Merlyn bade Neyula and her august father "Good-night," *speaking in the vernacular*, not a word of which he had known a month before. And then he went up to his quarters at the factory, in a hammock. Yet O'Hara and Willoughby were both fonder of him than ever, and affirmed that he was very grateful.

A week passed then, in the weirdest imaginable manner. Every afternoon, Adrah, with umbrella-bearers and other frippery, paid a sort of state visit with his daughter to Merlyn's quarters. Every evening, more or less grotesquely dressed, Merlyn's bearers used to take him to Adrah's camp, a couple of miles up the river.

He never went near Maryll's place. He did not come to the Club, and he saw hardly anyone white except O'Hara and Willoughby. One could understand his admiring beautiful Neyula. When a Mantee chief's daughter is good-looking she is worth going some distance to see. As a reaction from O'Hara's "exoticism," one could even understand his being a little mad about Neyula—up the river. But he took himself, and the chief's daughter, seriously. He——well, a man of his imagination simply had no place in West Africa.

"It's no use," said O'Hara, at the Club. "This is simple, unmixed hell. Better have clubbed the boy, or left Maryll to poison him."

"If you will remember," began Captain Walters, stolidly, "I mentioned, before any steps were taken, that my own observation in the past tended——"

"Yes, I know, Captain. Faith! Don't be rubbin' it in," said O'Hara. "Th' theo*u*ry's all right, but something must be done, all the same."

That night O'Hara added another thirty shillings on to the expenses of the Merlyn case. The extent of O'Hara's generous good-nature is an unknown quantity. He sent a very long telegram to Cape Coast Castle. He and Willoughby spent two hours in its composition, and when completed the message would have done credit to the most diplomatic ambassador in Europe. Cape Coast Castle is the headquarters of Brown Fardell, who was Merlyn's principal.

Just a week later, when Merlyn's extraordinary affair with Chief Adrah's daughter



"Neyula," they called her.

was becoming the talk of the Coast, a big, solemn-eyed German arrived by the outward mail from Cape Coast Castle, and proceeded to Merlyn's quarters. The German announced quietly that he had come to take over Brown Fardell's agency from Merlyn. His papers were in good form, and showed that Merlyn was to go south in the mail-boat leaving next day, and take over the river agency at Old Calabar, from a man who was going home. There was nothing unusual in this.

Merlyn swore for a few minutes, and said he could see the finger of "that dear old beast of an O'Hara" in all this. The German said, "Ah, so—o!" and asked after palm-oil prospects.

Then Merlyn sat down to think. The mail-boat, then lying outside the bar, left at eleven next morning. O'Hara and Willoughby chuckled and kept out of the way. Merlyn spent a long evening down at Adrah's camp. Then he looked in at the Club, and at half-a-dozen men's quarters, and gave everyone the news. He said "Good-bye" to all the men, telling them that he was going aboard the steamer early next morning.

At nine o'clock next day Oscar Merlyn, a native missionary, Chief Adrah, and beautiful Neyula, walked together into the Court-house, and to the office of the Registrar. Being a British subject enables one to demand certain things, and to obtain them. When that extraordinary party walked out of the Court-house, Adrah's daughter, Neyula, with her gold bangles, her country cloth, her gold skin, and her coral chains, was Mrs. Merlyn, the legally married wife of Oscar Merlyn, Brown Fardell's future agent at Old Calabar.

Old Calabar being an oil-river town has no more than half-a-dozen white inhabitants, who live, and have their little periodical fevers, in houses built on piles.

So Mr. and Mrs. Merlyn went out to the mail-boat in Adrah's big canoe. It was the first war-canoe the people on the steamer had ever seen It surprised them. But the farewell shout which came from seventy savage throats when Merlyn and his wife leaned over the ship's rail paralysed them.

O'Hara and Willoughby sat gasping among the other men at the Club.

Oscar Merlyn was established at Old Calabar, where Brown Fardell in mercy allowed him to remain. And so, all schemes to the contrary notwithstanding, he was absolutely and thoroughly socially damned. Of course, he cannot go home, and, so far, he has not worked himself up to going to Canary. Yet a man who saw him last year said he seemed very happy. The man may, of course, have spoken ironically. Anyhow, a white man cannot live very long at a stretch in the Oil-rivers.

"If you will remember," said Captain Walters, at the club, "I gave it as my opinion, before any steps were taken, that interference in such matters, however well meant and carried out, usually precipitated a crisis, and landed the man in a more damnable hole than he would otherwise——"

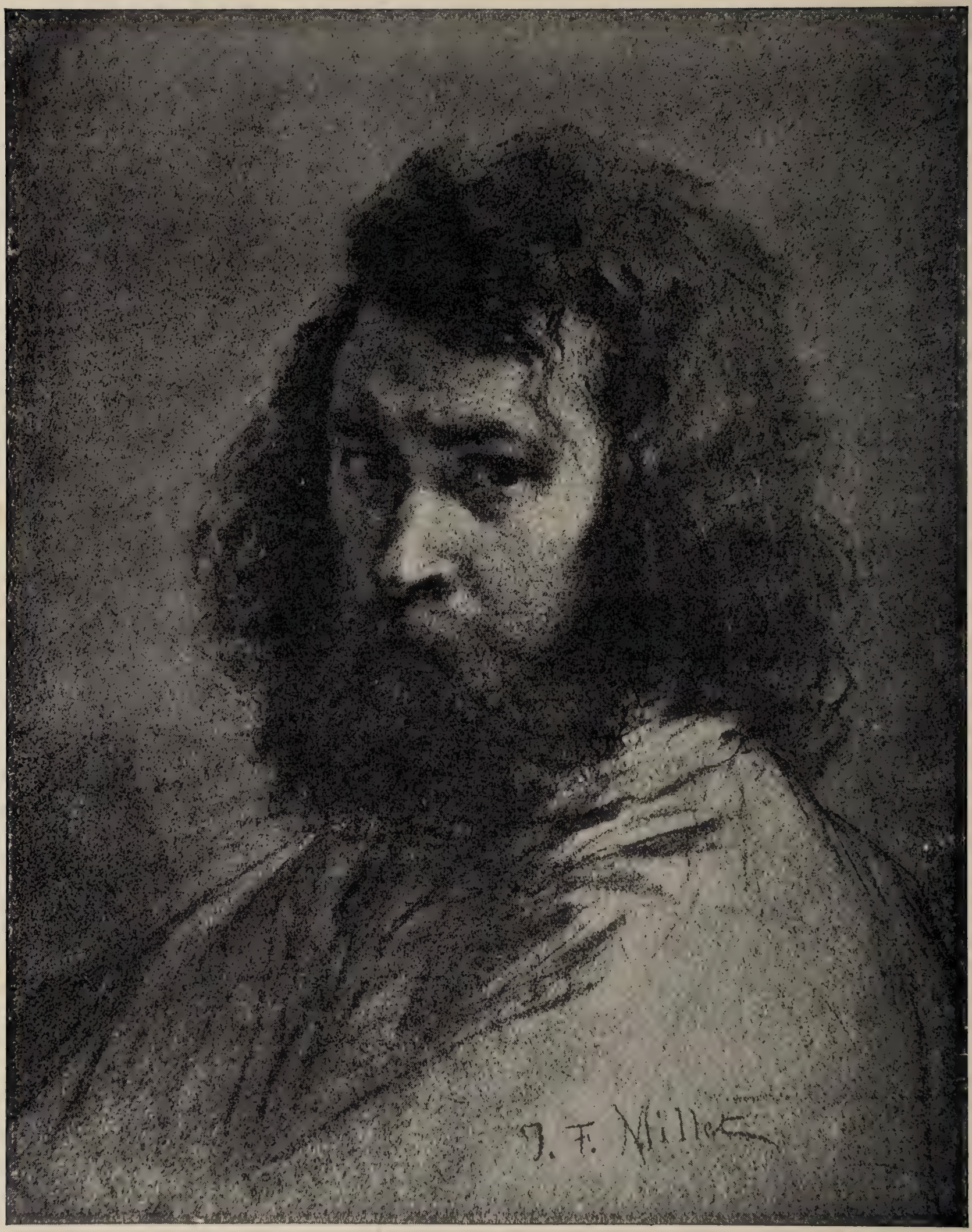
"There, Captain," said O'Hara. "Bad cess to ye! Have a cock-tail, an' drink the boy's—salvation."

"There's a chap," continued the Captain, pondering, "Watts, I think, or maybe, Browning, once said something about it being a damsilly thing to play with souls, and 'matter enough to save one's own.' However——Yes; I'll take bitters in mine, please."



WITH THE BEST INTENTIONS.

"Don't be afraid, my good man, he won't hurt you."
"No, mum, tain't best he try."



Portrait of Jean François Millet, drawn by himself.

Reproduced by permission of Braun, Clement & Company. Of this portrait, drawn in 1847, Sensier, in his "Life" of Millet, says: "It is in crayon, and life-sized. The head is melancholy, like that of Albert Dürer; the profound expression is filled with intelligence and goodness.



Millet's "Coat of Arms."

Reproduced by permission of Braun, Clement & Company A facsimile of one of the little drawings which Millet was accustomed to make for acquaintances and collectors of autographs, and which he laughingly called his "*armes parlantes*."

A CENTURY OF PAINTING.

JEAN FRANÇOIS MILLET.—PARENTAGE AND EARLY INFLUENCES.—HIS LIFE AT BARBIZON.—VISITS TO MILLET IN HIS STUDIO.—HIS PERSONAL APPEARANCE.—HIS OWN COMMENTS ON HIS PICTURES.—PASSAGES FROM HIS CONVERSATION.

THESE papers, disclaiming any other authority than that which appertains to the conclusions of a practising painter who has thought deeply on the subject of his art, have nevertheless avoided the personal equation as much as possible. A conscientious endeavour has been made to consider the work of each painter in the place which has been assigned him by the concensus of opinion in the time which has elapsed since his work was done. In the consideration of Jean François Millet, however, I desire for the nonce to become less impersonal, for the reason that it was the writer's privilege to know him slightly, and in the case of one who, as a man and as a painter, occupies a place so entirely his own, the value of recorded personal impressions is greater, at least for purposes of record, than the registration of contemporary opinion concerning him.

I must further explain that, as a young student who received at his hands the kindly reception which the master, striken in health, and preoccupied with his work, vouchshafed, I could only know him superficially. It may have been the spectacle of youthful enthusiasm, or the modest though dignified recognition of the reverence with which I approached him, that made this grave man unbend; but it is certain that the few times when I was permitted to enter the rudely built studio at Barbizon have remained red-letter days in my life, and on each occasion I left Millet with an impression so strong and vital that now, after a lapse of twenty years, the work which he showed me and the words which he uttered are as present as though it all had occurred yesterday. The reverence which I then felt for this great man was born of his works, a few of which I had seen in 1873 in Paris; and their constant study, and the knowledge of his life and character gained since then, have intensified this feeling.

Jean François Millet was born October 4, 1814, in the hamlet of Gruchy, a mere handful of houses which lie in a valley descending to the sea, in the department of the Manche, not far from Cherbourg. He was the descendant of a class which has no counterpart in England or America, and which in his native France has all but

disappeared. The rude forefathers of our country may have resembled in a degree the French peasant of Millet's youth ; but their Protestant belief made them more independent in thought, and the problems of a new country, and the lack of stability inherent to the colonist, robbed them of the fanatical love of the earth, which is perhaps the strongest trait of the peasant. Every inch of the ground, up to the cliffs above the sea, in Millet's country represented the struggle of man with nature ; and each parcel of land, every stone in the walls which kept the earth from being engulfed in the floods beneath, bore marks of his handiwork. Small wonder, then, that this rude people should engender the painter who has best expressed the intimate relation between the man of the fields and his ally and foe, the land which he subjugates, and which in turn enslaves him. The inherent, almost savage independence of the peasant had kept him freer and of a nobler type than the English yokel, even in the time before the Revolution, and in the little hamlet where Millet was born the great upheaval had meant but little.



Study from nature. By Jean François Millet.

Reproduced by permission of Braun, Clement & Company.

Remote from the capital, cultivating land which but for their efforts would have been abandoned as worthless, every man was a land-owner in a small degree, and the patrimony of Millet sufficed for a numerous family of which he was the eldest son; sufficed, that is, for a Spartan subsistence, made up of unrelaxing toil, with few or no comforts, save those of a spiritual nature which came in the guise of religion.

Millet was reared by his grandmother, such being the custom of the country ; the younger women being occupied in the service of the mastering earth, and the elders, no longer able to go afield, bringing up the children born to *their* children, who in turn replaced their parents in the never-ending struggle. This grandmother, Louise Jumelin, widow of Nicolas Millet, was a woman of great force of character, and extremely devout. The most ordinary occupation of the day was made the subject not of uttered prayer, for that would have entailed suspension of her ceaseless activity, but of spiritual example tersely ex-



The Sheep Shearers. From a painting by Jean François Millet.

Reproduced by permission of Braun, Clement & Company. A replica of Millet's picture in the Salon of 1861, which is now owned by Mr. Quincy Shaw, Boston, Massachusetts. Charles Jacque, who had quarrelled with Millet, after seeing this picture, went to him and said: "We cannot be friends, but I have come to say that you have painted a masterpiece."



Peasant Reposing. From a painting by Jean François Millet, exhibited in the Salon of 1863.

Reproduced by permission of Braun, Clement & Company. This picture, popularly known as "The man with the hoe," was the cause of much discussion at the time of its exhibition. Millet was accused of Socialism; of inciting the peasants to revolt; and from his quiet retreat in the country he defended himself in a letter to his friend Sensier as follows: "I see very clearly the aureole encircling the head of the daisy, and the sun which glows beyond, far, far over the country side, its glory in the skies; I see, not less clearly, the smoking plough-horses in the plain, and in a rocky corner a man bent with labour, who groans as he works, or who for an instant tries to straighten himself to catch his breath. The drama is enveloped in splendour. This is not of my creation; the expression, 'the cry of the earth,' was invented long ago.'

pressed, which fell upon the fruitful soil of Millet's young imagination, and left such a lasting impression that to the end of his life his natural expression was almost Biblical in character of language.

Another formative influence of this young life was that of a grand-uncle, Charles Millet, a priest who, driven from his church by the Revolution, had returned to his native village and taken up the simple life of his people, without, however, abandoning his vocation. He was to be seen behind his plough, his priest's robe gathered up about his loins, his breviary in one hand, following the furrow up and down the undulating fields which ran to the cliffs. Gifted with great strength, he piled up huge masses of granite, to reclaim a precious morsel of earth from the hungry maw of the sea; lifting his voice, as he worked, in resonant chants of the church. He it was who taught Millet to read; and, later, it was another priest, the Abbé Jean Lebrisseux, who, in the intervals of the youth's work in the fields, where he had early become an efficient aid to his father, continued his instruction. With the avidity of intelligence Millet profited by this instruction, not only in the more ordinary studies, but in Latin, with the Bible and Virgil as text-books. His mind



The Gleaners. From a painting in the Louvre, by Jean François Millet, exhibited in the Salon of 1857.

"The three fates of pauperism" was the disdainful appreciation of Paul de Saint-Victor on the first exhibition of this picture, while Edmund About wrote "The picture attracts one from afar by its air of grandeur and serenity It has the character of a religious painting. It is drawn without fault, and coloured without crudity, and one feels the August sun which ripens the wheat." Sensier says: "The picture sold with difficulty for eighty pounds. What is it worth to-day?"



The Milk Carrier. From a painting by Jean François Millet.

Reproduced by permission of Braun, Clement & Company. Probably commenced at Cherbourg, where Millet took refuge with his family during the Franco-Prussian War, as Sensier mentions it on Millet's return. The picture, or a replica of it (Millet was fond of repeating his subjects, with slight changes in each case), was in his studio in 1873, and called forth the remark quoted in the text, about the women in his country.

was also nourished by the books belonging to the scanty library of his grand-uncle. These were of a purely religious character —the "History of the Saints," the "Confessions" of St. Augustine, the letters of St. Jerome, and the works of Bossuet and Fénelon.

In his father, whose strongest characteristic was an intense love of nature, Millet found an unconscious influence in the direction which his life was to follow. Millet recalled in after-life that he would show him a blade of grass or a flower, and say: "See how beautiful; how the petals overlap; and the tree there, how strong and fine it is!" It was his father who was attentive to the youth's first rude efforts, and who encouraged him when the decisive step was to be taken, which Millet, feeling that his labour in the fields

was necessary to the common good of the family, hesitated to take. The boy was in his eighteenth year when his father said:

"My poor François, you are tormented between your desire to be an artist and your duty to the family. Now that your brothers are growing, they can take their turn in the fields. I have long wished that you could be instructed in the craft of the painter, which I am told is so noble, and we will go to Cherbourg and see what can be done."

Thus encouraged, the boy made two drawings—one of two shepherds in blouse and *sabots*, one listening while the other played a rustic flute; and a second where, under a starlit sky, a man came from out a house, carrying bread for a mendicant at his gate. Armed with these two designs—typical of the work which in the end, after being led astray by schools and popular taste, he was to do—the young peasant sought a local painter named Mouchel at Cherbourg. After a moment of doubt as to the originality of the youth's work, Mouchel offered to teach him all that he knew.



The Angelus.

Reproduced by permission of Braun, Clement & Company. Despite its fame this is distinctly not Millet's masterpiece During his life it sold for about two hundred pounds, and the simple painter thought it well to assure a friend that he had nothing to do with this fictitious value, that it was the work of speculative picture dealers. Had he lived longer he would have seen it sell finally for thirty thousand pounds—believed to be the highest price ever paid for a modern work of art. It is now in the possession of M. Chanchard, proprietor of the "Grand Magasin du Louvre" in Paris.

Millet stayed with Mouchel some months. Then his father's death recalled him home, where his honest spirit prompted him to remain as the eldest son and head

of the family, although his heart was less than ever in the fields. But this the mother, brought up in the spirit of resignation, would not allow him to do. "God has made you a painter. His will be done. Your father, my Jean Louis, has said it was to be, and you must return to Cherbourg."

Millet returned to Cherbourg, this time to the studio of one Langlois, a pupil of Gros, who was the principal painter of the little city. But Langlois, like his first master, Mouchel, kept him at work copying either his own studies or pictures in the city museum. After a few months, though, he had the honesty to recognise that his pupil needed more efficient instruction than he could give him, and in August, 1836, he addressed a petition to the mayor and common council of the city of Cherbourg, who took the matter into consideration, and, with the authorities of the department, voted a sum of one thousand francs—forty pounds—as a yearly allowance to Millet, in order that he might pursue his studies in Paris. Langlois in his petition asks that he be permitted to "raise without fear the veil of the future, and to assure the municipal council a place in the memory of the world for having been the first to endow their country with one more great name." Grandiloquent promise has often been made without result; but one must admire the hard-headed Norman counsellors who, representing a little provincial city which in 1884 had but thirty-six thousand inhabitants, gave even this modest sum to assure a future to one who might reflect honour on his country.

With a portion of this allowance, and a small addition from the "economies" of his mother and grandmother, Millet went to Paris in 1837. The great city failed to please the country-bred youth, and, indeed, until the end of his life, Millet disliked Paris. I remember his saying that, on his visits from Barbizon to the capital, he was happy on his arrival at the station, but when he arrived at the column of the Bastille, a few squares within the city, the *mal du pays* took him by the throat.

At first he spent all his time in the Louvre, which revealed to him what the little provincial museum of Cherbourg had but faintly suggested. Before long, however, he entered the studio of Paul Delaroche, who was the popular master of the time. There he won the soubriquet of the "man of the woods," from a savage taciturnity which was his defence in the midst of the *atelier* jokes. He had come to work, and to work he addressed himself with but little encouragement from master or comrades. Strong as a young Hercules, with a dignity which never forsook him, his studies won at least the success of attention. When a favourite pupil of the master remonstrated that his men and women were hewn from stone, Millet replied tranquilly, "I came here because there are Greek statues and living men and women to study from, not to please you or anyone. Do I preoccupy myself with your figures made of honey and butter?"

Delaroche, won by the strength of the man, at length unbent, and showed him such favour as a commonplace mind could accord to native superiority. He advised him to compete for the Prix de Rome, warning him, however, that, whatever might be the merit of his work, he could not take it that year, as it was arranged that another, approaching the limit of age, must have it. This revolted the simple nature of Millet, who refused to compete, and left the school.

A return to Cherbourg, where he married his first wife, who died at the end of two years; another sojourn in Paris, and a visit home of some duration; a number of portraits and pictures painted in Cherbourg and Havre, in which his talent was slowly asserting itself, brings us to 1845, when he remarried. Returning to Paris with his wife, he remained there until 1849, when he went to Barbizon "for a



" Nestlings." From a painting by Jean François Millet, in the Museum at Lille.

Reproduced by permission of Braun, Clement & Company. A notable instance of the scope of Millet s power, as tender in depicting children as it is austere in " The Gleaners."

time," which was prolonged to twenty-seven years.

In all the years preceding his final return to the country, Millet was apparently undecided as to the definite character of his work. Out of place in a city, more or less influenced by his comrades in art, and forced to follow in a degree the dictation of necessity in the choice of subject, as his brush was his only resource and his family constantly increasing, his work of this period is always tentative. In painting it is luscious in colour and firmly drawn and modelled, but it lacks the perception

of truth which, when once released from the bondage of the city, began to manifest itself in his work. The first indication of the future Millet is in a picture in the Salon of 1848, "The Winnower," which has, in subject at least, much the character of the work which followed his establishment at Barbizon. For the rest, although the world is richer in beautiful pictures of charmingly painted nymphs, and of rustic scenes not altogether devoid of a certain artificiality, and in at least one masterly mythological picture of Œdipus rescued from the tree, through Millet's activity in these years, yet his work, had it continued on this plane, would have lacked the high significance which the next twenty-five years were to show.

Having endeavoured to make clear the source from which Millet came, and indicated the formative influences of his early life, I may permit myself (as I warned my readers I should do) to return to my recollections of Barbizon in 1873, and the glimpses of Millet which my sojourn there in that and the following year afforded me.

Barbizon lies on a plain, more vast in the impression which it makes on the eye than in actual area, and the village consists of one long street, which commences at a group of farm buildings of some importance, and ends in the forest of Fontainebleau. About midway down this street, on the way to the forest, Millet's home stood, on the right of the road. The house, of two low stories, had its gable to the street, and on the first floor, with the window breast high from the ground, was the dining-room. Here, in pleasant weather, with the window wide open, sat Millet at the head of his patriarchal table, his children, of whom there were nine, about him; his good wife, their days of acute misery past, smiling contentedly on her brood, which, if I remember rightly, already counted a grandchild or more; as pleasant a sight as one could readily see. Later, in the autumn evenings, a lamplit replica of the same picture presented itself. Or, if the dinner was cleared away, one would see Madame Millet busy with her needle, the children at their lessons, and the painter, whom even then tradition painted a sad and cheerless misanthrope, contentedly playing at dominoes with one of the children, or his honest Norman face wreathed in smiles as the conversation took an amusing turn. This, it is true, was when the master of the house was free from his terrible enemy, the headache, which laid him low so often, and which in these days became more and more frequent.

The house, to resume the description of Millet's home, went back at right angles from the street, and contained the various apartments of the family, many of them on the ground floor, and all of the most modest character. It was a source of wonder how so large a family could inhabit so small a house. The garden lay in front, and extended back of the house. A high wall with a little door, painted green, by which you entered, ran along the street and ended at the studio, which was, like the dining-room, on the street. The garden was pleasant with flowers and trees, the kitchen garden being at the rear. But a few short years ago within its walls Madame Millet plucked a red rose, and gave it to me, saying: "My husband planted this." Outside the little green door, on either hand, were stone benches set against the wall, on which the painter's children sometimes sat and played; but it is somewhat strange that I never remember Millet at his door or on the village street. He walked a great deal, but always went out of the garden to the fields back of the house, and from there gained the forest or the plain. Among the young painters who frequented Barbizon in those days (which were, however, long after the time when the men of Millet's age established themselves there), there were, strange as it may seem, few who cared for Millet's work, and many who knew little or nothing of it



First Steps. From a pastel by Jean François Millet.

Reproduced by permission of Braun, Clement & Company. As Sensier remarks, Millet, with nine children, had abundant opportunity to study them. This charming drawing was one of the collection of Millet's pastels formed by M. Gavet, which was unfortunately dispersed by auction soon after the artist's death.

The prejudices of the average art student are many and indurated. His horizon is apt to be bounded by his master's work or the last Salon success, and as Millet had no pupils, and had ceased to exhibit at the Salon, he was little known to most of the youths who, as I look back, must have made Barbizon a most undesirable place for a quiet family to live in. An accident which made me acquainted with Millet's eldest son, a painter of talent, seemed for a time to bring me no nearer to knowing the father until one day some remark of mine which showed at least a sincere admiration for his work made the son suggest that I should come and see a recently completed picture.

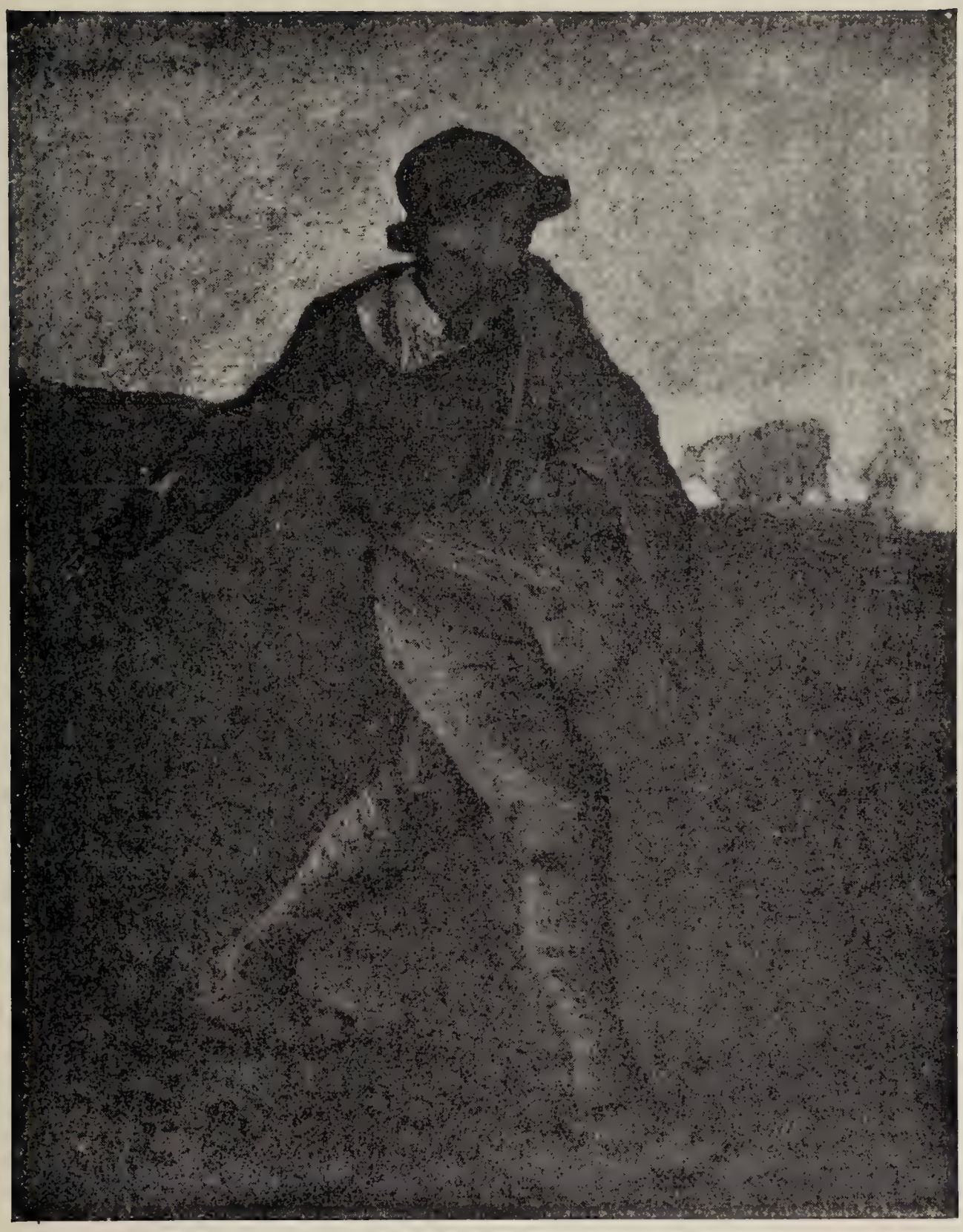
If the crowd of young painters who frequented the village were indifferent to Millet, such was not the case with people from other places. The "personally conducted" were then newly invented, and I have seen a waggon-load of tourists, who had been driven to different points in the forest, draw up before Millet's modest door and express indignation in a variety of languages when they were refused admittance. There were many in those days who tried with little or no excuse to break in on the work of a man whose working days were already counted, and who was seldom free from his old enemy *migraine*. I was to learn this when—I hope after having had the grace to make it plain that though I greatly desired to know Millet I felt no desire to intrude—the son had arranged for a day when, at last, I was admitted to the studio.

Millet did not make his appearance at once, and when he came, and the son had said a few kindly words of presentation, he seemed so evidently in pain that I managed, in a French which must have been distinguished by a strong foreign accent and a vocabulary more than limited, to express a fear that he was suffering, and suggested that my visit had better be deferred.

"No, it will pass," was his answer; and going to his easel he placed, with the help of his son, picture after picture, for my delectation.

It was Millet's habit to commence a great number of pictures. On some of them he would work as long, according to his own expression, as he saw the scene in nature before him; for, at least at this epoch, he never painted directly from nature. For a picture which I saw the following summer, where three great hay-stacks project their mass against a heavy storm-cloud, the shepherd seeking shelter from the impending rain, and the sheep erring here and there affected by the changing weather—for this picture, conveying, as it did, the most intense impression of nature, Millet showed me (in answer to my enquiry and in explanation of his method of work) in a little sketch-book, so small that it would slip into a waistcoat pocket, the pencilled outline of the three hay-stacks. "It was a stormy day," he said, "and on my return home I sat down and commenced the picture, but of direct studies—*voilà tout.*" Of another picture, now in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, of a young girl, life-size, with a distaff, seated on a hillock, her head shaded by a great straw hat relieved against the sky, he told me that the only direct painting from nature on the canvas was in a bunch of grass in the foreground, which he had plucked in the fields and brought into his studio.

On this first day it would be difficult to say how many pictures in various states of advancement I saw. The master would occasionally say, reflectively: "It is six months since I looked at that, and I must get to work at it," as some new canvas was placed on the easel. At first, fearing that he was to ill too have me stay, I made one or two motions to leave. But each time, with a kindly smile, I was bidden to stay, with the assurance that the headache was "going better." After a time I quite forgot everything in enthusiasm at what I saw and the sense that I was enjoying the privi-



The Sower. From a painting by Jean François Millet.

From the original painting, now in the collection of Mrs. W. H. Vanderbilt; reproduced by permission of Braun, Clement & Company. In his criticism of the Salon of 1850, where the picture was first exhibited, Théophile Gautier thus described it: "The sower advances with rhythmic step, casting the seed into the furrowed land ; sombre rags cover him ; a formless hat is drawn down over his brow ; he is gaunt, cadaverous, and thin under his livery of misery ; and yet life is contained in his large hand, as with a superb gesture he who has nothing scatters broadcast on the earth the bread of the future."

lege of a lifetime. The life of the fields seemed to be unrolled before me like some vast panorama. Millet's commentaries were short and descriptive of what he aimed to represent, seldom or never as to the method of his work. "Women in my country," meaning Lower Normandy, of course, "carry jars of milk in that way," he said, indicating the woman crossing the fields with the milk-can supported by a strap on her shoulder. "When I was a boy there were great flights of wild pigeons which settled in the trees at night, when we used to go with torches, and the birds, blinded by the light, could be killed by the hundred with clubs," was his explanation of another scene full of the confusion of lights and the whir of the bewildered pigeons.

"And you have not seen it since you were a boy?" I asked.

"No; but it all comes back to me as I work," was his answer.

From picture to picture, from question to kindly answer, the afternoon sped, and at length, in response to a question as to the relative importance of subject, the painter sent his son into the house whence he returned with a panel a few inches square. The father took it, wiped the dust from it, absent-mindedly, on his sleeve, with a half-caressing movement, and placed it on the easel. "*Voilà!*" ("There!") was all he said. The panel represented three golden juicy pears, their fat sides relieved one against the other, forming a compact group which, through the magic of colour, told of autumn sun, and almost gave the odour of ripened fruit. It was a lovely bit of painting, and much interested, I said: "Pardon me, but you seem as much or more proud of this than anything you have shown."

"Exactly," answered Millet, with an amused smile at my eagerness. "Every-thing in nature is good to paint, and the painter's business is to be occupied with his manner of rendering it. These pears, a man or a woman, a flock of sheep, all have the same qualities for a painter. There are," with a gesture of his hands to make his meaning clear, "things that lie flat, that are horizontal, like a plain; and there are others which stand up, are perpendicular; and there are the planes between; all of which should be expressed in a picture. There are the distances between objects also. But all this can be found in the simplest thing as in the most complicated."

"But," I again ventured, "surely some subjects are more important than others"

"Some are more interesting in the sense that they add to the problems of a painter. When he has to paint a human being he has to represent truth of action, the particular character of an individual; but he must do the latter when he paints a pear. No two pears are alike."

I fear at the time I hardly understood the importance of the lesson which I then received; certainly not to the degree with which experience has confirmed it. But I have written it here, the sense if not the actual language, because Millet has been so often misrepresented as seeking to point a moral through the subject of his pictures. When we recall the manner in which "The Angelus" was paraded through the country a few years ago, and the genuine sentiment of the simple scene where Millet had endeavoured to express "the things that lie flat, like a plain; and the things that stand up," like his peasants; was travestied by gushing sentimentalists—it is pleasant to think of the wholesome common-sense of the great painter.

The picture which I had specially come to see was meanwhile standing covered with a drapery, on another easel, and at length the resources of the studio were apparently exhausted. Millet asked me to step back a few paces to where a short curtain was placed on a light iron rod at right angles from the studio window, so that a person standing behind it saw into the studio while his eyes were screened from the glare of the window. The painter then drew the covering, and—I feel that what I am about to say may seem superlative, and I am quite willing to-day to account for it by the enthusiasm for the painter's work, which had been growing *crescendo* with each successive moment passed in the studio. Be that as it may, the picture which I saw caused me to forget where I was, to forget painting, and to look, apparently, on a more enchanting scene than my eyes had ever beheld—one more enchanting than they have since seen. It was a landscape, "Springtime," now in the Louvre. Ah me! I have seen the picture since, not once, but many times, and he who will go to Paris may see it. A beautiful picture; but of the transcendent beauty which transfigured it that day it has but the suggestion. It is still a masterpiece, how-

ever, and still conveys, by methods peculiarly Millet's own, a satisfying sense of the open air and the charm of fickle spring. The method is that founded on the constant observation of nature by a mind acute to perceive, and educated to remember. The method is one which misses many trivial truths, and thereby loses the superficial look of reality which many smaller men have learned to give; but it retains the larger, more essential truths. Though dependence on memory carried to the extent of Millet's practice would be fatal to a weaker man, it can hardly be doubted that it was the natural method for him.



Churning. From a pastel by Jean François Millet, in the Luxembourg Gallery, Paris.

Delightful for the sense of air through the cool and spacious room, and for the sculpturesque solidity of the group composed of the woman, the churn, and the cat.

I left the studio that day walking on clouds. When I returned it was always to receive kindly and practical counsel. For Millet, though conscious, as such a man must be, of his importance, was the simplest of men. In appearance the portrait published here gives him in his youth. At the time of which I speak he was heavier, with a firm nose, eyes that, deeply set, seemed to look inwards, except, when directly addressing one, there was a sudden gleam. His manner of speech was slow and measured, perhaps out of kindness to the stranger, though I am inclined to think that it was rather the speech of one who arrays his thoughts beforehand and produces them in orderly sequence. In dress he was like the ordinary *bourgeois* in the country, wearing generally a woven coat like a cardigan jacket in the studio, at the door of which he would leave his *sabots* and wear the felt slippers, or *chaussons*, which are worn with the wooden shoes. This was not the affectation of remaining a peasant;



A Young Shepherdess. From a painting by Jean François Millet.

The background here is typical of that part of the forest of Fontainebleau which borders the plain of Barbizon.

everyone in the country in France wears *sabots*, and very comfortable they are.

One more visit stands out prominently in my memory. It came about in this wise. In the summer of 1874 the "two Stevensons," as they were known, the cousins, Robert Louis and Robert Alan Mowbray Stevenson (the author of the recent *Life of Velasquez*, and the well-known writer on art), were in Barbizon. It fell that the cousins, in pessimistic vein, were decrying modern art—the great men were all dead; we should never see their like again; in short, the mood in which we all fall at times was dominant. As in duty bound, I argued the cause of the present and future, and as a clinching argument told them that I had it in my power to convince them that at least one of the greatest painters of all time was still busy in the practice of his art. Millet was not much more than a name to my friends, and I am certain

that that day when we talked over our coffee in the garden of Siron's Inn, they had seen little or none of his work. I ventured across the road, knocked at the little green door, and asked permission to bring my friends, which was accorded for the same afternoon. In half an hour, therefore, I was witness of an object lesson of which the teacher was serenely unconscious. Of my complete triumph when we left there was no doubt, though one of my friends rather begged the question by insisting that I had taken an unfair advantage; and that, as he expressed it, "it was not in the game in an ordinary discussion, between gentlemen, concerning minor poets to drag in Shakespeare in that manner."

I saw Millet but once after this, when late in the autumn I was returning to Paris, and went, out of respect, to bid him farewell. He was already ill, and those who knew him well already feared for his life. Not knowing this, it was a shock to learn of his death a few months after—January 20, 1875. The news came to me in the form of the ordinary notification and convocation to the funeral, which, in the form of a *lettre de faire part*, is sent out on the occasion of a death in France, not only to intimate friends, but to acquaintances.

Determined to pay what honour I could, I went to Barbizon, to find, as did many others gone for the same sad purpose, that an error in the notices sent, discovered too late to be rectified, had placed the date of the funeral a day later than that on which it actually occurred. Millet rests in the little cemetery at Chailly, across the plain from Barbizon, near his lifetime friend, Theodore Rousseau, who is buried there. I will never forget that January day in the village of Barbizon. Though Millet had little part in the village life, and was known to few, a sadness, as though the very houses felt that a great man had passed away, had settled over the place. I sought out a friend who had been Millet's friend for many years and was with him at the last, and as he told me of the last sad months tears fell from his eyes.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



SHREWSBURY.*

BY STANLEY J. WEYMAN.

ILLUSTRATED BY CLAUDE A. SHEPPERSON.

CHAPTER XXIX.

WHAT the girl answered I could not catch, for as she raised her head to reply, my ear caught the sound of rising danger. Ferguson was speaking. His words, no longer incoherent, a mere frothing of oaths and calling down of hideous fates on his head if he had ever betrayed, if he had ever sold, if he had ever deceived, ran in a steady current of wrathful denunciation. And the men listened; he had their ears again; he was no longer on his trial. I learned afterwards that while my attention was astray with the women, Smith, by stating what I had told him—namely, that the Secretary had used Ferguson as the intermediary through whom to warn Berwick—had confirmed the plotter's story, and at a stroke had restored his position. Whereon, full of spite, and desperately certain that, however exposed he lay on other sides, I at any rate could hang him, the wretched man had set himself anew to compass my destruction. Deterred neither by the check he had received nor by the gloomy looks of the conspirators, who responded but sluggishly to his appeal, he drove home again and again the one point on which he relied, the one point that was so dear to him that he could not understand their hesitation.

"Waste of time?" he cried. "We would be better employed looking to ourselves and slipping away to Romney, would we? But you are fools! You are babes! There is the evidence that can swear to you all! There is the evidence, and keen to do it! There is the evidence in your hands! And you will let him escape?"

"There is evidence without him," said King sulkily. "Where is Prendergast?"

"He is honest."

"But where is he? And where is Porter?"

"Where is Sir John Fenwick for that matter?" replied the man who had answered for Prendergast. "He is too high and mighty to mix with us, and will only eat the chestnut when we have got it clear of the fire. For that matter, where are Friend and Parkyns? They are not here."

"Pshaw!" Ferguson cried, in a rage at the digression. "Why will you be thinking of them? Cannot you see that they are tainted? They cannot if they will! And they are gentlemen to boot, and not dirty knaves like this fellow."

"For the matter of that," said Cassel, bluntly, "Preston was a lord. But he sold Ashton."

The words brought a kind of cold breath of suspicion into the room; at the chill touch of which each looked stealthily at his neighbour, as if he said, "Is it he? Or he?" On this, Ferguson, seeing that he made little progress, and that the men, though they looked at me vengefully, were not to be kindled, grew only the more furious and began to storm and rave. But Charnock in a moment cut him short.

"Mr. Ferguson is so far right," said he, "that if we let this person go to perfect his evidence against us, we shall be foolish. That were to set a premium on treason."

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"Then let Mr. Ferguson deal with him," Cassel answered, curtly. "He is his man, and it is his business. I don't lay a hand on him, and that is flat."

"Nor I! Nor I!" cried more than one with eagerness. God knows if in their hearts they thought to curry favour with me.

"You are all mad!" Ferguson cried, beating the air.

"And you are a coward!" Cassel retorted. "I'd as soon trust him as you. If you are taken you'll peach, Ferguson! God damn you! I know you will. You will peach! You are as white-livered a cur as ever lived!"

Then I thought that for certain the bitterness of death was past; and I took courage, discerning for the first time solid land beyond the deeps and black suffocating fears through which I had passed. For the first time since the men seized me I allowed my thoughts to dwell on the future, and myself to hope and plan. But the warm current of returning life had scarcely coursed through my veins and set my heart beating, before Charnock's voice, taking up the tale, smote on my ear, and in a moment dashed my jubilation. There was that in his tone gripped my heart afresh.

"Peace, man," he said, addressing Cassel. "Is this a time to be bickering? Let us be clear what is to be done with this man. For my part, I am not for letting him go."

"Nor I," said Smith, speaking almost for the first time.

The others, lately so hot and impassioned, looked at the speakers and at one another with a sort of apathy. Only Ferguson cried violently, "Nor I, by ——! Nor I. We are many, and what is one life?"

"Quite so, Mr. Ferguson," Charnock retorted. "But will you take the life?"

The plotter drew back as he had drawn back before. "It is everybody's business," he said.

"Then will you take part in it? You are the first to condemn. Will you be one to execute?"

Ferguson moistened his lips with his tongue, and, swallowing with an effort, looked at me and away again. The sweat stood on his face. For me, I watched him, fascinated; watched him, and still he did not answer.

"Just so," said Charnock, at last. "You will not. And that being so, is there anyone else who will? If not, what is to be done?"

"Put him in a lugger," Keyes cried, "at the bridge; and by morning——"

"He will be taken off at the Nore," Cassel answered scornfully. "And you too if you think to get off that way. There are more Billops in the Pool than the Billop who gave up Ashton."

"Gag him and leave him here."

"And have him found by the messengers to-morrow morning?" Cassel answered. "As well and better, call a chair, and pay the chairman, and bid them take him to the Secretary's office with our compliments!"

"Well, if not here—in one of the other Kens. Ferguson knows plenty."

The woman who had come in with Smith laughed. "That might answer," she said, "if his sweetheart were not here. Do you think she will leave him to starve?"

There was a general stir as the men turned to the girl. "Pooh," said one, "it is Ferguson's girl."

"And your spy's sweetheart," the woman repeated.

The girl lifted her head and showed a face pale, weary, and dull-eyed. "He is nothing to me," she said.

And the men would have believed her. But the woman, with a swift, cat-like movement, seized her wrist and held it. "Nothing to you, my girl, isn't he?" she cried. "Then you have the fever or the small-pox on you! One, two, three——"

Her face flaming, the girl sprang up and snatched away her pulse.

The woman laughed. "He is nothing to you, is he?" she said in a mocking tone. "Yet what will you not give me to save him, my chick? What will you not give to see him safe out of this house? What——?"

"Peace, peace!" cried Charnock. "Time is everything, and we are wasting it. Unless we would be taken, every man of us must be half-way to Romney Marsh by morning."

"Will you leave him to me?" said Smith suddenly.

"Leave him?"

"Ay. Or better, let me have two minutes' talk with him upstairs, and if he comes to my way of thinking, I will answer for him."

"Answer for him?" cried Ferguson, with a sneer. "If you answer for him no better than I did, you will give us small surety."

"Ay, but I am not you, Mr. Ferguson," Smith retorted, in a tone of such contempt, that the older man writhed under it. "This person—Mr. Taylor or Mr. Price, or whatever his name is—knows me and that what I say I do."

"Well, do—what you like with him," Charnock answered peevishly, "so that you stop his mouth."

To my joy the other men assented in the same tone, being glad to be rid of the burden. It may seem strange that those who had been ready to take my life an hour before should now be as ready to let me go; but few are eager to take life in cold blood, and to kill a man as they would a sheep. Moreover, in favour of these men—on whose memory the Assassination Plot has cast obloquy not altogether deserved, since few of them were assassins in the strict sense, and the worst of all escaped his just fate—in their favour I say, it is to be observed that the fact which they designed, however horrid in the eyes of good citizens, and not to be defended by me, was not in their sight so much a murder as an act of warfare carried into the enemy's country. So fully, I am persuaded, was this the case that had it been a question of stabbing the King in the back, or shooting him from a window, I believed not one would have volunteered. Let this stand to the credit of men whom I saw and have described at their worst—drunken, reckless, ill-combined, and worse governed; whose illegal design, had it succeeded, must have postponed the Protestant succession in these realms; but who, misguided and betrayed as they were by leaders more evil than themselves, evinced some spark of chivalry in their lives—since they risked all for a cause—and in their sufferings a fortitude that would have become better men and a nobler effort.

So much of them. One released my hands, and another at Smith's request found him a light; and my new protector bidding me follow him, and leading the way upstairs to the room at the back whence I had broken out, those we left were deep in whisperings of the Marsh, and Hunt's house, and Harrison's Inn at Dimchurch, before we were out of hearing.

Smith's first act, when we reached the upper room, was to close the door. This done, he set his candle on the floor — whence its flame threw dark wavering outlines of our figures on the ceiling—and moved to the hearth. Here, while I stared, wondering at his silence, he searched for a spring, and finding it, caused a large piece of the wainscot to fall out and reveal a cavity about three feet deep and six long. He beckoned to me to bring the candle and look in, and supposing it to be a secret way out, I did so. But outlet there was none. The place was nothing more than a concealed cupboard.

"Well?" he said, when he had moved the candle to and fro that I might see the better—his face wearing a smile that caught and held my gaze. "Well? what do you think of it, Mr. Taylor?"

I did not understand him, and I said so, trembling.

"It is a tolerable hiding-place?" said he.

I nodded; to please him I would have said it was a palace.

"And not a bad prison?"

I nodded again; staring at him, fascinated. I began to understand.

"And a grave?"

I shuddered. "What do you mean?" I muttered.

"Lay a man there, bound hand and foot, and gagged; what would you find in a year's time, Mr. Price? Not much."

I stared at him.

"If they knew of that downstairs," he continued, stopping to snuff the candle with his fingers, then smiling at me, "would they use it, I wonder? Would they use it? What do you think, Mr. Price?"

I made no answer.



The place was nothing more than a concealed cupboard.

"Shall I tell them?" said he.

"What—what do you want?" I whispered hoarsely.

"That is better," said he, nodding. "To be candid, almost nothing. Two pledges. First, that you will give no evidence against anyone here. That of course."

I muttered assent. I was ready to promise anything.

"And secondly, that you will, when I call upon you, do me a little favour, Mr. Price. It is a small matter, a trifle I asked you at my lady's house three days back Promise to do that, as and when I demand performance, and in ten minutes from this time you shall leave this house safe, free, and unhurt."

"I promise," I said eagerly. "I promise honestly!"

But even while I spoke, I thought it the strangest of all the things that had happened to me that night, that this man should think it worth while to pledge me or value at a groat a promise so given. For the pledge was a pledge to do ill; and as soon as he and the other conspirators were laid by the heels or had fled the country, what sanction remained to bind me? I saw that even as I spoke, and I promised—and promised. And would have promised fifty times—with the reservation that I did so under *force majeure*. Who would not have done the same, being in my place?

But I suppose I answered too quickly, and so he read my thoughts; or he had it in his mind from the first to read me a lesson. For the words were scarcely out of my mouth before he slid his hand into his breast with the ugliest smile I ever saw on a man's face; and he signed to me to get into the cupboard. "Get in," he said, between his closed teeth; and then, when, terrified by the change and the order, I began to back from it,

"Get in!" he said, in a voice that set me shaking; "or take the consequences. Do you hear me? I am no Ferguson, to threaten and no more."

I dared resist no longer, and I crawled in, trembling and praying him not to shut me in—not to shut me in.

"Lie down!" he said, gloating on me with cruel eyes, and his hand still in his breast.

I lay down, praying for mercy.

"On your back! On your back!" he continued. "And your hands by your sides. So! That is better. Now listen to me, Mr. Price, and think on what I say. When you want to be laid out for good as you are laid out now, when you are ready for your coffin and shroud—and the worms—then break your promise to me, for coffin and shroud and worms will be ready. Think of that—think of that and of me when the temptation comes. And hark you," he went on, fixing his eyes on mine, "you count on it that I shall be taken with the others, or escaping shall be where you need not fear me? Don't deceive yourself. If a week hence I am in prison, take that for a sign, and please yourself. But if I am free, obey, obey—or God help you!"

I know not how to describe with an approach to fidelity the effect which words, apparently so simple, had on me; or the terror, out of all proportion to the means chosen—for he spoke without oath, violence, or passion,—into which they threw me, and which was very far from passing with the sound. I had feared Ferguson, but I feared this man a hundred times more! And yet I can give no reason, save that he spoke quietly, and so seemed to mean all and something beyond what he said. The plans for deceiving him, which I had entertained a moment before, melted into thinnest air while I lay and sweated in my narrow berth, not daring to move eye or limb until he gave me leave.

And he, as if he knew how fear of him grew on me under his gaze—or in sheer cruelty, I know not which,—kept me there, and sat smiling and smiling at me, as the devil may smile at some dead man passed beyond redemption; kept me there God knows how long. But so long, and to such purpose, that when he bade me rise, and looking closely into my face, nodded, and told me I might go—nay, later than that, when he had led me downstairs and opened the door for me, and supported me through it—for in the cold air I staggered like a drunken man—even then, I say, so heavy was the spell of fear laid on me, and such his power, I dared not move or stir until he had twice—smiling the second time—bidden me go.

"Go, man," said he, "you are free. But remember!"

CHAPTER XXX.

Few men are condemned to such an ordeal as that through which I had passed; and though some who read this, and are as remote from death as the wife, that may be any day, and must be one day, is remote from the young bachelor—though some, I say, and in particular those who never drew blade in anger in their lives, but have done all their fighting in the cockpit, may think that I carried it poorly, and with none of the front and bravado suitable to the occasion, I would have them remember the old saying, *Sutor ne supra crepidam*, and ask of a scholar only a scholar's work. I would have them remember that in the shadow of the scaffold, even a man so gallant by repute as the Lord Preston of that day, stooped to be an evidence; and that in the same situation the family pride of Richard Hampden availed as little as the reckless courage of Monmouth or the effrontery of Sir John Fenwick.

Simpliciter, it is one thing to vapour at the Cocoa-tree among wits and beaux, and another to take the hazard when the time comes; as no less a person than my Lord Bolingbroke discovered, and that no

farther back than '14. I would have large talkers to remember this. For myself I am content that I came through the trial with my life; and yet, not with so much of that either, that anything surer than instinct guided my steps thence to the Duke's home in St. James's Square; where arriving, speechless and helpless, it was wonderful I was not put to the door. Fortunately, my lord, marvelling at my long absence, and mindful, even in the turmoil of that evening, of the service I had done him, had given orders in my behalf. I was recognised, half dead as I was, and taken to the steward's room, and being let blood by a surgeon who was called in, was put to bed; all who saw me supposing that I was suffering from vertigo, or from some injury, though no marks of blows could be discovered.

That was a night long remembered in London. Messengers, attended by files of soldiers carrying torches, were every hour passing through the streets, searching houses and arresting the suspected. From mouth to mouth rumours of the conspiracy flew abroad; at nine o'clock it was current that the King was wounded; at ten that he had been seized; at midnight that he was dead. Early in the evening the drawbridge at the Tower was drawn up, and the sentries were doubled; the City gates were closed and guarded; a battalion stood all night under arms at Kensington; the Council was in perpetual sitting; many houses were lighted from eve to dawn. Nor since the great panic of Beachy Head in '90 had London known any alarm so deep or widespread.

If this was so in the City, at the Secretary's residence, whither many of the prisoners were brought for examination as soon as they were taken, the excitement rose to its height. St. James's Square, then unenclosed, was occupied all night by successive groups of sight-seers, or by persons more nearly interested in the event. One consequence of this was that, with this stir without, my case attracted the less notice within; and, unheeded and almost forgotten, I was left in peace to sleep off the shock and fright I had experienced; of which the severity may be gauged by the fact that the afternoon of the next day was well advanced before I awoke, and finding myself in bed in a strange room, with cold broth and a little wine standing within reach, I sat up, and looked round me in amazement. The steep slope of the ceiling towards the window, and the heavy flattened eaves which projected over the panes, apprised me that I lay under the leads of a great house; but this was the extent of my knowledge. However, my stomach presently called for food, and I took it; and my head ceasing to swim, I began to recall what had happened to me; then rising, and going to the window, I recognised the great and fashionable Square on which my window looked. At that, and the thoughts of what I had gone through, and the danger I had escaped, I fell to quaking again, and for a moment the dizziness returned. But presently, the cheerful aspect of the room much aiding me, I recovered myself, and dressing, and finishing the food, I prepared to descend.

No need to say that I wondered much at all I saw, and particularly at the handsome proportions of the staircase; which I descended without seeing any person until I reached the landing on the first floor. Here, looking timidly over the balustrade, I discovered that the buzz and hum of voices which I had heard as soon as I opened my door came from the hall, which appeared to be paved with heads. First and nearest to where I stood a number of persons whom I took to be servants were clustered on the lowest steps of the staircase. There, standing as if in the boxes of a theatre, they were taken up with staring at what went on on the floor below; their attention being particularly taken up with a row of eight or nine men, who seated on chairs along one side



Looking timidly over the balustrade.

of the hall, seemed to be in the charge of a messenger and some tipstaves. These were evidently prisoners awaiting examination. Between them and the stairs occupying the floor of the hall, and both moving and standing still, was a crowd of persons of condition, the greater part, to all appearance, clients of the Duke, or officers and persons who, having the *entrée* had stepped in to see the sight.

I had no eyes, however, for these ; for with a beating heart I recognised among the dejected prisoners seated along the wall, four whom I knew—King, Keyes, Cassel, and Ferguson himself; and I had anything but a mind to stay to be recognised in my turn. I was in the act of withdrawing, therefore, as quietly as I could, when I saw with a kind of shock that the prisoner at the end of the row—the one nearest to me and farthest from the door—was a girl. It needed no second glance to tell me that the girl was Mary. The light at that inner extremity of the hall was waning, and her face, always pale and now in shadow, wore an aspect of grey depression that, natural as it was under the circumstances, went to my heart ; and impressed me deeply in proportion as I had always found her hard and self-reliant. But moved as I was, I dared not linger ; since to linger might be to be observed. With a light foot, therefore, I carried out my first intention, and, drawing back undiscovered, sneaked up the staircase to my room.

My clue in the circumstances was clear. Plainly it was to lie close and shun observation until the crisis was passed ; then by every means in my power—saving always the becoming an evidence in court, which was too dangerous—to deserve the Duke's favour ; and as to the pledge I had given to Smith, to be guided by the future.

Such a line of conduct was immensely favoured by the illness to which I had so fortunately succumbed. Once back in my bed, I had only to lie there and affect weakness. In a day or two I might hope that things would be so far advanced that my share in them and knowledge of them would go for little ; and I, on the ground of the personal favour I had done his Grace, might keep his favour—yet run no risk.

In fact, nothing could seem more simple than such a line of conduct ; on which—the western daylight that still lingered in the room, giving my retreat a most cheerful aspect—I felt that I had every reason to hug myself. After the miseries and dangers of the past week I was indeed well off. Here, in the remote top floor of my lord's great house in the Square, I was as safe as I could be anywhere in the world. And I knew it.

But so contrary is human nature, and so little subject to the dictations of the soundest sense, that I had not lain in my bed five minutes, congratulating myself on my safety, before the girl, and the wretchedness I had read in her face, began to trouble me. It was not to be denied that she had gone some way towards saving my life—if she had not actually saved it ; and I had a kind of feeling for her on that account. True, things were greatly altered since we had agreed to go to Romford together, *et nuptias facere*. I had got no patron then, nor such prospects as I now had, these troubles once overpast. But for all that, it troubled me to think of her as I had seen her, pale and downcast ; and by-and-bye I found myself again at the door of my room with my hand on the latch. Thence I went back, shivering and ashamed, and calling myself a fool ; and tried, by watching the crowd in the Square—but timidly, since even at that height I fancied I might be recognised,—to divert my thoughts ; with so little success in the end, however, that presently I was stealing down the stairs.

I knew that it was impossible I could pass down the main staircase and through the servants without being observed. But I

took it that in such a house there must be a backstair ; and coming to the first floor I turned along the main corridor leading into the heart of the house, and pretty quickly found that staircase—which was as good as dark—and crept down it still meeting no one ; a thing that surprised me until I stood in the long passage on the ground floor corresponding with the corridor above, and found that the door, which from its position should cut it off from the front hall, was locked. Tantalised by the murmur of voices in the hall, and my proximity, I tried the lock twice ; but the second effort only confirming the result of the first, I was letting down the latch as softly as I could, hoping that I should not be detected, when on a sudden the door was flung in my face, all the noise and heat of the hall burst on me, and in the opening appeared a stout flushed man, who glared at me as if he would eat me.

"What are you doing here?" he cried, "when twice I have told you——" Then he stopped, seeing who it was, and "Hallo!" he continued in a different and more civil tone, "it is you, is it? Are you better?"

Afterwards I learned that this was Mr. Martin, my lord's house-steward, but at the time I knew him only for someone in authority ; and I muttered an excuse. "Well, come through, now you are here," he continued sharply. "But the orders are strict that this door be kept locked while this business is going. You can see as well, or better, from the stairs. There, those are the men. And a rare set of Frenchified devils they look! Charnock is with my lord now, and I hope he may not blow him up with gunpowder or some popish trick."

He had scarcely told me this when a stir in the body of the hall announced a new arrival. Immediately a cry was raised of "Room for my Lord Marlborough! Room for my Lord Godolphin!" and the press falling to either side out of respect, I had a glimpse of two gentlemen in the act of entering ; one, a stout and very noble-looking man of florid complexion, the other stout also and personable, but a trifle smug and solemn. The steward had no sooner heard their names than in a great fluster he bade me keep the door ; and pushing himself into the throng, he went with immense importance to receive them.

So by a strange piece of luck at the moment that the check of his presence was withdrawn, I found myself standing within three feet of the girl ; whose seat was close to the door. Moreover, the movement, by thrusting those who had before occupied the floor back upon the line of prisoners, had walled us in, as it were, from observation. Under these circumstances our eyes met ; and I looked for a flush of joy and surprise, a cry of recognition at least. But though Mary started, and for an instant stared at me wide-eyed, her gaze fell the next moment, and muttering something inaudible, she let her chin sink on her breast.

I did not remember that, supposing I had informed, and ignorant of the scene which had bound me to the Duke of Shrewsbury, she would see nothing surprising in my presence in his house ; and more deeply wounded by her demeanour than I can now believe possible, I bent over her.

"Don't you know me?" I whispered. "Mary!"

She shivered, but retained the same attitude, her eyes on the floor.

"Can I do anything for you?" I persisted. But this time I spoke more coldly ; her silence began to annoy me.

She looked up then with a wan smile ; and, with lips so dry that they scarcely performed their office, spoke. "You can let me escape," she muttered.

"That is impossible," I answered promptly—to put an end to such notions. And then to comfort her, "Besides, what can they do to you?" I continued.

"Nothing! You are not a man; and they do not burn women for treason now—unless it is for coining. Cheer up! They——"

"They will send me to the Compter—and whip me," she muttered, shuddering so suddenly and violently that the chair creaked under her. And then, "If you can get me away," she continued, moistening her lips and speaking with her eyes averted, "Well! But if not you had better leave me. You do me no good," she added, after a slight pause, and with a sob of impatience in her voice.

I knew that it was not unlikely that the House of Correction would be her fate; a fate that, even to a decent woman—and she was a girl!—might be less tolerable than death. And I felt something of the horror that parched her mouth and strained her eyes. The hall was growing dark about us, and, the throng of persons of all sorts who filled it poisoning the air with their breathing and the odour of their clothes, I experienced an astonishing loathing of the confinement and the place. I saw this the beginning of the dreary road which she had to travel; and my heart revolting with the pity of it, I fell into a passion and did a thing I very seldom did. I swore.

But then—heaven knows how I went on to the thing I did next; a thing so unwise and reckless, and in every way unlike me! Certainly it was not the mere opportunity tempted me—though a chance more favourable, the general attention being engrossed by the two noblemen, could not have been conceived; yet it was not that, I say, for what I did, I did on the impulse of the moment, in sheer blind terror, not looking to see whether I were watched or not. Nor did the impulse arise from any further suggestion on the girl's part. In fact, all I remember of it is that, in a paroxysm of pity, feeling rather than seeing that the people round us hid us, I touched the girl's shoulder, and that she looked up with a wild look in her eyes—and that that determined me. So that without more I unlocked the door in a trembling, fumbling sort of manner, and passed her through it, and followed her; no one except Cassel, the prisoner who sat next her, being the wiser. Had I been prudent, or acted under anything but the impulse of the moment, I should have let her go through, and trusting to her woman's wits to get her clear of the house, have remained on guard myself as if nothing had happened. And certainly this would have been the safer way, since I could have sworn, when challenged, that no one had passed through the door. But I had not the nerve to think of this or remain; and I went with her.

The thing once done, my first thought, and the natural, if foolish, impulse on which I acted, was to take her to my room; hers to follow where I led. The passage beyond the door was dark, but, taking no thought of slip or stumble, in a moment I had her up the small staircase which led to the first floor, and through the door at the head of the flight into the long corridor which, spacious, lofty, and comparatively light—in every way unlike the crowded hall below,—ran from the well of the great staircase into the depths of the house. By involving her in this upper part, whence escape was impossible, and where prolonged search must inevitably discover her, I was really doing a most foolish thing. But in the event it mattered nothing; for as we reached the corridor, and paused to cast a wary glance this way and that—I, for my part, shaking like an aspen, and I doubt not as white as a sheet,—one footstep rang on the marble floor that edged the matting of the passage, and the next moment the Duke himself, who had issued from a doorway no more than five paces away, came plump upon us.

The surprise was so complete that we had no time to move; and we stood as if turned to stone. Yet even then, if I had

retained perfect presence of mind, and bethought me that he might not know the girl, and would deem her one of his household—a still-room maid or a seamstress—all might have been well; for though he did, in fact, know the girl, having questioned her not half an hour before, it was on me that his eye alighted; and his first words were proof that he neither saw nor suspected anything.

"Are you better?" he said, pausing with the kindness and consideration that so well became him—nay, that became no other man so well. "I am glad to see that you are about again. We shall want you presently. What was it?"

And then, if I had answered him at once, I have no doubt that he would have passed on; but my teeth chattered so pitiably that I could only gape at him; and on that, seeing that something was wrong, he looked at my companion, and recognised her. I saw his eyes grow wide with astonishment, and his mouth grow stern. Then, "But what—what, sir, is this?" he exclaimed. "And what do you——"

He said no more, for as he reached that word the door beside me opened gently; a man slid round it, looked, saw the Duke, and stood, a stifled oath on his lips. It was Cassel, his hands shackled.

At this fresh appearance the Duke's astonishment may be imagined, and could scarcely be exceeded. He stared at the door as if he questioned who still remained behind it, or who might be the next to issue from it. Then, seeing, I suppose, something whimsical and bizarre in the situation—which there certainly was, though at the time I was far from discerning it,—and being a man who, in all circumstances, retained a natural dignity, he allowed his features to relax into a smile; and, recovering himself before any of us, took a tone between the grave and ironical. "Mr. Cassel?" he said. "Unless I mistake, the gentleman I saw a few minutes ago?"

"The same," the conspirator answered jauntily; but his anxious eyes, roving beside and behind the Duke, belied his tone.

"Then, perhaps," my lord answered, taking out his snuff-box, and tapping it with a good-humoured air, "you will see, sir, that your presence here needs explanation? May I ask how you came here?"

"The devil I know or care, your Grace!" Cassel answered frankly. "Except that I came into your house with no goodwill, and could I have found the door should not have outstayed my welcome."

"I believe it," my lord said drily, "if I believe nothing else. But you have lost the throw. And that being so, may I beg that you will descend again? I am loth to use force in my own house, Mr. Cassel, and to call the servants would prejudice your case. If you are wise, therefore, I think that you will see the wisdom of returning."

"Have no fear," the man answered with sufficient coolness. "I should not have come up, but that I saw Square-toes there smuggle out the girl; and as no one was looking it seemed natural to follow."

"Oh!" said the Duke, flashing a glance at me that loosened my knee-joints. "He smuggled her out, did he?"

"What could he do?" the conspirator answered. "She saved his life yesterday."

"Indeed!"

"Ay, did she, when Ferguson would have hung him like a dog! And not far wrong either! But mum! I am talking. And save her or no, I did not think the creature had the spunk to do the thing. No, I did not."

"No?" said my lord, looking at him attentively.

"No; and as for the wench, your Grace——" and with the word Cassel dropped his voice, "she is no more than a child. You have enough. It is all over. The game is played out. Sacré

nom de Dieu, let her go! my lord. Let the girl go."

The Duke raised his eyebrows, as if he did not quite follow the train of the other's thoughts. "I see no girl," he said. "Of whom are you talking, Mr. Cassel?"

I do not know who was more astonished at that, Cassel or I. True, the girl was gone. A moment before, the Duke's back being half-turned to her, she had slipped into a doorway a couple of paces away, and there I could even now hear her breathing; but that my lord had failed to detect the movement I could no more believe than that he had failed to see the girl two minutes earlier, when, as clearly as I ever saw anything in my life, I had seen him examine her features.

Nevertheless, "I see no girl," he repeated coolly. "But I see you, Mr. Cassel; and as the alarm may be given at any moment, and I do not choose to be found with you, I must beg of you to descend at once. Do you, sir," he continued, addressing me sharply, "go with him, and when you have taken him back to the hall bring me the key of the door."

"Well, I am d——d!" said Cassel.

For the first time the Duke betrayed signs of anger. "Go, sir"; he said. "And do you"—this to me—"bring me the key of that door."

Cassel turned as if to go; then with difficulty lifting his hands to his head he took off his hat. "My lord," he said, "you are well called the King of Hearts. For a Whig you are a d——d good fellow!"

CHAPTER XXXI.

What was preparing, or what my lord intended by conduct so extraordinary, I had not then time to consider. True I got Cassel into the hall again undetected —which was of itself a marvel; but when it came to taking the key from the lock my hand shook so violently with fear and excitement that at the first attempt I failed. Before I succeeded the steward bustled up through the crowd, and seeing what I was about, ordered me with some roughness to desist.

"Do you want an escape that way?" said he, bursting with importance. "Leave it to me. Here, hands off, man." And he drew me into the hall and locked the door.

So there I was, fixed as it were in the girl's empty place, with Cassel grinning at me on one side and the steward grumbling on the other, and the curious throng so thick about us that it was impossible for me to budge an inch. It amazed me that the girl's absence had not yet been observed; but I knew that in no short time it must be, and my misery was in proportion. Presently the moment came. "Hallo!" cried the steward, peeping first on one side of me and then on the other. "Where is that slut that was here?"

"In with your master," said Cassel coolly.

"But Charnock is with him."

"Well, I suppose he can have two at a time if he pleases, Mr. Pudding-head! Thousand devils! Are we going to be kept in this crowd all night?"

The steward sniffed his indignation, but the answer satisfied him for the time; and the messengers and tipstaves, being engaged at the farther end of the hall in shepherding their prisoners on the side of the house door—and being crowded upon besides by gentlemen whom they feared to offend,—had no notion of what had happened or that their tale was not complete. Someone had lighted a round lanthorn that hung in the middle of the hall; but the light hanging low, and being intercepted by the heads of those before us, barely reached the corner in which I stood. Still I knew that this was but a respite; and my relief and joy were great when a cry of "Price! Price!" was raised; and "Price! Who is he? His Grace wants Price!" passing from lip to lip, the steward thrust me forward and called to the nearest to make a way for me. This

being done I was speedily passed through the crowd to a door at the farther side of the hall, where, having satisfied two servants who stood on guard there that I was the man, I was admitted.

I was not yet out of the wood. I had good reason to doubt what the Duke might have to say to me. But at least I had escaped from the steward whom I had begun to regard with a mixture of fear and hatred; and I prepared to face the ordeal before me with a courage that now seems astonishing. However, for the moment my hardihood was not to be proved. The room in which I found myself was large and lofty, lined for the most part with books, and adorned with marble busts that gleamed ghostly in the corners, or stood out bright and white where the radiance of the candles fell upon them. In the middle of the dark-hued carpet that covered the floor stood a table, littered with papers, pens, and books; and this, with three ordered chairs, set along the farther side of it, had a formidable air. But the three persons for whose accommodation the chairs were placed, were all on their feet, standing in a group before the hearth; and so deeply engrossed in the subject under discussion that, if they were aware of my entrance, they took no heed of it.

The Earl of Marlborough, the more handsome and courtly of the two noblemen whom I had seen go through the hall—a man even then of a great and splendid presence and address, though not what he afterwards became,—was speaking, when finding myself unheeded, I gathered my wits to listen. "I have no right to give advice, your Grace," he said in suave and courtly accents; "but I think that you will be ill-advised if you pay much attention to what these rogues allege—or make it public."

"No man will be safe!" urged his companion. I thought I detected a note of anxiety in his voice.

"Better hang them out of hand," responded the Earl blandly. And he took snuff and delicately dusted his upper lip.

"Yet I do not know," answered the Duke, who stood between the two with his eyes on the fire and his back towards me. "If we go too fast—people may say, my lord, that we fear what they may disclose."

The Earl laughed. "You had little gain by Preston," said he, "and you kept him long enough."

"My Lord Devonshire is anxious to go into the matter thoroughly."

"Doubtless he has his reasons," Lord Marlborough answered, shrugging his shoulders. "The question is—whether your Grace has the same?"

"I know none why we should *not* go into it," the Duke answered in measured tones which showed pretty clearly that in spite of his good-nature he was not to be led blindfold. "They can have nothing to say that will reflect on me. And I am sure," he continued, slightly inclining his head in courteous fashion, "that the same may be said of Lord Marlborough."

"Cela va sans dire!" answered the Earl in a voice so unconstrained and with a gesture so easy that if he lied—as some have been found to assert—he showed a mastery of that art alike amazing and incredible. "And of Lord Godolphin also."

"By God, yes!" that peer exclaimed, in such a hurry to assent that his words tumbled over one another.

"Just so. I say so, my lord," the Earl repeated with a faint ring of scorn in his tone; while Lord Godolphin wiped his forehead. "But innocence is no shield against calumny, and if these rogues can prolong their lives by a lie, do you think that they will not tell one? Or ten?"

"Ay, by God!" cried Godolphin. "Or twenty. I'll lay long odds to that."

My lord bowed and admitted that it was possible.

"So possible," Lord Marlborough continued, lightly and pleasantly, "that it is

not long since your Grace, unless I am mistaken, suffered after that very fashion. I have no mind to probe your secrets, Duke—God forbid! I leave such tasks to my Lord Portland! But, unless I am in error, when you last left office advantage was taken of some"—he paused, raising his shoulders, and then with an easy motion of his white hands—"some trifling indiscretion. It was exaggerated and increased tenfold; and placed in a light so false that"—he paused again to take a pinch of snuff from his box—"that for a time even the King was induced to believe—that my Lord Shrewsbury was corresponding with France. An idea very amusing!"

The Duke did not answer for a moment; then in a voice that shook a little, "It is an age of false witnesses," he said.

"Precisely," Lord Marlborough answered, shrugging his shoulders with charming *bonhomie*. "That is what I say. They do not greatly hurt you or me. We have clear consciences and clean hands; and can defy these ruffians. But the party should be considered."

"There is something in that," said the Duke, nodding and speaking in his natural tone.

"And smaller men, as innocent but more vulnerable—they too should be considered."

"True," said Lord Godolphin, nodding. "True, by God!"

The Duke assented thoughtfully. "I will bear it in mind," he said. "I think, myself, it is a questionable policy."

"In any event I am sure that your Grace's prudence will steer the matter to a safe issue," Lord Marlborough answered, speaking in his courtliest fashion. "I thank Heaven that you hold the seals, and not Portland or Auverquerque, who see in every Englishman a foe to the King."

"I should be sorry to see any but an Englishman in the Secretary's office," the Duke said, with a little heat.

"And yet—that is what we have to expect," Lord Marlborough answered placidly. "But we are detaining your Grace. Come, my lord, we must be going. I suppose that Sir John is not taken?"

"Sir John Fenwick?"

"Yes."

"It has not been reported."

With that the two noblemen took a formal farewell; and the Duke begging them to go out by his private door that they might avoid the press in the hall, they were crossing the room in that direction when a sudden hub-bub arose outside and a murmur of alarm. Before they had done more than raise their eyebrows, asking one another politely what it meant, the door beside which I stood was opened, and a gentleman came in. He looked with a flustered face at the Duke. "Your Grace's pardon," he said hurriedly. "One of the prisoners has escaped!"

"Escaped!" said the Duke. "Impossible! How?"

"The woman has somehow slipped away. Through the crowd it is believed, your Grace. The messenger——"

But at that moment the unfortunate official appeared himself in the doorway, looking scared out of his life. "What is this?" said the Duke sharply.

The man whimpered. "'Fore God it is not my fault," he cried. "She never passed through the door! May I die if she did, your Grace."

"She may be still in the hall?"

"We have searched it through and through!" the man answered desperately. "It remains only to search the house, your Grace—with your permission."

"What!" the Duke cried, really or apparently startled. "Why the house?"

"She must have slipped into the house, for she never went out!" the man answered doggedly. "She never went out!"

The Duke shrugged his shoulders and turned to Lord Marlborough. "What do you think?" said he.

The Earl raised his eyebrows. By this

time half the concourse in the hall had pressed to the doorway, and were staring into the room. "Call Martin," said the Duke. "And stand back a little, if you please," he continued haughtily. "This is no public court, but my house, good people."

It seemed to me—but I, behind the door, was in a boundless fright—that the steward would never come. He did come at last, and pushing his way through the crowd, presented himself with a bustling confidence that failed to hide his apprehensions. Nor was the Duke's reception of him calculated to set him at his ease.

"Stand out, man!" he said harshly, and with a nearer approach to the tyrannical than I had hitherto seen in a man who was the best natured of his species. "Stand out and answer me, and no evasions. Did I not give you an order of the strictest character to lock the inner door and leave it for nothing, and no one—while this business was forward."

Martin gasped. "May it please your Grace," he said, "I——"

"Answer, fool, what I ask," the Duke cried, cutting him short with the utmost asperity. "Did I not give you those orders?"

The man was astonished, and well-nigh terrified. "Yes," he said. "It is true, your Grace."

"And did you obey them?"

Poor Martin saw with astonishment that all the trouble was like to rest on his back, and answered as in all probability the Duke expected. "I did, your Grace," he said roundly. "I have not been an arm's length from the door, nor has it been unlocked. I have the key here," he continued, producing it and holding it up.

"Has anyone passed through the door while you have been on guard?"

The steward had gone too far to confess the truth now, and swore positively and repeatedly that no one had passed through the door or could have passed through the door; that it was impossible; that the door had been locked all the time, and the key in his possession; finally, that if the girl had gone through the door she must have gone through the key-hole, and was a witch. At which some present crossed themselves.

"I am satisfied," said the Duke, addressing the messenger. "Doubtless she slipped through the crowd. But as you are responsible and will have to answer for the girl, I would advise you to lose no time in searching such of Mr. Ferguson's haunts as are known to you. It is probable that she will take refuge in one or other of them. For my part I will report the matter as favourably as I can to the council. You can go. Lodge the others according to the warrants, and make no second blunder. See these people out, Martin. And for you, my lords, I am sorry that this matter has detained you."

"La fille—ne valait pas beaucoup?" said the Earl curiously.

"Pas du tout!" my lord answered, and, smiling, shrugged his shoulders. "Rien!"

CHAPTER XXXII.

With the least inclination towards merriment I must have laughed at the face of horror with which Mr. Martin, when he went a few minutes later to expel the last stragglers, discovered me where I stood, trying to efface myself behind the door. He dared not speak, for the Duke was standing at the table a few paces from him; and I would not budge. Fortunately I remembered that a still tongue was all he need wish; and I laid my finger on my lips and nodded to him. This a little encouraged him, but not much; and, in his fear of what I might let out if I were left alone with his master, he was still hesitating in two minds whether he should eject me or not, when the Duke spoke.

"Is Price there?" he said with his face



"Who of us is not?" he repeated slowly.

averted and his hands busy with the papers. "The man I sent for just now."

"Yes, your Grace," Martin answered, making hideous faces at me.

"Then leave us. Shut the door."

If my lord had spoken the moment that was done and we were alone, I think it would have relieved me. But he continued to search among the papers on the table, and left me to sink under the weight of the stately room with its ordered rows of books, its ticking dial, and the mute busts of the great dead. The Duke's cloak lay across a chair, his embroidered star glittering on the breast; his sword and despatch-box were on another chair; and a thing that I took to be the signet gleamed among the papers on the table. From the lofty mantelpiece of veined marble that, supported by huge rampant dogs, towered high above me (the work as I learned afterwards of the great Inigo Jones) the portrait of a man in armour, with a warder in his mailed hand, frowned down on me; and the stillness continuing unbroken, and all the things I saw speaking to me gravely and weightily of a world hitherto unknown—a world wherein the foot exchanged the thick pile of carpets for the sounding tread of Parian, and orders were obeyed unspoken, and sable-vested servants went to and fro at a sign—a world of old traditions, old observances, and old customs revolving round this man still young,—I felt my spirits sink; the distance was so great from the sphere I had known. Every moment the silence grew more oppressive, the ticking of the clock more monotonous; it was an immense relief to me when the Duke suddenly spoke, and addressing me in his ordinary tone, "You can write?" said he.

"Yes, your Grace."

"Then sit here," he replied, indicating a seat at the end of the table, "and write what I shall tell you."

And before I could marvel at the ease of the transition I was seated, quietly writing; what, I can no longer remember, for it was only the first of many hundred papers, of private and public importance, which I was privileged to write for his signature. My hand shook, and it is unlikely that I exhibited much of the natural capacity for such work which it has been my lot to manifest since; nevertheless, his Grace, after glancing over it, was pleased to express his satisfaction. "You learned to do this with Brome?" said he.

"Yes, your Grace."

"Then now," he continued, seating himself—I had risen respectfully,—"tell me what happened to you yesterday."

I had no choice but to obey; but before I told my story, seeing that he was so favourably inclined to me, I spoke out what was in my mind; and in the most moving terms I conjured him to promise me that I should not be forced to be an evidence. I would tell him all, I would be faithful and true to him, and ask nothing better than to be his servant; but be an informer in court I dared not.

"You dare not?" he said, with an odd look at me. "And why not, man?"

But all I could answer was, "I dare not! I am afraid, your Grace."

"What? Afraid of these villains?" he continued, impatiently. "I tell you, we have them: it is they who have to fear!"

But I still clung to my point. I would tell, but I would give no evidence; I dared not.

"I am afraid, Mr. Price," he said at last, "that you are something of a coward!"

I answered, grovelling before him, that it might be—it might be; but——

"But—who of us is not?" he answered, checking himself with a gesture between scorn and self-reproof. "Do you mean that, man?" And he fixed his eyes on me as if he would read my mind. "Well, it is true. Who of us is not?" he repeated slowly; and turning from me, he began

to pace the room, his hands clasped behind him, so that before he had made a single turn it was easy to see that he had forgotten my presence. "Who of us is not afraid—if not of these scoundrels, then of the future, of the return, of Jacobus *iracundus et ingens*, of another 29th of May? To be safe now and to be safe then—who is not thinking of that, and living for that, and planning for that?"

He was silent a while, then with something of anger in his voice, "My Lord Marlborough, dipped to the lips in '88, who shall say that, for all that, he has not made his peace? And has good reason to urge us to let sleeping dogs lie? And Godolphin? is it only at Newmarket he has hedged—that he says, the less we go into this the better? And Sunderland who trusts no one and whom no one trusts? And Leeds — all things for power? And Clarendon, once pardoned? And Russell, all temper? Who knows what pledges they have given, or are giving, or may give? Devonshire—Devonshire only has to lose, and stands to lose with me. With me!"

He seemed as he spoke thus to be so human, and through the robe of state and stateliness in which he lived the beating of the poor human heart was so plainly visible, that my heart went out to him; and with an eagerness and boldness that now surprise me, I spoke to him.

"But, your Grace," I said, "while the King lives all is well. And were anything to happen to him——"

"Yes?" said he, staring at me; and no little astonished at the interruption.

"There is the Princess Anne. She is here, she would succeed, and——"

"And my Lord Marlborough with her!" said he, smiling. "Well, it may be. But who taught you politics, Mr. Price?"

"Mr. Brome," said I, abashed. "What I know, your Grace."

"Ha! I keep forgetting," he answered gaily, "that I am talking to one of the makers of opinion—the formers of taste. But there, you shall be no evidence, I give you my word. So tell me all you know, and what befell you yesterday."

I had no desire but to do so—on those terms, and one small matter excepted; and not only to do that, but all things that could serve him. Nevertheless, and though I had high hopes of what I might get by his grace and favour, I was far from understanding that this was the beginning of twenty years of faithful labour at his side; of a matter of fifteen thousand papers written under his eye; of whole ledgers made up, of estate-accompts balanced and tallies collected; of many winters and summers spent among his books, either in the placid shades of Eyford or in the stately quiet of St. James's Square. But, though I did not foresee all this, I hoped much; and more as, my tale proceeding, my lord's generous emotion became evident. When I had done, he said many kind things to me on the peril I had escaped; and adding to their value by his manner of saying them, and by the charm which no other so perfectly possessed, he left me at last no resource but to quit the room in tears.

Treated thus with a kindness as much above my deserts as it was admirable in one of his transcendent rank, and assured by my lord's own mouth that henceforth, in gratitude for the service I had done him in Ferguson's room, he would provide for me, I should have stood, I ought to have stood, in the seventh heaven of felicity! But as suffering moves unerring on the track of weakness, and no man enjoys at any moment perfect bliss, I had first to learn the fate of the girl whose evasion I had contrived. And when a cautious search and questions as crafty satisfied me that she had really effected her escape from the house—probably in a man's dress, for one of the lacqueys complained of the loss of a suit of

clothes—I had still a care; and a care which gnawed more sharply with every hour of ease and safety.

Needless to say, the one matter on which I had been reticent, the one actor whose presence on the scene I had not disclosed, lay at the bottom of my anxiety. Kind in action and generous in intention as the Duke had shown himself, his magnanimity had not availed to oust the terror with which Smith's threats had imbued my mind; nor, confessing all else, had I brought myself to denounce that villain or detail the terms on which he had set me free. Though I had the great inducement to speak which the certainty that his arrest would release me presented, even this, and the security of the haven in which I lay, failed to hearten me to the point of hazard, so strong was the hold on my fears which this man had compassed, and so complete the slavery to which he had reduced my will.

But though at the time I found it a relief to be silent about him this silence presently left me to cope with him, and with fears sufficiently poignant, which his memory awakened: the result being that with prospects more favourable and a future better assured than I had ever imagined could be mine, or than any man of my condition had a right to expect, I still found this drop of poison in my cup. It was not enough that, all things—and my patron—favouring me, I sank easily into the position of his privy clerk, that I retained that excellent room in which I had first been placed, that I found myself accepted by the household as a fact—so that never a man saved from drowning by a strand had a right to praise his fortune higher; it was not enough that, the wind from every quarter seeming to abate, the prisoners went for trial, and nothing said of me, while Ferguson, of whose complicity no legal proof could be found, lay in prison under the suspension of the Habeas Corpus, and kept silence; nor that a note came from Mary, ostensibly from Dunkirk, and without compromising me informed me of her safety. It was not enough, I say, that each and all of these things happened beyond my hopes; for in the midst of my prosperity, whether I stood writing at my lord's elbow in the stillness of the library or moved at ease through the corridor, greeted with respect by my fellow-servants, and with civility by all, I was haunted by the thought and terror of Smith, and by the knowledge that at any moment the conspirator might appear to hurl me from this paradise. The secrecy which I had maintained about him doubled his power; even as the ease and luxury in which I lived presented in darker and fouler colours the sordid scenes and perils through which I had waded to this eminence.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]





OCTOBER.
By Max Cowper.



Mr. George J. Frampton in his Paris studio.

A CHAT WITH MR. G. FRAMPTON, A.R.A.

BY ROY COMPTON.

IN that restful portion of the Metropolis known as St. John's Wood, "Art" has long chosen her abiding-place, and here Mr. Frampton, the well-known sculptor and the most enthusiastic and vigorous exponent of the new school of sculpture, has made his home.

His studio lies at the far end of the shady garden surrounding his house, and reflects, as every artist's workshop should do, the individuality and talent of its tenant.

As I approached the house on the strength of having received a genial invitation from Mr. Frampton to come and worry him for an hour, I found the door of the spacious and well-lighted studio invitingly open, and the sculptor himself, clad in his work-a-day blouse, busily engaged in putting the finishing touches to a portrait in relief, whilst photographs of the subject were liberally displayed on an easel-board close by. In reply to my enquiry if it was an interesting branch of his work he replied:

"Yes; but one is always somewhat at a disadvantage when working from photographs only, and to create an ideal conception of the man and his characteristics from the information obtained from his family and friends, to moderate all the meaner traits portrayed in the likeness, and strengthen the higher ones, is the most difficult and ofttimes the least pleasing work in which to engage, as it admits of so little scope for displaying ideality or individuality on the part of the sculptor."

Scattered around on either side were evidences of the speaker's professional skill—a goodly number of plaster models, a bronze relief of Charles Keene and another of Leigh Hunt, and through an open doorway on one side I saw yet another lofty studio where all the rough portion of the work—"the pointing up"—was accomplished or in process.



Mother and Son.



Silver Panel. "Lyonors."

I am afraid my mind at first was not so keenly alive to the surroundings or the works of art as to the "Master" himself.

Of medium height, broad-shouldered and alert, he is a good specimen of a courteous, cultivated Englishman. What most attracted me was his wonderful versatility and self-confidence, and the unadulterated sincerity of his handshake, which speaks for the man himself.

Ere I left that pleasant studio I had discovered that his chief characteristics were great individuality of thought and absolutely unwearied energy and perseverance. He has risen to the top of his profession at thirty-seven years of age, not by a mighty leap, but his career has been one of steady growth, in which he has fought with his own hand every inch of the way.

Yielding to my request that he would not cease to work whilst I satiated my curiosity, which prompted me to enquire if he came of an artistic race, he replied:

"Yes, my family have been artists for generations. My first idea of becoming a sculptor was whilst strolling one day through Westminster Abbey. I was struck with the statues and architecture, the old monuments and wonderful catacombs. They seemed to awaken within me a keynote of appreciation of the beautiful."

"And you cultivated it?"

"Yes. I went to Lambeth Schools and worked under Frith, who was and is a wonderful master for sculpture. In 1878 I went to Paris and studied there awhile, then I returned to Lambeth, and later entered the Academy Schools. I was very fortunate in taking at once a prize of £50 for works from the life. In 1888 I gained the gold medal with a little group entitled 'An Act of Mercy.' There is the model of it close by you." Glancing in the direction the artist indicates, I see the work, which is most delicate in execution and pathetic in suggestion.

"In 1890 I completed the 'Angel of Death,' and for the first and last time exhibited in Paris. This statue is now in the museum at Peckham. And in '91, on



Silver Panel. "Enid."

my return from Paris, I created 'Caprice.'" Perhaps there is no work than this last-mentioned which the sculptor has modelled more carefully or with greater

"Architectural sculpture," he replies quickly. "I am extremely fond of architecture, and think there is nothing like it in the world; but I am afraid many would



Mr. George J. Frampton, A.R.A.

(*From the portrait by Solomon J. Solomon, R.A.*)

closeness to nature, or in which he shows his complete individuality.

It is at this stage of our chat that I am compelled by the many evidences of his versatility of conception to ask what branch of his art he most admires.

differ with my opinion that it is the greatest of the sister arts. To me it is wonderful to notice how little it is appreciated nowadays, and to contemplate in consequence of this want of taste the many great eyesores in the Métropolis. London should

be the most beautiful city in the world. Why not? All we need is a Minister of Fine Art, and then let that man have at his back one or two sculptors, painters, and architects, who should be the leading men in the profession. To my mind the sculptor should work in unison with the architect. There are innumerable spaces in London where the ugly might be rendered beautiful. I would do away with the present seats along the Embankment and replace them by carved stone; the open space at the end of Portland Place should be decorated with a fountain and planted round with trees. Let us have more trees about the City. Now London is the most miserable place in the world on a hot sunny day. Trees could be obtained at a small cost, and would make a vast improvement. Art will never flourish to any great extent here, nor the education of the people be an advancement towards the beautiful till the Government recognises the need to move in the matter, and that to reach 'the people' art must be carried out to them in their daily existence in the open street. It is useless to wait for them to seek it locked away in museums and art galleries. In France and Italy sculpture thrives because as a nation the people are proud of the beauty of their streets. It is always a regret to me that all I consider my choicest works I have to send abroad, principally to Brussels, for sale. Those I show here I find only arouse interest amongst my brother artists. If sculpture had more encouragement from Government we, as a race, could very well lead the way."



Caprice.

"What is the great drawback to such an end?"

"'Economy,' and the fear everyone has of being or showing any individuality in his work, for the simple reason that nearly all public works are supervised by a committee. When a commission is given to a sculptor, it is after many models have been submitted, and as a rule the choice lies with men who are excellent in their own professions as merchants, soldiers, clergy, but the majority have no judgment in sculpture; their sole idea is to erect the statue or monument to 'greatness' as cheaply and effectively as possible, and therefore often a model is chosen which means absolutely nothing from an artistic point of view.

Every memorial should, to my mind, not be a carved statue of the man himself, but it should embody his life and chief characteristics. Myself, I always endeavoured



Silver Panel. "Guinevere," from the series of heroines of the "Morte d'Arthur."

to reproduce the man's actual personality."

This I see exemplified in the memorial Mr. Frampton is just completing of Mr. Charles Mitchell, which is not wanting in dignity or individuality. It represents all the characteristics, aims, and ambitions of the subject. His profession is denoted by the two ships, his aims by the orange tree which branches upward, whilst on either side are representations of the Church and the Tower and Hall of the Aberdeen University he built, surrounded below by emblematical figures denoting the man's personal greatness—"Charity, Truth, Energy, and Science"—and above all towers a figure with an olive branch.

One has only to wander round the studio to be aware that Mr. Frampton is one of the few artists who have had sufficient moral courage to follow in the lines of Gibson. He believes in a future for the use of colour in sculpture, but he is willing to admit it should be used only under certain conditions and circumstances.

"To come back to yourself and your own work," I suggest.

"Well, as you know, in 1893 I exhibited 'The Mysteriarch,' and in '94 I executed an upright bas-relief, 'My Thoughts are my Children.' 'The Singing Girl,' which was one of my favourites, I sold to a rich American."



Mr. Frampton in his London studio.

(*From a photograph.*)

Mr. Frampton has but lately completed a set of exquisite silver panels representing the heroines in the *Morte d'Arthur* for Mr. Astor's dining-hall (some reproductions of which appear in this article), and has designed a pair of silver panels in low relief to decorate a mother-of-pearl box.

To this year's Academy, where he has become so familiar, he sent a group entitled "Mother and Child," modelled

with boldness and dash. In treatment it is curious and decorative, being modelled in silver and bronze against a plaque of ivory. It is a beautiful portrait-bust of his wife tenderly holding a little one in her arms. Whatever may be said, it is a sincere study, and the sculptor has the art of depicting expression and animation to which the chisel not often attains. Mr. Frampton's originality alone has ensured him a lasting reputation and a fame which he will maintain without either sacrificing his originality or his love of humanity. Indeed, it is just this genuine love of humanity that constitutes the chief charm of his creations. In these days of over-pampered artificiality, when the crowd is prone to bow down to idols which are not fashioned from the cast of nature, we need teachers such as the subject of this interview to remind us that even Art life is real, and that its various forms of expression need not of necessity conflict with common experience. We want to see a great deal more of a school whose mission of interpretation seems to lie round some such central fact as may readily be perceived to form the foundation-stone of endeavour in the case of the particular artist with whom I had the privilege of holding the conversation whose gist is now before my readers. "Life and its chief characteristics" are the richer for his portraitures and ideals, for in his work the ideal does not suffer, but the real is relieved from the work of false conception which too numerously overshadows and debases much of the present-day work in the Art world.



Silver Panel. "The Lady of the Lake."

Before leaving the studio I was permitted to see some enamel and silver work upon which Mr. Frampton was engaged, and which is one of his chief amusements after his day's work is completed. Although I found it difficult to extract from him the number of hours he devoted to his "creations" when engaged on any particularly interesting subject, he frankly admitted he was lost to all sense of "time," and whilst one work would involve, not days, but months, another would mean but the concentration of hours.

Mr. Frampton is a prominent representative of what Mr. Edmund Gosse has called "The New Sculpture," that band of energetic and brilliant workers in the plastic art which includes Alfred Gilbert, R.A., F. W. Pomeroy, G. W. Joy, Onslow Ford, and many more.

Twenty-five years ago the art of sculpture in this country was practically extinct.

At the exhibitions of the Royal Academy each critic would solemnly lift a hoof to give the sculptors their annual kick. "As usual, there is nothing of interest in the sculpture room," the legend would run. Now, of course, through the enthusiasm and courage of the new school, things are very different, and British sculpture excites both attention and respect, and it is a branch of art that is being followed with as much success as any other in this country. The very difficulties that have to be encountered—and sculpture is an art that is pursued under enormous difficulties—tend to keep away all but the most worthy and the most resolute.

The initial difficulties for the sculptor as compared with the painter or the author may be greater, but there can be small question, after all, as to whose is the greater gift: that of the man who has the sense of the beauty of solid form, the feeling for the proportions of height and depth and width, together with the power to re-create these in marble and bronze; or his who mimics the same, however skilfully, with paint and brushes, or describes with words, however eloquent.



Casket in silver and enamels in which the freedom of the Skinners' Company was presented to the Speaker.

(*Designed for the Skinners Company by George Frampton A.R.A.*)

WANDERINGS IN BOOKLAND.

"FELICITOUS" is scarcely a good enough word by which to distinguish Mr. Laurence Housman's *All Fellows: Seven Legends of Lower Redemption* (Kegan Paul), because these "legends" go to make up a book that stands out in bold relief from among the many that are for ever seeking to impart some new and would-be beautiful form to the message of the Spirit. It has been well said of Mr. Housman that he is his own worst rival, for in *All Fellows* we find him almost equally tuneful in prose and verse. Much of both deserves, nay, demands quotation; but we will content ourselves by reproducing the stanzas apostrophising a praying-stone:—

"Amid this grave-strewn, flowerless place
A dead man prays in stone:
Worn with the weather, how the face
Looks like a mask of bone!

"From praying feet to praying hands
Prayer will not let him go;
Still patiently his face withstands
God's everlasting No.

"For still to all the plea he gives
God's word long since was said;
And still the foolish faith outlives
The mercy which lies dead.

"The praying-stone wears down to dust,
And every day that dies
It proffers, with a piteous trust,
The prayer that God denies."

We were especially delighted with the imagery, the reverence, and the quality of simplicity that ring through such chaste pages of Mr. Housman's "message" as "The Truce of God" and "The Heart of the Sea."

"But for this special piece of work," says Mr. Christie Murray of the author of *Richard Feverel*, "God had first to make him a gentleman and then to give him genius." This particularly fine appreciation of Mr. George Meredith constitutes, in our judgment, the best bit of writing to be found in Mr. Murray's *My Contemporaries in Fiction* (Chatto). Christie Murray—soldier, war correspondent, novelist, and journalist—was writing, it will be recollected, contemporaneously with Dickens and Charles Reade; hence it is only natural that his pages should glow with enthusiasm for the schools of fiction respectively fostered by this pair. It is matter of surprise to us that Mr. Murray has omitted reference to Wilkie Collins, who must surely also have been "contemporary" with the author of *Joseph's Coat*. But then, in the section devoted to his younger contemporaries, he similarly omits all save the most passing reference to Mr. Rider Haggard, who is surely as deserving of inclusion as (say) Mr. Clark Russell or Dr. Conan Doyle? But, after allowing for sins of omission such as these, the book remains a very noteworthy one indeed—something more than what the author pluckily claims for it when he describes it as "a crusade against puffery and hysteria."

Even if we cannot allow that Charles Reade possessed all those sterling qualities as master of fiction which are here claimed for him, we know well what Mr. Murray means when he says that "Reade had a poet's recognition for the greatness of his own time, . . . in narrative vigour he has but one rival—Dumas *père*—and he is far and away the master of that rival in everything but energy" (a little "daring" this, perhaps). Here, moreover, his enthusiasm leads Christie Murray into a personal reminiscence of

Reade—printed as a footnote—of decided interest:—

"I dedicated to him the second novel which left my pen—the third to reach the public—and in sending him the volumes on the day of issue I wrote what I remember as a rather boyish letter, in which I was at no pains to disguise my admiration for his genius. That admiration was not then tempered by the considerations which are expressed above, for they touched me only after many years of practice in the art he adorned so richly. He answered with a gentle and sad courtesy, and concluded with these words: 'It is no discredit in a young man to esteem a senior beyond his merits.' I have always thought that very graceful and felicitous, and now that I am myself grown to be a senior I am more persuaded of its charm than ever."



Illustration from "By Stroke of Sword."

(*By permission of Messrs. Methuen & Co.*)

But if Mr. Murray glows in estimating Reade and Dickens ("no single man ever sowed gentleness and mercy with so broad a sweep" is his judgment on the latter), he drops with a heavy hand upon the claims of Miss Marie Corelli and of Mr. S. R. Crockett—a curiously-assorted couple, surely—to be considered great. In his opinion of Miss Corelli's art we must confess we go with him. "She burns to be a social reformer. It would be unjust to deny her ardour. . . . Miss Corelli is at least quite serious in her belief that she is a woman of genius. She is only very faintly touched with doubt when she thinks that the people who are laughing at her are writhing with envy." Does not this exactly sum up Miss Corelli's attitude towards her critics—ay, and towards her readers, too? Mr. Murray rather interestingly revives Miss Corelli's emphatic denial that in the character of Mavis

Clare she drew herself. "Delicia," he adds, "gets £8,000 for a book. May it be delicately hinted that this sum is only approached in the receipts of one living lady-writer, and that the lady-writer's name is———? Wild horses shall not drag this pen further."

Mr. Christie Murray then turns and rends Mr. Crockett, whom he denounces (in effect) as out and away the most effete of the "Kail-yard" school—as especially inferior to Dr. Macdonald, Mr. Barrie, and "Ian Maclaren." "Mr. Crockett is not only," we are told, "not a great man, but a rather futile very small one." That is severe enough, one would suppose; but two pages later our author is found piling Pelion upon Ossa by quoting *in extenso* a scene from one of the stories in *The Stickit Minister*, with this frank comment: "Was there ever a piece of sentiment cheaper, falser, or more tawdry? . . . *Ex pede Herculem.* This bedrummed and betrumpeted man of genius cannot read the A B C *ab* of the human emotions." In justice both to Mr. Crockett and to his outspoken critic and countryman, it should be stated that the latter had not read *Lad's Love* when he wrote quite so strongly.

Space only admits of extended reference to Mr. Murray's appreciations of George Meredith and Robert Louis Stevenson—the best chapters in the book—albeit, in the light of the mixed reception accorded to Mr. Hall Caine's *The Christian*, it is instructive to know that that writer's method is "large and noble." Christie Murray strikes a truer chord when he lays it down that from Meredith to Hall Caine is from art in cold calm to art in stormy fire. We think we render Mr. Murray's meaning better by saying that though Meredith is ever intensely conscious of *self*, it is of the selves of his characters always — and we cordially differ from the ruling that *Richard Feverel*, and not *Diana*, is the greatest of Meredith's books. For no other man save Ibsen has been able to make women live and breathe in the printed page—as distinct from that Stevenson who pleaded "I cannot draw women: they turn to barmaids in my hands." Now it is notable that Christie Murray's chief claim for Stevenson is as a master of exquisite English. As a creative power he assigns him to the middle rung of the ladder of fame, and adds: "The most beautiful thing Stevenson has done—to my mind—is his epitaph. There are but eight lines of it, but I know nothing finer in its way—

> "Under the wide and starry sky
> Lay me down and let me lie,
> Glad did I live and gladly die,
> And I laid me down with a will!
> This be the verse you grave for me:
> Here he lies where he longed to be:
> Home is the sailor, home from sea,
> And the hunter home from the hill."

"Sleep there, bright heart! In your waking hours you would have laughed at the exaggerated praises which do you such poor service now."

It goes without saying that the veteran critic-novelist is fired with generous eulogy of Kipling. Chapters to be read with eagerness are the two-headed "Under French Encouragement," dealing (of course) with Hardy and George Moore. Within limits, Mr. Murray is harsh towards both, though paying high tribute to the genius of Hardy. But is he just or right in deeming Mr. Moore's peculiar psychology to have been almost wholly Zola-inspired? Should he not allow something for the influence of Ibsen and *his* school of "decadent" thought (the converse of Zola's, by the way) upon the Pre-Raphaelite mind? Mr. Murray passes on to pay pretty compliments to the Transatlantic school of Mr. Henry James, Mr. Howells, and Miss Wilkins, while dealing with the former as "a gentleman who has taken a little more culture than is good for the fibre of his character." Mark Twain, of

course, he swears by ; but we would have liked a wee bit more about Sir Walter Besant and something definite about James Payn—surely one of the most charming of the many charming writers who have been Christie's Murray's "contemporaries in fiction." And we would have liked——But there, the author might justly retort that he couldn't write about the writings of *everybody*. An added attraction of *My Contemporaries* for the reader is the perfect English in which it is rendered. It might advantageously be read side by side with the volume entitled *My First Book*, wherein some two score popular novelists (including Mr. Christie Murray himself and—Miss Corelli !) have made confession regarding the fate of their first essays in fiction.



Illustration from "By Stroke of Sword."

(*By permission of Messrs. Methuen & Co.*)

I have left myself little space in which to deal with Mr. Andrew Balfour's *By Stroke of Sword* (Methuen), which, published during August—hearken to this, ye critics—sold out the whole of a first edition before any "notices" of it had appeared. Mr. Balfour's book is strong, romantic, and full to overflowing with exciting situations. A romance called *By* Right *of Sword*—of course by another author and another publishing house—has, curiously enough, made its appearance since the publication of Mr. Balfour's book.

A WOMAN'S LOGIC.

FROM "THE WAY TO WIN A WOMAN," A COMEDY IN THREE ACTS.

BY JEROME K. JEROME.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

HARRY. A young barrister, briefless, but hopeful.

MADGE. A young lady who has been properly brought up.

MRS. CARRUTHERS. Her mother.

[SCENE I.—*Harry's sitting-room, Brick Court, Gray's Inn. An old-fashioned, wood-panelled room, shabbily furnished Tea-things are laid upon the table. Madge, still wearing her hat, kneels before the fire with her dress tucked up, toasting a muffin. Harry, with his elbow on the mantelpiece, stands looking down on her.*]

HARRY. I wish I were an artist.

MADGE. Why? Do you—— (*looks round room*) Where are the others gone to?

HARRY. Oh!—Oh, I suppose Dan has taken them up to his rooms.

MADGE. They went very quietly. Why do you want to be an artist? Find that you can't get up early enough in the morning to shave yourself?

HARRY. No,—only that I might sketch you as you are now; you don't know what a charming picture you make there.

(*It is growing dark, and the fire throws out a light.*)

MADGE. Oh, yes, I do; and how delightful it is to you to see me playing housewife beside your fire! (*Looks straight at him.*) I thought of all that when I proposed to do the muffins (*turning away her head and looking at the fire*). Do you know why I came here this afternoon, Harry?

HARRY. It's a little difficult to find reasons for what you do, Madge (*with a slight laugh*). Not for the pleasure of seeing me, of course?

MADGE. (*Shakes her head.*) For a better reason than that. You talked a good deal of nonsense to me last night, Harry—more even than you usually do, and it set me thinking—more than *I* usually do. I've come to warn you, Harry.

HARRY. To warn me? Against what?

MADGE. Against a heartless coquette, Harry, who takes your love and gives you no return for it—against myself!

HARRY. I gave you my love, Madge. It had nothing to do with you.

MADGE. But it had to do with me, Harry, that I tried to win it. I wanted you to love me—I tried to make you love me—though I knew the end of it for you could be only wretchedness. I—I liked you, and it flattered my vanity to have a clever man at my feet, and I tried to keep you there. When I have thought that you were slipping away from me, I have used every trick and artifice to lure you back, and to chain you to me firmer than ever.

HARRY. Yes, but, Madge——

MADGE. No, no; don't stop me—listen to me. I shall never talk to you again as I am talking now. To-morrow I shall be my old self, and laugh at all that I have said to-day, and act just as before. Let me feel that for once I have been true to myself and to you—that I have given you at least one chance of escaping from me.

HARRY. But I don't want it, Madge. It is like offering a man a chance of escaping from the sunlight, because the sun does not care for him. I don't love you, Madge, because I think you are a saint. I love you because you are—yourself. If

you were fifty times as heartless as you pretend to be, I should not love you any the less. Don't you understand I love *you*—you, with every thought, good or bad, that is in that wonderful little head ; you, with every whim, with every vanity, with every fault you have. You—just you, Madge.

MADGE. Well, then, love me, Harry, if you must, but go away from me. Don't fret your life out, Harry, as the toy of a woman who is only laughing at you. (*Harry steps back as if stabbed. Madge follows him and lays her hand on his arm.*) Can't you see, Harry, there are two Madge Carruthers? The one (*with a shrug*)—well, it's not my fault if you don't know her. The other thinks of the old red-brick house at Charminster, where a lonely, uncared-for little girl found sympathy and love. The dear old more than brother Harry, who taught her to spin peg-tops ; who always gave her the biggest half of his jumbles (*laughs*). She doesn't want to see his life spoilt by a shallow flirt.

HARRY. Need it be spoilt, Madge? Tell me, do you care for me a little?

MADGE. (*Snatches her hand away.*) No, no—and if I did, what use would it be?

HARRY. Of what use, Madge?

MADGE. None whatever. My dear Harry, do look at this thing practically. I am a young lady to whom life on anything less than £5,000 a year would be a misery. If I had money of my own it might be different, but I haven't ; and as for papa, he spends twice his income as it is—or rather mamma does—and we're up to our eyes in debt. My only chance is a rich husband, and you, Harry, are as poor—as the nicest fellows always are (*sighs*).

HARRY. Yes, but I shall not be poor always, Madge. I have brains—I have energy. And—look at it as practically as you like—money is not everything. What happiness would your £5,000 a year bring you, tied to a man you hated or despised? Don't you think that a husband you could care for—just a little bit—might be worth some of the five thousand? Don't you think that in the case of such a husband, it would be worth while putting up with, say, a thousand? Just to begin with.

MADGE. My dear Harry, what nonsense you talk. How could we live on a thousand a year—even if we ever did get it?

HARRY. There have been cases known of people existing on even less.

MADGE. Yes, in a suburban villa with two servants, cold mutton for dinner twice a week, and the vicar's wife for society. (*With a shudder.*) I couldn't do it, Harry. I love the world too much—its empty show, its substantial comforts. I like to drive high-stepping horses, to walk on soft carpets. I like choice wines and dainty foods. Sounds horribly unfeminine to say so, doesn't it? But it's true. I love the uppermost places at feasts. I like to know I am the best-dressed woman in a room. I love to look at the jewels sparkling on my own white arm. I want to be flattered, and courted, and admired. I want the homage of men, the envy of women. I love luxury and power. Rank, and fashion, and wealth are my gods, Harry. What wife should I make for you?

HARRY (*passionately*). The wife I want, Madge. The wife I would give my soul to win. I tell you I love you, Madge. I don't ask you to change for me. I will change for you. Your gods shall be my gods. Your life my life. I will win these things for you, Madge. Only give me a little time. You will wait for me a little while, Madge? You will do that, Madge?

MADGE. No.

HARRY. Not even that?

MADGE. Not even that. It would mean torture to you and shame to me. The world is not conquered in a day, Harry. You would only fret your heart out, poor boy, and at the end of it all, I'm afraid you'd find—(*with a shrug*)—that I hadn't changed my religion. Let us end it all now, Harry, for both our sakes.

HARRY. Answer me this one thing.

then, Madge. If I could come to you with——No, I won't ask you that. Only tell me this, Madge: you do care for me a little—as much as you care for any other man?

MADGE. I don't love you, Harry. I don't think I understand love; but—(*putting her hand in his*)—I do like you—you dear old loyal boy—better than any other man in the whole world. No, no; I don't mean that, I——

HARRY. You did mean it, Madge. I'll win you yet, in spite of——

(*Knock heard. Enter Mrs. Carruthers.*)

[SCENE II. *The hall at the Carruthers' country house. A low gallery runs across the back leading down into the hall by a flight of shallow stairs.*]

(*Madge and Mrs. Carruthers enter the gallery. Harry crosses to meet them.*)

HARRY. Ah, here you are at last! I've been waiting for you!

MADGE (*leaning over the gallery rail, and stretching out her hand to him, which he takes.*) It's the right thing for you to do. How are you?—Are you going, mamma!

MRS. CARRUTHERS. Yes, I shall be back in a minute, my dear! (*Goes out.*)

MADGE (*looking after her in astonishment*). Fancy mamma going away and leaving us alone together! Have you been bewitching her?

HARRY (*laughs*). Oh, perhaps my fairy godmamma has turned up at last! (*He is gazing up into her face as she bends over him*). "My sky's horizon is her dusky hair!"

MADGE. A very limited sky. How dare you be alive and well when you haven't seen me for nearly six months?

HARRY. That's what I want to explain! Won't you step down?

MADGE. I shan't listen to nonsense, you know—(*coming down*)—you'll have to ——(*on the stairs she stops and looks at him critically in the lamplight.*) Harry, there's an air of blatant prosperity about you! There's a cut about that coat suggestive of Savile Row. Harry, I believe you've had a brief!

(*She is standing on the bottom stair and he leans over the balustrade and talks to her.*)

HARRY. One or two strange things have happened since our last interview—Do you remember it?

MADGE. Our last interview?

HARRY. Up in my chambers, just before you went away!

MADGE. Oh, yes; we toasted muffins, and mamma caught us!

HARRY. Yes, and do you remember that talk we had together just before she —caught us?

MADGE. That talk?—let me think. We've had so many talks together, Harry!

HARRY. This was rather a serious talk. We discussed the financial side of matrimony.

MADGE (*at this point the truth strikes home to her—the reason for all that has seemed odd—her manner completely changes.*) Oh, yes, I recollect.

HARRY. We discussed the matter very practically, and, in the course of the argument, you stated that you were a young lady to whom life on anything less than £5,000 a year would be intolerable, thereby implying that life on £5,000 a year would be, at all events, tolerable. Well, curiously enough——

MADGE (*turns and faces him, speaking with quiet deliberation*). Well, curiously enough you are ready now with that exact price in your pocket.

HARRY. We won't put it like that. But £5,000 a year is my income now. It cannot grow less. It stands every chance of growing more—very considerably more. Shall we——

MADGE (*interrupting him as before*). Shall we complete the sale and purchase upon the terms suggested? I believe that is the phraseology employed in these cases of barter, is it not?

HARRY. You are offended with me, Madge! Perhaps I have put things the

wrong way round a bit. I didn't want you to think I'd only got the old nonsense to tell you—of course you know I love you—ever since——

MADGE (*stopping him with interjection of scorn*). I don't think we'll bring sentiment into this matter, Harry. It's always a mistake, isn't it, mixing sentiment and business? You offer me £5,000 a year. It's a very fair offer, I dare say, considering the present state of the market. I must beg to decline it.

(*Sweeps past him. He seizes her arm and stays her.*)

HARRY. What's wrong with the offer? Who taught me that the way to woo a woman was with both hands full of gold? Who taught me to whisper in a woman's ear a tale of wealth first and a tale of love afterwards? Who taught me that marriage was a market? I brought you my love, my heart, my very soul, and you laughed at me! Now, I bring you the one thing you've taught me is needful — money. I've more now than this man Neal, and mine's growing. Ask them in the City, and they'll tell you that I'm a smart man of business who has begun well and will do better. Ask them at the Bar, and they will tell you I'm a rising man with the road to rank and fame open before him. Come to me, Madge, and you shall have all your heart's desire. Rank and Fashion and Wealth are your gods, you say! Well, they are my gods now. Put your hand in mine and we will go through life together, worshipping them. Come, what is there to divide us now? I love you from the sole of your foot to the crown of your head. I ache for the touch of you. (*Drawing nearer.*) And you love me—I know it—I feel it. It's not a very exalted love, perhaps, but it's good enough for us. Come, what is there to stand between us now? (*He draws her to him, she half resisting, half yielding, and holds her to him, kissing her passionately. He releases her, and they stand apart, looking at each other.*) Shall it be?

MADGE (*speaking low and hard*). Yes, if you like! You know what I am! I laughed at your love. You bring me my price and I'm yours—you know me—and you want me. Don't let there be any misunderstanding!

HARRY. I want you!

MADGE. Kiss me! We're fit for one another!

(*She goes slowly up the stairs, never looking at him. He stands watching her. Then he turns, and crossing to fire, stands gazing into it.*)

THE IDLERS' CLUB.

EARLY MARRIAGES—SHOULD THEY BE ENCOURAGED OR ABOLISHED?

BY LADY JEUNE, EMMIE AVERY KEDDELL, FRED WHISHAW, ELLA HEPWORTH-DIXON, G. B. BURGIN, AIMÉE BERINGER (MRS. OSCAR BERINGER), BENNETT COLL, FLORENCE HAYWARD, MARY L. PENDERED, PERCY CROSS STANDING, AND MISS BRADDON.

Lady Jeune thinks the woman should not wait.

"What a mistake it is to let a girl marry too early, for she loses so much of the pleasures of youth and sacrifices altogether the happiest part of her girlhood the first few years when she is able to go out, make friends, and generally learn something of life and gain the experience which is of inestimable value to every woman." This is the general criticism which an early engagement calls forth. While there is some truth in part of the statement, there is also a great amount of false generalisation. No doubt a girl does miss the amusement and freedom which she would otherwise enjoy, and she may also lose some of the experience of the world which two or three years of mixing in society would no doubt give her, and which teaches women more than any other that secret of compromise which is the foundation of a happy existence. But, on the other hand, a girl is as likely to make a happy marriage by marrying before her tastes and wishes are formed; she will more readily conform to the life of the man she chooses, and more possibly make a better wife, basing her life and enjoyments on those he prefers. A great deal of the friction which always arises when two people come together with thoroughly formed tastes and ideas is avoided, and though possibly the husband may dominate her life she will be none the less happy. When a girl marries very young it is better that her husband should be some years older than she. A boy-and-girl marriage, though ideally delightful, is always an experiment. Neither know their own mind, and there is no time when characters change and form as they do from twenty to thirty, and a woman, however young, is always older than a man. It is, of course, ridiculous to generalise, as every man and woman is different, but the marriage which always seems to hold out the best promise of happiness is that where a man is thirty and a woman some ten years younger. The man has had his experience of life, and is thankful for the rest and happiness which the love of a good woman brings him; he is old enough to guide her and mould her life, still young enough to understand many of the difficulties and problems which married life opens to her; and he is not too old to misunderstand or deny her the innocent amusement which every young woman enjoys, and which is natural and harmless.

* * * * *

Emmie Avery Keddell would encourage and abolish them.

Should they be abolished? I think not—for here again it is the individual that must suffer for the many. Look around you and see the many men and women married in their early youth. Who shall say that they do not live side by side with contentment—who shall dare say they are mistaken—that any given circumstance could have made these the happier? Shall we measure their happiness by the quality and quantity of that which would go to the making of yours and mine? Is not youth the time when men and women fit themselves the more easily into life's corners, when they mould and fashion themselves one to the other, when they start with smaller expectations from

the marriage state, and so, as the years pass, grow daily less in danger of finding out some of the many things it might have held? To the young man and woman marriage is based upon a mild, mutual love—the desire to build homes of one's own, to be an individual householder, rather than remain a household individual. Common interests, common ties, bind and keep where higher ideals, more passionate love, would bend—and oftentimes break—from its very intensity. Surely youth to-day is the binding together of heart and body, oblivious of aught outside self.

It is marriage, when experience and the long years have taught us Life's songs and sorrows, that is the blending together of soul unto soul, of the suitability of heart, mind, and purpose; and if we gain much from those ties we forge in later life, we also lose much. We can never be children amongst our children; we lose that joy in our children's children, for it is become our time to die.

It is to the individual that these early marriages often bring ruin and desolation, but then, is not that the fault of the individual rather than of the system, where men and women take upon themselves not only duties and responsibilities of which they realise nothing, but link themselves to human beings with whom they have absolutely nothing in common?

It may be the man—his intellect, his sphere in the world growing larger—who one day looks upon the woman of his choice and finds he has outstripped her in the race. Wifehood and motherhood too often bring out the depths that have lain hidden in some woman's soul, and she, too, awakes to the fact that there is much within herself not understood by that other self. I think these men and women make the best of it, and they are individuals set in the midst of perfectly happy, calmly-contented folk, who, however much they may strain after time and place, having made their choice and built their nests, may add thereto and embellish, but still the foundation remaineth the same, unaltered by any change of circumstance or time.

And however much one may sorrow for the individual who misses his or her way, it is for the great majority that our laws are made (is it not the great majority who keep them?); and so let us not, from any pessimistic view, seek to abolish aught that is good to the many, that proves an incentive to men to build homes for their wives and children, and that enables the world of women to build up the souls of little children "in perfect balance, and in noble and beautiful forms."

* * * * *

Fred Whishaw evades the question.

This is a matter, dear Mr. Editor, which should surely be decided by experts, of whom I do not claim to be one. I contracted my first marriage, it is true, at the comparatively early age of eight years, allying myself to a very charming bride of seven with the aid of a curtain-ring and a small sister robed in a night-gown, who kindly performed the rite for us in default of a better parson. But, alas! public opinion was unanimous in pronouncing that this marriage "did not count." It was annulled, and my beautiful girl married—in the fulness of time—another fellow; hence I am not qualified to discuss the question from the standpoint of personal experience. However, I have made enquiries as to the opinions of others, and you shall have the benefit of a selection of these.

I first asked a pretty girl—young, romantic, charming—what she thought of the matter. Quoth she, "Oh! let them marry as early as *ever* they like; there is nothing in the world so beautiful as young love!" "Besides," added her sister, "the earlier a girl gets hold of a man the better chance she has of making a good husband of him!" "At home," volunteered a young German student, "we have a very good rule. The girl may be any age, but the man should be just twice as old as she, less ten years. Thus if the girl is eighteen the man should be $18 \times 2 = 36 - 10 = 26$." "But what if a girl of fifty-seven should desire to taste the sweets of matrimony?" I hazarded. "She would have to find a sportsman of $114 - 10 = 104$."

The student gave me a look which very quickly silenced my frivolity, for it breathed of wars and rumours of wars, of rapier-swords, and of slashes across the face

(he had several scars), and so on—you have to look out with these German students. Next I put the question to a lady of maturer years, one who "works a district" and knows *au fond* the poor and the seamy side of a life of poverty and want. This good woman, whose opinion I value, holds that early marriage spells misery and crime, and extra pennies swelling already redundant poor-rates; in short, according to her experience, there is not a solitary word to be said in favour of early marriages, at any rate among the poor.

My uncle, who is an old bachelor, and from whom I expected an interesting and probably explosive pronouncement upon the question, asked why the—I forget what—you wanted such a question answered before you had secured your base, or, in other words, before you had enquired whether *any* marriages, early or late, were desirable. "Tell the fellow," he concluded, "we don't want the whole place converted into a condemned rabbit-warren!" I conclude that my uncle is averse to early marriages.

My young brother was funny. He misunderstood the question, imagining that the word "early" referred to the time of day, and he declared that he wouldn't get up to be married before nine a.m. "for the best blooming bride that breathed." Rude, but alliterative, is young Thomas.

As for myself, if you *will* have an opinion out of me, dear Mr. Editor, I would humbly suggest to those contemplating matrimony, "Wait a good time, and when you have done that, wait a bit longer."

* * * * *

Ella Hepworth-Dixon votes for encouragement—with reservations.

When Master Richard Feverel insisted on running off with his golden-haired Lucy, putting the cap on his folly by binding her in honourable marriage, there was a concensus of opinion in his family, headed by his father and his cousin Adrian, and strengthened by an aunt with marriageable daughters, that he was a young fool for his pains. The wisdom of the ages will have it that a young man of spirit will surely sow his wild oats, and that this species of agriculture is better performed before marriage than after. But this theory, as we shall see, affects only a class. The lad of spiritw ho must not be tied too early is chiefly a lad who is heir to a fat estate. The hind at Richard Feverel's park-gates might have married at nineteen, and there would have been no one to say him nay—your hind, indeed, is not supposed to have any wild oats which require sowing. They are chiefly, it would seem, a question of income, rather—as one might suppose—than an irresistible affair of temperament.

Marriage, it is true, among the lower classes, is held in esteem as a kind of cheap insurance against the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune. The hind marries young in order not only to procure, without wages, a cook, laundress, seamstress, charwoman, and nurse, but to raise a numerous progeny, some of whom, at least, will be in a position to support him in his old age. This amiable optimism is the secret of early marriages among the poor. A quiverful, indeed, is not so much a source of pride and joy to the stolid Anglo-Saxon as a kind of protection against the abhorred workhouse.

Why, then, should we discourage early marriage among the only class that does—to any great extent—take to themselves wives before they are twenty? Small need, indeed, to prate against precocious wedlock to those young bloods of forty who frequent the clubs of Pall Mall. They may or may not, when they are nearing fifty, fling the handkerchief to some charming girl of nineteen, always provided that her beauty is substantially backed by a fortune in Consols.

* * * * *

Burgin'citeth the quaint custom of Zulus.

The early marriage *per se* is as bad a habit as early rising: much discomfort attaches to both. The younger a man, the more he desires to be married. Hitherto, the workings of his gigantic intellect have not been properly understood by his family and friends. They have the impertinence to sneer at his pretensions. He must find someone in whom to confide, so he selects some girl with what a well-

known writer calls "a slack-baked mouth." She understands him—thoroughly. In the lower classes the young couple indulge in a solemn ritual which is known as "walking out"; in the upper they meet occasionally. With regard to the lower classes, it is somewhat fatuous to ask whether early marriages should be abolished; they so very often are, but——! In the upper classes, when people are tired of one another, Sir Francis Jeune sits in judgment and parts the foolish young people.

But, after all, there is a charm in early marriage "when the heart is young," and every anserous biped upon the village green (see Kingsley) is, to the eye of youth, what, "in short," said Mr. Micawber, "I may, in confidence, describe as a large aquatic fowl with very long neck and—eh—graceful movements; in other words, a swan." It is all very charming and pathetic. The aged rector blesses the poor young couple with trembling accents (the young couple bless him afterwards in tones the reverse of trembling). They put the family plate (two spoons and a candlestick) into their bundles, and, hand-in-hand, fare forth across the fields, moving to the music of happy larks, in order to make a short cut to the highway on the other side. By and by they come to the dusty highway; later on it rains and the dust turns to mud. They become travel-stained, mud-bedraggled; and there is no more youth in them. But—they are married! There is no getting away from each other. An invisible but weighty chain binds them fast. If they are brave-hearted young people they sometimes cover the chain with flowers, hug it to their bosoms, and "make believe" until the poor pretence becomes a reality. That is the early marriage which I would not abolish. The early marriages of the rickety blindworms of the slums I would discourage very effectually, for many reasons unfit for ears polite.

I am informed that no Zulu is allowed to marry until he is forty; then, if he hasn't distinguished himself in any way, he is made to marry. Thus it would seem that savages look upon matrimony as a chastening influence which should gently lead a man to repentance. In the course of my daily peregrinations I meet many men who are married but who are not yet forty.

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Mrs. Oscar Beringer thinks the girl should be a woman.

At first sight the spectacle of two guileless young beings braving the storms and joys of life side by side seems to give promise of happy comradeship.

But on nearer acquaintance these youthful unions often fail lamentably.

This failure is less often due to intrinsic faults on the part of the boy-husband and the girl-wife than to a mutual lack of qualities which are obviously outside the range of immaturity.

Youth is a very charming and enviable possession, but none will deny that it is imperious, exacting, and egotistic.

Moreover, the attraction, irresistible and all-absorbing as it may be, between a girl still in her teens and a boy who has not reached five-and-twenty is of necessity ephemeral and superficial in its nature, and but little calculated to stand the friction of the everyday cares and worries which fall to the lot of every little community of two which braves the world together. And here, I think, the question of ways and means steps in and largely influences the prospects of happiness of a youthful pair. Given, we will say, a young man of the upper classes, with hereditary possessions and a name which he desires to transmit in vigorous succession, and a girl of equal birth and corresponding youth, genuinely in love with each other, and the outlook is a very sunny one. As the bearer of his name and the probable mother of his heir, the wife of such a man finds a ready-made halo and a haven which ensure her against the disillusion which lurks beside the hearthstone where it is necessary to count the pieces of coal still remaining in the fuel-box before replenishing the fire.

But take the girl-wife of a struggling professional man. What a hard fight lies before her! The first struggle which faces her is the due recognition of the relative supremacy of husband and baby—or babies, as the case may be. This is a rock upon which the happiness of many a young husband and wife of the middle classes has foundered. With a mistaken zeal, born, in many cases, of the devotion rendered necessary by lack of means to pay for what Americans call "hired help," the girl-wife bores her boy-husband, who comes home worn out, and it may be depressed, by the heat and toil of the day, to the verge of despair by a flood of baby-talk and baby-worship.

It takes a girl a little time to realise that the boy's life is differently balanced to her own. She has not learnt that all the little details which seem to her of paramount and vital interest, and, in the absence of means, are so in all sober truth, seem to him, fatigued by the greater struggle to obtain them, superfluous and tiresome.

Their mutual anxieties react each upon the other, and induce irritability, and, on the husband's side, a desire to escape into an untroubled and higher mental atmosphere. The personal disillusionment which follows upon the cessation by the young wife, harried and worn out by petty economies and petty cares, of her endeavour to retain her husband's admiration, is also often lost sight of by the young creature who is staggering along, immature in mind and body, under a burthen beyond her strength.

Who can expect the boy-husband, also tried to his utmost strength by the task of providing for responsibilities of which he had probably not recognised the weight until they were inevitable, to exercise the patience, the indulgence, the protection required by his girl-wife in these the early days of their voyage together?

There is also another vital question which faces a young husband and wife of the middle and professional classes. How often does the mental development of a man stride onward by leaps and bounds, leaving him, say five or ten years later, with different tastes, sympathies, and requirements. Unless in very exceptional cases, how is it possible for the woman, absorbed by the daily cares contingent upon precarious means, to keep alongside, mentally and socially, of the man who, as a boy, worshipped her as a divinity?

To my mind, thirty or thirty-five is the earliest age at which a man can really be depended upon for knowing the particular type of woman with whom it is possible for him to pass the remainder of his life in the companionship and happiness afforded by a true union.

On the woman's side, my point is that she should not marry until she *is* one. This, leaving full time for a girlhood—a delightful period which no woman should be deprived of,—should bring her to, say, twenty-five. If by that time she is not a woman —well, I am afraid we must give up all hope of her, and relegate her to the ranks of her surplus 400,000 sisters.

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Bennett Coll explains that they are a question of dollars.

How do you propose to abolish them? The thing is impossible. Three courses, nowadays, are open to virility and maidenhood: they may coalesce under the solemn benediction of the Church; they may resort to the Civil Registrar; they may dispense with either by adopting the Hill-top method. "Marriage" has become a synonym for many things: it means this to the Archbishop of Canterbury, that to the Registrar-General, and t'other to the Modern Illuminati. There be those who hold that the ancient law-definition, *Consensus, non concubitus, facit matrimonium*, applies to general and not only particular cases. Consent is everything; what need, therefore, for the middleman?

Nevertheless, English virility, as a rule, regards consent merely as the preliminary to some authorised condition of matrimony; it is, in fact, nothing more than betrothal. For this reason, the more juvenile Love's young dream the greater its

unselfishness. Consciously or unconsciously, the youthful lover is loyal to the principle—

> "This love is of the heart, the mind, the brain,
> That makes the sequel pure; but some of us
> Beginning at the sequel know no more."

Consequently early marriage becomes a question of dollars—mainly; hence the vigorous kick administered to some inoffensive article of furniture when the young lover meditates upon the question of ways and means. It is a disgusting fact that Love in a cottage should require bread and butter. Down in Lancashire you may find brides of fifteen or sixteen attached to bridegrooms of a similar age; but the results are disastrous. The children are brought up by neighbours, the marriage contract is often a mere business arrangement, and the mother frequently dies before she has reached thirty. If she lingers beyond this period, she wants to die and be done with a bad job. In these instances I should certainly cast my vote against early marriages if it would have the slightest effect.

They manage these things better in Devon. The "maid" is brought up to housewifery, including dairy-work, pig-keeping, poultry-culture, and other branches of home industry. Meanwhile, the "chap" who aspires to her hand is safely articled to farmer or blacksmith, and must not go a-roving. Is twenty-one an age too early for marriage? Perhaps; the physical framework of man and woman is not to be lightly regarded, unless the children are to suffer. The question of the children seems to me the most important point in the problem.

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Florence Hayward is favourable to encouragement.

I have a vague recollection of someone, some time ago, asking if marriage was a failure. I do not remember who asked, but I do recall that everybody answered it; I also recollect that the answers made one fact evident—that no one was really competent to discuss, much less to answer, the question. Not because it was unanswerable, but because everyone was necessarily prejudiced one way or the other. Everyone who took part in the discussion either was married or was not, and these simple facts seemed to bias everyone's judgment, sometimes one way, sometimes the other. Even the widows and widowers and divorced people seemed unable to free their judgment sufficiently to speak impartially in the matter, so that it is even yet undecided whether marriage is a failure or only a farce. This same inability to judge what is, or may be, or even may have been, a personal question, from any but a personal standpoint, handicaps us almost as heavily in deciding whether or not early marriages should be abolished. All of us either are young or have been; those of us who are so will certainly wish to retain the right of marrying when it suits us. Those who are not young but who married young will as certainly wish to uphold practice by theory; and those of us who are neither young nor married—but I forgot! there are not any such. By a merciful dispensation of the English language everyone who is not married is "young."

But the most appreciative good derived from early marriage is that it tends to put a stop to that special form of mental activity which used to be called conceit, but which we have promoted to the title of self-analysis. I have never known a woman, nor, on second thoughts, a man either, who had not married young, who did not refer to their early loves with a very certain amount of condescension. Not but what the early loves were all very well indeed in the early days; in fact, much above the average of other people's early loves. But it is clear to him who is speaking to you, and he conveys it clearly to you, that as time has gone on he has developed—that word "developed" is a great convenience to the mock-modest—far beyond the utmost that would have been possible to the early love aforementioned. If they had married, what a misery, what a life-handicap, it would have been to—well, to him who is speaking to you!

I have heard that about two hundred times in my life; not being very old, I ex

pect to hear it about four hundred times more, and it is always the same story. The one who is telling the *demi-nuisance* has always developed, while the early love remained obligingly stationary—a sort of human mile-post from whom he who is speaking to you may measure how very far he has travelled.

But I have almost never heard any of that sort of thing from people who had married early—that is, of course, if they had married each other early. In the first place, a man and woman who marry young develop, or fail to develop, together. They are two aëronauts in a balloon, moving at such an exactly equal rate that the only way they can tell that they are moving at all is by looking over the edge—a dangerous proceeding, by the way.

In the second place, if one develops more than the other, neither one is apt to go about announcing it. Whatever their relative attitudes are, they accommodate themselves with a flexibility that belongs only to youth. When the supply of flexibility and accommodation gives out—well, they seem to realise, more than older-marrying couples, that in marrying they undertook a lifelong endorsement of their original judgment, and that the less either of them say to call that judgment into question the better.

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Mary L. Pendered declares what is good for man isn't good for woman.

Early marriage is good for man. He is sure to fall into bad habits if he doesn't marry himself in good time. This is the nature of the creature. But early marriage is not at all good for woman. She is an artificial product, and does not force herself to discover that she is a woman until she has been "out" some little while and is well into the twenties. Many women never find themselves. Man, on the other hand, is a perfectly natural thing and knows what he is, often before he leaves school.

We hear a great deal nowadays about the equality of the sexes, and if this equality could be firmly established questions like the one under discussion might be more easily settled. It is just the obvious inequality that upsets all nice calculations. If the boy and girl were similar beings (as they might possibly become under the same training and regulations) there would be some chance of arriving at a cut-and-dried conclusion. As they are not, the pendulum of opinion must continue to swing.

I have only one suggestion to offer: Compulsory marriage for men before the age of twenty-five and prohibition of it for women under that age. It is true this would disturb the social beehive, as it would run counter to the Immortal Bard's well-known dictum, "Still let the woman take an elder than herself," and outrage good old tradition, upon which we Britons build our most inflexible convictions, and to which we never, never, never mind being slaves. Moreover, it might fall a trifle hard on some of the men, as no one can deny there are numbers of women who lose their charm with their teens, and most men prefer charm to any other quality. Who can blame them?

But, then, think what a boon such a statute would be to us! Imagine the rush there would be for every girl the moment she became of marriageable age? The bare idea is enough to swell the heart of any match-making mamma with several grown-up un-asked-for blessings on her hands, and more clamouring for release from the schoolroom. Besides, what a good time girls would have before the prime business of life had to be considered!

I submit, with all deference, this proposition to Government, and I look to the wives of Government for support. If prejudice should effectually bar the way—and prejudice, we know, is the very deuce!—I can only recommend as a compromise that matrimony be encouraged for men before they have had time to develop pernicious ways, and for women as soon as they have outgrown silly ones. I do not, honestly, see how early marriage is to be abolished without the total abolition of man—a course I am not, at present, prepared to advocate.

Cross Standing quotes.

From the *St. James's Gazette* of August 28, 1897 :—"At Long Ashton Petty Sessions, near Bristol, yesterday, Frederick Jones, aged *nineteen*, was charged with attempting to murder his wife Emily, aged *seventeen*, by shooting her with a revolver, and also with attempting to commit suicide, while in a cab at Bedminster Down on the 19th inst. Evidence had previously been given that the cabman, while driving Jones and his wife at midnight, heard shots fired and a voice crying "Murder!" He jumped out, and saw that Mrs. Jones had two wounds in her neck and one in her left wrist. The prisoner was also badly wounded in the head. A seven-chambered revolver was found beneath the cab. . . . Evidence was given that the police found some letters upon the prisoner, who had stated that he did not intend to hurt his wife, but wished he had 'finished' himself."

This illustration goes best without comment or remark. And I am of the opinion, if only out of compliment to Frederick Jones, aged nineteen, and Emily Jones, aged seventeen, that child-marriages ought to be declared unlawful.

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Miss Braddon is too much occupied.

The subject has so many sides—and is too serious to be treated lightly—and I am too much occupied to treat it seriously.




Bierbrock Sc

THE IDLER.

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"THE FLOWER GIRL."

DRAWN BY ROBERT SAUBER, R.B.A.

(Engraved by Burbrook.)

STORIES OF THE STONE AGE.

BY H. G. WELLS.

ILLUSTRATED BY COSMO ROWE.

V.—The Fight in the Lion's Thicket.

UGH-LOMI lay still, his back against an alder, and his thigh was a red mass terrible to see. No civilised man could have lived who had been so sorely wounded, but Eudena got him thorns to close his wounds, and squatted beside him day and night, smiting the flies from him with a fan of reeds by day, and in the night threatening the hyænas who came too near with the first axe in her hand; and in a little while he began to heal. It was high summer, and there was no rain. Little food they had during the first two days his wounds were open. In the low place where they hid were no roots nor little beasts, and the stream, with its water-snails and fish, was in the open a hundred yards away. She could not go abroad by day for fear of the tribe, her brothers and sisters, nor by night for fear of the beasts, both on his account and hers. So they shared the lion with the vultures. But there was a trickle of water near by, and Eudena brought him plenty in her hands.

Where Ugh-lomi lay was well hidden from the tribe by a thicket of alders, and all fenced about with bulrushes and tall reeds. The dead lion he had killed lay near his old lair on a place of trampled reeds fifty yards away, in sight through the reed-stems, and the vultures fought each other for the choicest pieces and kept the jackals off him. Very soon a cloud of flies that looked like bees hung over him, and Ugh-lomi could hear their humming. And when Ugh-lomi's flesh was already healing—and it was not many days before that began—only a few bones of the lion remained scattered and shining white.

For the most part Ugh-lomi sat still during the day, looking before him at nothing, sometimes he would mutter of the horses and bears and lions, and sometimes he would beat the ground with the first axe and say the names of the tribe—he seemed to have no fear of bringing the tribe—for hours together. But chiefly he slept, dreaming little because of his loss of blood and the slightness of his food. During the short summer night both kept awake. All the while the darkness lasted things moved about them, things they never saw by day. For some nights the hyænas did not come, and then one moonless night near a dozen came and fought for what was left of the lion. The night was a tumult of growling, and Ugh-lomi and Eudena could hear the bones snap in their teeth. But they knew the hyæna dare not attack any creature alive and awake, and so they were not greatly afraid.

Of a daytime Eudena would go along the narrow path the old lion had made in the reeds until she was beyond the bend, and then she would creep into the thicket and watch the tribe. She would lie close by the alders where they had bound her to offer her up to the lion, and thence she could see them on the knoll by the fire, little and clear, as she had seen them that night. But she told Ugh-lomi little of what she saw, because she feared to bring them by their names. For so



Eudena brought him plenty in her hands.

they believed in those days, that naming called.

She saw the men prepare stabbing-spears and throwing-stones on the morning after Ugh-lomi had slain the lion, and go out to hunt him, leaving the women and children on the knoll. Little they knew how near he was as they tracked off in single file towards the hills, with Siss the Tracker leading them. And she watched the women and children, after the men had gone, gathering fern-fronds and twigs for the night fire, and the boys and girls running and playing together. But the very old woman made her feel afraid. After a long space towards noon, when most of the others were down at the stream by the bend, she came and stood on the hither side of the knoll, a gnarled brown figure, and gesticulated so that Eudena could scarce believe she was not seen. Eudena lay like a hare in its form, with shining eyes fixed on the bent witch away there, and presently she dimly understood it was the lion the old woman was worshipping—the lion Ugh-lomi had slain.

And the next day the hunters came back weary, carrying a fawn, and Eudena watched the feast enviously. And then came a strange thing. She saw—distinctly she heard—the old woman shrieking and gesticulating and pointing towards her. She was afraid, and crept like a snake out of sight again. But presently curiosity overcame her and she was back at her spying-place, and as she peered her heart stopped, for there were all the men, with their weapons in their hands, walking together towards her from the knoll.

She dared not move lest her movement should be seen, but she pressed herself close to the ground. The sun was low and the golden light was in the faces of the men. She saw they carried a piece of rich red meat thrust through by an ashen stake. Presently they stopped. "Go on!" screamed the old woman. Cat's-skin grumbled, and they came on, searching the thicket with sun-dazzled eyes. "Here!" said Siss. And they took the ashen stake with the meat upon it and thrust it into the ground. "Uya!" cried Siss, "behold thy portion. And Ugh-lomi we have slain. Of a truth we have slain Ugh-lomi. This day we slew Ugh-lomi, and to-morrow we will bring his body to you." And the others repeated the words.

They looked at each other and behind them, and partly turned and began going back. At first they walked half turned to the thicket, then facing the mound they walked faster, looking over their shoulders, then faster; soon they ran, it was a race at last, until they were near the knoll. Then Siss who was hindmost was first to slacken his pace.

The sunset passed and the twilight came, the fires glowed red against the hazy blue of the distant chestnut trees, and the voices over the mound were merry. Eudena lay scarcely stirring, looking from the mound to the meat and then to the mound. She was hungry, but she was afraid. At last she crept back to Ugh-lomi.

He looked round at the little rustle of her approach. His face was in shadow. "Have you got me some food?" he said.

She said she could find nothing, but that she would seek further, and went back along the lion's path until she could see the mound again, but she could not bring herself to take the meat; she had the brute's instinct of a snare. She felt very miserable.

She crept back at last towards Ugh-lomi and heard him stirring and moaning. She turned back to the mound again; then she saw something in the darkness near the stake, and peering distinguished a jackal. In a flash she was brave and angry; she sprang up, cried out, and ran towards the offering. She stumbled and fell, and heard the growling of the jackal going off.

When she arose only the ashen stake

lay on the ground, the meat was gone. So she went back, to fast through the night with Ugh-lomi; and Ugh-lomi was angry with her, because she had no food for him; but she told him nothing of the things she had seen.

Two days passed and they were near starving, when the tribe slew a horse. Then came the same ceremony, and a haunch was left on the ashen stake; but this time Eudena did not hesitate.

By acting and words she made Ugh-lomi understand, but he ate most of the food before he understood; and then he grew merry with his food. "I am Uya," he said; "I am the Lion. I am the Great Cave Bear, I who was only Ugh-lomi. I am Wau the Cunning. It is well that they should feed me, for presently I will kill them all."

Then Eudena's heart was light, and she laughed with him; and afterwards she ate what he had left of the horseflesh with gladness.

After that it was he had a dream, and the next day he made Eudena bring him the lion's teeth and claws—so much of them as she could find—and hack him a club of alder, and he put the teeth and claws very cunningly into the wood so that the points were outward. Very long it took him, and he blunted two of the teeth hammering them in, and was very angry and threw the thing away; but afterwards he dragged himself to where he had thrown it and finished it—a club of a new sort set with teeth. That day there was more meat for them both, an offering to the lion from the tribe.

It was one day—more than a hand's fingers of days, more than anyone has skill to count—after Ugh-lomi had made the club, that Eudena while he was asleep was lying in the thicket watching the squatting-place. There had been no meat for three days. And the old woman came and worshipped after her manner. Now while she worshipped, Eudena's little sister Si and another, the child of the first girl Siss had loved, came over the knoll and stood regarding her skinny figure, and presently they began to mock her. Eudena found this entertaining, but suddenly the old woman turned on them quickly and saw them. For a moment she stood and they stood motionless, and then with a shriek of rage she rushed towards them, and all three disappeared over the crest of the knoll.

Presently the children reappeared among the ferns over the shoulder of the hill. Little Si ran first, for she was an active girl, and the other child ran squealing with the old woman close upon her. And over the knoll came Siss with a bone in his hand, and Bo and Cat's-skin obsequiously behind him, each holding a piece of food, and they laughed aloud and shouted to see the old woman so angry. And with a shriek the child was caught and the old woman set to work slapping and the child screaming, and it was very good after-dinner fun for them. Little Si ran on a little way and stopped at last between fear and curiosity.

And suddenly came the mother of the child, with hair streaming, panting, and with a stone in her hand, and the old woman turned about like a wild cat. She was the equal of any woman, was the old chief of the fire-minders, in spite of her years; but before she could do anything Siss shouted to her and the clamour rose loud. Other shock heads came into sight. It seemed the whole tribe was at home and feasting. But the old woman dared not go on wreaking herself on the child Siss befriended. Nevertheless it was a fine row.

Everyone made noises and called names, even little Si. Abruptly the old woman let go of the child she had caught and made a swift run at Si who had no friends; and Si, realising her danger when it was almost upon her, with a faint cry of terror made off headlong, not heeding whither she ran, straight to the lair of the lion. She swerved aside into the

reeds presently, not realising whither she went.

But the old woman was a wonderful old woman, as active as she was spiteful, and she caught Si by the streaming hair within thirty yards of Eudena. All the tribe now was running down the knoll and shouting, ready to see the fun.

Then something stirred in Eudena; and, thinking all of little Si and nothing of her fear, she sprang up from her ambush and ran swiftly forward. The old woman did not see her, for she was busy beating little Si's face with her hand, beating with all her heart, and suddenly something hard and heavy struck her cheek. She went reeling, and saw Eudena with flaming eyes and cheeks between her and little Si. She shrieked with astonishment and terror, and little Si, not understanding, set off towards the gaping tribe. They were quite close now, for the sight of Eudena had driven their fading fear of the lion out of their heads.

In a moment Eudena had turned from the cowering old woman and overtaken Si. "Si!" she cried, "Si!" She caught the child up in her arms as it stopped, pressed the nail-lined face to hers, and turned about to run towards her lair, the lair of the old lion. The old woman stood waist high in the reeds, and screamed foul things and inarticulate rage, but did not dare to intercept her; and at the bend of the path Eudena looked back and saw all the men of the tribe crying to one another and Siss coming at a trot along the lion's trail.

She ran straight along the narrow way through the reeds to the shady place where Ugh-lomi sat with his healing thigh, just awakened by the shouting and rubbing his eyes. She came to him, a woman, with little Si in her arms. Her heart throbbed in her throat. "Ugh-lomi!" she cried, "Ugh-lomi, the tribe comes!"

Ugh-lomi sat staring in stupid astonishment at her and Si.

She pointed with Si in one arm. She sought among her feeble store of words to explain. She could hear the men calling. Apparently they had stopped outside. She put down Si and caught up the new club with the lion's teeth, and put it into Ugh-lomi's hand, and ran three yards and picked up the first axe.

"Ah!" said Ugh-lomi, waving the new club, and suddenly he perceived the occasion and, rolling over, began to struggle to his feet.

He stood, but clumsily. He supported himself by one hand against the tree, and just touched the ground gingerly with the toe of his wounded leg. In the other hand he gripped the new club. He looked at his healing thigh; and suddenly the reeds began whispering, and ceased and whispered again, and coming cautiously along the track among the reeds, bending down and holding his fire-hardened stabbing-stick of ash in his hand, appeared Siss. He stopped dead, and his eyes met Ugh-lomi's.

Ugh-lomi forgot he had a wounded leg. He stood firmly on both feet. Something trickled. He glanced down and saw a little gout of blood had oozed out along the edge of the healing wound. He rubbed his hand there to give him the grip of his club, and fixed his eyes again on Siss. The fighting spirit now swiftly and suddenly overflowed.

"Wau!" he cried, and sprang forward, and Siss, still stooping and watchful, drove his stabbing-stick up very quickly in an ugly thrust. It ripped Ugh-lomi's guarding arm and the club came down in a counter that Siss was never to understand. He fell, as an ox falls to the pole-axe, at Ugh-lomi's feet.

To Bo it seemed the strangest thing. He had a comforting sense of tall reeds on either side, and an impregnable rampart, Siss, between him and any danger. Snail-eater was close behind and there was no danger there. He was prepared to shove behind and send Siss to death or victory. That was his place as second



Snail-eater was a readier man.

man. He saw the butt of the spear Siss carried leap away from him, and suddenly a dull whack and the broad back fell away. forward, and he looked Ugh-lomi in the face over his prostrate leader. It felt to Bo as if his heart had fallen down a well. He had a throwing-stone in one hand and an ashen stabbing-stick in the other. He did not live to the end of his momentary hesitation which to use.

Snail-eater was a readier man, and besides Bo did not fall forward as Siss had done, but gave at his knees and hips, crumpling up with the toothed club upon his head, smiting him down. The Snail-eater drove his spear forward swift and straight, and took Ugh-lomi in the muscle of the shoulder, and then he drove him hard with the smiting-stone in his other hand, shouting out as he did so. The new club swished ineffectually through the reeds. Eudena saw Ugh-lomi come staggering back from the narrow path into the open space, tripping over Siss and with a foot of ashen stake sticking out of him over his arm, and then the Snail-eater, whose name she had given, had his final injury from her, as his exultant face came out of the reeds after his spear. For she swung the first axe swift and high, and hit him fair and square on the temple; and down he went on Siss at prostrate Ugh-lomi's feet.

But before Ugh-lomi could get to his feet, the two red-haired men were tumbling out of the reeds, spears and smiting-stones ready, and Snake hard behind them. One she struck on the neck, but not to fell him, and he blundered aside and spoilt his brother's blow at Ugh-lomi's head. In a moment Ugh-lomi dropped his club and had his assailant by the waist, and had pitched him sideways sprawling. He snatched at his club again and recovered it. The man Eudena had hit stabbed at her with his spear as he stumbled from her blow, and involuntarily she gave ground to avoid him. He hesitated between her and Ugh-lomi, half turned, gave a vague cry at finding Ugh-lomi so near, and in a moment Ugh-lomi had him by the throat, and the club had its third victim. As he went down Ugh-lomi shouted—no words, but an exultant cry.

The other red-haired man was six feet from her with his back to her, and a darker red streaking his head. He was struggling to his feet. She had an irrational impulse to stop his rising. She flung the axe at him, missed, saw his face in profile, and he had swerved beyond little Si, and was running through the reeds. She had a transitory vision of Snake standing in the throat of the path, half turned away from her, and then she saw his back. She saw the club whirling through the air, and the shock head of Ugh-lomi, with blood in the hair and blood upon the shoulder, vanishing below the reeds in pursuit. Then she heard Snake scream like a woman.

She ran past Si to where the handle of the axe stuck out of a clump of fern, and turning, found herself panting and alone with three motionless bodies. The air was full of shouts and screams. For a space she was sick and giddy, and then it came into her head that Ugh-lomi was being killed along the reed-path, and with an inarticulate cry she leapt over the body of Bo and hurried after him. Snake's feet lay across the path, and his head was among the reeds. She followed the path until it bent round and opened out by the alders, and thence she saw all that was left of the tribe in the open, scattering like dead leaves before a gale, and going back over the knoll. Ugh-lomi was hard upon Cat's-skin.

But Cat's-skin was fleet of foot and got away, and so did young Wau-Hau when Ugh-lomi turned upon him, and Ugh-lomi pursued Wau-Hau far beyond the knoll before he desisted. He had the rage of battle on him now, and the wood thrust through his shoulder stung him like a spear. When she saw he was in no danger she stopped running and stood

panting, watching the distant active figures run up and vanish one by one over the knoll. In a little time she was alone again. Everything had happened very swiftly. The smoke of Brother Fire rose straight and steady from the squatting-place, just as it had done ten minutes ago, when the old woman had stood yonder worshipping the lion.

And after a long time, as it seemed, Ugh-lomi re-appeared over the knoll, and came back to Eudena, triumphant and breathing heavily. She stood, her hair about her eyes and hot-faced, with the blood-stained axe in her hand, at the place where the tribe had offered her as a sacrifice to the lion. "Wau!" cried Ugh-lomi at the sight of her, his face alight with the fellowship of battle, and he waved his new club, red now and hairy; and at the sight of his glowing face her tense pose relaxed somewhat, and she stood weeping and rejoicing.

Ugh-lomi had a queer unaccountable pang at the sight of her tears; but he only shouted "Wau!" the louder and shook the axe east and west. He called to her to follow him and turned back, striding, with the club swinging in his hand, towards the squatting-place, as if he had never left the tribe; and she stopped weeping and followed as a woman should.

So Ugh-lomi and Eudena came back to the squatting-place from which they had fled many days before from the face of Uya; and by the squatting-place lay a deer half eaten, just as there had been before Ugh-lomi was man or Eudena woman. So Ugh-lomi sat down to eat, and Eudena beside him like a man, and the rest of the tribe watched them from safe hiding-places. And after a time one of the elder girls came back timorously and carrying little Si in her arms, and Eudena called to them by name, and offered them food. But the elder girl was afraid and would not come, though Si struggled to come to Eudena. Afterwards, when Ugh-lomi had eaten, he sat dozing, and at last he slept, and slowly the others came out of the hiding-places and drew near. And when Ugh-lomi woke, save that there were no men to be seen, it seemed as though he had never left the tribe.

Cat's-skin and the second red-haired man and Wau-Hau, who chipped flints cunningly, as his father had done before him, fled from the face of Ugh-lomi, and none knew where they hid. But two days after they came and squatted among the bracken under the chestnuts a good way off from the knoll and watched. Ugh-lomi's rage had gone, he moved to go against them and did not, and at sundown they went away. That day, too, they found the old woman among the ferns, where Ugh-lomi had blundered upon her when he had pursued Wau-Hau. She was dead and more ugly than ever, but whole. The jackals and vultures had tried her and left her; she was ever a wonderful old woman.

The next day the three men came again and squatted nearer, and Wau-Hau had two rabbits to hold up, and the red-haired man a wood-pigeon, and Ugh-Lomi stood before their women and mocked them.

The next day they sat again nearer—without stones or sticks, and with the same offerings, and Cat's-skin had a trout. It was rare men caught fish in those days, but Cat's-skin would stand silently in the water for hours and catch them with his hand. And the fourth day Ugh-lomi suffered these three to come to the squatting-place in peace, with the food they had with them.

Now, there is a thing strange but true: that all through this fight Ugh-lomi forgot that he was lame, and was not lame, and after he had rested behold! he was a lame man; and he remained a lame man to the end of his days.

So it was Ugh-lomi became Uya and the Lion, and had his will in all things among the children of Uya.

And of his rule among them and of the changing of the squatting-place there is a story still to come.



King Wilhelm, Moltke, and Bismarck overlooking Paris.

(*From the painting by E. Kolitz. By permission of the Berlin Photographic Company.*)

LIFE OF NAPOLEON III.

BY ARCHIBALD FORBES.

ILLUSTRATED FROM NUMEROUS SOURCES.

CHAPTER XVI. AND LAST.

THE ENDING OF THE CAREER.

THE Prussian King, during his interview with Napoleon in the Château Bellevue on 2nd September, gave permission to the latter to despatch to the Empress in Paris a telegram in cypher. It was very brief. "The Army of Châlons has surrendered *en masse*," so it ran; "and I am a prisoner of war." This was the earliest authentic message which reached Paris. The Emperor reached Wilhelmshöhe on the afternoon of September 5th. The Palace of Wilhelmshöhe had belonged to King Jerome, the uncle of the Emperor, who, when quite an infant, had visited it with his mother, Queen Hortense. It had now become the property of the Grand Duke of Hesse. In the picture-gallery of the Palace Napoleon recognised the portrait of Hortense, painted when in the full glow of her youth and beauty.

The first public act of the Emperor during his captivity was to write the following letter to General Wimpffen in reference to his official report on the battle of Sedan. It was as follows:

"GENERAL,—I have read your official report on the battle of Sedan. It contains two assertions which I contradict. If I did not accede to your appeal to cut



The defence of Paris. The day after the battle of Champigny at Bry-sur-Marne.

(From the painting by Boutigny.)



La Platrière. An incident of the battle of Champigny.

(*From the painting by A. de Neuville.*)

our way out towards Carignan, it was because it was impracticable, as experience proved to you ; and because the attempt, as I foresaw, would only sacrifice the lives of many soldiers. I consented to hoist the white flag only when, in the opinion of all the commanders of army corps, further resistance had become impossible. I cannot, therefore, have impeded your means of action. Believe, General, in my sentiments.

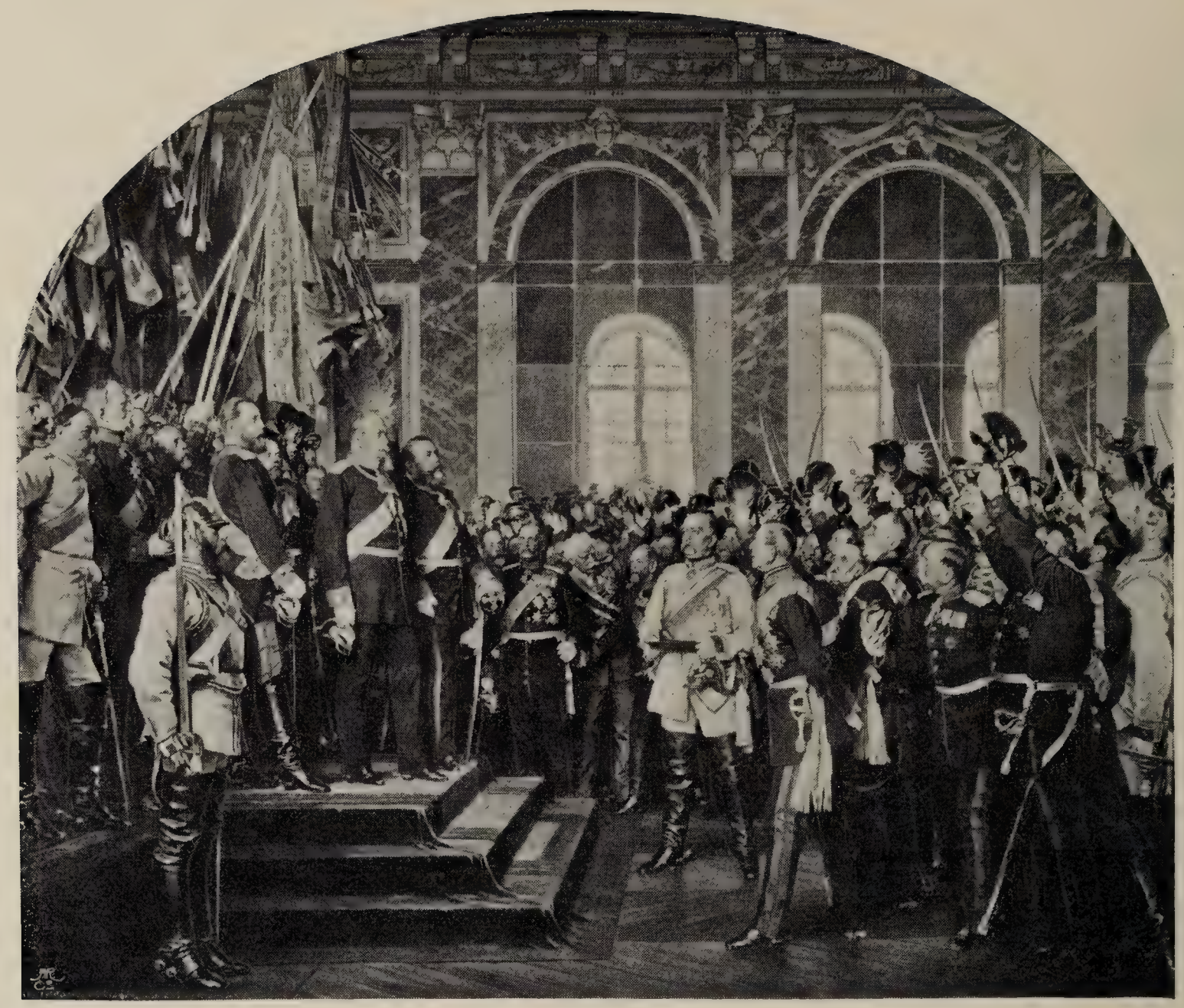
"NAPOLEON."

In a letter written by the Emperor to the Commission of Enquiry on the conduct of the war issued in May, 1872, he dealt as follows with questions relating to Sedan. "The honour of the army," he wrote, "having been saved by the bravery which had been shown, I then exercised my sovereign right and gave orders to hoist a flag of truce. I claim the entire responsibility of that act." No doubt, in acting as he did on the afternoon of Sedan, Napoleon was actuated by humane motives ; but it is more than questionable whether, when he ordered the display of



The battle of Bapaume, January 2, 1871.

(From the painting by A. Dumaresq at Versailles.)



King William of Prussia proclaimed Emperor of Germany in the Salle des Glaces at Versailles, January 8, 1871.

(*From the painting by A. von Werner. By permission of the Berlin Photographic Company.*)

the white flag, he had any "sovereign right" which gave him that power. His attribution to himself of "sovereign right" on that fateful afternoon was incompatible with his statement to Bronsart that the French army was under the command of General Wimpffen.

The monotony of the life at Wilhelmshöhe was broken but once, when the Empress in the end of October came to make a short visit to her suffering husband. Her own experiences had been tragic. On the afternoon of the 4th September, the day of the revolution and of the *déchéance*, she quitted the Tuileries in a fiacre accompanied by Madame Lebreton, and was driven to the house, in the Avenue de l'Impératrice, of the American dentist, Dr. Evans, where she spent the night. On the morning of the 5th the Empress quitted Paris. After many delays Deauville was reached the same evening. Dr. Evans prevailed on Sir John Burgoyne to carry the Empress across the Channel in his yacht the *Gazelle*, and the little vessel, barely forty-five feet long, put out to sea in very heavy weather at six o'clock on the morning of the 7th. In its doghole of a cabin were crowded the Empress, Madame Lebreton, Dr. Evans, and Sir John Burgoyne, while a tempest raged for three-and-twenty hours. At daybreak on the 8th the wind fell and the yacht entered the harbour of Ryde. After having rested for a short time there the Empress proceeded to Hastings and arrived in the afternoon at the Marine Hotel in that town, where she

remained a fortnight, and where she was joined by the Prince Imperial, who had come from Belgium. At Hastings, a busy watering-place, the Empress found herself involved in a stir and bustle which annoyed and disturbed her. An English friend who had known the Emperor in other times, was willing to let his mansion of Camden House at Chislehurst, and about the 20th September the Empress took up her residence with her son in that abode where in the years to come she was to endure so many sorrows.

From Wilhelmshöhe Napoleon addressed his last proclamation to the French people. It is too long for insertion, nor is it of great interest. Referring to the defence maintained so long and so bravely by the Government of National Defence, he wrote: "I found the Empire, which the whole nation had just acclaimed for the third time, upset and deserted by those who were bound to defend it. Giving truce to my natural and just resentment, I exclaimed, 'What matters the dynasty if the country can be saved?' and instead of protesting against the violation of the law my prayers were given to the national defence, and I have admired the patriotic devotion which the sons of all classes and all parties have shown." The Emperor adhered to the conviction that his favourite nostrum of universal suffrage would redress his misfortunes and restore the Empire. He was confident that the millions of Frenchmen who had voted in his favour in the plébiscite of May, 1870, were still the staunch supporters of himself and of his dynasty. But that illusion vanished when the tidings reached him of the result of the Bordeaux elections during the armistice of February—March, 1871. He uttered no complaint; but he was overwhelmed with grief and struck to the heart; for he



The Salle des Glaces at Versailles.

(*From a photograph.*)

truly loved the people from whom the shattering blow proceeded, and whom he had believed to be true to him. He had grown old, grey, and worn when, his long dreary imprisonment ended, he landed at Dover on March 20th, 1871, and was warmly greeted by a great crowd of old adherents and of Britons, with whom he had always been popular. The Empress of the loyalty of officers of the Imperial Guard. In September the Emperor went to Torquay with his son, while the Empress paid her mother a visit in Spain. Demonstrations of sympathy and regard were manifested wherever he appeared in public, as, for instance, at a review of the Woolwich garrison, and when he watched the thanksgiving pro-



Bismarck and Thiers at Versailles.

(From the painting by Carl Wagner. By permission of the Berlin Photographic Company.)

and the Prince Imperial were there to receive him, and they threw themselves into his arms as he stepped ashore. He was visibly cheered by the warmth of his English welcome. On April 15th the Queen drove to Chislehurst and paid him and the Empress a visit of friendly cordiality. On August 15th, his birthday—in marked contrast to his sombre birthday of the preceding year,—Chislehurst was alive with visitors from France and bright with floral offerings and tokens gress of the Prince of Wales to St. Paul's Cathedral on his recovery from his recent illness.

This cordial welcome to the land of his old-time exile soothed, but failed to cure, the melancholy of the life at Chislehurst. His long-standing, deep-seated ailment, which, curiously enough, he shared with old Kaiser Wilhelm of Germany, had been exacerbated by the physical exertions of the campaign, and in especial by the long hours in the saddle which he endured

in agony on the day of Sedan. During the period of his residence at Chislehurst he was on horseback only three times, and on the last occasion the effect was so deleterious that he never again mounted a horse. He moved but seldom beyond the boundaries of the park surrounding Camden House. In the summer of 1872 he made some stay in the Isle of Wight, but the benefit was merely temporary. Mr. Jerrold writes: "The Emperor would walk up and down the long corridor of Camden House with his arm on the young Prince's shoulder, while he talked to the lad of men and things. After the mid-day breakfast, at which the little court met for the first time in the day, he would sit in the morning-room in his arm-chair by the wood fire, and talk cheerfully with the Empress or with any visitors who had come. It was but a small circle in which the Imperial couple moved, but it was one of steadfast friends. The Emperor talked willingly and freely of the remote past, but he was a listener when contemporary politics were under discussion. If he interfered it was to counsel moderation of speech or to protest against reprisals."



The Ex-Empress Eugénie.

(*From a photo taken about* 1871.)

About the beginning of July, 1870, the Emperor, at the instance of Dr. Sée, had been prevailed upon to call a consultation of the leading surgeons of Paris. A telegram was sent to London requesting that Mr. Prescott-Hewett, the eminent English specialist, should come to Paris and make an examination in consultation with the French surgeons. Mr. Prescott-Hewett, however, did not see the Emperor until after the commencement of the campaign, either at Metz or at Châlons; and although the Emperor was much more fit for an operation than a campaign, he took the field. The mischief was progressing gradually, and at the close of 1872 the Emperor's surgical advisers agreed that operative measures had become necessary. The series began on January 2nd, 1873. Two operations were performed with a certain success, but the patient's condition was not satisfactory. On the 9th, having slept well, he was considered better, and an operation, which it was hoped would be final, was being prepared for. But there occurred a sudden change—the action of the heart failed. The Empress was at her husband's bedside, but he seemed scarcely to recognise her. Then the Abbé Goddard administered the last sacraments



Camden House, Chislehurst.

amid the weeping of the household. His last words, faintly addressed to Dr. Conneau, were "*Etiez-vous à Sedan?*" He expired at a quarter past eleven on the 9th day of January, 1873, at the age of sixty-five. The poor young Prince arrived from Woolwich only half-an-hour after his father had ceased to breathe.

The vicissitudes which Louis Napoleon experienced almost from the cradle to the grave were probably all but unexampled. He was a fugitive before he could speak articulately. In the interval between his twentieth and his fortieth year he was a prisoner in Strasburg, Lorient, Ham, and the Conciergerie. He was an outlaw for more than half of his life. There were incidents, at Strasburg and later at Boulogne, which brought upon him the mock and jeer of Europe. He carried a bâton as a special constable in Curzon Street on Chartists' Day. Then, by a sudden turn of fortune, he was President of the French Republic. The *coup d'état* made him Emperor of the French; and thenceforth for some ten years he was perhaps the most-considered man of Europe. It was said of him that on being asked whether he should not find it difficult to rule the French nation he replied, "Oh, no! nothing is more easy—*Il leur faut une guerre tous les quatre ans.*" This policy held good in a modified degree. The Crimean War was for him a success, although not precisely a triumph; the Italian campaign, in spite of its hard-fought victories, ended abruptly in approximation to a failure. The Mexican expedition was an utter fiasco. Yet Napoleon might have gone on with his programme of a war every four years, but for the circumstance that there

happened to be in Europe in the middle sixties an infinitely stronger, more masterful and more *rusé* man, than the dreamy and decaying Napoleon. When he and Bismarck walked along the Biarritz beach in October, 1865, Bismarck expounding his political speculations as they strolled —"Is he mad?" the Emperor whispered to Prosper Mérimée on whose arm he leant. Napoleon had very soon to recognise that madness had no part in the character of Otto von Bismarck. The Prussian Premier was his superior in energy, in determination, and in finesse; and he foiled the French Emperor at every turn. After Sadowa Napoleon could not but have felt assured that war between France and Prussia was inevitable sooner or later. Yet the French army was gradually deteriorating and its discipline and readiness for war were becoming more and more impaired. Looseness on the part of the higher officers occasioned carelessness and irregularities in the lower grades and in the rank and file. Yet the reduction of the contingent of the year 1870 by 10,000 conscripts was held to be justified by the Prime Minister, who said: "The Government has no uneasiness whatsoever; at no epoch was the peace of Europe more assured. Irritating questions there are none. We have developed liberty in order to assure peace; and the accord between the nation and the sovereign has produced a French Sadowa —the plébiscite." Those complacent expressions were uttered on July 2nd, 1870; before the month was ended France and Germany were at war with each other and soldiers of both nations had already fallen on the frontier.

From his accession to the throne up to



The Mausoleum at Chislehurst, now removed to Farnborough.

(*Photo by W. & D. Downey, 57 & 61, Ebury Street.*)

the autumn of 1860 Napoleon ruled, in effect, an absolute monarch; and he would have acted wisely if he had never communicated his resolution to liberalise the Parliamentary ground-work of the Empire. After he made this concession to a nation which was quite content to live under a *régime* of benevolent absolutism, he was always more or less involved in political troubles. "Constitutional Reforms" were simply the vestibule to the arena of heated and venomous political conflicts; and the Emperor was frequently compelled to express disappointment at the manner in which his acts were misinterpreted. The view of the wise and shrewd Prince Consort was that, in giving Constitutional Government to France, the Emperor was but turning from dreams of conquest to visions of nationalities rehabilitated by revolutions. While Napoleon remained physically capable, Constitutional Government was tempered in a measure by the supreme sway of the Sovereign; but about 1862 the germs of the ailment which tortured him for the remainder of his life, began to rack him. He was a most temperate man, but he allowed himself freedoms in a certain way. A list of his affairs, from La Belle Sabotiére of Ham down to and beyond Margot Bellanger, need not be given here. During his frequent and lengthened visits to watering-places for the sake of his health, Constitutional Government had a good deal its own way; and, as has been already said, when he confided the government of France to the responsible Ministry of which M. Emile Olivier was the head, he finally retired from the direction of public affairs, and resolutely restricted himself to the duties of a constitutional sovereign. With the appointment of the Olivier administration the *rôle* of the Emperor as active ruler ended.



The Prince Imperial in English uniform.

To Napoleon III. Paris owes a great debt. The slums lying between the Palais Royal and the Tuileries and the unfinished Louvre; the unkempt and unlighted Champs Elysées; the waste place bordered by *guinguettes* about the Arch of

Triumph—such were the plague-spots which Napoleon and Haussman stamped out; substituting for them wide boulevards and spacious streets, flower-decked squares, markets, baths, a system of drainage, an abundant water-supply, and paths and gardens in every quarter. A great highway, from the Tuileries to landscape gardening, brightened by a broad expanse of ornamental water; and the Tour du Lac became the fashionable ride and drive of Paris. The Malesherbes quarter of Paris, with the Parc Monceaux and that region of palaces round the Arch of Triumph and flanking the beautiful avenue now no longer "De l'Imperatrice,"



Farnborough Hill House, the present residence of the Ex-Empress Eugénie.

the Place de la Bastille, was hewn through one of the most tortuous and swarming quarters of the capital. The Louvre was joined to the Tuileries—alas! no longer extant; and the Place du Carrousel was levelled and laid out. The great boulevards were extended to the Madelaine. The Champs Elysées were decked with shrubs and flower-beds. The Palais de l'Industrie was built. The Bois de Boulogne was made a paragon of are shaped or built on the waste ground of the evil days of the Revolution of February. The Tour Saint Jacques springs now from the bosom of a garden. The Hôtel Dieu is no longer a disgrace to the capital. Nor was it only in Paris that the hand of the Imperial reformer was visible. Every city in France became eager to follow the example of Paris. In Marseilles, Lyons, Rouen, Amiens, Bordeaux, Tours, considerable improvements

were effected. In short, there is not a provincial town in France which cannot show marked amelioration, the result of the initiative of the Imperial Government.

Sir William Fraser, in his *Napoleon III.*, writes with great truth that the Emperor made no imputation of misconduct against Bazaine while the "Army of the Rhine' was still maintaining itself in the Metz position; a letter which it may be worth while to quote :—

"Capel, Wilhelmshöhe,

"13th October, 1870.

"My Dear Marshal,—It is a real



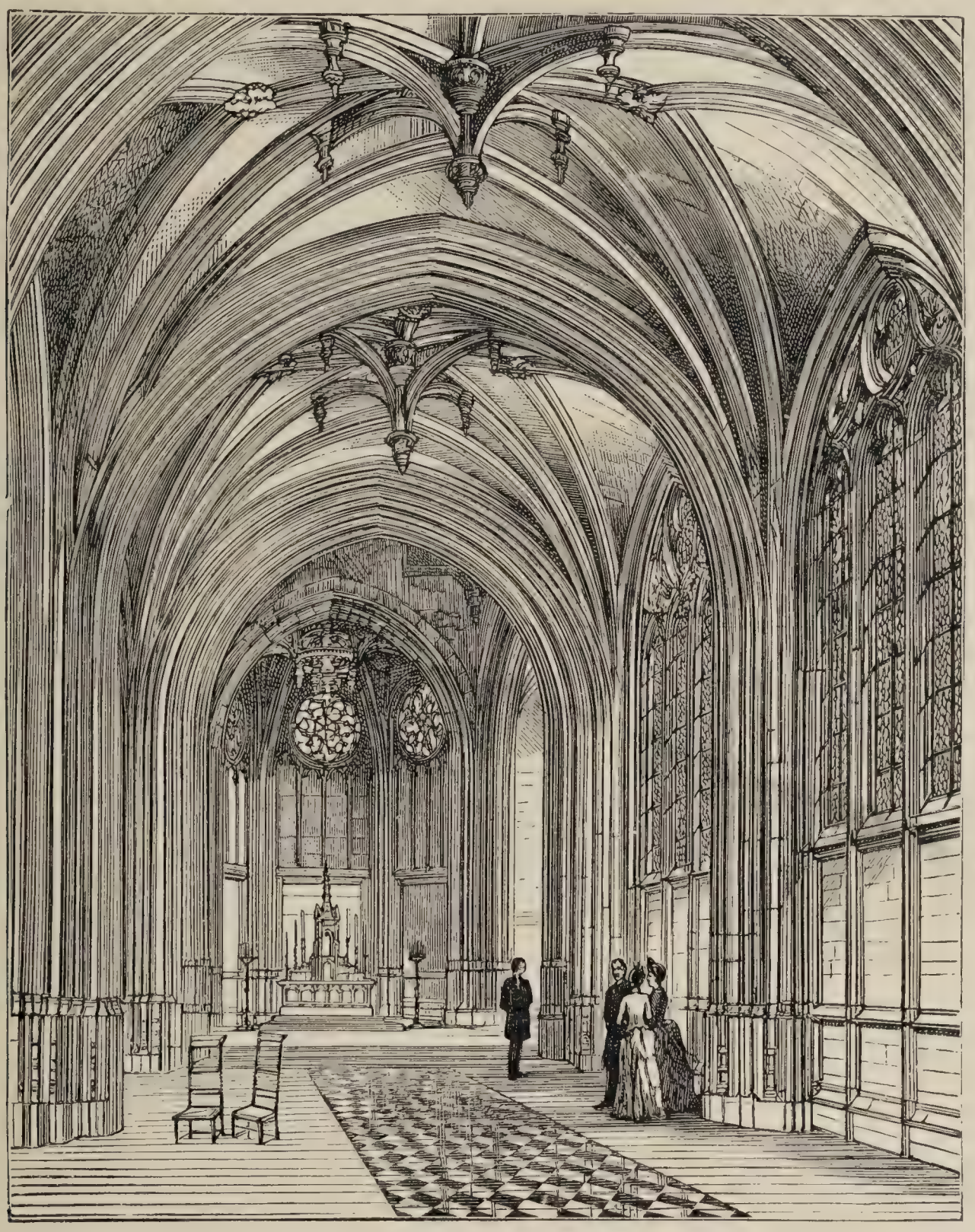
The Apse of the Memorial Chapel, Farnborough.

the commanders of the army which was defeated at Sedan, in marked contrast to the accusations made by his uncle after Waterloo. Even in his letter to General Wimpffen, contradicting briefly two assertions of the latter, there is no trace of irritation. He wrote a kindly letter to consolation to me in my misfortunes to learn that you are near me. I should be glad were I able by word of mouth to express the sentiments which I feel for you and the heroic army which under your orders has fought so many bloody fights, and endured with constancy unheard of

privations. Believe, my dear Marshal, in my sincere friendship.

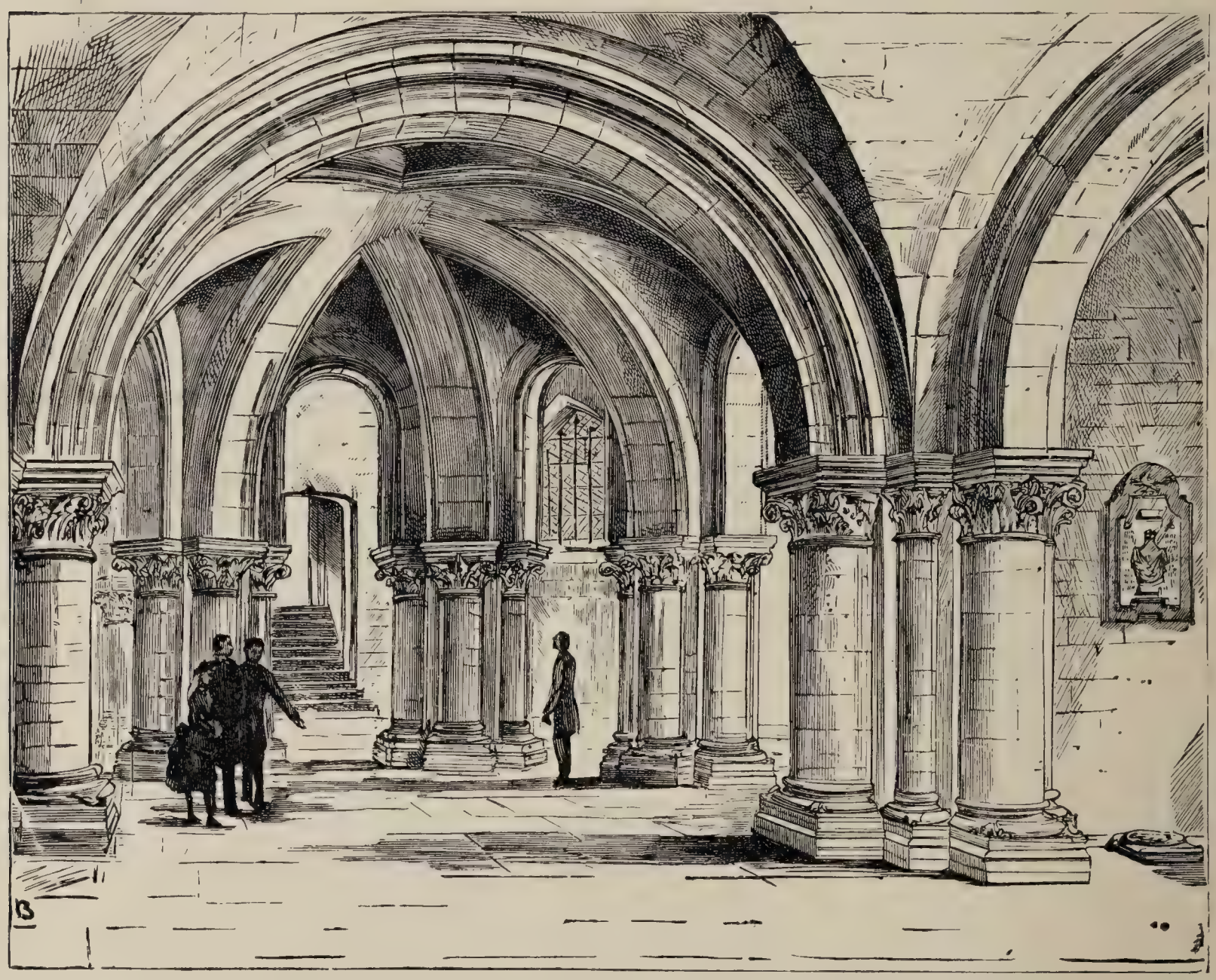
"NAPOLEON."

Earl Cowper, reviewing the Memoirs of the Duc de Persigny in *The Nineteenth Century*, remarks that Persigny lays great stress upon the evils of duality in the Imperial Council, the existence of two opposite parties, the difficulties which time-serving Ministers felt in choosing between the Emperor and the Empress, and the vacillating, uncertain policy which was the result. Persigny strongly urges that at all events the difficulties between the Sovereign and his Consort might be adjusted beforehand. This paper, continues Lord Cowper, is valuable for the light it incidentally throws upon the scenes that must have occurred, the undignified contentions between man and wife which scandalised the Council and brought contempt on the Emperor, and the unmixed harm which was done by a brilliant and accomplished lady who, acting as Regent with a full sense of responsibility and surrounded by Ministers of her own choice, might have played a considerable part.



Interior of the Chapel, Farnborough.

Sir William Fraser avers, that there can be no doubt that the Emperor Napoleon, while in exile, fully intended to make a final effort to regain the throne which he lost on 4th September, 1870. It was not merely to obtain relief from suffering that he underwent the painful operations which caused his death. Resolute to return to France, he knew that it was



The Mausoleum, Farnborough.

necessary that he should ride into Paris on horseback at the head of an army; and this he could do only as a favourable result of the series of operations. In his own words—"I cannot walk on foot at the head of troops; it would have a still worse effect to enter Paris in a carriage; it is necessary that I should ride"; and it was with the object of doing so that he submitted to the operations under which he succumbed. Sir William adds on later information: "Not only was the Emperor's return to Paris intended, but every detail had been arranged. A private yacht was to be available for landing the Emperor at some undetermined port on the northern corner of France, or perhaps in Belgium. Landing secretly, the arrangement was that the Emperor should proceed through France to the camp at Châlons, where forty or fifty thousand men should be assembled for the purpose of manœuvres; declaring himself, he was to head this army, and march at once on Paris." Sir William adds that his information was from the proprietor of the yacht, the late James Ashbury, who repeated the circumstance to him (Sir W. Fraser) the evening before his death. He states further that he had information to the same effect

from a person who was to have supplied for the enterprise a large sum of money; and another informant, holding a very high official position in a distant country, corroborated the statement with the remark, "I was to have played a somewhat conspicuous part in the drama."

The father who lost his life in the hope of being able to return to France, and the gallant young son who fell slain by savages in an obscure corner of South Africa, now sleep together in the mausoleum at Farnborough, each in his sarcophagus. They may rest there indefinitely; but the burial-place of the Napoleons, from Charles Bonaparte downwards, the father of the Great Emperor and the grand-uncle of Napoleon III., is in the crypt under the high altar of the Church of Napoleon St. Leu, a pretty village on the northern verge of the forest of Montmorency.

FINIS.

WAR PICTURES.

Part II.

(*Continued from the September Number.*)



The Rue de Rivoli in ruins.
(*From a photo taken in* 1870.)



The Avenue du Bois de Boulogne used as a camp.
(*From a photo taken in* 1870.)



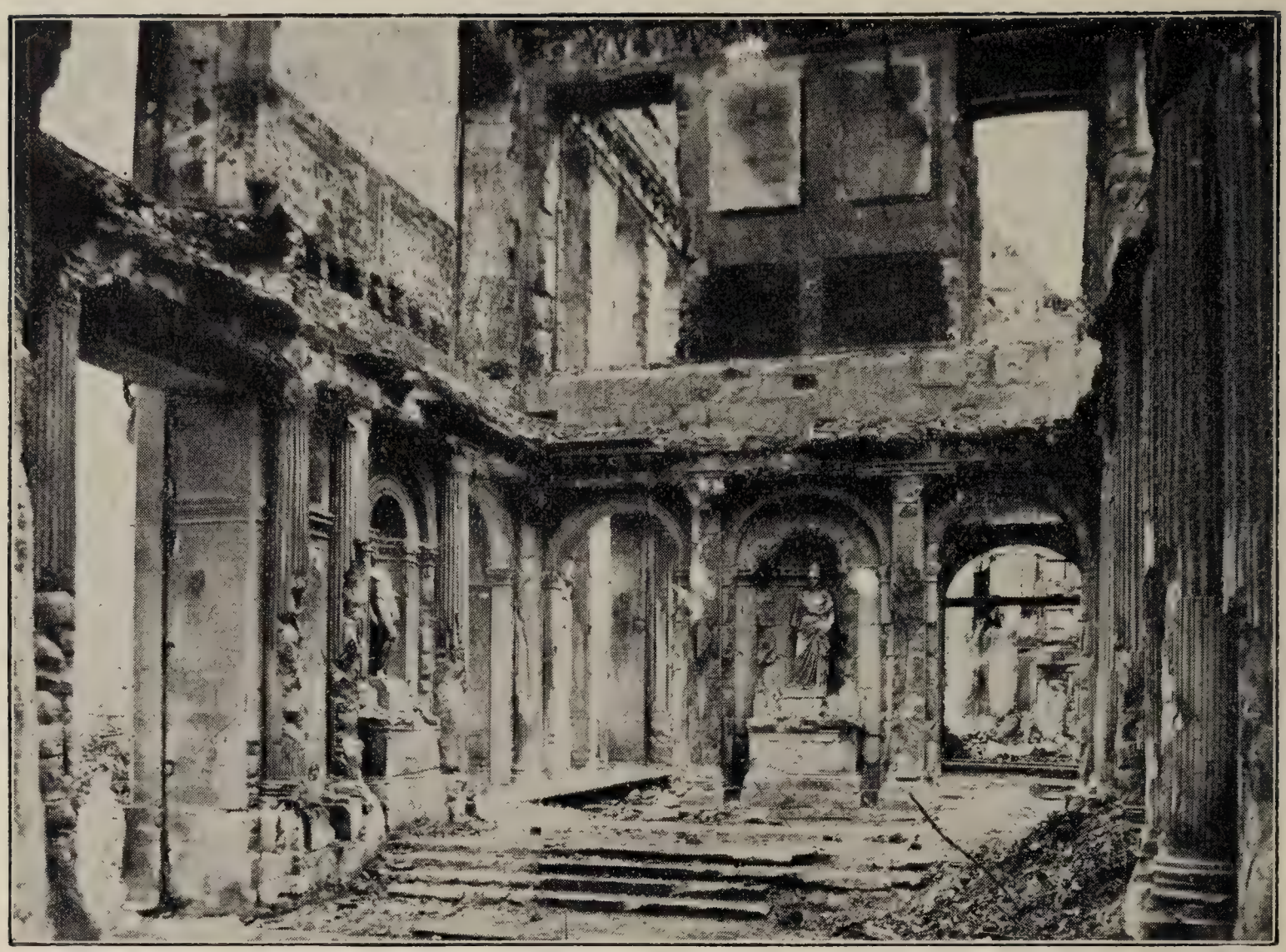
The Vendôme Column overthrown.
(*From a photo taken in* 1870.)



Interior of the Tuileries. The Empress's apartments, after the Siege of Paris.
(*From a photo taken in* 1870).



The "Salon de la Paix," Tuileries, after the Siege of Paris.
(*From a photo taken in* 1870).



The "Pavillon de l'Horloge," Tuileries, after the Siege of Paris.
(*From a photo taken in* 1870.)

THE MOUSE CURE.

BY W. L. ALDEN.

ILLUSTRATED BY W. O. BOWMAN.

"THERE was a temperance chap in here the other day," said the bar-keeper, "and he talked for about half an hour on the evils of drunkenness. Now, I reckon that I know about four times as much about drunkenness as that chap ever thought of knowing—drunkenness being, as you might say, my business, and though I don't doubt that he meant well, he was just wasting his breath trying to tell me that drunkenness is a mistake, and that I ought to go to work to beg drunkards to reform and sign the pledge. Did you ever know of any thorough-going drunkard that was reformed in any such way? What's the good of teasing a drunkard into signing the pledge? That don't make him any less thirsty than he was before, does it? And what's the good of telling him that he is a blamed fool? You can't talk sense into a man who never had any room for it. As for all these gold cures and such-like rubbish, they make me tired. It's all foolishness to pretend that you can prevent a man from coming into a bar-room and ordering a whiskey plain by giving him a little medicine. Now, Sam Foote's plan for reforming drunkards was a practical one, and for a time it did have considerable success; but even that failed after a while, as every sort of cure for drunkenness, except locking a drunkard up, is bound to fail. If I had my way I'd lock every drunkard up in solitary confinement with hard labour for life. That would make bar-keeping twice as respectable, and consequently twice as profitable as it is now.

"What was Sam Foote's scheme? Well, I'll tell you, if you care to hear about it. You see, Sam was one of those fellows who are always looking out for a short cut across lots as the easiest way of getting rich, instead of sticking at some legitimate work, the same as you and I do. He was an ingenious kind of chap, and every now and then he would hit on an idea that promised to bring him in a good steady income, but somehow his schemes always failed. The way he came to go into the drunkard-reforming business was by degrees. He began by reforming cats, and there is no denying that he succeeded. Sam had a cat, by the name of George Washington, who was the most everlasting fighter you ever knew. He had such a reputation among Chicago cats that every night there would be at least half-a-dozen cats in Sam's back-yard who had come there to fight George Washington for the championship. George, he would tackle them in turn—one down another come on, and there would be the biggest kind of a row all night long, and the neighbours would come round to Sam's house and threaten to have him and his cat indicted as nuisances. Sam knew that he couldn't keep his cat from fighting if other cats came into his yard, and he couldn't see any way of keeping strange cats out of the yard except by sitting up all night and fighting the cats himself. However, after thinking the matter over for a couple of weeks, it occurred to him that illuminating-oil might help to make George Washington so unpopular that other cats would let him alone. By illuminating-oil I don't mean oil that you burn, but the sort of thing that you can

buy at the druggist's, and that shines of its own accord in the dark. Sam laid in about a quart of this oil, and late one afternoon he rubbed it into George's fur. When it grew dark George began to shine, and by the time the moon went down he was shining away in the back-yard like some new kind of fireworks. He looked for all the world like a cat that was on fire, and blazing away as if he had been insured for double his worth, but of course there wasn't any heat in the oil, and the cat didn't feel uncomfortable except that he didn't like to be made too conspicuous. Along about nine o'clock the usual cats dropped in to see if they could bring off a fight, but when they saw George they yelled 'Fire' and 'Murder' in their own language for all they were worth, and left for home without stopping to ask if they could be of any help. After that first night there wasn't a cat in Chicago who would come near Sam's back-yard, and the neighbours knew what it was to be able to get a few hours of quiet sleep. George naturally didn't like the lonesomeness of the back-yard, and for a while he used to cruise round the block at night looking for a cat who would be sociable enough to do a little fighting; but every cat, and for that matter every dog, that saw him bolted without waiting for any explanations.

"Seeing how successful he had been in putting a stop to cat-fighting, Sam thought that he would try the effect of illuminating-oil on mice. He told everybody that he had discovered a way of driving rats and mice out of a house, that couldn't possibly fail, and that was free from all objectionable features, such as dying in the wall, or getting into the water-tank and poisoning it, which, as you know, is the general result whenever you try to poison rats or mice. Sam's idea was to put illuminating-oil on two or three mice, and turn them loose in houses where people had more mice than they had any use for. He argued that if any ordinary mouse, no matter how much nerve he might have, should see another mouse walking around and shining like a bull's-eye lanthorn, he would judge that the time for him to emigrate had arrived. The plan wasn't a bad one, for mice don't like ghosts any more than you or I do, and it stands to reason that they would mistake a fiery mouse for a pretty dangerous style of ghost. If Sam had only advertised his scheme for suppressing mice, and had taken pains to bring it to the knowledge of the public, he would have made a good thing of it, but he never really tried it but once; and the way it happened to work turned his attention to the temperance cause, and he seemed to forget all about the suppression of mice. That's always the way with these temperance reformers. They can't think of anything except the temperance cause. There wasn't any sort of reason why Sam should give up suppressing mice merely because he went in for suppressing drunkenness; but the minute he set up in business as a temperance reformer he dropped mice, and you could hardly get him to admit that such a thing as mice existed.

"The way it happened was this. Sam had a brother-in-law, Shearer by name, who was the leading drunkard in the part of Chicago where Sam lived. One day Mrs. Shearer, hearing that Sam calculated to go into the mice-suppressing business, asked him to drive the mice out of her own house, for she was, as she said, about eaten out of house and home by mice. Sam was glad of a chance to try the effect of his illuminated mice, and so he brought a dozen mice soaked in illuminating-oil round to Shearer's house, and put them into all the mouse-holes that he could find. That night Shearer came home about half-and-half drunk, as you might say, and went to bed before his wife had a chance of mentioning the mice subject to him. Along in the middle of the night he wakes up, and, having a powerful thirst on him, gets up to get a drink of water. His feet



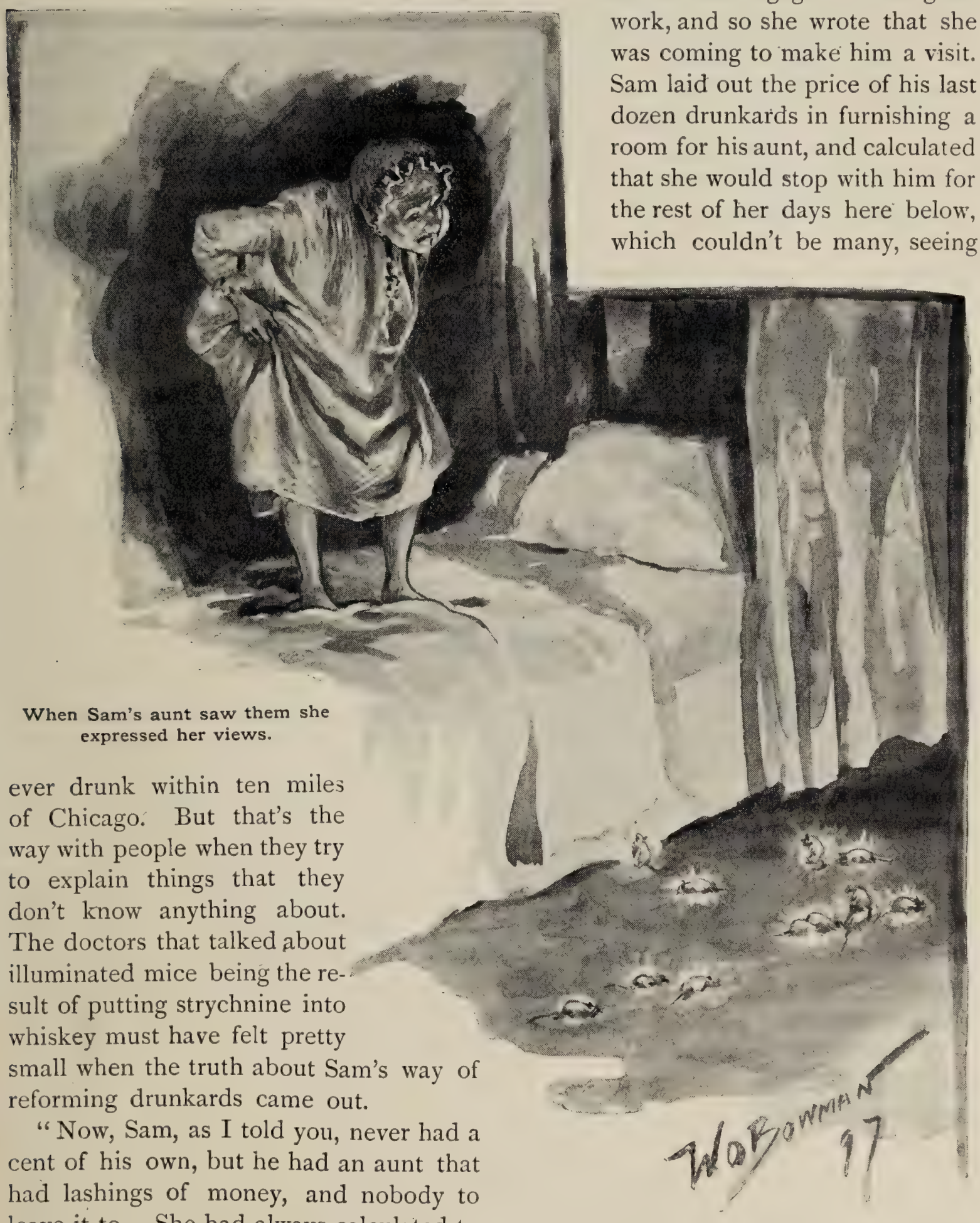
When Shearer saw them he fell back on the bed.

hadn't more than touched the floor before he saw three or four illuminated mice making for the nearest mouse-hole. They shone that bright that they fairly lighted up the room, and when Shearer saw them he fell back on the bed and howled for the doctor. You see he made sure that he had got the delirium tremens, and when his wife had fetched the doctor, and Shearer had told him what he had seen, the doctor said that unless Shearer quit drinking then and there he wouldn't be answerable for his life. The result was that Shearer signed the pledge the next morning, and the Temperance Society gave him an engagement as a show specimen of a reformed drunkard, and kept him sober for pretty near six months.

"Sam understood what was the matter with Shearer, but he said nothing about it to Mrs. Shearer. He called on the President of the Temperance Society, and told him that he had a first-class scheme for reclaiming drunkards, and would put the Society up to it if they would give him steady employment in the reforming business. Sam didn't have much difficulty in striking a bargain, for the Society was awfully in want of reformed drunkards, and the supply for the last year had hardly been worth mentioning. Then Sam told the President how he had accidentally reformed Shearer, and maintained that, with the help of illuminated mice, he could scare at least ninety per cent. of the Chicago drunkards into signing the pledge. He offered to go from house to house with his illuminated mice, and do all the work of reforming on condition of being paid two dollars per drunkard, it being understood that payment was to be made whenever a drunkard signed the pledge. Now the average cost to the Society of reforming a first-class Chicago drunkard had always averaged thirty-seven dollars, as the President admitted to Sam, and nobody can deny that Sam's offer was dirt cheap.

"For the next few months Sam was mighty busy. He dealt only with married drunkards, for the reason that he always required a confederate in the reforming business, and a drunkard's wife was naturally the very best confederate that Sam could have. He would go to see a drunkard's wife, and offer to reform her husband for nothing. The woman would jump at the chance, and no matter how much she might hate mice, she was always willing to have Sam bring his illuminated mice into her house for one night only. More than that, she would undertake to wake her husband up in time to see the illuminated mice in his bedroom, and to let on to believe that he had the delirium tremens the worst way. When Sam had put a dozen of his illuminated mice in any particular house he instantly sent word to the President of the Temperance Society, who would happen to call at the house in a careless sort of way the next morning, with a blank temperance pledge in his pocket, and in nearly every case that pledge would be signed within ten minutes after the President produced it. They say that Sam reformed seventy-three leading drunkards in the six months that he was in the temperance business, besides inducing over two hundred plain ordinary drunkards to sign the pledge. He used to come and tell me about it, and I used to encourage him to go on in his work, for I'm down on drunkenness as much as any temperance man can be. I advised Sam to add a few illuminated snakes to his stock of reforming mice, but he said it wasn't necessary, and I guess he was right. His success as a reformer attracted a great deal of attention, and one of the medical journals had a long explanation of the reason why a man with the delirium tremens saw illuminated mice, instead of snakes and monkeys, as used to be the case. The chap that wrote the article said that the awful adulteration of Chicago whiskey was what made drunkards see mice, and he warned everybody that it was next door to certain

death for any man to drink it. Of course, this was all rubbish, for our whiskey is about as pure as whiskey can be, and a great sight purer than any water that was ever drunk within ten miles of Chicago. But that's the way with people when they try to explain things that they don't know anything about. The doctors that talked about illuminated mice being the result of putting strychnine into whiskey must have felt pretty small when the truth about Sam's way of reforming drunkards came out.



When Sam's aunt saw them she expressed her views.

"Now, Sam, as I told you, never had a cent of his own, but he had an aunt that had lashings of money, and nobody to leave it to. She had always calculated to leave it to the Temperance Society, she being next door to crazy on the subject. But when she heard that Sam had turned temperance reformer, and was gathering in drunkards by the waggon-load, she made up her mind that he was one of the noblest men on earth, and that she would leave her money to him instead of leaving it to a Society. Naturally she was anxious to see Sam engaged in his great work, and so she wrote that she was coming to make him a visit. Sam laid out the price of his last dozen drunkards in furnishing a room for his aunt, and calculated that she would stop with him for the rest of her days here below, which couldn't be many, seeing as she was nearly seventy years old, and suffering from dyspepsia, which the sort of cooking that Sam's wife served up would be sure to make worse.

"The old lady was delighted with Sam's

success, and told him that she always believed that he had the makings of a great and good man in him, and that now she knew it; which, considering that she had always told Sam that he was a born idiot and scoundrel, showed that her mind was weakening with old age. I will give Sam the credit of doing everything he could to make his aunt happy. He fed her on the very best of pork, and he gave her the most expensive brand of temperance bitters to drink; not those cheap bitters that are made of methylated spirits, but a really first-class article, consisting of the very best brandy, with a few harmless fixings to disguise the taste. All Sam's friends considered that he had a sure thing of coming in for the old lady's money, and he told me that he didn't think the happy event could be delayed for more than a year. But things didn't pan out that way. About six weeks after Sam's aunt came to live with him, he upset a cage of illuminated mice that he had just prepared for active service, and the whole lot escaped. Sam didn't think anything of the accident except that it obliged him to illuminate a fresh lot of mice for use that same night; but it so happened that nearly all the mice ran into the aunt's room, and hid behind the furniture. When night came on, the old lady went to bed as usual, and after she had blown out her candle, and the house was quiet, the illuminated mice began to promenade round the room as mice will. When Sam's aunt saw them she expressed her views of mice in general, and Sam in particular, in a voice that was heard ten blocks away, and that brought up the police, and a fire-engine, in less than five minutes. You see, what excited her wasn't merely the mice, though, being a woman, of course she was more afraid of them than she would have been of so many mad dogs; but she was mad all over at the idea that Sam looked on her as a drunkard that needed to be reformed, and had let his mice loose in her room for that purpose. They say that it took four policemen to calm her down, and that they couldn't have done it if one of them hadn't happened to have a bottle of tonic in his pocket. Before Sam got home from his reforming duties that night the old lady had packed up and left the house, and there was an end of Sam's hopes of coming into her property. What was about as bad was the killing of one of the illuminated mice by the police, which naturally gave away Sam's entire reforming racket; and in the course of the next day or two, everybody in Chicago knew how it was that Sam had contrived to reform all his drunkards. That put an end to the usefulness of Sam's illuminated mice, and it led to the backsliding of all his reformed drunkards, who were that mad at having been cheated into reforming that they went to work to make up for all the drinks they had missed during the time that they were reformed. Well! Sam made a good thing out of his illuminated mice while the game lasted, and that's about all any man can expect to do in this weary world."



SINEW AND SENTIMENT:

THE PICTURED HISTORY OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

BY FRED MILLER.

ILLUSTRATED FROM PRINTS IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM COLLECTION.

PART II.

THE sentimental attitude towards life exhibited by our great-great-grandfathers seems very foreign to us in these days, but we must always remember that in looking back we are apt to see only where we differ, and not where we meet. Sentimentality is to sentiment what bathos is to pathos, and this distortion, which comes of exaggeration, is still to be seen in art, though it does not so emphatically label the art work of to-day as it did in the eighteenth century. Sentimentality is an attitude, a pose; and though it may be largely sub-conscious it is induced by too subjective a point of view, a want of objectivity—of the faculty of being able to stand outside ourselves. It is a very unreal medium through which to survey mankind, for it makes us untrue to ourselves, as all attitudinising is shamming. I suspect that a good deal of this sentimentality came from France, where it actually took the form of playing at being Arcadians—Lowther Arcadians, as a wit of to-day might put it—and trying to look like shepherds and shepherdesses.



Classical Composition. By Angelica Kauffmann.

It gave vice a piquancy to be seen in the *rôle* of nymphs and swains with tabors and crooksand lambkins. Rousseau in his *Nouvelle Heloïse*, and Goethe (who, though a German, was greatly under French influences) in his *Sorrows of Werther*, set a fashion in literature which lasted well into this century, as the poetry of Byron and the prose of Bulwer Lytton attest. Dickens may be said to be the last great writer who was a sentimentalist. Thackeray managed to keep clear of it.

We were not as thorough-going as the



The birth of Otway. After Westall.

French, but there is a great deal of the sham and affected about these "men of feeling" in the last century. The constant warfare England was engaged in forced them to action, and this saved them from becoming merely sickly sentimentalists. It played off against the enervation which would have come of their indulgence in this sentimental attitudinising. They played at classicism; built temples in the gardens to Hellenic gods and goddesses, and modelled their mansions and churches on Greek buildings; but the present age sets little value upon such architecture. The large number of ugly buildings built in the last century attests the real want of taste which existed, their slavish admiration and imitation of classic models notwithstanding. Eighteenth-century classicism no longer inspires us. When we erect a statue to a warrior or a statesman we clothe him much as his friends saw him dressed in the life, and not as though he were masquerading as a Roman Senator. We now give the preference to trousers and boots over greaves and sandals. No writer in the last century could begin a composition without a quotation in Latin or Greek, while to imitate or paraphrase the classic authors was the task most poets then set themselves. We have shaken ourselves clear of this influence and prefer to observe and reflect for ourselves instead of adopting the convention of another age and people. This classicism of the eighteenth century was the most deadening influence on art, as it poisoned the springs of inspiration, and it was only here and there that a genius succeeded in making his voice heard above this jargon of the day.

It is but a step from this pseudo-classicism to sentimentality, for both are an affectation of mood; perhaps we might say a want of the sense of humour, for wit, which is a sublimated form of the comic

spirit, they possessed. For a king, and he a commonplace one, to be painted on a ceiling trying to feel at home amid gods and goddesses very scantily clad reclining on beds of cloud, as we can see at Hampton Court, could never have been done seriously had there been any humourist about to laugh at such absurdity.

That they took themselves seriously there is abundant evidence to show, for looking at such affectations through the perspective of time gives us an unfair advantage over our ancestors. It must be remembered that we may appear to our age coming after full of shams. It must not be supposed, therefore, that they were conscious of being sentimentalists any more than we are of being pessimists. What will save us and the coming race is the democratic spirit which is abroad. The struggle for existence, which must yearly grow keener, will keep the mind and body more healthy than when indolence and ease minister to desire. Your refined appetite ends in eschewing everything that does not tickle or stimulate it; to live on *entrées* and *hors d'œuvres* is bad for one physically, and the same holds good of mental food. The favoured few may go on living to themselves and making the world a lordly pleasure-house for only themselves to dwell in, and from this false position any affectation is possible to them, but I would not give much for their chance of happiness a century hence, if we may judge by the trend of things.

In the last century the position of the favoured few was everywhere acknowledged and accepted as part of the divine scheme. Dr. Johnson's feelings as to the aristocracy of his day are well known.

Little wonder is it then that the privileged class, not being in touch with life as it existed for the greatest number of the people, and caring nothing about



The Bower of Venus. After Westall.



Cries of London : "Do you want any matches?" After Wheatley.

those who served them and earned them the wherewithal for their luxury and refinement, should feed a false taste, cultivate an affected attitude towards men and things. Their position engendered a want of sympathy and healthy instincts; yet they were alert, intelligent, discriminating if limited in taste, and elegant in bearing. Such a soil as these conditions produced was a good one for art to flourish in for a while, but being nighly stimulating before long caused a forced and unhealthy growth.

A sterile soil dwarfs and stunts nature, and yet a too rich and forcing one produces an emasculate, attenuated growth, wanting in robustness.

> Some men are cradled into poetry by wrong
> And learn in suffering what they teach in song.

It is the wrong and suffering, the stress of circumstance, that has produced some of the most glorious art work in the world. Go and live in Thomson's "Castle of Indolence" and man loses his manliness and woman becomes a wanton.

The particular set of conditions which gave us the art of the last century is not likely to recur: for us the world becomes more democratic, and the desires of the few give place to the wants of the many. All art will have to ring true, for shamming or attitudinising will quickly be detected, and therefore not be tolerated. Democracy yet waits for her opportunity and will have to fit herself for her heritage,



St. Preux and Julia After Wheatley.

for there can be no question but that art of all kinds will suffer for the while ; as the old order changes giving place to the new this lack of sensitiveness and discrimination in the public will remove those restraining forces which keep art "straight," and a good deal of rank growth will be the result. But democracy must fit herself for her heritage, and if we become, as John Morley so aptly puts it, "calmed by reason, braced by knowledge, clothed with steadfastness," we shall see a nobler art expression than we have ever had, because the emotions and impulses to which art speaks will be virile, vehement, and veracious; shams will have a difficulty in securing a foothold among free men. These altered conditions will give Gambetta's "Aristocracy of the *best*" an opportunity.

Sentiment is the one factor in art which requires the most careful watching to keep it within bounds. It constantly wants cutting back, as a gardener might say, lest it run to leaf and bear no fruit. Yet we can no more do without sentiment than we can without the comic spirit. Indeed, of the two, it is the more indispensable possession, as sentiment appeals to the primeval instincts much more than does the sense of the ludicrous. We cannot, I think, picture prehistoric man as he chipped his flints joking with his fellow-tribesmen. The hunger which was never appeased, and the effort to hold his own against the animals of his day, gave him no opportunity to see the apparent similarity between dissimilar things or have "a genial sympathy for the underside."

Having attempted to put ourselves into the attitude to appreciate the sentimentality of the eighteenth century, let us look at the few examples I have selected for the pages of *The Idler*. The wonderful workmanship revealed in the engravings from which the illustrations are taken cannot be seen owing to the reduction that has been necessary to fit them for the pages of the magazine; but the gracefulness, elegance of arrangement, and delicacy of line can. Each subject is planned with discrimination which gives a completeness and balance that has an undeniable charm. You will look in vain for blundering, inelegant workmanship. All is suave, genteel; arranged to charm the eye by its symmetry and



The Love-sick Maid. After Wheatley.

prettiness ; and it is thoroughly satisfying so long as we do not ask for dramatic intensity or the grip of pathos. There is a discreet and elegant optimism about all the work which seems to say, "We have no wish to search or pry into the recesses of the mind or heart."

If Wheatley draws a match-seller he makes her a graceful girl such as would decorate a drawing-room, and if we look through the whole set of these "Cries" we find nothing in them to disturb our serenity: we say, as we look at these street hawkers, "The world went very well then."

If we are invited to see a death-bed as in the "Pious Pastor," we are given the very best of its kind. The whole scene is a well-arranged tableau in which all the actors have rehearsed their several parts, and the only thing wanting is the sting of death itself.

There is no whirl of passion or tempestuous fury of feeling which breaks through our decorum. The painter of this picture never dreamed of such subjects as Fildes's "Casual Ward" or Bramley's "Hopeless Dawn," or, if he did, was careful not to waste his strength in painting what would have disturbed the equanimity of his patron, by showing that there were other niches besides the comfortable one he sheltered himself in in this best of all possible worlds.



The Pious Pastor. After Stothard.

Take the contrast shown in the two subjects "The Love-sick Maid" and "The Marriage." What a forcing of the note there is, what a playing at pathos! It is about as much like the real thing as a charade is like the drama. People with an incapacity for feeling like to imagine themselves in various states of emotion. It panders to their morbid susceptibilities, just as going to the Morgue gives many Parisians a painful pleasure. There is

plenty of sham pathos and false feeling to be seen in the art around us.

"The Birth of Otway" is a good instance of the conventional symbolism of the time. How quaint it seems to have a mother watching over her baby's couch in a forest. which in our climate would be both damp and draughty and likely to nip his life in the bud. The verses under the picture are worth transcribing:—

"Sleep on, sweet babe, the fond mother cries,
As over her child she bends and weeps and sighs,
Dear innocent, enjoy thy little hour,
And taste of bliss while bliss is in thy power.
With ken prophetic I alas foresee
A life of sorrow is ordained for thee.
Tho' fraught with powers that to thy scenes impart
Woes that distress and agonise the heart,
The fates this stern decree to me reveal:
The pangs he paints so well his soul shall feel.
For pallid poverty with chilling hand
And all thy blighting train and baleful band
Attend thy footsteps. While corroding care
Leads on to black, and comfortless despair.
By famine's fatal gripe bereft of breath
Thy race half run thy miseries end in death."



Married. After Wheatley.

In Johnson's *Life of Otway* he is said to have died by "swallowing, after a long fast, a piece of bread which charity supplied. He went out, as is reported, almost naked, in the rage of hunger, and, finding a gentleman in a neighbouring coffee-house asked him for a shilling. The gentleman gave him a shilling, and Otway, going away, bought a roll, and was choked with the first mouthful."

Angelica Kauffmann was quite the high priestess of the cult of sentimental classicism, and her work seems to be thoroughly typical of the age. Her figures appear sexless, their expression is vacuous, their poses are graceful to inanity. All the roughnesses are smoothed away; everything is so refined that we look at them and wonder from what favoured planet they hail. There is nothing really to touch the heart, and whether her people are mourning, or making love, or rejoicing, we look upon them unmoved for we have nothing in common with them. Yet no one was more engraved than Angelica, and her pencil was largely employed in decorating the mansions of the great.

I have given no specimen of Hogarth's work, because he was the one great artist of the century who was entirely himself and remained untouched by the sentiment of his age. A glance through his work after a course of Angelica Kauffmann, Wheatley, or Stothard, is like going from the languorous atmosphere of a hot-house into a south-west wind. One staggers under it, and yet there is a pleasure in battling against it.

TRIOLET.

"*Le premier jour du mois de mai.*"

THE first day of the month of May
Was of my life the happiest:
How fair a plan I drew that day,
The first day of the month of May!
For you I saw, I loved straightway:
And were that plan but to your taste,
The first day of the month of May
Were of my life the happiest!

"THOU SHALT NOT MAKE TO THYSELF ANY GRAVEN IMAGE."

BY EMMIE AVERY KEDDELL.

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE HUTCHINSON.



IT would have been a wearisome journey, had it not been for those poppies, poppies growing straight and tall amidst the corn, and of that particular shade of red that he was always sure had grown out of the greyness of his own life. Then they reminded him of her in some subtle fashion, for she was wont to have a touch of that vivid colouring about her —in the flower at her throat, in her hat, or peeping from beneath the hem of her gown, as if from its very brightness it would chain her feet to earth's earthiness.

He was grateful to the poppies, as a man may well be, for they had brought her strangely near to him, and the train was slow to one who had so glorious a prospect before him. He was to spend long days in her presence, had dreamt of walks and talks upon the cliffs in the evening hours, when together they would try to fathom the mysterious message of the sea.

And then the man smiled, for there would be one walk when he would have much to ask her. He was pretty sure of his answer, as are most wise men who put questions of that sort to the one woman they would pass their lives with. And now, every moment was taking him nearer to her, until at last he was so near that he could well afford the wish that he might stay the train for some moments, whilst he gathered for her of her favourites.

He even pictured the smile she would flash upon the poppies first—then full upon him. He knew the exact tone in which she would reply to his question —why she loved poppies best of all? . . . how she would say, "Oh, because they are so warm, so alive in their humanity, so unlike humanity insomuch that they die in the full of their rich, glad beauty."

One more stop, and—well, there were no words, but he collected his belongings with the air of a man who would waste no time. "At last," he muttered, and began to look for her on the small and crowded platform. She was not there, and the man felt the first chill of disappointment.

Sure, he knew well enough she had been really ill, but then, he argued within himself, thank God, she was never so ill that she must needs do less than those things he was sure she would do. Delicate always, her delicacy had been but the excuse a strong man likes to have towards the woman of his choice. Besides, he hated your exuberantly healthy women, your women who can do most things outside their sex better than so many men. She was essentially a womanly woman, oftentimes aggravatingly —bewilderingly—so.

Still, she might have met him. Of course, there was no real need why she should—no promise given or wish expressed—but when a man has been sure

of an uncertainty he thinks he has a right to feel aggrieved at the nonfulfilment of his expectations.

It was in this mood that he drove to her. So, little wonder that their meeting lacked much of the warmth of other meetings between those two, who had been less than lovers, yet more than friends.

At first he seemed conscious only of some fresh notes in her voice, that fell upon him with a harsh discord, where he had expected harmony. Then he watched her face more closely. It was as studying the face of some stranger, and the more closely he watched, the more conscious of this he became. She looked ill—not ill in the old fragile way, that had held its charm, because one was always so sure that when the outward light was fading, the inward light shone brightest,—but tired and sallow-looking, with little shadows playing about eyes and mouth, and giving to the latter a discontented, petulant expression.

Indeed, during those few days the man found her strangely petulant. There were few walks and fewer talks, and if at first he tried for that walk which had been uppermost in his thoughts on the journey down, he grew to desire it less as the days went on

For *this* was not the woman he had known — the woman whose wit had matched his, whose hopeful courage and ambitions had stimulated him to greater courage and fresh effort. Both earning their livelihood with their pen, though in divers directions, she had been wont to take the keenest interest in his written words, and he had grown to regard her both as his Critic and his Public, whilst her words of praise pleased him as no newspaper paragraph had ever done. She appeared to live in his successes, regarding her own work as but the means by which she should the better understand his. She had not been one of those women who had "loomed large in her own view."

As the man measured and compared her—then with now—he was full of an angry impatience. Fate, or the little gods who sit aloft and work strange mischief with the destinies of hopes that had seemed so secure, were having the laugh at him—"playing low down," as he would have said to some of his friends. Besides he could not understand these moods, these whims, these fancies—long silences followed by bursts of trivialities.

It was after one of these outbursts that he told her something of his thoughts—of the change in her.

"We are not alone," she answered gently. "There are you, and I, and Pain—and he claims most of me."

"You have been ill before."

"Ah, yes!" she said. "But then I have only seen you in the getting-well hours. Besides, I feel so old, so tired, as if my youth were left behind for someone else to find."

The man looked out at the sea, but it told him nothing. How could it, when her voice, always earnest, ever changing, had told him nothing? Silence might in very truth have become golden then, but he broke it.

"I've always wondered," said he, "what was a great gift to wish to women. I know now. Good health; for bad health is hard lines on the woman, and it's beastly rough on the people around her."

She answered him nothing at all, but the pair grew more ill at ease during their few remaining hours together. It was a positive relief when the moment of parting came.

He had forgotten that he had ever had any definite purpose in coming, and she kept repeating to herself, in that odd way some women have, a quotation that at the moment seemed to have no meaning: "*Thou shalt not make to thyself any graven image.*"

. . . . .

In the two years that followed they had

not met. Even her letters had become a rarity. The man had grown to smile when he looked at his old bookcase, in which there were hundreds of her letters. He had told her once that if he had paid her so much for every thousand words she would be a rich woman. I fancy he forgot to remind himself how he had added, that they were worth more than any riches to him.

Her letters had altered from those in the old bookcase. He had not waited in, hours at a time, for the scraps that came to him now, filled with the idle chatter of meaningless nothings. He thought of her sometimes, whilst speaking of women in general with a great contempt for their inability—that inability for a continuous adaptation of themselves to man's requirements.

Of her work in the world he knew little or nothing. They had few mutual friends, and so when he heard of a dinner given to her by the men and women of our day, who rule our literature, our morals, yea, our manners (the last very badly, let it be told), he was surprised, and a little indignant, that he was the last to hear of it. He received his invitation—not before he had made up his mind to go; for the sake of those old times he owed it to her that he should pay her even so empty an honour. Besides, he was curious to see what she looked like, and a man may be pardoned that much curiosity, when you reflect that her looks *might* have been of great moment to him. He even went to the extent of making a few enquiries amongst the people to whom she had been known; but he could gather nothing of her personality. All the world knew was that she had won her place. The world we live in is *too* busy to concern itself with a woman, unless she has done something she ought not to do, or has become eccentric in a manner that is not pleasing to the majority.

The man indulged in more reflections as he dressed for the dinner. He wondered if she still looked sallow, and, during the process of tying his tie, he caught himself picturing the lines and shadows a little deeper upon her face. Yet I do not believe he was altogether happy: you see, he had almost passed into the reality of a bright dream, and it was not altogether his fault. Health is not a thing you may buy, even for those dearest, nor ill-health a thing you can easily live with for the sake of those nearest, and so the man was sorry—as we are all apt to be—for himself.

She was late—and that, he remembered, was a new feature—and then—he looked. No—yes—it *was* she. But which was the dream—this, or those days by the sea; or was it the old dream come back, like some cursed memory we would bury deep? How well, after all, he remembered those tones in her voice! He could almost swear it to be the self-same white gown—the flowers such as *he* had given her, and the face——But there—she was holding out her hand to him, and he was stammering some words of congratulation which he had forgotten before she passed to her seat.

"Keeps remarkably young, eh?" said a neighbour, and he answered in the affirmative, in a dazed condition, only remembering—remembrance lost in wonderment—and in pain.

He paid little enough attention to the dinner, or to the speeches, but at last he became aware of her voice, and found himself listening to it.

"Oh, yes," she was saying, "I have had a good time, and if I only get a twentieth part of the good things you have been good enough to wish me, I should be rich indeed in all that many women hold so dear. And yet, had I been a man, making a speech to a woman, I think there is just one thing (being a man, you know) that I should have wished her."

"What was that?"

"Cannot you guess?"



"I rise to do an unusual thing."

"No, you are insatiable, for surely we have wished you every mortal thing?"

"That is it; '*every mortal thing*.' But this is a something *im*mortal, and so, womanlike, I can be sorry that you did not wish it to me."

"Give it up," said the chairman. "I never was good at riddles. It can't be youth?"

She laughed. "Oh, no. Did I not say it was a wish I should wish to a woman were I a man? Now, if I were a man should I not be sure that a woman was youthful so long as she was charming?"

("Giving the old brute a chance for a compliment," muttered the man watching her, under his breath.)

"Why not make a speech to yourself?"

"No, no," she replied hurriedly. But the request became more general as her "No" became more vehement. The man listening caught her eye.

"It would be a novelty," he said, sarcastically, and then was at a loss to fathom her look, as she said, "Very well, I will," and rose to her feet. Years afterwards one man could still see her face, and the voice haunted him as only one woman's voice can—and will.

"My friends," she began, "I rise to do an unusual thing, because I am told it would be a novelty. Now you have been good, oh, so good, to me, and it seems that I can best repay you, in a world where there is little new, by giving you a novelty, though I earn a laugh. And you are to forget, you know, that it is a woman speaking. You are to imagine that I am a man, speaking to myself—a woman. I do wish that I could say that I were an old-fashioned one, but how can I, for years and years ago women lived side by side with contentment? If they gave less they exacted almost nothing, but lived their lives on the lines laid down for them by parents or husband. I think they were happier, those old-fashioned women. They had *more time* to be happy *in*, and the word 'ideal' had not burnt itself into so many hearts. Nowadays we must live up to an ideal; we must create ideals. We put our idols on high pedestals, and we never see their clay feet for our tears. We never see that they are idols, because we never *will;* and so day by day women make unto themselves 'graven images.' And is it not written, nay, is it not truer than all that has been written, that 'thou shalt not make unto thyself any graven image,' in the likeness of aught? or its chill must squeeze the life-blood from your heart; whilst hope shall empty itself, not into delight, but into despair.

"Ah!" she went on with a complete change of voice, "I am a very woman, after all, speaking as a woman to women, and you did not wish me anything so cold as an idol amongst the many things you hoped for me this evening. You wished me Life—and Happiness—and a gladness that follows that—Success upon Success—oh, was there anything you did not wish me, except"—and she bent forward that she might meet the listening man's eyes—"except Health—health, the greatest gift to woman, the proudest blessing? Fill your glasses and let us drink deep, again, and yet again—to health! What is greater, stronger, than health? And whatever gifts God has given you, it is rough on the people around you when He has withheld that."

. . . . .

The man awoke, and remembered—and understood.



REWARD FOR A GOOD BOY.
By B. E. Minns.

"Mother, will you take me to see the football match this afternoon?"

"No, darling, but if you are a very good boy mother will let you help her clean her bicycle."

THE VEILED MAN:

BEING AN ACCOUNT OF THE RISKS AND ADVENTURES OF SIDI AHAMADOU, SHEIKH OF THE AZJAR MARAUDERS.

BY WILLIAM LE QUEUX.

ILLUSTRATED BY WARWICK GOBLE.

III.—The Secret of Sâ.

THROUGH the very heart of the barren, naked Saharan country, that boundless sea of red-brown arid sands which, like the ocean itself, is subject to fitful moods of calm and storm, there runs a deep rocky ravine which has ever been a mystery to geographers. It commences near the shore of Lake Tsâd, and, extending for nearly eight hundred miles due north to Lake Melghir, is known as the Igharghar, and is the dried-up bed of a river which, with its tributaries, once rendered this bare wilderness one of the most fertile spots on earth, but which for upwards of two thousand years has ceased to flow. Strangely enough, the country traversed by this great stony ravine is to-day the most arid and inhospitable in the world. The river, which, according to the legendary stories told in the market-places of the desert towns, must have been as mighty as the Nile, dried up suddenly from some cause which has always puzzled geographers. A portion of its course, about two hundred miles, half filled with sand, has for ages been used as the caravan route between the city of Agades, the capital of the Aïr country, and Temasinin, at the foot of the Tinghert Plateau, but the remainder is of such a rocky character as to be impassable, and has on many occasions served us as ambush when fighting the Ouled Slimân marauders, our hereditary foes.

While on one of these expeditions we were encamped in the shadow of some great rocks which had once been covered by the giant flood. Around us on every hand was the sandy waterless waste known by the ominous name of *Ur-immandess*, "He (Allah) heareth not," that is, is deaf to the cry of the waylaid traveller. It is a dismal tract, one of the most hot and arid in the whole of Northern Africa. The poison-wind blows almost continually, and the general appearance of the sand-dunes is altered almost hour by hour. We were six days' march off an interesting little walled town I had once visited, called Azaka 'n Ahkar, where stands the curious tomb of a chieftain who fell during the Arab invasion over a thousand years ago, and to the west, within sight, was the low dark hill known to us as Mount Hikena, a spot feared universally throughout the desert as the abode of the jinns.

Already had we engaged the fierce host of the Ouled Slimân in deadly conflict at the well of Agnar, but finding our opponents armed with rifles procured from European traders, we had drawn off in an endeavour to entice them into the Wady Igharghar, where our superior knowledge of the ground would give us distinct advantage. Our losses three days before had been very serious, and our Sheikh Tamahu had despatched mes-

sengers in all haste to the oasis of Noum-en-Nas, six marches distant, to urge forward reinforcements. That night, when the moon had risen, I accompanied Hamoud, one of my companions as scout, to travel northward along the dried-up watercourse to make a *reconnaissance*, and to ascertain if the enemy were in the vicinity. To ride up that valley, choked by its myriad boulders, was impossible, therefore we were compelled to journey on foot.

Had we ascended to the desert we should have imperilled our camp, for our enemies in search of us would undoubtedly detect our presence. We had pitched our tents at a secluded inaccessible spot where the dried-up river had taken a sudden bend, in the heart of a country scarcely ever traversed. Through the long brilliant night with my companion I pressed forward, sometimes clambering over rough rocks split by the heat of noon and chills of night, and at others sinking knee-deep in soft sand-drifts. When dawn spread we now and then clambered up the steep sides of the valley and cautiously took observations. In that region, the surface of the desert being perfectly flat, any object can be seen at great distances: therefore we at all times were careful not to stand upright, but remained crouched upon our faces. So dry also is the atmosphere that any sudden movement, such as the flapping of a burnoose or the swish of a horse's tail, will cause sparks to be emitted.

Beneath the milk-white sky of noon, when the fiery sun shone like a disc of burnished copper, we threw ourselves down beneath the shadow of a huge boulder to eat and rest. Hamoud, older than myself, was a typical nomad, bearded, bronzed, and a veritable giant in stature. His physical strength and power of endurance was greater than that of any other of our tribesmen, and he was always amiable and light-hearted. While he lit his keef-pipe and chatted I gazed about me, noticing how, by the action of the eddying waters of this river, the very name of which is lost to us, the hard, grey rock above had been worn smooth and hollow. The mystery of the Igharghar had always attracted me since my earliest boyhood. Why this mighty stream, in some places nearly six miles wide, should have suddenly ceased to flow, fertilise, and give life to the great tract it traversed, was a problem which the wise men of ages had failed to solve. True, the One Merciful heard not in that wild, unfrequented region. It was the country accursed and forgotten of Allah.

When, in the cooler hours, we resumed our journey, ever-watchful for the presence of the Ouled Slimân, on every side we noticed unmistakeable traces of the enormous width and depth of the giant waterway. About noon on the second day I had ascended to the desert to scan the horizon, when I discovered some ruined masonry, half buried beneath its winding-sheet of sand. On the keystone of an arch I found an inscription in Roman characters, and here and there stood broken columns and portions of grey time-worn walls.

It was the site of an effaced and forgotten city; a centre of culture and civilisation which had owed its very existence to this great river, and had declined and fallen when the stream had so mysteriously ceased to flow. The once-fertile land had withered, and become a dreary sunburnt uninhabitable wilderness.

Ask any marabout from Morocco to far-off Tripoli, and he will declare that for some reason unknown, Allah, before the days of his Prophet, set the mark of his displeasure upon the country known to us as the Ahaggar. It is not, therefore, surprising that the Ouled Slimân, our enemies, should be known throughout the desert as The Children of Eblis.

As, spear in hand, I walked at Hamoud's side along that vanished fluvial basin we discussed the probable causes of the sud-

den failure of that mighty flow. He suggested that its source might by some means have become exhausted, but, geographers having ages ago disposed of that point, I explained to him how every theory possible had already been put forward and dismissed. The mysterious forgotten river was still a geographical problem as great as the existence of open water at the poles.

Through two more days we journeyed forward, ever-watchful yet discerning no sign of our enemies, but at length, coming to a steep bare cliff, once undoubtedly a roaring cataract, we found its granite bed had been worn into ridges two thousand years ago by the action of the torrent. At this point the plateau over which we had journeyed descended sheer and steep on to the plain of which we commanded an extensive view for many miles. An hour before sundown the sky had suddenly darkened, indicative of an approaching sandstorm, therefore we resolved to remain there the night and retrace our steps next day. Our fears were realised. Shortly before midnight, as we sat together smoking, the unclouded starry sky assumed an extraordinary clearness. The atmosphere was perfectly still, when suddenly in the east a black cloud began to rise with frightful rapidity, and soon covered half the heavens. Presently a strong gust of wind enveloped us with sand, and threw little pebbles as large as peas into our faces. Soon, while we crouched beneath a rock, we were surrounded by a dense cloud of sand, and stood still in impenetrable gloom. The storm was of unusual severity. Our eyes were filled with grit every time we ventured to open them. We did not dare to lie down for fear of being buried. The tempest at last passed, the night quickly grew clear again, and extricating ourselves from the sand that had drifted high about us, we lay down exhausted to sleep.

Before dawn I rose, and, without disturbing the heavy slumber of my companion, strode forth along the brink of the dried-up cataract to examine more closely the hitherto unexplored spot. The sun-whitened boulders were all worn smooth where the gigantic rush of the waters had whirled past them ere they dashed below into that once-fertile plain, and as I went along I presently discovered a place where I could descend the face of the cliff. Without difficulty I at last reached its base, and stepping forward placed my foot upon soft drifted sand that gave way beneath my tread.

With startling suddenness a strange sound fell upon my ears, deafening me. I felt myself falling, and, in clutching frantically at the objects around, struck my head a violent blow. Then all consciousness became blotted out.

How long I remained insensible I cannot tell. I have an idea that many hours must have elapsed, for, when painfully I struggled back to a knowledge of things about me, I found myself enveloped in a darkness blacker than night, my ears being filled by a continuous unceasing roar like thunder. I was chilled to the bone, and on stretching forth my hand found myself lying upon a mass of soft slime that, splashing over my face, had half suffocated me. With both hands outstretched I tried to discover into what noisome place I had so suddenly been precipitated. Intently I listened. The roaring was that of some mighty unseen torrent.

Creeping cautiously forward upon my hands and knees, fearing lest I should stumble into any further chasm, I soon came to water flowing swiftly past. Then the truth dawned upon me that I was beside the bank of some unknown subterranean river. Of the extent of that dark cavernous place I could obtain no idea. Thrice I shouted with all my strength, but in that deafening roar my voice was echoless.

With a supplication to Allah to envelop me with the cloak of his protection, I

cautiously pursued my way over the stones and slime in the direction the unseen stream was rushing. The incline was steep, and as the air seemed cool and fresh I felt assured there must be some outlet to the blessed light of day. Yet onward I crept slowly, chilled by the icy mud, until my limbs trembled and I was compelled to pause and rub them to prevent them becoming benumbed.

Truly mine was an unenvious position. Throughout my life it has been my endeavour to tread those crooked and laborious paths whereby knowledge of hidden mysteries may be gained; therefore I worked on like a mole in the dark, and by diligent industry gained ground considerably. During several hours I pushed my way forward, until at length my hands came into contact with a wall of rock which barred all further passage, although the water lapping it swirled past on its downward course. Eagerly I felt about the rock, searching for some mode of egress, but could find none. The wall of the enormous cavern extended sheer and unbroken for five hundred paces, then turned back in the direction I had already traversed. Thus was a terrible truth forced upon me. I was entombed.

My injured head pained me frightfully, and I must have become weakened by loss of blood. The terrors of that foul fearsome place, where the deafening roar was unceasing, and the blackness could be felt, overwhelmed me. I groped back to the edge of the roaring torrent exhausted, and sinking slept.

When I awoke I was amazed to find the cavern illumined by a faint greenish light just sufficient to enable me to see that the rushing foaming waters were of great width and volume, and that the cavern whence they came was low, but of vast extent. Then, turning towards the light, I found that it shone up through the water beyond the wall of rock which formed that side of the cave. At first the strange light puzzled me, but I soon ascertained that the subterranean river emptied itself into the open air at that spot, and that the sun shining upon the water as it rushed out of its underground course, reflected the welcome light up to where I stood. The discovery held me breathless. I saw that in such enormous volume did those icy waters sweep down that the opening in the rock whence they were let free was completely filled. There was, after all, no exit.

At the edge of the boiling torrent I stood, calmly contemplating the advisability of plunging in and allowing myself to be swept out into the air. The only thing which deterred me from so doing was the fear that outside the cataract fell down from some dizzy height into a foaming flood below, in which case I must be either battered to death upon the rocks or drowned beneath the descending tons of water. The thought of this terrible fate thrilled me with horror.

Of a sudden I heard above the roar a man's voice; and startled, turned round and saw a long boat, shaped something like a canoe, containing two dark figures, being propelled swiftly towards me.

Agape in wonder I stood watching them.

Ere I could realise the truth they had run their craft up high and dry where I stood, and were beside me questioning me in some strange unknown tongue. In that faint green light they looked weird impish figures. Small of stature, their skins were a lightish yellow; they wore curious necklets and armlets of chased bones, and their loincloths were scaly, like the skin of some fish or serpent. In their hands they both carried long barbed spears. They had been fishing, for their boat was nearly full.

To their rapid questions I could only shake my head, when in an instant the roar of the waters increased until speech became impossible. Terrified they both next second leaped into their boat and

dragged me in after them. Their promptitude saved my life, for ere an instant had elapsed our boat became lifted by an enormous inrush which flooded the whole cavern to a depth of many feet. Our boat rose so near the roof that we were compelled to crouch down to prevent our heads being jammed, and soon I found myself being rowed rapidly along in triumph into the impenetrable darkness. I had escaped death by a hair's breadth, but what grim adventure was yet in store for me I dreaded to anticipate.

My impish captors bent hard at their paddles, exchanging muttered words, until soon the roaring of the torrent sounded indistinct, and we found ourselves out upon a great subterranean lake of limitless extent. The eyes of my companions, accustomed to that appalling darkness, could discern objects where I could distinguish nothing. As we went forward the current became weaker, and now and then I felt a splashing as a large fish was lifted from the water impaled upon a spear. Yet ever forward we kept on and on, for fully two hours, until suddenly I saw a faint glimmer of grey light upon the wide expanse of black water, and when we neared it I discerned that there was a huge crack in the roof of rock, and it was open to the sky, but so great was the distance to the world above that only a faint glimmer penetrated there.

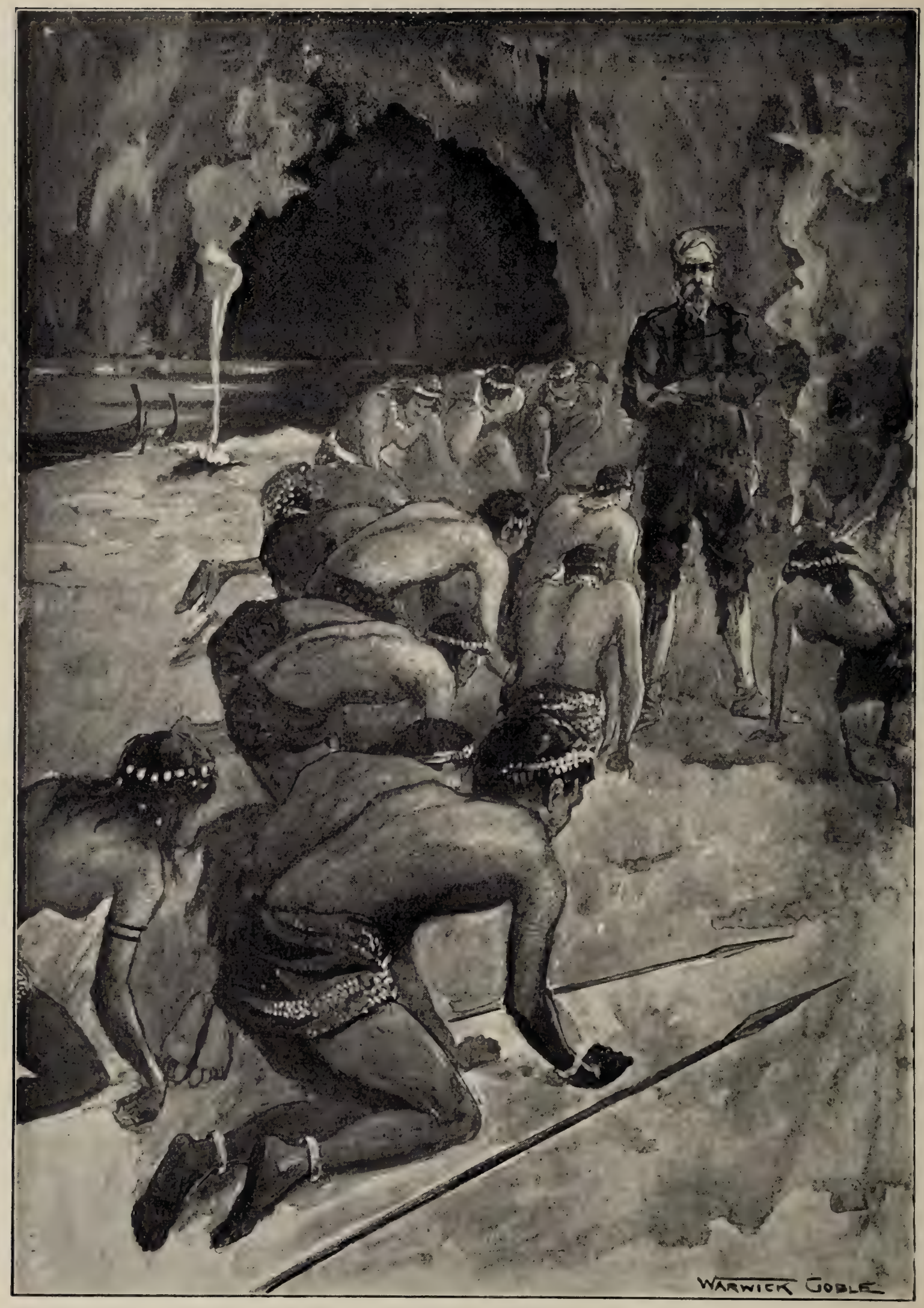
By its light I distinguished how clear and deep were the waters, and noticed that the fish my companions had caught were of a uniform grey colour, without eyes. In the impenetrable darkness of those subterranean depths the organs of vision, I afterwards ascertained, never developed. The eyes of the two men with me were also strange-looking, set closely together, dark and bead-like.

But we paused not, holding straight upon our way, plunging again into the cavernous blackness, until presently there showed before us a golden shaft of sunlight striking full into the waters, and in a few moments we emerged into an open space green and fertile, surrounded on every side by high rocks, honeycombed with small caves, while the great unknown river itself disappeared beyond into a wide dark tunnel.

Scarcely had we disembarked than the place literally swarmed with the uncanny-looking denizens of this underground realm, who, issuing from their cave-dwellings, eyed me curiously with greatest caution. I had not removed my *litham*, and they undoubtedly were suspicious of a stranger who veiled his face.

My captors, with much wild gesticulation, explained the circumstances in which they had discovered me, and presently, when I had been thoroughly inspected by all, and my appearance commented upon, my veil was surreptitiously snatched from my pallid face, and I was hurried into one of the small cell-like caverns, and there secured to the rock by a rudely constructed chain. Soon food was brought me, and the inhabitants of this curious unknown country formed a ring near the river-bank, and commenced to execute a kind of wild dance, accompanied by fiendish yells, working themselves into a frenzy, like the dancers of the Ouled Naïls. For a long time I watched their weird pantomimic gyrations, when at length my eyes were startled at beholding in the centre of the circle a tall man of much paler complexion than my own, dressed in a few dilapidated rags. Once or twice only I caught a glimpse of him, and then I recognised that his face was that of an European, and his dress the tattered remains of a French military uniform. His beard and moustache seemed ashen grey, and upon his haggard countenance, as he stood motionless and statuesque amid the dancers, was a weary look of blank despair. He also was a captive.

The strange-looking, yellow-skinned people of this riparian region at length ceased dancing, and with one accord



With one accord knelt around him in adoration.

knelt around him in adoration, worshipping him as if he were an idol. The scene, as they gabbled words in an unknown tongue, was weird and impressive. My fellow-captive did not apparently notice me, therefore, fearing to rouse the ire of this hitherto undiscovered people by shouting, I possessed myself in patience. The curious form of pagan worship at last ended; the unfortunate European was released and allowed to seek his abode, a small hole in the rock close to mine, and the impish-looking men dispersed, leaving me to my own dismal thoughts. Ere long the shadows lengthened as the sun sank behind the high rocks, and dusk crept on. About the open space which served as street, men and women of the curious tribe squatted, smoked, and chattered, while others, entering their boats armed with fishing spears, paddled off down the subterranean stream in the direction I had come. Night fell, and at last the cave-dwellers slept.

Slumber, however, came not to my wearied eyes, and for many hours I sat thinking over my strange position, my thoughts being suddenly disturbed by a noise as of someone moaning near me. It was the mysterious European.

With slow steps and bent head he passed by, when, in a low clear voice, I accosted him in French.

Startled, he halted, peering towards me, and when I had uttered a few reassuring words, telling him that I was his fellow-captive, he came towards me, looking half-suspiciously into my face, and enquired my name.

I told him who I was, then made a similar enquiry.

"My name is Flatters," he answered in Arabic. "Thou mayest, perhaps, have heard of me in thy wanderings through the desert?"

"Flatters!" I cried. "Art thou Colonel Flatters, the lost explorer whom the French have sought these three whole years?"

"The same," he answered, sighing deeply, his arms crossed over his breast. "For three years I have been held captive in this noisome Land of Sâ."

His tall dark figure stood out against the starlight, his head bowed in dejection. By this brave explorer's exploits, the whole world had more than once been thrilled. By his intrepidity and ability to withstand the sudden extremes of heat and cold in our Great Desert, the French War Department had been enabled to complete their map of the Saharan plains. It was he who explored all the hitherto unknown region around El Biodh, who discovered and published explanations of the wonderful ruins of Tikbaben, who found the Afeli source, who climbed the Mountain of Iraouen, and penetrated the country of the Ennitra, into which even we of the Azjar feared to venture. Twice he traversed the stony Tinghert table-land, but on the third occasion while in the far south near Lake Tsâd he suddenly disappeared, and although the French authorities had offered a reward of ten thousand francs to anyone who could solve the mystery of his death or capture, and had sent two formidable expeditions across the desert with a view of obtaining some tidings of him, all efforts had been futile.

Yet he had been here, a prisoner in the hands of these uncanny dwellers beneath the earth's surface!

"Hast thou made no attempt to escape?" I enquired, as he seated himself wearily upon a ledge of rock near me.

"Yes," he answered despondently, "but my diaries and geological collections have been lost. All egress from this place is closed. Yon rocks are too sheer and high to be scaled, and the black flood hath risen so that there is neither entrance nor exit."

Briefly, I told him the manner in which I found myself in that dark cavern with its noisy torrent, and when I had finished

he explained the manner in which he had disappeared.

"I set forth from Algiers with five European companions, and after travelling for nine months along unfrequented paths in the inhospitable Ahagar, found myself at Mount El Aghil alone, all my fellow-travellers having died. Unable to return by the route I had come on account of the fierce hostility of the Kel-Rhela, whose vengeance I had narrowly escaped, I was compelled to push on still southward through the Aïr country, reaching at last, close to the dried-up course of the Igharghar, a large and curious oasis, the earth of which was perfectly black and quite soft, contrasting strangely with the dull red sand of the surrounding desert. The vegetation was luxuriant, water-melons grew in rich profusion, and in exploring it I discovered to my astonishment a small but beautiful lake. The oasis abounded in large rocks, and in one of these I found an opening with curious signs rudely carved at the entrance. They appeared to be the hieroglyphics of some ancient race, and their strange character aroused my curiosity. Unlike any hitherto discovered they were of huge design, representing men, monstrosities, and animals of unknown species, yet only superficially outlined, apparently with the most inadequate tools. Not only were they at the entrance, but on lighting a torch I found the interior of the cavern completely covered by these grotesque drawings, and it was while engaged in these interesting investigations that I suddenly stumbled into a narrow chasm that had evidently been hidden by dried branches to form a pitfall for the unwary. When I recovered consciousness I, like thyself, found myself captive in the hands of these fierce primitive barbarians of the nether world."

"But who are they?" I enquired. "I have never heard mention of them before."

"Nor I," he answered. "To our world they are as absolutely unknown as this mighty subterranean flood. During my captivity I have managed to learn some words of their tongue. Their gloomy mysterious region is known to them as Sâ."

"But the river itself amazes me," I observed.

"True. Our accidental discoveries have proved an important geographical fact hitherto undreamed of, namely, that the reason the mighty Igharghar no longer flows to irrigate the desert is because it has found a subterranean channel, and for ages has been roaring on beneath its ancient bed towards the sea."

"Whence, in your opinion, cometh this mysterious river?" I enquired.

"From Lake Tsâd undoubtedly. The fish in its waters, although grey and sightless because of the perpetual darkness in which they live, are of the same species as those I found in the lake. The strangest part of my adventure is that these people, never having before seen a white man, believe me to be some supernatural visitant and worship me as Sâ, their principal God."

Then, while he listened attentively, I told him of the cavern where the river apparently rushed out into the open air, and suggested that as a desperate and last resource we might endeavour to escape by plunging into the chilly stream and allowing ourselves to be carried forth into the unknown. On due consideration, however, we agreed that this project was not feasible on account of the swollen state of the dark flood, and as an alternative resolved to steal one of the canoes and explore the upper reaches of the mysterious underground stream. This decision we followed by immediate action. The explorer, obtaining a roughly fashioned hammer of stone from his own little cave, quickly severed my fetters, and together we crept out across the small deserted grass-plain to where the boats were moored. In one of them we found

paddles, torches, and spears, and stepping in, pushed off and shot silently out into the darkness. Ere we had done so, however, we heard a loud ringing shout close to the bank. Our flight had been discovered.

We each seized a paddle and pulled away with all our might against the stream. Quickly we entered the cavern opposite that through which I had been conveyed. The blackness was complete, but we strained every muscle in our efforts to propel forward our frail craft. Soon behind us we heard the wild fierce yells of our pursuers, and knowing that their eyes, accustomed to that appalling gloom, could discern objects where we of the outer world could detect nothing, we feared lest we might be overtaken. Their angry voices echoed weirdly along the rocky roof, and we could hear the violent splashing of their paddles as they sped along in our wake.

In this mad dash into the unknown realm of perpetual night we shot forward with utter disregard of what dangers lay before. We knew not from what moment to another whether we were heading up the great broad river, or whether rowing straight towards the rocky sides of the cavern. So light and flimsy was our craft that the least collision with a piece of jutting rock would have sent us down to depths unfathomable. At that moment we were enveloped by a hundred perils.

To our surprise and profound satisfaction, we at length realised that the voices of our irate pursuers were growing fainter. They had evidently mistaken the direction we had taken, therefore we slowed up, and presently rested, spent and panting.

I could hear the French officer's hard breathing, but the darkness was so intense that we could not see each other.

"We have unconsciously entered a tributary of the main stream," he observed, gasping for breath. "Listen, the sounds are receding. At least for the present we are safe. Let us rest."

Nothing loth, I bent slowly across my paddle, now and then pulling a few strokes to prevent us drifting, and discussing our position in a low voice so that no echo should betray our presence. Thus we remained fully half an hour, until both of us had refreshed ourselves, then together we paddled on swiftly, yet full of caution. No glimmer of light penetrated that dispiriting gloom, and we feared to ignite one of our torches. Toiling forward, the perspiration rolling off us in great beads, we still continued pulling against the strong current for several hours, until suddenly we saw before us two large shafts of brilliant light striking down from above into the water. Slowly we approached lest any of the denizens of Sâ should be lurking there, but ere long as we came nearer our eyes were dazzled by a sight so amazing that expressions of wonder involuntarily escaped our parched lips.

In the light before us we saw clearly outlined a colossal face with hideous grin carved from the black rock. It was truly gigantic, marvellously fashioned, with huge ears, and an expression absolutely demoniacal, two shafts of bright light issuing forth from the eyes giving it an expression of intense ferocity. We rested on our paddles beneath it, and looked up aghast.

"This," cried Colonel Flatters, "must be the god Sâ, of whom I have heard so much during my sojourn with these people. He is their principal deity, and supposed to be the inexorable guardian of this remarkable kingdom."

"See!" I exclaimed, regarding the extraordinary stone countenance in amazement. "The light from those eyes is sunlight! They are merely holes upon which the declining sun is shining full!"

And such it proved to be. Through the round apertures far up above light and air were admitted from the desert.

When at last our vision became accustomed to the welcome rays of light we made another bewildering discovery. The

rock descended sheer into the black flood, but in little niches which had been rudely fashioned, lay small heaps of gold ornaments and glittering gems, the sacrifices of this stone god's votaries. Together we pulled our canoe close to the rock, taking care that the rapid swirl of the current did not hurl our craft against the jagged stones, and with my hand I clutched a heap of fine ornaments set with emeralds, pearls, and diamonds. In the sunlight we both examined them, finding they were evidently of very ancient manufacture, possibly the spoils of war against some long-forgotten but cultured nation. In workmanship they were similar to the ornaments found in the tombs of ancient Egypt; they had evidently never been manufactured by the barbarous people into whose possession they had passed.

Before us was blackness impenetrable, and upon our ears there broke a distant roar, as of a cataract. The sound appalled us. If a cataract actually lay before, then escape was absolutely hopeless.

But the fact that far above gleamed the sun gave us renewed courage, and after some discussion we became convinced that, this colossal face being regarded as the guardian of the unexplored country, an exit existed there. After some difficulty we ignited one of our torches, and with it stuck in the bows of the canoe, rode backwards and forwards, minutely examining the base of the rock. Once we passed so near that my companion was able to secure a handful of gems for himself, and both of us secreted these stolen votive offerings about our garments. The two parallel shafts of light from the eyes of the graven monstrosity, striking deep into the river, revealed curious fish and water-snakes disporting themselves around the boat, while great black bats which had come in through the two openings, startled by our presence, circled about us ominously with wide-spread flapping wings.

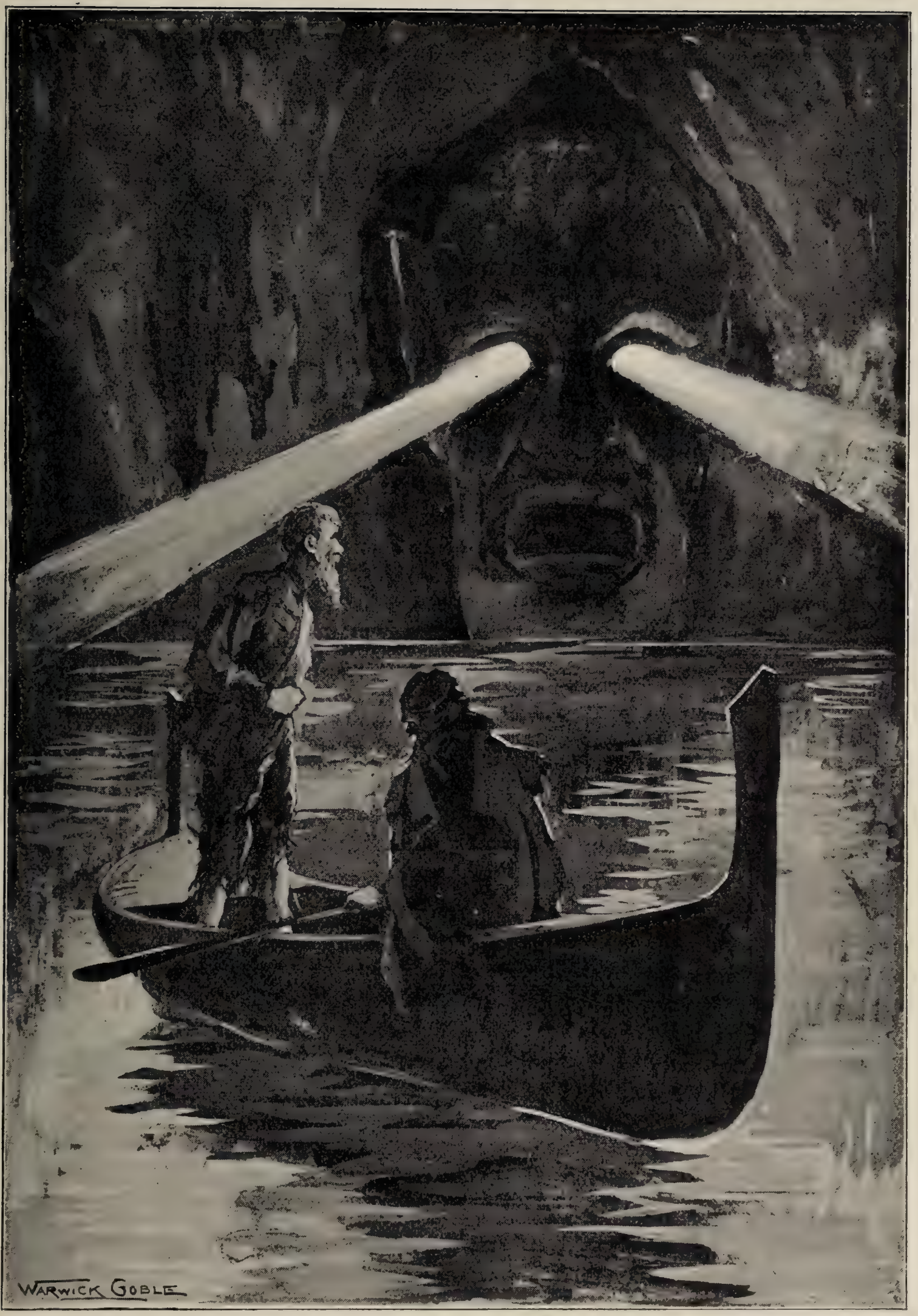
The water glittering beneath the torch's uncertain rays flowed past so swiftly, that we were compelled to continue pulling in order to remain abreast of the idol. Long and earnestly we both searched to find some means by which we could reach the two holes that formed the idol's eyes, yet they seemed so small that it was questionable whether, even if we successfully clambered up the sculptured face, we could squeeze our bodies through. A dozen times we allowed the canoe to drift past while I endeavoured to discover some means by which to reach those glaring eyes. But the bright sunlight dazzled us, and beyond the tiny niches filled with jewels there was no other inequality to serve as foothold to gain the narrow ledge which formed the lips. Again, if I made a false step I should be instantly swept away by the swirling current and lost for ever in the dark whirling flood.

At length, however, my companion, muscular and agile, succeeded in springing clear of the canoe and gripping one of the small niches, tossing the jewels into the water by his frantic efforts. For an instant he struggled, his legs dangling in mid-air, then presently his toes found foothold, and he commenced slowly to clamber up the chin of the gigantic visage towards a kind of long ledge. I watched his progress breathlessly, not daring to utter a word, but keeping the canoe in readiness to row after him if he fell. With difficulty he ascended, clinging on to the face of the rock until he reached the great grinning mouth and stood up facing me.

"What do you find?" I shouted, my voice echoing weirdly. I had noticed that as he glanced along the spot where he stood his face became transfixed by horror.

"Follow me," he replied hoarsely. "Have a care, a single false step means death!"

At that instant the boat was passing the spot where he had gripped the rock's face, and without hesitation I followed his



This must be the god Så.

example and sprang, clutching the narrow slippery ledge with both hands. My feet found a resting-place, yet next second a thought which crossed my mind held me appalled. I had omitted to moor the boat.

Over my shoulder I threw a hasty glance. It had already drifted out of sight.

I heard my white companion shouting, but taking no heed toiled on up the great face until a strong helping hand gripped mine, and I found myself standing beside him upon the narrow ledge forming the lips of the hideous countenance.

Next instant glancing round my eyes encountered a sight which held me petrified.

A long dark aperture, about the height of myself, formed the mouth, and set therein were broad sharp teeth of rusted sword-blades, which, overlapping, prevented entrance to the cavernous throat. Twenty blades were set in the jaw above and twenty below, forming an impassable barrier of razor-edged spikes. Our only means of escape being cut off by the drifting of the canoe, one fact alone remained to give us courage. From where we stood we recognised the utter impossibility of passing through the eyes of the colossus, yet, as together we looked at the formidable teeth, we saw a human skeleton lying beneath them. The skull was beyond the row of blades, the legs towards us, proving that some means existed by which those jaws could be opened. The unfortunate man had, apparently, been impaled by the descending blades while in the act of escaping.

After brief consultation we began an active search to discover the means by which the mouth could be opened. What lay beyond in that dark cavernous throat we knew not, though we strained our eyes into the blackness, and shook the sharp steel spikes in a vain endeavour to loosen them. For a full hour we searched, discovering nothing to lead us to any solution of the problem. That freedom lay beyond we felt convinced, by reason of the light and air from above; but whatever were the means employed to raise the deadly jaw they were secret. Time after time we examined every nook and crevice minutely, until at last, when just about to give up our search as futile, I suddenly espied, projecting from the river's surface, a short bar of iron, with the appearance of a lever.

To reach it was imperative, therefore at imminent risk I let myself carefully over the edge of the rock, slowly lowering my body until I could grip it. Beneath my weight it slowly gave way, and next instant there was a loud gurgling as of water drawn in by a vacuum, followed immediately by a harsh metallic grating sound.

"At last!" I heard the Colonel cry in French. "It rises! Be careful how you ascend."

Slowly, and with infinite care, I crept upward, but as I did so I heard my companion's echoing footsteps receding into the gloomy throat of Sâ, yet just as I had gained the ledge forming the lips I heard a piercing shriek, followed by a loud splash.

I shouted, but there was no answer. My companion had stumbled into some chasm, and I was alone. The light of the hideous eyes had died out, and the spot was in almost total darkness. A dozen times I called his name, but there was no reassuring reply. Then, cautiously creeping forward upon my hands and knees, fearing the worst, I soon came to the edge of an abyss. Some stones I gathered, and flung in. By the sound of the splash I knew the water must be of enormous depth. There, in that dark uncanny spot, had Colonel Flatters, the great explorer, whose intrepidity has been for years admired by the world, met his death.

A long time I spent alternately shouting and listening. He might, I reflected, have been saved by falling stunned upon

some rocky ledge. But I remembered hearing the splash. No, he had, undoubtedly, been precipitated into the water: the inky flood had closed over him.

After diligent search I found a spot where the abyss ended, and again crept forward, still in darkness most intense. Yet the air seemed fresh, and I felt convinced that some outlet must lie beyond. How long, however, I toiled on in that narrow tunnel I know not, save that its dampness chilled me; and when at last it widened in ascending, I found myself a few minutes afterwards amid brushwood and brambles in the outer world where the stars shone overhead.

That night I wandered across the large fertile tract, but could not at first recognise it. When dawn spread, however, I saw around me a ridge of dunes that were familiar landmarks, and recognised, to my amazement, that I was at the oasis of Am Ohannan, on the direct caravan route that runs across the barren Afelèle to Touat.

I had travelled nearly seventy miles in a subterranean region unknown to man, but in so doing had solved the problem that had so long puzzled geographers, the reason why the Igharghar no longer flowed. Besides, I had ascertained the fate of the hapless explorer, whose loss is lamented by both Arabs and Roumis to this day. Within one moon of my escape I was enabled to rejoin my people, and when news of my adventure reached the Bureau Arabe, in Algiers, I was summoned thither to give a detailed account of it before a small assembly of geographers and military officers.

This I did, a report of it appearing in English in the *Geographical Journal* a month later. Of late, several attempts have been made by French expeditions to reach that uncanny realm of eternal darkness, but without success. Its entrance beneath the dry cataract of the Igharghar is now merely an overflowing well, around which a little herbage has grown, while its exit on the Am Ohannan I have unfortunately failed to re-discover. But since this strange adventure I have been known among my fellow-tribesmen throughout the desert as "El Waci," or The Teacher, because I have been enabled to prove to the French the existence of an undreamed-of region, and to elucidate the Secret of Sâ.





NOCTURNE: HERRING BOATS.
Drawn by Chas. Pears.



The Citadel of Quebec.

(*From Gilbert Parker's "Seats of the Mighty." Published by Messrs. Methuen.*)

WANDERINGS IN BOOKLAND.

THAT "passion for romance" which succeeded, however temporarily, the craze after sex-problems and dissecting-room realism appears to have captured several writers, of strongly contrasted method, to whom it bids fair to open "fresh fields of fair renown." It will be recollected that Mr. Allen Upward gave us, not very long ago, a series of daringly conceived "Mysteries of the Courts of Europe" in which he took as his models the actual figures of departed great ones, and wrote around their personalities the things that might or ought to have happened. And now we have Mr. Max Pemberton threatening a series of highly-wrought stories founded upon central incidents of the French Revolution, while Mr. Francis Gribble is said to be about to start in a somewhat similar direction with a number of stories based on episodes of French history during the present century. Mr. Gribble's work will be differentiated from that of Mr. Upward by the fact that the former does not profess to be doing ought save romancing, whereas the latter blithely reads his own secret into the most tragic themes. Besides the three writers named, Mr. Barry Pain—whose *Octave of Claudius* (Harper) relieved the tedium of a dull season and went into a second edition—has been caught by the prevailing craze, and has written, or is writing, what may perhaps be described as a romantic history of Robin Hood and his times. It will be interesting to see how Mr. Pain treats his theme, partly

by reason of the voluminous Robin Hood literature extant, and partly because it is a theme affording as great scope for humorous as for romantic treatment.

In bookland and on the stage it is the same—the passion for romance continues uppermost, and after an English Gil de Bérault we are to have an English d'Artagnon. We are asked to believe that the continuance of this romance renascence is among "signs" the most healthy—and we subscribe to this belief all the more readily on account of the long, long day of the problem-pessimism that preceded it. But is the day of neurotic novel and problem-play over even for the present? The book to which readers as a class may remain problem-blind—*O fortunate senex!*—comes as water to the thirsty.

A melancholy interest attaches to the publication of the late Mr. du Maurier's last novel—curiously described as his "new" work—*The Martian* (Harper). Mr. Henry James has almost coincidently written a particularly fine and sympathetic appreciation of his dead friend, informed with much delicacy of expression. Says Mr. James :—

"Every road led him to Rome—to some more assured and assuaged outlook upon something that could feel more and more his particular perception of the lovable and admirable, a faculty that I scarce know how to describe but as a positive tenderness of the visual sense. It was in nothing more striking than in its marked increase as he grew older, an increase beautifully independent of the perturbed conditions of sight accompanying his last few years and his latest pictorial work, and vividly enough indicated I think, in every chapter of *The Martian*. The difficulty is that to refer to the preoccupations and circumstances of his final time is to refer to matters as to which, from the moment he began to write, he put himself, in the field, in advance of any other reporter. . . . He has spoken of these things and others in the book in which, of the series, he speaks, I think—and most intimately and irrepressibly,—of the greatest number; so that I can only come afterwards with a brief and ineffectual stroke. Therefore I glance but for a moment at the perpetual service they rendered, in *Punch*, to his summer and autumn work, which, from long before, had given me betimes all needed foretaste and sympathy."

The dead season of the year for books—so unusually "dead" in 1897 by reason of the intrusiveness of the time of Jubilee—is past and gone. Every publisher is putting out the most that he can put out, and the publications in fiction especially are quite unusually numerous. While the Messrs. Methuen have brought out Mr. Gilbert Parker's new and exciting romance, *The Pomp of the Lavilettes*, and the Messrs. Hutchinson Mr. Morley Roberts' characteristic *The Adventure of the Broad Arrow*, the firm of Smith & Elder have issued Mr. Seton Merriman's latest novel. There is much virtue in a title, and Mr. Merriman's *In Kedar's Tents* at once suggests an attractive and dramatically-powerful theme. Let it at once be said that if he has scarcely maintained the high level of *The Sowers*, this novelist has by no means disappointed expectations. In some sense—though of course not in the sense that Mr. Meredith or Mr. Henry James is—a writer like Seton Merriman is caviare to the general reader. It requires a delicate palate to appreciate him to the full. In *In Kedar's Tents* there are at least two characters—those of the Englishman Conyngham and of the Spanish girl Estella—as delicately chiselled as they are human. It is further noteworthy from the artistically-drawn character of the old General, who is likewise the father of Estella—a Spanish grandee of the most truly ideal type. It is evident that Mr. Merriman is familiar with his Spain, even as he knows his Russia. The period of time



Illustration from Gilbert Parker's "The Trail of the Sword."

(*Published by Messrs Methuen & Co.*)

with which *In Kedar's Tents* deals is the very late 'forties, a time that conveniently synchronises, for the purposes of the story, with the year of political faction and uprising in the Iberian peninsula. Apart from the main interest of the tale, the author succeeds in maintaining to the last page a pleasing simplicity in style and diction. In illustration of this it may be of interest to quote the concluding words of the final chapter :—

"'Do not awake her,' he whispered. 'Let all sleeping things sleep.'

"Conyngham passed down the stairs noiselessly, and through the doorway into the garden.

"'And at the end—the Gloria is chanted,' said Concha, watching him go.

"The scent of the violets greeted Conyngham as he went forward beneath the trees planted there in the Moslems' day. The running water murmured sleepily as it hurried in its narrow channel towards the outlet through the grey wall, whence it leapt four hundred feet into the Tajo below.

"Estella was seated in the shade of a gnarled fig-tree, where tables and chairs indicated the Spanish habit of an out-of-door existence. She rose as he came towards her and met his eyes gravely. A gleam of sun glancing through the leaves fell on her golden hair, half hidden by the mantilla, and showed that she was pale with some fear or desire.

"'Señorita,' he said, 'I have brought you the letter.'

"He held it out and she took it, turning over the worn envelope absent-mindedly.

"'I have not read it myself, and am permitted to give it to you on one condition, namely, that you destroy it as soon as you have read it.'

"She looked at it again.

"'It contains the lives of many men —their lives and the happiness of those connected with them,' said Conyngham. 'That is what you hold in your hand, Señorita—as well as my life and happiness.'

"She raised her dark eyes to his for a moment, and their tenderness was not of earth or of this world at all. Then she tore the envelope and its contents slowly into a hundred pieces, and dropped the fluttering papers into the stream pacing in its marble bed towards the Tajo and the oblivion of the sea.

"'There—I have destroyed the letter,' she said, with a thoughtful little smile. Then looking up she met his eyes.

"'I did not want it. I am glad you gave it to me. It will make a difference to our lives. Though—I never wanted it."

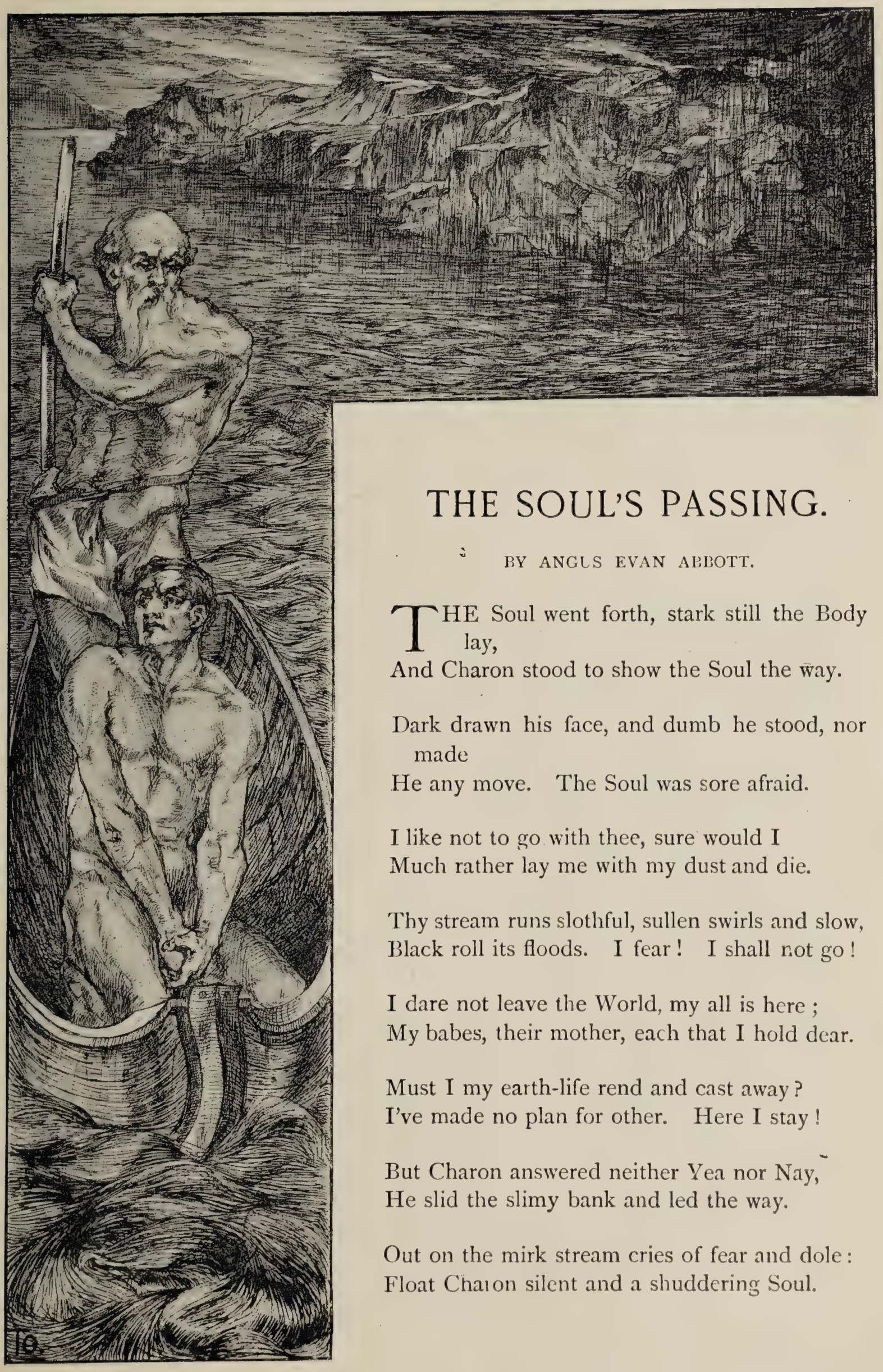
"Then she came slowly towards him."

In poetry we have lately had at least two notable little volumes, to wit, Ella Fuller-Maitland's *The Song-Book of Bethia Hardacre* (Chapman & Hall), and the long-promised, long-looked-for, "collected" edition of Mr. George Meredith's verse. To mention—and alas ! that mere mention must suffice—the last first, the Meredith volume contains, among other things of beauty, a gem of lyrical writing opening as follows :

> "Sweet as Eden is the air
> And Eden-sweet the ray,
> No Paradise is lost for them
> Who foot by branching root and stem,
> And lightly with the woodland share
> The change of night and day."

Mrs. Fuller-Maitland, too, proves her ability to move us to laughter and to tears. Her "Song-book" is something different to the run of poetry with which readers are always glutted, and we could scarcely pay her a higher compliment than by reproducing the following stanza from "All ends in Song":

> "All ends in song—the doing and undoing,
> The taken fortress, and the lost campaign ;
> The patient waiting, and the hot pursuing,
> The pride of life, the peril and the pain ;
> All ends in song—love, honour, bliss, and woe,
> The glad heart's thrill, the sad heart's bitter throe."



THE SOUL'S PASSING.

BY ANGUS EVAN ABBOTT.

THE Soul went forth, stark still the Body lay,
And Charon stood to show the Soul the way.

Dark drawn his face, and dumb he stood, nor made
He any move. The Soul was sore afraid.

I like not to go with thee, sure would I
Much rather lay me with my dust and die.

Thy stream runs slothful, sullen swirls and slow,
Black roll its floods. I fear! I shall not go!

I dare not leave the World, my all is here;
My babes, their mother, each that I hold dear.

Must I my earth-life rend and cast away?
I've made no plan for other. Here I stay!

But Charon answered neither Yea nor Nay,
He slid the slimy bank and led the way.

Out on the mirk stream cries of fear and dole:
Float Charon silent and a shuddering Soul.

A HONEYMOON HYDROPATHIC.

BY EDWIN LESTER ARNOLD.

ILLUSTRATED BY R. R. WALTERS.

"WELL! what is it *now?*" I exclaimed, as the door of my room opened in a way that could only herald the approach of a certain individual amongst those of whose acquaintance I had the honour, and a shock-haired young Scotchman entered with a preoccupied and embarrassed air. This Dougal Ferguson was as good a fellow at a pinch as ever lived, but unquestionably feather-headed. His father, a dour Scotch minister, with virtue of the most repulsive kind, in a moment of mental aberration had been infatuated by, and had married, a laughing-eyed waif from the South, a black-haired Spanish girl, who openly derided the Elysian mysteries of the Free Kirk, and scandalised and fascinated by turns the members of the diminutive community into which Fate, which apparently enjoys a covert joke as much as Lord



"That is the very thing I proposed to do."

Rosebery, had thrown her. Their offspring was this Dougal, an individual in whom his mother's versatility was blended in the oddest way with the grim simplicity of his other parent, at once full of fine sentiments and brutal common-sense, romantic and prosaic, so mercenary that he would have certainly raised a "bawbee" without compunction on the very torch of Love itself, if he could have laid hold of that article, and yet a keen sufferer himself from the scorchings of that celestial flame. Just lately Dougal had singed his wings rather badly in this direction, and consequently had forsworn for a month at least the whole race of lovers, and in the gloomy abstraction of a more than usually sombre state of mind had been engaged in the consideration of all sorts of schemes for their curtailment and suppression.

Now, nothing is so unpleasant to the imperfect human heart as to witness others in the enjoyment of pleasures from which our own virtue or necessities debar us, and the lovelorn Dougal, having taken a summer outing to a well-known northern watering-place to let solitude and sea air heal the raw wounds inflicted on him by one of the faithless sex, had come back shocked and pained beyond measure, it appeared, at the number of newly-married couples he had observed at that seaside place wandering about, a nuisance to the sober-minded public, and an embarrassment, in the first flush of their self-consciousness, even to themselves.

All this I found out later on. I greeted my friend as he stalked into my room as heartily as though he were a rich uncle come to consult me about the making of his will. I gave him a chair, and down we sat facing each other, and "What is it, old fellow?" I asked again. "If it is another 'pony' you want to borrow," I said—leading up gently to another weakness of his—"why, it might be managed!" But Dougal only shook his head and stared at me vacantly.

"Then, perhaps you have written a poem, or invented something?" I ventured—suiting my guesses to the utter blankness of his face.

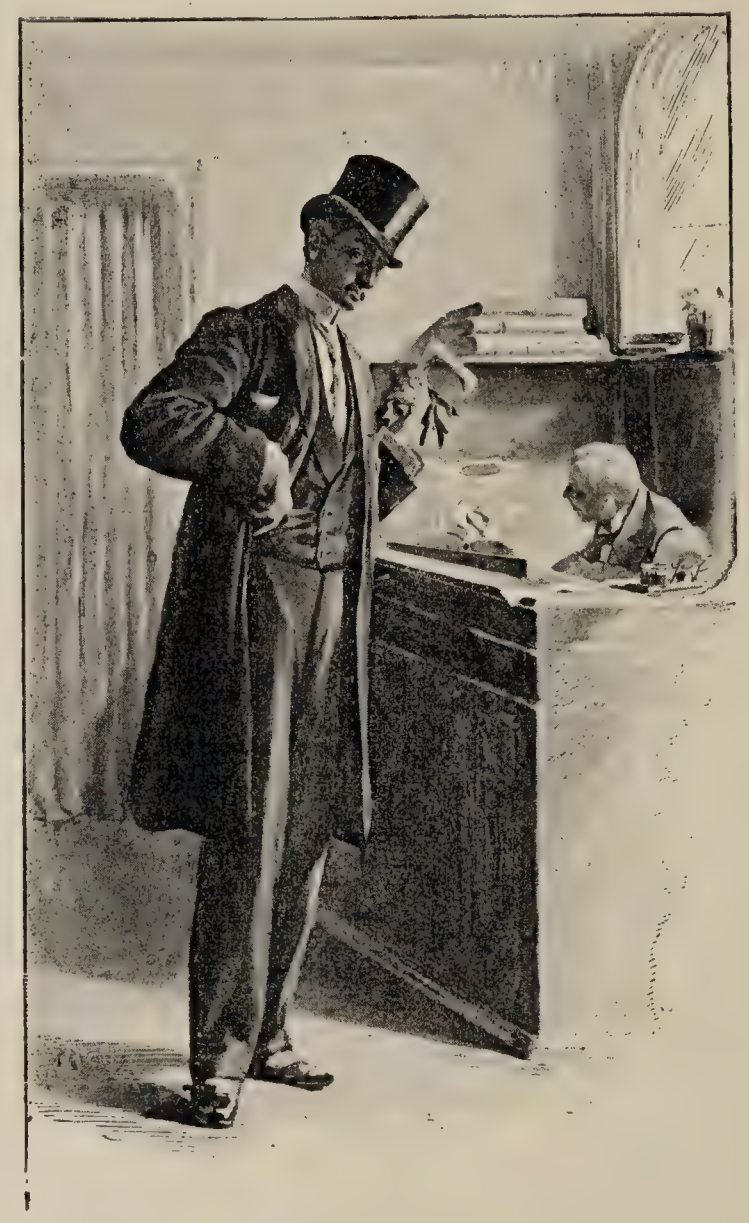
Again he shook his head. "Surely," was my next venture, "you are not in love again! I should have thought you had had enough of love to last you for some time to come."

"Enough!" said the Scotchman, at last moved out of his silence, his expressive eyes flashing with virtuous indignation as he placed his hands upon his knees and, leaning forward, addressed me in a rich Doric which I dare not attempt to imitate. "Enough man! ay, and too much. Here I go down to the sea just to improve my nerves at a moderate outlay, and to escape the whole of womankind, and what do I find? Why, that a miserable lot of weak-headed young men, with a month's salary in their pockets and a month's leave of absence, have taken advantage of this juncture of circumstances to get married to an equally misguided lot of girls, and are carrying on their silly billings and cooings in every nook and corner. Nerves! why, sir, these things make the country intolerable to a person of delicacy. You stumble on vagrant lovers in every hotel passage; if you fly for solitude to the sea-shore, every cove and nook behind the rocks is ambushed with waist-encircling idiots; the country lanes are made intolerable to the man of susceptibilities by them; the tops of coaches are unsafe to the modest bachelor; the saloons of the touring steamers are haunted by their dual presences; whole trains at a time are reserved for their compartmental selfishness by hireling guards, and so on, until at last the man who has a soul above such frailties, and would fain escape from all this nonsense, flits miserably, a very Eugene Aram, from place to place, seeing amorous forms in every shadow on his path, and everywhere hearing tender whispers he was never meant to hear!"

"Well, but," I said, "how can this be

helped? Young men will be susceptible and maids melting; you could not shut them up in one place during the brief delicious month of their idiocy."

"Why, now," answered the Scotsman enthusiastically, "that is the very thing I proposed to do. I have here," and he unfurled a roll of manuscript and a huge, coloured ground-plan of some building, "the rough draft and sketch plan of a splendid idea that occurred to me a day or two ago. To shut up these poor wretches by law until they come to their senses and are ready to take life like rational beings is exactly what I want to do. My plan is that an official caravansary should be built in every spot frequented by the newly-married on the most comfortable and luxurious plan."



"With a month's salary in their pockets."

"A sumptuous pound," I ventured to interpolate, "for errant hymeneal sheep?"

"Call it what you like," retorted Dougal, "my own idea was to name the places 'honeymoon hydropathics' or something like it (though the name does not much matter), and into these places all lovers would be compelled to go and stay under lock and key for their insensate period—oh, you need not shake your head and mutter about fads, is not this the meridian age of the faddists?—I tell you the crotchet is the Moloch of the age to which all men must bow the knee, and why should not I have a crotchet a hundred times more substantial and reasonable than any of theirs? You have nothing to say?—very well then, I will go on! My plan is to impound all these connubial stragglers who render every place a terror at certain seasons, but I have no wish to punish them for their afflictions—I mean to treat them with firmness, it is true, but without severity."

"This is good of you!" I murmured sympathetically, remembering how nearly Dougal himself had been one of the crew.

"Not only so," he continued, "but their places of detention may even be luxurious. The first thing would be a good site for the Hydro., and I think I can supply the trial establishment, for a reasonable sum, with just such a spot as is needed."

"A combination of business and philanthropy!" I suggested. "Truly, Dougal, there is no species of charity so pleasant as that of making other people decorous at their own expense."

"The Hydro. will face south," he continued, without noticing my interruptions, "so as to get the full sunshine, for dampness is deadly to the green shoots of marriage; it drives nuptial affection back upon its sources, and postpones the malady I want to get over and done with as quickly as may be. There should be beautiful scenery in the neighbourhood, with mossy walks, just wide enough for two abreast, leading to shady dells."

"The subject is making you poetical, I am afraid."



"An abundance of arcades and alcoves."

"—And little booths, judiciously planted, where light refreshments might be sold, as well as tobacco for the men and hairpins and looking-glasses for the women—your bride will pay more attention to the set of her back hair in the thirty days of her honeymoon than she will in the thirty years that follow—and perhaps umbrellas and mackintoshes might be kept on hire in these places, since we cannot altogether prevent the rain, and no creatures in the world are so liable to be caught in thunder-storms as your post-nuptial lovers."



"Green lawns sloping down to the water-side."

"Come, this is practical enough!"

"Everything should be on a dainty and sympathetic plan; the roads would, of course, lead nowhere, and in the same way I would make all the paths in the pleasaunce surrounding the Hydro. concentric; as long as there were some good thick yew hedges, and a sufficiency of arbours, a cork-screw path would save space and be perfectly efficient, because not one pair of lovers in twenty would ever notice they were going round after the fashion of the familiar mill-horse. The garden itself would have to be picturesque and sunny—green lawns sloping down to the water-side, if we could manage it, with daffodils in springtime and lilies later on, with myrtles, if we could grow them, and anything else the amorous poets are accustomed to garnish their verses with."

"In fact, the only drawbacks to this lotus-land of yours are to be, I presume, the noise of the nightingales and the litter of the rose-leaves?"

"Well, something like that," said Dougal, fervour-proof against sarcasm. "Then there is the house to be thought of; its decorations must be dainty and pretty—plenty of cooing doves on the friezes, and cupids on the ceiling waving eternal torches and dragging chains, appropriately hidden in roses behind them. But it will not do to have it all too open—the mystery of the new life these misguided young people have entered upon demands the sympathetic subjection of everything garish to their peculiar frame of mind. There must be an abundance of arcades and alcoves, of snug nooks in remote conservatories, of ottomans in dim recesses, of soft carpets and seductive music."

"I think I will take a share, after all."

"As for food and drink, we need not be very particular about these, for you may have observed that the celestial flame will burn well and fiercely on the poorest fuel; any experienced lodging-house keeper will tell you it is a positive waste of genius to set artistic food before lovers. They should have separate compartments if they dined together at the general table, on the principle of those little boxes in which you write your telegrams at the postal offices, or at least I would separate the couples by banks of flowers, since Annabel would no doubt hate to think Augusta was adversely criticising her way of taking soup; and it might make Brown restive even in this caravansary of connubiality if he happened to find himself rubbing elbows with Jones, to whom he owed that 'fiver,' or Mrs. Jones, who perchance had

rejected him some few years earlier. There should be a discreet downstairs butler over these whispering diners—paternal, with sufficient wit to know when to be unobservant, and under him servitors light of foot, nimble-fingered, slow of tongue."

"And an upstairs matron," I suggested, "of infinite confidences! sage and saga-

occasionally, and patients on the highway to recovery slowly inured to the ways and habits of thought of the outer world again."

"The bill bureau, and the cashier's office, would, I presume, lie beyond the cooling-off department?"

"Certainly; but tell me frankly what you think of my scheme: isn't it a grand



Inmates of the Honeymoon Hydropathic.

cious as would befit her unique position, with maternal counsel for beauty in distress, and a clean handkerchief always at hand for indignant tears."

"Well, if you liked! Then one wing," said the Scotsman, "I intended to devote to what I would call the cooling-off rooms; for those who are past the hot stage of this malady I wish to isolate where the solid mass of sentiment might be leavened, as time went on, by an infusion of common-sense, outsiders admitted

enterprise, and worthy of some trouble in putting into shape?"

"Frankly, Dougal," I answered, "I do not know what to say. Men and women are not to be modelled by Act of Parliament, and no ukase of mortal legislation that I have heard of ever counted for much in the courts of love. I fear there may be practical obstacles in the way of your ingenious enterprise."

"But at least you will take a share or two—say at £10 apiece, and the rest on

allotment? It is a very fine piece of land that I would like to sell for the site of the first Hydro.," said Dougal, rolling up his papers, "and I cannot bear to see it lying as barren as Brazilian stock."

"Get your bill through the House, man! and I will subscribe liberally—the times are all in your favour."

"Well," said the inventor, "that is cold patronage, but as much as a philanthropist must expect, I suppose," and then, as he stood brushing his hat with his coat-sleeve, and ready to go, he suddenly added, "Look here! If I leave the plans with you as security for a day or two, will you lend me that 'pony' you spoke of just now?"

"There it is," I laughed, handing him the loan he asked for, "but take the plans with you; I dare not take the responsibility for such priceless things; just think, man, what I should feel to have the credentials of the public order and decorum of the future lying about on my table—take them away with you, there's a good fellow." And tucking those priceless documents under his arm, and pocketing my "flimsy" less ostentatiously, but perhaps with not less satisfaction, the first inventor of the hymeneal hydropathic, the newest faddist of this golden age of fads, gave a dubious "Humph!' as though a doubt of my seriousness was for the first time permeating his head, and sauntered reflectively out of my room.

WHY . . .

IF Love be kind to-day,
How may it be to-morrow?
If hope of death be nigh,
Why is there need of sorrow?

P. C. S.



THE GIPSY GIRL.

From the painting by Piot in the Paris Salon.

NEGLECTED LETTERS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE RUSSIAN BY NADINE YARINTZOFF.

I.

OF course, you know it already: my husband is dead. I am bewildered. I did not expect his death. He was old, it is true, but he thought so little about the end. It all happened so suddenly, almost without any illness, if not counting his ordinary, constant disease, which he had for years.

I am alone all the day long. I walk along the paths of our garden which is already quite green, and looks so fresh and is so fragrant that one can scarcely believe there is suffering and death in the world. I sit on the bank of our wide and beautiful river, I look at the waves and clouds, and it seems to me sometimes that I see all this for the first time in my life. I told you already: I am bewildered. I have new thoughts, new feelings, and everything I see seems to be new and wonderful.

I hardly dare to confess. . . . When my husband died my first thought was, that I was free. I wanted to write to you immediately, but a vague feeling detained me from doing it. I was sure that the news about my loss would have reached you and I began to wait for you, although I could not imagine how we could meet now, at the fresh tomb. And a strange thought haunted me: that the lie which was before a secret was not a secret any more; that the eyes which were closed for ever could see now clearer and deeper than they could see previously; and that we were unable to deceive the dead as we used to deceive the living when he believed us, smiled at us, and loved us.

I began to wait for you, but soon I understood that you were detained by the same feeling of shame and repentance which struck me by its force and unexpectedness. I always suffered with the thought of my crime, but when I used to speak to you about it you became angry. But now I have guessed that the same feeling has struck you too—and this discovery gives me a great joy. I feel as if you became still nearer, still dearer to me. Now I see how tender, how delicate you are, and how beautiful is your soul.

Your fault is so little compared to mine that you would despise me if you were not so good; but there, you suffer as I do myself. Oh, how I should like to rise and become as good as you are! . . . I feel ashamed of my recollections, I drive them away. My love without extenuating passes through some change. It rises pure and renewed by suffering from the mist of falsehood and deceit. Yes, you are right. Now we must not meet; let us think of each other and of our love every moment, but a heavy sin lies between us.

And still—oh, my dearest!—there must be no despair in our hearts! Perhaps I am not right—perhaps I think only like a weak woman who cannot live without love and happiness, as a plant could not live without the rays of the sun, but I hope, I believe, that God will pardon us. He is good, and He knows how we fought, how we suffered, and how deep our love is. Let us believe together that He will pardon us, and when there is light and peace in our hearts we shall take His gift as a blessing and join our lives never to part again.

It surprises me, but I must acknowledge

that I don't know whether you pray? I will pray for both of us, and if you believe that the tears of repentance are agreeable to God, you can know that I weep for both of us too. I weep so much that my eyes can scarcely see anything. But I believe and hope.

Your LILY.

II.

You wanted to prove once more how far you are above me. You found it impossible to answer my letter even by a few lines. And again I understood why. I know how hard it would be for you to refrain from expressions of passion, and you were afraid of insulting our new love by it.

Once more I am touched by your delicate feeling. But you see, my darling, you are quick to do great deeds, but you must not require them from your "little Lily," as you used to call me. I always bend before strength and heroism, but myself, I was never able to be strong. Until now I envied the little children whom they hold in their arms, whom they pet and take care of; and it seems that never in my life will I get accustomed to the independence and freedom of a grown-up woman. If, for some reason, solitude threatened me, I should choose death. But I know solitude does not threaten me; life is getting dearer and more desirable every day. It is because every day draws nearer our meeting. I tell you again, one cannot expect heroism from me; and a life without you, without any news from you, is more than heroism —it is torture. Blame me, call me light-minded and empty-headed, but know that I am longing to see you, that I wait for you every day, that every morning I awake with the hope of seeing you, and every night I go to bed with the happy thought that this day is the last of the trial we have laid on ourselves. I see with pride that you can be really severe to yourself. It is impossible for me. I don't even try to find any excuses. I am guilty because I am madly longing to see you, because all my being is full of you, and I cannot pray any more. I cannot repent, I cannot drive away my recollections, and I feel no shame now when they come. . . . I call them to me. I love them, and I am happy when I succeed in calling to mind the sound of your voice, the impress of your kiss on my lips. I think only of you. I know it is a new crime, but I have *no* grief any more; and I do not want to be false. I have no patience any more, and I call you, I beseech you: come!

Do you know how the days pass with me? I wander in our garden, which is now as thick and shady as if it had to keep many, many secrets. I sit on the bench under the lilac-tree. Do you remember that bench? Now the lilac has lost all its blossoms, but *then* it was in full bloom, and my head felt giddy from its fragrance.

You told me you would wait for me on that bench. My husband suffered that day; he moaned and complained. I nursed him as well as I could, and strange thoughts passed through my mind. I thought that this was God's help, that He guarded me from deceit, and kept me at the bedside of my sick husband to prevent me from taking the last step. And I—I was glad and thanked Him, for I understood that only an outward, an occasional obstacle could stop me; and at the same time I could hardly help crying with inward pain.

But my husband felt quite exhausted, and asked for the powders which always quieted him and sent him to sleep for a long while.

"Give it to me," he said, pointing to the box.

I thought I was losing my senses.

"No, no! I won't give it to you!" I exclaimed in a dreadful fright.

But he insisted, and grew angry:

"I cannot bear the pain any more."

I knelt at his side.

"You know," I said, "when you sleep

after having taken those powders you are like a corpse. I am afraid! Don't sleep like that! Is the suffering so dreadful?" But he began to scream. I gave him one powder, and when he fell asleep I left the room. On my way to you I prayed, I asked God to save me—or to pardon me.

And now I think he did forgive me, otherwise He would not have sent us this new and pure happiness.

But I wanted to tell you how I live through the lonely days. I wander in the garden, I sit on the bench under the lilac-bush, or I go down the path to the bank of the river. I always used to like our river, but now I like it still more, because it will bring you to me.

Every day I wait at the landing. I see how the jets of steam rise in the air above the hills that hide the turning of the river; then the steamer appears for a few minutes, and disappears again behind the green little island. And while it is out of sight I try to stop with my hand the painful beating of my heart. I know that if you are not on board, the steamer won't come to the landing, but will turn sharply and go to the opposite bank. And I see every day how it turns to the opposite bank. Sometimes I can hardly help bursting out crying, but then I restrain myself with the thought that sooner or later the boat *will* come to our landing, and then happiness will take the place of my sorrow.

One morning I awoke with a feeling as if some great joy had to happen. It was Holy Day. I did not put on my mourning, but dressed myself all in white. I looked pale and thin, but I felt no desire as before to make myself prettier to please you. And it is better like that: pallor and fragility will remind us of the suffering which chastened our souls. Now, more than ever, I am like a girl, a child; but this child has learned to think and to love.

On that day I walked towards the landing with a feeling that was more than hope—nearly certainty. The boat appeared at the turning of the river, and was hidden by the island. During those few moments I lived through an eternity. Then it appeared again, so smart and dainty, all adorned with flags and young green birch-trees. . . . And it seemed to me as if it did not turn towards the opposite bank, but came straight to me. I felt as if I were dying. I stretched out my arms and screamed. . . . When I came to myself I was alone and the boat was far away.

I cannot live any more in this agony of expectation. Think: our happiness will no more offend him who died. You will be terrified to hear it, but really when I think of the cause that keeps you away from me I can't help a feeling of hatred: he is gone, and still he stands between us!

I don't want you to be away from me! I love you. Do you hear my voice? *I love you.*

LILY.

III.

Beware, my dear. . . . Perhaps you never thought that one can kill without a knife? I don't try to explain to myself any more either your absence or your silence. I am afraid. . . . I think I would die if it were not for the feeling of fright; at first I lived with hope, now I live with fright. These feelings are like each other; their sameness consists in indefiniteness that is equally seductive and equally painful. As long as I feel fright I know that the end is not come yet; one can wait for something more.

You don't come. Why? I know that you are well; others have seen you. You are in Town, only a few miles from me. Beware! New thoughts come to my mind—thoughts that bring pain and shame and dread.

No; it is not true. I have no thoughts. My head declines to work. Something in it aches and presses on the brain. There is no time, either. Days and

nights—both are one—and I do not know what are my dreams and what is reality.

I don't know why, but something draws me to the tomb of my husband. I speak to him. I complain to him how you torture me, and he answers me so caressingly, whispers something without words. It is not long ago that I was frightened of him; but now I know that he did pardon me everything, and it gives me consolation to talk with him. You don't believe that he has forgiven me? He loved me.

The leaves in the garden have withered and fallen to the ground. Only asters are fresh and sweet. I make two wreaths every day—one for you and one for him—and take them to the tomb. Sometimes it seems to me that I am a shadow and ought to be in the world of shadows, but they have forgotten me on the earth. I am exhausted with sadness, although I sometimes forget what it is about; but then I recollect again that it is the steamer which every day comes to the island, turns sharply, and runs to the opposite bank. Now I know: I am dying because the steamer will not come to the landing.

The clouds are drifting low over the river, the water is dark and cold. When I come to the landing in the afternoon, I see in the distance the green and red signal-lights of the barges. The steamer approaches too, and as it passes by I see the row of illuminated windows.

When I come home I try to laugh. I do it to convince myself that I shall meet you one day. I recollect everything you ever told me and I hear your voice. How strange: I don't remember you saying you loved me. Did you ever say it simply, frankly: "Lily, I love you"? . . . No not once! I would be so happy to remember just these simple words, but I am sure you never said them because I could not have forgotten them! . . . Although you often used to say that love purges everything, purifies all that men do . . . Love?—Oh, certainly you *will* come! It cannot be otherwise. Pray, do pardon my silly doubts and never, never remind me of them. I want you to come, I long to hear you saying, "Lily, I love you." I want you to kiss me on my forehead. . . . It aches, and something crushes it . . .

Oh, now I know! Now I know what to do. How strange that this thought never occurred to me before: to make the steamer stop at our landing, one has simply to run up the flag! I quite forgot it. There is never anybody on our little landing, nobody wants the steamer, and that is why it passes by. To-morrow I will run up the flag and will stand on the railings and shout and wave my handkerchief. Then they will be sure to notice me! The steamer will come to the landing, and there will be an end to my suffering. How very simple! Isn't it strange that I never, never thought of it before?

To-morrow, to-morrow! . . . If I should happen to fall into the water you will pull me out quite easily. You are so big and strong, and I am little, and am growing so light that I weigh almost nothing; it is strange. . . . You will carry me home in your arms, like a child—and pray kiss me on my forehead. Will you? Don't forget.

To-morrow! to-morrow! . . .



BATTLE PICTURES FROM THE PARIS SALON, 1897.



I.—Defending the Flag.
(*From the painting by Le Dru.*)



II. -The Imperial Hussars at Wagram.
(*From the painting by I. Chartier.*)



III.—"Charge!"
(*From the painting by Sergent*)



Medea preparing to leave Jason. From a painting by Anselm Feuerbach.

The original picture is now in the New Pinakothek, Munich. Medea, for love of Jason, helped him to win the Golden Fleece, even to the injury of her own family. Then Jason deserted her, in order that he might espouse the daughter of the King of Corinth. Medea caused a ship to be prepared to carry herself, her two children and their nurse, to her native home in Colchis.

A CENTURY OF PAINTING.

NOTES DESCRIPTIVE AND CRITICAL.—GERMAN ART OF THE PAST.—CORNELIUS, KAULBACH, AND SCHNORR.—INFLUENCE OF PILOTY AS A RESULT OF STUDY IN FRANCE.—TYPICAL GERMAN PAINTERS: KNAUS, MENZEL, AND BÖCKLIN. —THE SECESSIONISTS.—A FORECAST OF THE FUTURE.

TO one who, like the present writer, frankly confesses his preference for the Gallic point of view in art, the spectacle of German artistic endeavour of the past is not exhilarating. The indubitable fact remains, however, that no people have so studiously encouraged the study of art; no greater encouragements have fallen to the lot of any painters than those accorded by Germany in this century. The result has been a vast amount of production, the growth of a wide-spread national interest in art, and the proverbial patience of the Teuton, proving synonymous with genius, seems likely at this period of the nineteenth century to triumph in the end. Such, at least, is the conviction which a recent exhibition in Germany carried with it, and which I offer in palliation of the condemnation of previous efforts.

The exhibition of the "Secessionists" in Munich appeared to me, fresh from the spring exhibitions of New York, London, Paris, Venice, and Berlin, to be the most interesting of them all. This excellence has been accomplished through devious ways, and lacks perhaps any very strongly expressed national characteristic. The influences of France even can be felt; but what painter, the art of which country, can be said to be free from the influence of this great art-teaching nation? That the painted anecdote and the philosophical allegory have been displaced at one and the same time with the hollow historical picture, and that in their place an effort at simple painting of themes which



Mary's journey into the hill country. From a painting by Josef von Fuhrich.

"And Mary arose in those days, and went into the hill country with haste, into a city of Juda."—ST. LUKE i. 39. This picture, now in the Vienna Academy Gallery, is a typical example of the art of the "Nazarene" group, but with more than their wonted grace and simplicity of sentiment.

are pictorial has been instituted, is a result not unworthy the many years of careful cultivation bestowed on the vagrant plant of art.

In the placid city of Munich the traveller finds himself out of the busy current of life as conceived by the nineteenth century. The strenuous, material tendency of the age has given place to interests almost purely intellectual, and the stranger wanders through streets, gardens, palaces, churches, and galleries which have come into existence for æsthetic rather than practical reasons. No other city that I know, save Florence, has this artistic character so strongly marked. But while the Italian city ceases as a living factor with the close of the



The death of Alexander the Great. From a painting by Karl von Piloty.

The original painting was left unfinished at the painter's death in 1886. It is now in the National Gallery, Berlin. It portrays the dying commander in the act of receiving the last homage of his soldiers.



The Round Table of Frederick the Great at Sans Souci. From a painting by Adolf Menzel, in the National Gallery at Berlin.

The scene takes place in a still existing room in the little palace at Potsdam, where Frederick found pleasure in surrounding himself with the *beaux esprits* of the time. The heads are chiefly portraits, Voltaire in profile, to the right of the king, being conspicuous.

seventeenth century, Munich is largely a creation of our own time. Leaving out of consideration the manifestations of art which Maximilian-Joseph I. found in his capital as a legacy from the past when Napoleon placed him on his throne in 1809, it would seem as though he and the succeeding monarchs had no greater preoccupation than to make the city artistic. As Bavaria, from geographical limitation, could never hope to be a leading power politically, this determination on the part of its rulers gave them occupation, at least; and the outcome, though in many cases serving as an object lesson in what not to do, is most interesting.

Throughout Germany, in the days before the foundation of the Empire, its political divisions repeated the story of the period of greatest artistic activity in Italy. The many cities of the country, each independent of the other, each eager to distinguish itself, created museums and academies until none was so poor as to lack its school of art. None of these

rose to the importance of the recognisable schools of Florence, Sienna, or Milan, owing to the fact that art had fallen on evil days, and there was little effort to express natural temperamental characteristics as these primitive painters had done in their happy ignorance of academies. Munich was, however, the chief seat of this artistic endeavour, and may be taken as typical of the German art effort of the century.

The "Nazarene" movement was at its height in Rome, and its founder, Frederich Overbeck, had formed a number of pupils, among whom were Cornelius, Schadow, Veit, and Schnorr, all Germans like their master, all deeply penetrated with what they considered the philosophical side of art, when the first king of Bavaria died in 1825. His interest in architecture, "mother of arts," had led him to endow Munich with many handsome structures; but it was reserved for his son Ludwig I. to erect the most important of the museums, and to give encouragement for their decoration by painting and sculpture on a lavish scale. Cornelius was recalled from Rome, and ruled artistically for many years until his independence of character caused his retirement to Berlin. It was he, however, who gave the direction which art in Munich followed for many years. Cornelius's "Last Judgment," in the Church of All Saints, and his equally vast and tiresome works representing the legends of the Greek gods, in the Glyptothek or sculpture gallery, are examples of an art which is happily dead. To qualify them, the movement of which they were the effect and the influence which they exercised—in a word, their lack of vitality—is due to a total absence of reliance on nature.

To the same category belong the mural paintings of Kaulbach, in the New Museum at Berlin. One of the painful recollections of my childhood is the remembrance of the effort to be interested in this immense picture, which represents, in involved and unnatural fashion, the elements which made up the Reformation. Art like this, however, stood for all that was most worthy during many years, and Munich was decorated in all its buildings, inside and out, to the heart's content of the ruling monarchs, and, presumably, of the painters. On the outside of the New Pinakothek, Nilson, rom designs by Kaulbach, has represented the decline and fall of the eighteenth century and the encouragement of modern art by King Ludwig in peculiarly German fashion. In the guide book we are told: "We see the three Graces imprisoned, one of the old Directors of the Academy lies sleeping at the gate with a doll in his arms, and a three-headed monster with a wig on each head stands as Cerberus before the dungeon. The classic artists, under Minerva's protection, advance to the attack. Wincklemann, the great art-critic, throws his inkstand at Cerberus; Thorwaldsen advances with the hammer; Cornelius, Overbeck, and Veit approach on a Pegasus."

Thus having inagurated an art modern in its tendencies to their satisfaction, the next painting shows, with fine logic, "German artists studying Roman life and manners." The subjects of these men were, however, the least of their faults. In their hands, through the necessity of representing so many and diverse objects, painting had been reduced to a collection of formulæ difficult enough to learn, but, once acquired, serving for all purposes. Colour, either in its decorative or naturalistic qualities, was ignored. Form became, through over-study of anatomy, a mere vehicle for an exhibition of knowledge; every human being was represented as cast in the same mould, made with the same stencil. The culmination of it all can be seen in Schnorr's frescoes representing the Nibelungenlied in the royal residence in Munich, which are bad in colour, grotesque in drawing, stilted in



On the Lake. From a painting by K. Rangye.

composition, and very much admired by tourists.

Fortunately there is a brighter side and an art more modest belonging to this period. With all the homely virtues of the German the painting of familiar life imposed itself of necessity. Early in the century efforts timid and poor in all the qualities of painting, but sincere and honest withal, had been made in Germany. Düsseldorf took the lead, and its school, for the most part, was the only one that had any reputation outside the country. The names of Hasenclever, Hübner, and the rest, not to mention their predecessors, are but names however, and this brief record must go on to men of more modern date whose works are represented here.



Juliet on her Bier. From a painting by Hans Makart.

This picture, suggested by Shakespeare's play of "Romeo and Juliet," was painted in 1869, and is now in the Museum at Vienna.

Two men widely differing come to mind at once, for their art is each in its way characteristically German, although they are both indebted to study in France. Karl von Piloty, born in Munich, October 1, 1826, and dying there, July 21, 1886, gave to modern Germany the first inkling that a picture, although it represented an event of history, gained force and plausibility from



The Dicers. From a painting by Claus Meyer.

The original painting is now in the Berlin National Gallery, having been purchased from the Jubilee Exhibition, Berlin, 1886.

realistic treatment. In 1855 his picture of "Seni before the Body of Wallenstein," it is hardly too much to say, revolutionised German art. The picture as we see it to-day in the New Pinakothek in Munich, seems singularly ill-calculated to produce such an upheaval. But looking farther, we recognise that, in the effect of light, the rendering of textures, and the truth of character, it marked a distinct departure from the arid canvases of the followers of Cornelius, or the *pastiches* of Dutch masters of the *genre* painters. "Boots," said the critics of the day, "being made of leather, should, perhaps, look like leather"; and although the prevailing school had disdained to paint boots at all, and had made all textures as though representing cardboard, realism gained the day.



Young Germany. From a painting by Karl Hertel, in the National Gallery, Berlin.

Piloty throughout life retained in his native city great influence; and later, as the Director of the Academy, had many pupils. In his later years his art became less true in aim, and his first picture remains, perhaps, his best. "The Death of Alexander the Great," here reproduced, or the "Thusnelda," of which the Metropolitan Museum in New York possesses a reduced replica, are somewhat theatrical in arrangement.

Ludwig Knaus, who was born at Wiesbaden, October 5, 1829, and is still living, has been one of the most popular painters of the century. I have chosen for reproduction here an early picture, little known save to those who have visited the Luxembourg Gallery in Paris. "The Promenade" was painted in Paris in 1855, and, probably from the influence of the painter's surroundings at the time, contents itself with depicting a simple scene with sim-

plicity. It is painted with a full, free brush, with all the facility to which the painter's later work has accustomed us, but with colour which is fresher than most of his work. The chief defect of this clever painter is the self-consciousness of the actors in his painted dramas of child and peasant life. In "The Promenade" this is absent; but in the scores of pictures by which he is better known it is almost always present.

Of aims which we have agreed to call higher than those of the *genre* painters like Knaus, was Anselm von Feuerbach. Less widely known in Germany or elsewhere than Piloty, Feuerbach shows technically and temperamentally his right to a high place in the art of his country. Feuerbach was born at Speyer, September 12, 1829, and studied first at Düsseldorf under Schadow, and afterwards in Antwerp and in Paris. In the latter place he was a pupil of Couture, and his technical equipment denotes, perhaps, the sound training for which Paris was already renowned in 1850–51, when he was there. He retained, however, strong Germanic traits, and proved once more the oft-proven fact that in strong natures the racial trait dominates, although the theme, as in this case, be drawn from Biblical and mythologic sources. The collection of his works in the gallery with which the Count Schack has so generously endowed Munich, leaves an impression of a fine imagination with adequate though restricted technical ability. Feuerbach died in Venice, January 4, 1880.

In the same charming house, which, with its galleries, is now a possession of the city, can best be studied the works of Franz von Lenbach, whose portraits of Bismarck and of the men who made the German Empire (several of which have recently appeared in *The Idler* in connection with Mr. Forbes' "Life of Napoleon III.") are well known. Here, however, he is to be seen in the light of a painter of many differing subjects, although it is as a portrait painter that he is most satisfactory. His methods are largely personal, though all based upon the practice of the Venetian painters; but his faculty of seizing the character of his sitter, and, as it were, penetrating beneath the surface of the physiognomy, is peculiarly his own. Lenbach is a Bavarian, born December 13, 1836, at Schrobenhausen.

Berlin possesses, still valiant in his eighty-first year, one of the remarkable painters of the day—perhaps the one German painter who, beyond all cavil or dispute, the world will dignify by the title of master. Adolf Menzel is one of the men whose appearance in any country at any time is apparently not directly traceable to any particular existing condition of time or country: Identified as he is with Germany, a Teuton of the Teutons, he shares with Meissonier the right of being considered one of the two great masters of the century. Of no particular training since his birth at Breslau, December 8, 1815, by turns lithographer, draughtsman on wood, or painter, as he has seen fit, his work has been in every case more than notable—masterly. The illustrations to the "Life of Frederick the Great," which served to first make him known, resuscitated an entire epoch, and gave the keynote of much of his work. Extreme diversity of subject has never found him wanting, however, in spirited and consummate power of expression; and by himself, isolated, or without visible connexion with any of the schools of the century, he has, in many cases, solved the problems of the natural light of open air as easily as the artificial light effects of incandescent metal in a foundry.

With Menzel might be classed Arnold Böcklin, who, though born at Basle, October 16, 1827, is claimed by the German school. This, again, is a man apart, and his brush has called forth in a power-



The Entombment. From a painting by Bruno Piglhein.

A novel and realistic treatment of a subject depicted by many painters, that of Titian, in the Louvre, being probably the most important The original is now in the New Pinakothek, Munich.

fully imaginative way, with a distinction of colouration rare in our time, the mermaids and mermen of the sea, the fauns and satyrs of the wood.

Another exception to the rank and file of German art is Hans Makart. His life, which began at Salzburg, May 29, 1840, and ended in an insane asylum at Vienna, October 3, 1884, is like that of Rubens, to whom he was much indebted in his art. Called to Vienna, when comparatively young, by the Emperor of Austria, he was courted and *fêted* throughout his life. Court beauties vied with each other to serve as his models, and his art repeats the life of the voluptuous capital of Austria. Huge canvases, like that of the well-known "Hunt of Diana," were produced with great rapidity. Insufficient in technical knowledge, faulty in drawing, and



The Last Summons. From a painting by Franz von Defregger.

This is one of a series of pictures relating to the Tyrolean uprising under Andreas Hofer in 1809, of which this painter is the author. It represents the call to arms after the younger men of the country are already in the field.

meretricious in colour, his work is less esteemed than at the time of its production, but a certain decorative power can hardly be denied him.

Another Viennese painter, who was esteemed by the Court and led a long life of honour, was Josef Führich, a Bohemian, who was born at Kratzau, February 9, 1800, and died at Vienna, March 13, 1876. In his youth he worked with Overbeck in the decoration of the Casa Massima in Rome, one of the first productions of the Nazarene school. His picture of "Mary's Journey over the Mountain," now in the Vienna Gallery, has all the faults of its school, but is saved and made interesting by a certain honesty and candour of imagination.

Edward Kurzbauer, a native of Vienna, where he was born May 2, 1840, had his art life in Munich, where he died January 13, 1879. Typically German in his love of telling a story in painting, his best known work is the "Fugitives Overtaken," here reproduced. Cleverly painted, as he who runs may see, Karl Hertel, a living painter, born at Breslau, October 17, 1837, has in the National Gallery, Berlin, his "Young Germany." With him may be classed Claus Meyer, born at Linden, November 20, 1856, whose reproduction of scenes similar to those so admirably depicted by Vermeer of Delft, keeps in touch with his own time by the manner of painting. "The Dicers," in the National Gallery, Berlin, is a thoroughly craftsman-like performance. To go back to Wilhelm Camphausen, born at Düsseldorf, February, 8, 1818, revives memories of the



The Promenade. From a painting by Ludwig Knaus.

The original picture was painted in 1855, and is now in the museum of the Luxembourg, Paris.

many battle pictures for which he enjoyed his day of renown. He died in his native city, June 16, 1885, and his picture of "Cromwellian Soldiers Watching the Enemy," in the Berlin Gallery, adequately represents him.

Franz von Defregger commenced his art career comparatively late in life; but as a farmer in the Tyrol, where he was born at Stronach, April 30, 1835, he had seen and thought much of the scenes to which he has consecrated his art. With a colouration dry and uninteresting, and a certain peasant-like heaviness of *technique* throughout his work, he has nevertheless the capacity of bringing the Tyrolean vividly before us. His best pictures, one of which, "The Last Summons," is here given, relate to the time of Hofer's rebellion in 1809.

With Bruno Piglhein, born at Hamburg, February 19, 1848, and the reproduction of the fine "Entombment" in the New Pinakothek at Munich, this

cursory review of German Art may close. This picture, novel in the presentation of an oft repeated subject, is a fitting link between the earlier German art and the later, which, as has already been said, is full of promise.

That Germany, which in music has shown such temperamental faculty, has never found an issue in the labyrinthine maze of painting is true, to speak broadly and to ignore certain individual examples to the contrary. To one who by training and predilection accepts the discoveries of the great Frenchmen of our time, however, the spectacle of a body of painters like those exhibiting at the "Secession" in Munich last summer, is full of interest and promise. When, as in many cases, traces of preoccupation by Paris influence could be felt, there was at the same time an expression of individuality. Notably was this the case in colour, where the Munich blackness and bituminous quality of a few years ago was avoided, and almost equally the purple and golden harmonies of the day in France or the United States. There was full, rich colour, and plenty of it, and in theme the same daring was evident. It was not painting for popular taste, nor was it abstruse and involved like the earlier Munich painting, but it might well de-develop into an art greater than the one or the other. In form it was treated largely as in colour and theme, and in the measure of the possible in making a sweeping comment destined to embrace so many painters of varying talents, I am tempted to believe that the years of art encouragement are at last to bring a result, and give to Germany a truly national art.



Fugitives Overtaken. From a painting by Edward Kurzbauer.

This is one of the painted illustrations by which this painter, who died at the age of twenty-nine, early achieved popularity.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE CRY OF FATE.

BY ANGUS EVAN ABBOTT.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY SYDNEY COWELL.

CHAPTER I.

"A LITTLE wider, please! Thank you."

Sir James Hurst moved the bull's-eye lamp, which was attached by an arm to the back of the consultation chair, so that its fierce light glared down the young man's throat. Then the famous specialist adjusted his heavy leather-covered spectacle with the tiny glass centre, and looked long and carefully. After an examination painfully protracted to the young man, who remained open-mouthed, Sir James pushed the light away and said, "That will do, thank you." Removing the spectacle, he passed his hand across his eye, as though to wipe away the glare of the lamp, saying as he did so, "Just so, just so."

"Are you a married man, Mr. Russell?" he enquired, after a pause.

"No, Sir James," was the answer.

"Ah! not married. You live at home, I suppose?"

"I live in lodgings."

"Ah! in lodgings. Excuse me, but you have not, I imagine, a greater income than you well know what to do with, have you?"

"Well, Sir James, I—I seem to find use for all the money I can earn."

"I suppose so! Yes, I suppose so! Like most of us, Mr. Russell. Probably you support some relative out of your income?"

"No; I have no one depending on me exactly."

"Exactly?" repeated Sir James, in an enquiring tone of voice.

"I mean no one directly depending on me," said George Russell, feeling that an answer was required.



"Are you a married man?"

Sir James arose and began walking the floor at a furious rate. He was well known in the profession as a strangely nervous man, and with him nervousness increased with years.

"No one directly depending on you, you say," Sir James said at length, stopping short before his patient. "That means that you are engaged?"

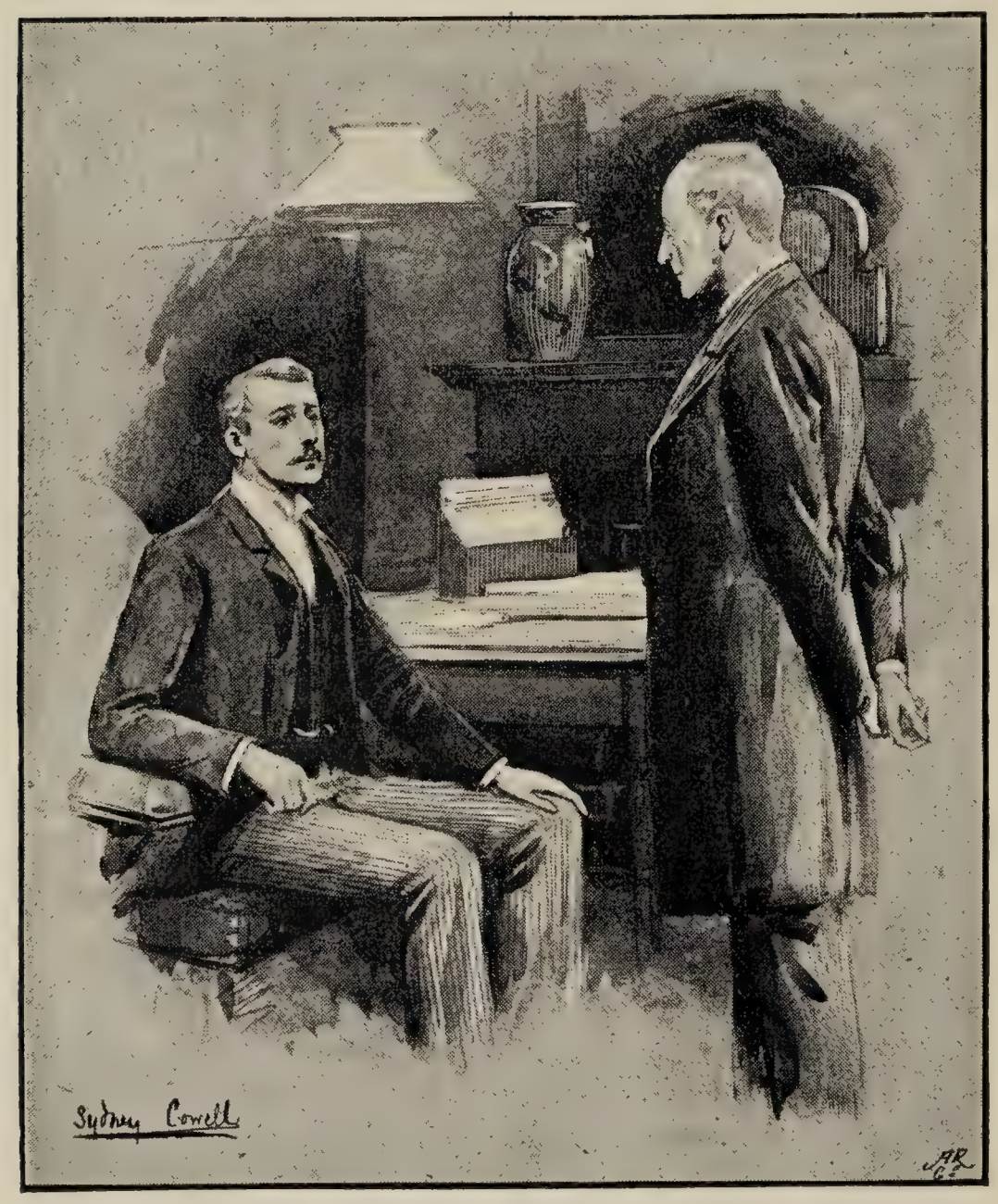
"It does," said the young man, with a smile of mixed bashfulness and amusement.

"Yes, it usually does, it usually means a sweetheart. Is your *fiancée* wealthy, Mr. Russell?"

"No, Sir James, she is a governess."

"It is not an easy life," said the questioner seriously. "We must do something for her. I shall be happy to do all I can, most happy."

George Russell looked at the specialist and mildly wondered. Here was society's petted physician again walking the floor in quite an unprofessional way, taking a deep interest in the welfare of a girl he had not only never seen, but, up to that minute, of whom he had not even heard. An uneasy feeling grew upon the young man as he watched the distressed face of Sir James, a feeling that the great physician had overworked himself, and that his system, unable to stand the tension, was nearing a collapse. This was, in fact, the case. The strain of popularity had proved too great for his naturally weak frame, and Sir James was nearing the end of his illustrious career. This afternoon his brain was just far enough from its true tone to make him do an unprofessional—a very unprofessional thing. He told George Russell the whole truth of the malady which affected his throat. Turning to his patient, Sir James said:



"It is a free trip, and a long one."

"You are anxious to leave your *fiancée* means, are you not?"

George Russell started out of his chair. "I am anxious not to leave her at all. Shall I have to go away? I have no money to travel with!"

"Ah, my young friend, no money is required for your journey. It is a free trip, and a long one, free and far, and I think we'll travel it pretty closely one after the other. But," he added, in an emphatic voice, "you shall leave her a fortune, and a big one!"

"What do you mean? What journey? Is there anything seriously the matter with me?"

His patient's anxiety and distress seemed to bring Sir James out of his meditation, for he ceased walking the floor, and, laying his hand on the young man's shoulder, said:

"My young friend, what I have to tell you will distress you beyond measure. I only tell you the truth because I believe you to be a man of strong common-sense, and one who is prepared to hold his head well up, and look fate in the eye. The truth is that, before a year passes, your throat will kill you. The

inevitable must happen, and this is inevitable."

The anxious look on George Russell's face gave place to one of mental agony. Mechanically he said, "Thank you, Sir James, thank you," and, gazing out of the small window, said nothing further for many moments. Sir James Hurst watched him keenly, as though to gauge his strength of mind.

With a sudden start, George Russell turned to the physician and said eagerly:

"The fortune, Sir James, how am I to make it? It must be made, and a year is too short to make it—that is, make it honestly."

"I will see that you make it, Mr. Russell, and make it honestly. I am afraid my nervousness has got the mastery of my discretion. I am giving way to my nerves. Day by day they are breaking. I feel them tingling through me like red-hot wires; they are coiled in burning knots round and around my brain." Again he was walking restlessly up and down the small room. "Come to me to-morrow morning early, at eight, not later, for the people will be flocking in to see me at nine. Come at eight, without fail, and I will tell you how you can leave a fortune to your *fiancée*, and leave it honestly—in fact, brilliantly. Now, off you go, and don't let anything I have said distress you."

George Russell's thoughts were too serious to permit him even to smile at the last words of Sir James, but he saw the absurdity of them. He left the room in a dazed condition, and wandered homewards.

CHAPTER II.

Alice Stanton, her cheeks glowing with the pleasure that comes from the mastering of a great problem, whirled the piece of paper which lay on the table until the figures came right side up before her lover. Then placing her hand on his shoulder, she pointed with a stubby pencil to the items. They were as plain as day to a woman.

"You see, George, we have three pounds a week to start with. That's this three pounds here." The lovers were in the snug little sitting-room of the Stanton cottage.

"Yes," said George.

"You see, the three pounds come in each week, drop, drop, drop, regularly. It's wonderful what a big sum three pounds a week comes to. It's more than one hundred and fifty a year. I call that riches!"



"It's more than one hundred and fifty a year."

"Do you?" said George Russell, smiling, in spite of his gloomy thoughts. "Then," he continued, bitterly, "I've been rich these three years without knowing it. A fellow never knows his fortune till it's gone."

"Gone!" said Alice, enquiringly.

"No, not gone," said Russell, hastily, seeing his mistake. "Did I say gone? Of course, mine is not gone. I did not mean that."

"What in the world did you mean, George?"

"Oh! I must have been thinking that sometimes things do not last—good things, you know. There is always a

risk of—well, say, of losing one's situation, for instance, or falling ill. Oh, by-the-bye, Alice, Jackson is engaged."

But Alice was not to be drawn from the matter in hand. She had taken alarm at his remark and subsequent confusion, and, with a woman's persistency, would have no evasion.

"Has your throat been troubling you again?" she asked, with a serious tremor in her voice.

"It troubles a little, of course."

"Have you seen Dr. Tarrant?"

"No, I don't intend to trouble him again. I haven't much faith in him."

"You must see someone, George. It will never do to let the matter run on without doing something to strengthen your throat."

"I intend to see to it. In fact, I dropped in this afternoon and had Hurst—Sir James Hurst, you know, the great specialist—look at my throat. He did not say much about it."

"What *did* he say?" she asked.

"Oh, he said something to the effect that I'd have to take good care of myself, and that would cure me as soon as anything."

"Somehow, George, I do not like all this. It seems very unsettling. But I should think a man of Sir James Hurst's standing would tell you the truth."

"Oh! I feel certain he told me the truth, Alice dear."

"I hope so, George. It would be such a terrible thing if you should fall ill, and we both so—so poor," she said tenderly.

Next morning, at the hour appointed, George Russell rang the bell of Sir James Hurst's door in Harley Street.

He had not long to wait. Sir James entered the consulting-room noiselessly, and, carefully shutting the door, shook the young man warmly by the hand, looking sharply at him all the time.

"I have called, Sir James, to hear my fate, and particularly to learn how I am to make the fortune you mentioned. Will you tell me?"

"Certainly," said Sir James, offering his patient a seat. "To begin with, I may say that your disease has been of long standing, and you can comfort yourself with the knowledge that, even had it been thoroughly understood from the first, there was no chance of permanently checking it. Now, from the medical standpoint, it is a most interesting affection, a rare case indeed"—Sir James was growing enthusiastic,—"not so much the disease itself, but this particular development of it. Only three cases are known to have existed, and these were discovered at the last moment. But you have still six months to live, so I am indeed fortunate, most fortunate. In three months' time the disease, in its developments, will make peculiar structural changes in your throat and mouth, and you will find yourself suddenly possessed of the most wonderful tenor voice that has been heard this century. In that voice lies your fortune."

"Yes, but I can't sing! I know nothing of music."

"My dear sir, you *shall* sing, and sing to thousands, and sing yourself into a fortune and into fame."

"And the grave."

"Would you prefer to go to the grave without either the fame or the fortune?"

"No, of course not. What do you propose?" asked George, growing quite business-like over his misfortune.

"That you come with me and we will call on a friend of mine, Herr Vedder—you know of him, at least—the famous violinist. He will set your feet on the high road to Fame."

They left the house together, and the result of the call, and the private conversation which Sir James had with the Professor, was that George Russell began a series of peculiar music lessons under the tuition of the Professor. He resigned his situation at the bank, and morning

after morning sat for hours drinking in the exquisite strains of Herr Vedder's violin, noting the modulations of sound, the fire, the pathos, the whole language of music rendered in its best style. The selection of tunes played to him was not a very large one, but it comprised probably the finest concert airs which could be chosen, and of these he learned to know to a nicety how they should be sung. One day, three months after his first lesson, when the good Professor had finished playing over one of the most plaintive airs in his repertoire, George Russell arose from his seat in the corner, and saying, "Excuse me, Professor, I would like to try to sing this," walked up to the piano. Shutting his eyes, and clasping his hands behind him, he sang the piece from beginning to end, while Herr Vedder sat open-mouthed at the splendour of the voice that filled the room. George Russell's voice had come! and from that moment till the time when he stood before the vast multitude at the Albert Hall, and sang to them in a way they had never heard before, his progress was a triumphant march. The Albert Hall triumph installed him on the highest pinnacle of public favour—and only three of his six months had passed.



His voice had come.

CHAPTER III.

When a person finds himself in the social whirl, the days pass by with surprising rapidity. This is especially true of those rare and rather unfortunate individuals in whom the great British public takes a curious interest. Every morning, with the utmost regularity, George Russell, now the most brilliant tenor of the day, drove to Harley Street, and submitted to the searching examination of the famous physician, although, it must be said, he did so with increasing impatience. His throat seemed to trouble him less each day, and as time passed he began the easy task of convincing himself that, after all, nothing much was the matter with it. It does not take a person long to oonvince himself of anything. But although George grew gradually more impatient, he submitted to all that Sir James asked of him.

His life during the months following his success as a singer was one round of breakfasts, luncheons, afternoon teas, dinners, and, when engagements did not interfere, parties. He found himself growing rich rapidly, and noticed that he took more and more pleasure in his newfound friends. At first it distressed him to find how little time he had to give to Alice Stanton. She, like the hard-working, kind-hearted girl that she was, urged him to do his duty, talked and laughed in her cheerful girlish way to him, and—grieved. It had never occurred to her to enquire into the cause of her lover's sudden gift for music. She was a simple young woman.

"You must do all your friends tell you, George," she said to him, but she added in a lower tone, "I am afraid you will

injure your health. Would it not do to sing at fewer concerts? You are making such a lot of money! Why, we could live for ever on what you have already saved."

"Must make money while I can, Alice. Some new favourite may spring up at any moment — a strong man — or sword-swallower."

"Oh, don't talk like that, yours is a



His abstracted manner troubled her.

noble occupation, and your position in the public favour can never be altered until your voice fails."

"That may not be long," he said, rather impatiently, and added:

"Well, I must go now. Good-bye."

"Will you call to-morrow, George?"

"Why, Alice, how can I?" he answered petulantly. "Just think of it: Sir James Hurst as usual in the morning, luncheon with Barclay, dinner, I suppose, at——"

"Of course you can't come. It's very selfish of me to expect you so often."

"I come as often as I well can," he said testily, and walked off.

She closed the door after him and went straight to her room, feeling very lonely and miserable indeed. His abstracted, impatient manner troubled her.

That evening, George Russell was informed that his friend Sir James Hurst had been struck with paralysis, and that he lay at the point of death. The news was not altogether unexpected. He felt truly sorry for the man who had so befriended him. But strange to say, mingling with the sorrow was a feeling of what may be described as relief. Sir James had doomed him to die. Anything that showed the physician to be liable to error, anything that unsettled his faith in Sir James's judgment, was all to his advantage. As he rattled home in a hansom he thought of his case, and the physician lying there at the point of death.

"It is all a delusion," he said to himself. "A phantom created by the nervous brain of a man on the eve of a collapse. At this moment I feel stronger than ever I did. I have a grip on life—I feel strength coursing through my veins. My voice is clearer to-day than ever before. My throat gives me scarcely any trouble."

At this he stopped short, for the remembrance of the strange coming of the voice and the prophecy of Sir James occurred to him.

"Oh, nonsense!" he burst out at last, shaking his head in a violent way, as though to free it for ever from a worrying thought. "I must not let the railings of a nerve-racked man unsettle me. I'll chance it. It may be that I am fated, but I do not believe it. Doctors are all old grandmothers. They see so much sham that they unconsciously become shams themselves."

Jumping out of the hansom, he ran to his rooms in a fever of excitement. He

did not turn up the gas at first, but strode to and fro in the semi-darkness, muttering to himself as he walked. At last he stopped short before the table, his hands clasped behind him.

"Yes, I will do it," he said fiercely, "and to-night. To-night I will free myself for ever. Sir James, I banish your warning from me. From now and for ever I laugh at your story, and refuse to believe it. I will cease fearing, for I know you are wrong.

"And now," he continued in a softer tone, "Alice, I must give you back your love. You are a good girl, but I fear you would not be happy with me, nor I with you. You will make a good wife to some man in a humbler, a more obscure and quieter position in life than mine can be. It will be a great sorrow to you at first, but I feel it is all for the best, and that sooner or later you will bless me for this deed. My will is now written in your favour. I will treat you as though I died to-day, for my love for you has died. You shall be given the twelve thousand pounds which I, as your lover, have saved. I must free myself and leave my spirit untrammelled for the artistic work I have before me."

Turning on the gas to its full, he sat down and hastily snatched pen, paper, and envelope.

"I will let her know my decision at once. It is better over soon."

Taking the envelope, he carefully wrote the address—

Miss Alice Stanton,
18a, Hardcastle Street,
Grosvenor Street, N.W.

"The last time of writing. Well, the last of everything is bound to come, sooner or later."

He took a sheet of notepaper in his hand to write the letter, but got no farther. At the moment of picking up his pen, George Russell heard a strange voice cry in his ear. He leapt to his feet, and the next instant found himself tightly grasping the sides of the desk, and heard the crash of the falling *bric-à-brac*. His legs stiffened under him, and he felt an iron grasp, as of some awful monster, tighten around his throat. He was strangling. He gasped for breath, and strove to free himself from the grasp, and tried to cry for help, but his cry was stifled before it reached his lips. Round and round the room began to spin, and distant and more distant sounded the voices in his ears, the voices of a thousand fiends—the cry of fate. Gradually he felt himself settling into a pleasant slumber, sinking, sinking, sinking, till, with a crash, man and desk fell in a heap to the floor. Sir James Hurst's prophecy had been fulfilled, and George Russell died of his throat complaint, leaving his *fiancée* a fortune. The six months had passed—for ever.

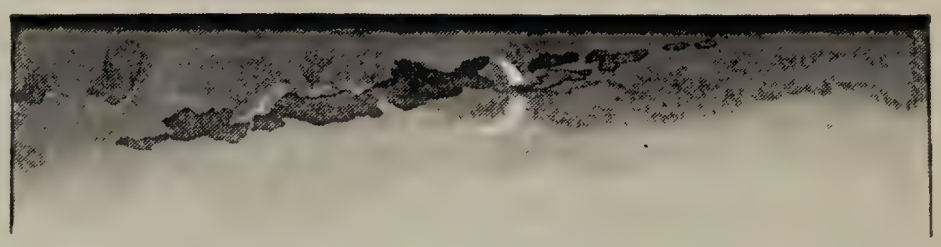


He was strangling.



Love's Call

Hark! am I waking
or do I dream?
Or was it the dove's
note echoing?
Around, the silent
woodlands beam,
And every leaf
Seems listening
What distant call?
What sudden-stirred
Echoing thrill from
breast to brow
Was it the nightingale
I heard
Or was it, best-beloved, thou?



C.H.S.



Harold Frederic (an old portrait).

HAROLD FREDERIC.

BY ROBERT H. SHERARD.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MESSRS. FRADELLE AND YOUNG.



Harold Frederic as a child.

A STRIKING figure in the political and literary clubs of London, as also in the lobby of the House of Commons, is that of Harold Frederic, a writer of fiction to whom a large section of the public, both in England and America, is still looking with high hopes and great expectation against the time when he shall indeed come into his own, and realise, as he is certain to do, the great promises held out in his previous productions.

It is touching to hear this big and burly man, who has fought so keenly with the world, speak with such reverence of his mother: "My mother is a most remarkable woman," he says, with stress and emphasis, and with an indescribable ring in his voice; "in force, and courage, and initiative, I have never seen a woman like her. If she were ruined to-day, although she is now nearly seventy years of age, she would turn to work again, to typewriting

or to shorthand, or to some business, as readily as you would turn to a new brand of cigarettes."

Harold Frederic was born in Utica, N.Y., in August, 1856. "My father was a painter, decorator, &c.; his health

little man, and was always spoken of as little."

By his father, grandson of a soldier Friedrich, who came over at the time of the War of Independence, Harold Frederic comes of an old German family, connected

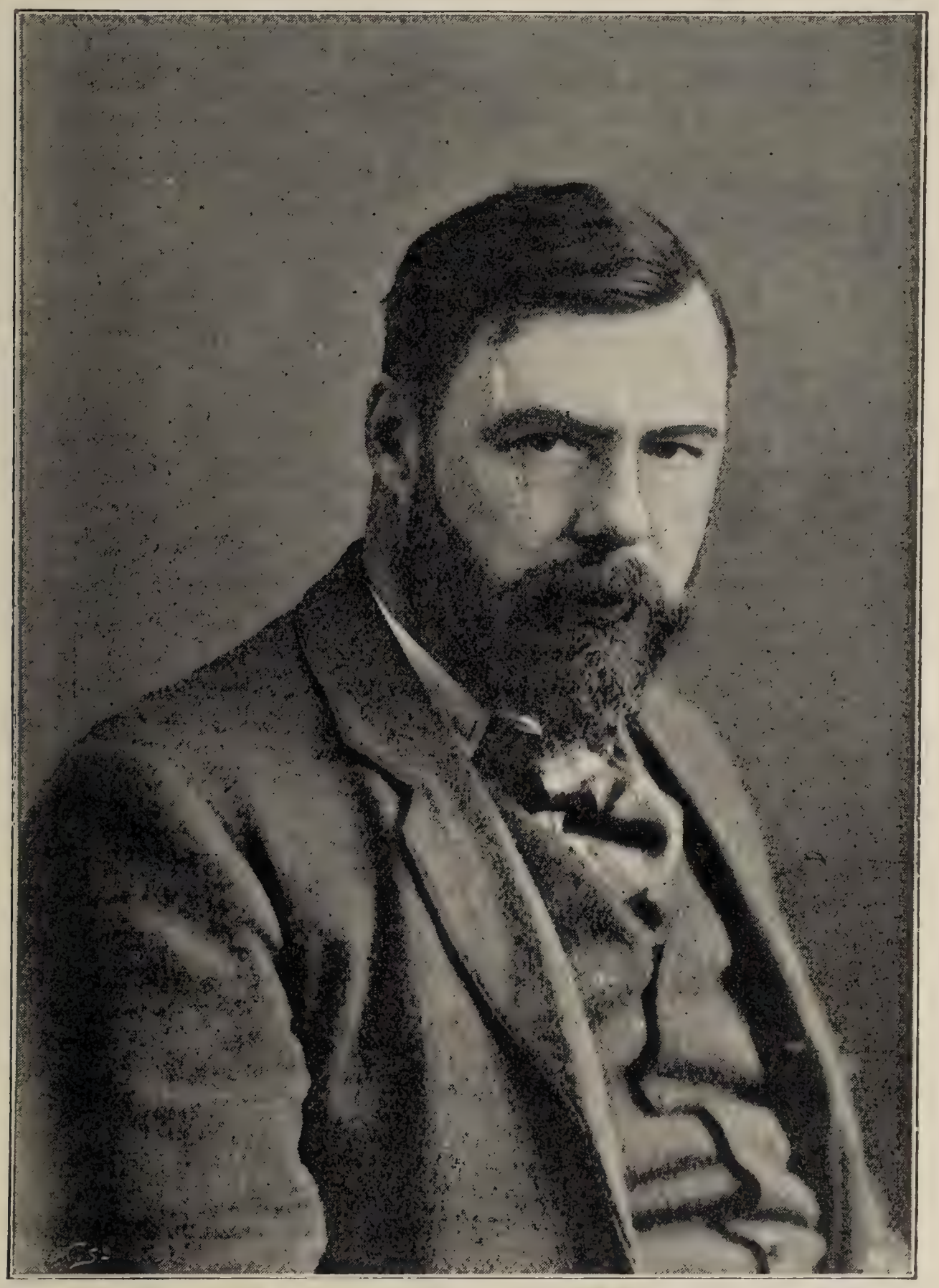


The smoking-room, National Liberal Club.

being bad, he had taken a post as guard on a goods train, and was killed in an accident when I was eighteen months old. I have no recollection of him, but from what I was always told he was very popular with all who knew him. It appears he was a very

with the Hesse-Cassels and the Frederics of Prussia amongst others. On the same side he is descended from a line of Huguenot gentlemen, the Delamottes, who came over to America as refugees from the French Revolution. His great-grandfather of this family was the Jean Dela-

motte, of New York, who put the iron-work into Robert Fulton's first steamship. His grandmother, Mathilde Delamotte, was the first child baptised by Francis Asbury, the first Methodist bishop in America. She married a cooper, who was the protégé of rich people, but quarrelled with them on the grounds of religious belief, and so lost a career.



Harold Frederic.

(*From a photo by Fradelle & Young.*)

"Indeed," said Harold Frederic, "I come out of a whole list of people who abandoned fortunes for conscience' sake." His mother has some Dutch blood, but is mostly of Somersetshire lineage, filtered through five Puritan generations in New England.

He was an extraordinarily precocious child. John Brown was hanged when

Harold was only a little over three years of age. "I can remember the event perfectly, and I can remember the pictures of the occurrence that were published at the time."

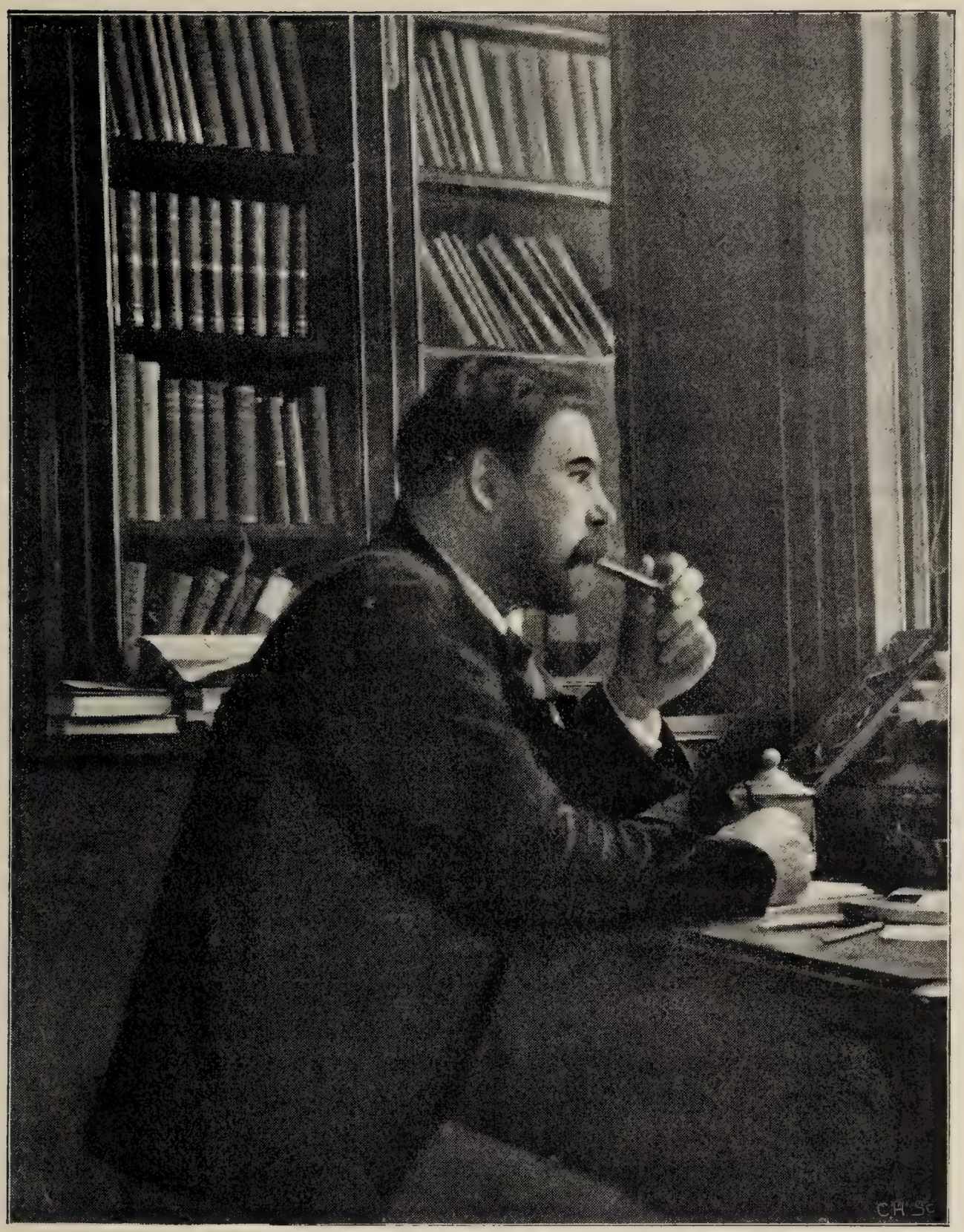
His father's death left his mother very poor, but, being a woman of infinite resource and energy, she took up with the sewing-machines, which had recently been invented, and started a vest-making business, working with such energy and success that when she married for the second time, taking for her husband a Delamotte, or De Motte as the family name had then become, she had amassed a dower of over four thousand dollars.

"I was the seventh child, but all my brothers and sisters had died before me, so that I was alone at home, and a very lonely child indeed. I used to accompany my mother's work-girls into the town when they carried work to the tailors, and learned to read by studying the tradesmen's signboards. I should add that I had learned my letters from the label on an old soap-box which held the firewood at home. I was never taught but by myself, for my mother was too busy to attend to me at all. She had my grandmother, myself, and other people to support, and magnificently she did it too, like a very Roman matron. I often think," added Harold Frederic, "of what Napoleon said of his mother: 'I owe everything that I have done to my mother.' I understand the feeling. So I taught myself to read, and when I was four years old I went to school. That shows that I must have been advanced, for the rule of the city was that no children under the age of six were to be admitted, and exception was made in my case because I was advanced, and because I was a very big child for my age. My earliest recollections are about the Civil War, which broke out when I was five years of age—recollections of the hideous anxiety which prevailed among the people round me, recollections of the effect that each piece of news from the seat of war made on my own home-circle. I think that my truest work, in my books *The Copperhead* and *Marsena*, deals with these early recollections of mine, collected from the age of five to the age of nine.

"There were four books at home, with which I learned to read after I had acquired familiarity with my letters from the label on the soap-box and the signs over the shops. These were Horace Walpole's *Life and Letters of George III.* (whom I looked upon as a tyrant), a small biography of *Ulrich Zwinglius*, the Swiss reformer, Hale's *History of the U.S.A.*, and finally, a book which made upon me the deepest impresssion of all, Prosper Merimée's *History of Peter the Cruel*, in translation. I read all these books before I was six years of age. I remember them as the chief things of my childhood. Indeed, reading was my only pastime, as until I was six years of age my mother prevented me from playing with any children of the town, or any of my schoolmates. She had very tender and ambitious notions of the kind of son she desired to have.

"There were only two things at which I was proficient at school, and these were writing and spelling, and, to my surprise, I won prizes in both branches. I was small good at anything else, and, indeed, took little interest in any other studies.

"I finished my schooling at the age of twelve. During my leisure hours I used to help my mother, who had now created a business in firewood and milk. I used to spend the hours when I was not at school in the lumber- or cow-yards, or in peddling milk to my mother's customers. At the same time, whenever I could get time I read. I was a great reader, and by preference read the newspapers, of which I had been very fond even before I was nine years of age—that is to say, during the war. I was bred on type, the other side of me was purely fortuitous; the side of my boyhood which was most congenial to me was the printed page. At the age of twelve I was given the choice of continuing my edu-



Harold Frederic in his study.

cation or of learning a trade. I chose the latter, although I was anxious to continue my studies, because, if I had remained at the school I should have been obliged to continue peddling the milk in spare hours, and that was an occupation I cordially disliked. So I decided to leave school and learn a trade. Had I been able to follow my own desires I should have learned wood-turning—the one craft that I liked, and still do like, to the extent that if ever I achieve a competence, I shall get a lathe and take my pleasure and my occupation in working at it. When I learned, however, that if I were to be apprenticed to wood-turning I should be obliged during the first year of my apprenticeship to carry logs of wood up the staircase, doing nothing else besides, I faltered in my devotion and got a place instead with a confectioner to learn the art of candy-making. This was at the age of thirteen. I only remained with that confectioner for eight months. He found me a wasteful apprentice. I used to eat the nuts which he gave me to crack, and the result was that he sent me about my business. I was not sorry to leave him, even if I did regret the nuts, for

my bent at that time was to be an artist. I used to buy pictures and collect engravings from the magazines. I traded candy with a boy for old copies of the *Gartenlaube*, for I knew German as a boy, having been brought up in the German quarter of the town of Utica. This habit of collecting pictures clung for a long time to me, and I fancy that my present collection of newspaper pictures must exceed twelve thousand. At that time I wanted to be a painter, and used to study these drawings with a view to educating myself. Having been expelled from the confectioner's, I went to work in a photographer's studio, and this was the beginning of the art-life which held me for many years.

"The following years, up to 1873, were spent in photographers' studios. In that year, being now sixteen years old, I ran away from home to Boston, where I had a friend, and I found employment of a kind as a negative retoucher. During the first two months after my departure from home I was nearly starved, for my wages were less than a dollar a week. It was, however, the happiest time in my life, and my great enjoyment was as follows: Out of my wages, scanty as they were, I used each week to save enough to purchase a Henry Clay cigar every Saturday. With this cigar I used to go, on Saturday nights, to the Revere Billiard Hall, and, selecting a corner where there was no draught, and where the cigar in consequence would burn the best, I used to smoke it with the greatest care and deliberation, and watch the players at their game of pool. My position rapidly improved in Boston, and by the time I was seventeen years old I was earning six pounds a week, and had a holiday on every dark day. Being now a 'wealthy man,' I used to buy books, quantities of books. I luxuriated in this, practically spending all my money in the bookshops. I had collected over one hundred pounds' worth of books when my eyes failed me, and, being thrown out of work and so threatened with destitution, I was forced to sell my library for four pounds, upon which I sorrowfully returned home to Utica. In the meanwhile my mother and stepfather had prospered, and I found a comfortable home awaiting me. I remained here till I was nineteen years old, spending most of my time in riding, fishing, and shooting. My dear mother used to buy horses for me. I was nearly blind and could not stand the light of a lamp, and being unable to read, it was my half-sister who used to read to me. Although I could not read I was able to write a little, and during this period I wrote some short stories. These stories were all about Alsace-Lorraine, where, of course, I had never been, and were palpable imitations of the writings of Erckmann-Chatrian, whose works I had bought in Boston, and clung to when everything else had to be sold. They had produced an immense impression upon me."

In speaking of Erckmann and Chatrian, whom he looks upon as his spiritual fathers, Mr. Frederic is as emphatic and as reverential as he is when speaking about his mother. "The things I have done," he says, "*The Copperhead*, *Marsena*, *In the Valley*, and the things which I shall still do about the Civil War period, of which I shall write many things, have one and all a parentage with these two writers, in the effect which their books produced upon me as a boy. I have bought everything these people ever wrote, and have had each book bound in white vellum as an individual token of my literary indebtedness to them. I hold myself more indebted to these two men than to all other writers, in any language, put together. Of coarse, by this I mean that they dominated me at a time when it was of peculiar importance what influence I fell under. They formed in my mind the symbol of writing. I am purely and simply, as a writer, the product of these two men. At the same time I owe a debt of gratitude to Nathaniel Hawthorne also, whose *Septi-*

mus Felton, a work never published, I fancy, in England—it is the story of an English officer in the War of Independence, who was killed at Concord; he had loved a Concord girl, and out of the grave of the man of the red uniform there sprang a red flower,—affected me and influenced me in a high degree. I might extend my previous statement as to my literary parentage by saying that, so far as my start went, I was the son of Erckmann-Chatrian on the one hand, and of Nathaniel Hawthorne on the other. It was they who made me determine that I too would write."

His stories about Alsatian life were sent to papers, and published. "I have never written anything," he says, "which was not published. But they were pretty bad."

In 1875, he being then nineteen years of age, Harold Frederic found his way into the office of a Utica newspaper, as a proof-reader, at a salary of nine dollars a week. "Besides reading proofs, I did outside reporting, and gradually acted in every other capacity, going from desk to desk. For the following five years I devoted the whole of my energy to my paper, and at the age of twenty-four became its editor. My great experiences and specialities as a reporter were hangings and politics, reporting executions and State Conventions." Apart from his journalistic work, he did no literary work during that period of his life.

"In March of 1882 I went to Albany, to try and save a bankrupt paper, *The Albany Evening Journal*, which had been founded in 1830 by Thurlow Weed, Lincoln's envoy to England during the Civil War. This paper had fallen into a state of bankruptcy owing to bad management, and I was brought down, as a forlorn hope, to try whether the paper, to which this last chance was given, could be saved or not. I remained on this paper for eighteen months, and at the end of that period it was sold for ninety-five thousand dollars, and I was thrown out with one week's salary. Its value had been doubled in that time by taking it out of straight party lines and making it a sort of candid friend, what afterwards became called a 'Mugwump.' I suppose that would make me pretty nearly the original Mugwump. It was the first paper that declared itself for Cleveland in the great campaign of 1882. That was the beginning of the wonderful career which awaited Mr. Cleveland, and he has never forgotten it.



Harold Frederic.

(From a photo by Fradelle & Young.)

"All the time that I was editing this paper I was wanting to write my novel, *In the Valley*. I started on it four or five times whilst in Albany, but always tore up all that I had written, because I was not satisfied with it. I once wrote as much as twenty thousand words, and altogether I must have written fully fifty thousand words of this novel, all of which went into the fire. Then my paper was sold out from under me, and being now '*en disponibilité par retraite d'emploi*,' I was asked by Cyrus Field to come to New York and edit his *Mail and Express*. I went to take the advice of the editor of the *New York Times* on this offer, and he at once said to me: 'What is the matter with your going to England to represent the *New York Times* for us?' I accepted this offer, and, in 1884, came to England,

though at that time I knew nothing about Europe beyond the conceptions of, and fondness for it, which I had gained from books. I had been for years now a mad historical student and devourer of European fiction. Yes; all in translation. I read no language readily but English, and don't think I am any the worse for it. My own feeling is that languages distract and fritter a man's strength away."

Having arrived in England, in June of 1884, Harold Frederic greatly distinguished himself as a special correspondent in the following July, when, on receipt of a cable from the home office to send someone else, he at once started off to Marseilles and Toulon, where the cholera was raging. He remained here two weeks, visiting the patients, studying the whole question, and sending descriptions of all he saw to his paper. He was the first newspaper correspondent who worked in this dangerous field.

"On returning to England, whilst attending to my work for my paper, I began once more upon *In the Valley*, and, during 1884, wrote about seventeen thousand words, which I also threw away. I then realised that I did not know how to make a book, how to cover a canvas. I had notions about how certain parts of the canvas had to be covered, but did not know how to complete the work as a whole. So, as an experiment—a literary preliminary canter — I wrote *Seth's Brother's Wife*. I wrote it off-hand, and purely as an experiment, to see what it was like to write a book. When it was written I sent it to Scribner's, never believing that they would accept it. To my enormous surprise they wrote to tell me that they were starting a new magazine, and that they would like to use my story as the first serial in that magazine. It was thus that *Seth's Brother's Wife* appeared in *Scribner's Magazine*, where it made its point. Encouraged by this success, I felt at liberty to set about *In the Valley*, the thing nearest to my heart, and in eight months, in the year 1887, I wrote that book. It was written, as I say, in eight months, but it represented eleven years of work and preparation.

"*The Lawton Girl* was finished in 1889. I spent a year in writing it, and it was followed, in 1890, by my *Life of William II.* I wrote this because I liked the subject. This was not, however, the opinion held at the Court of Berlin, for Eulenburg, to whom I sent a copy for presentation to the Emperor, returned it to me, saying that 'he could not dream of presenting such a work to his Majesty.' Nor have I ever had any hint that the Emperor himself ever read the book. It was, however, appreciated in England by the newspapers, so that it quite seemed to be a book of the year. I think that, altogether, I made about £21 out of it, which," added Mr. Frederic, with a peculiar and characteristic laugh, "is about what one makes out of a successful book nowadays."

Continuing the story of his life, Harold Frederic said: "In 1892 I wrote *The New Exodus*. It was not a financial success; for, with my American rights, it brought me only £90, which was my reward for a journey that lasted eleven weeks, followed by another fifteen weeks of hard writing. Contemporaneously with *The New Exodus* I wrote *The Return of the O'Mahony*."

His books have rarely reached very high sales, nor has he in money received great recompense for a sustained effort and a literary conscientiousness which is as rare as it is admirable.

As to his methods of work, he says: "I am, and have always been, a morning man, a morning worker. As a boy it was in peddling milk and chopping firewood; to-day it is in writing books. I always sit down to my table at half-past nine. I write very neatly, in a small, fine writing, and write slowly, but with very few corrections. I set myself no daily task, and if on some days I only write one

of listening attention. If Muntagh heard, he gave no sign, but gazed again in meditation out upon the vast waste of waters, blackening now as the purple reflections of the twilight waned.

"Blind men have senses that others lack," he remarked at last. "Tell me you, does the earth we stand on seem ever to you to be turning round?"

Owny shuddered a little at the thought which came to him. "When you led me out beyond here, and I felt the big round sea-pinks under my feet, and remembered they grew only on the very edge—" he began.

"Not that at all!" the chief broke in. "Tis not my meaning. But at Rosbrin there was a book, writ by Fineen the son of Diarmaid, an uncle to my father's father, and my father heard it read from this book that the world turned round one way, like a duck on a spit, and the sun turned round the other way, and that was why we were apart all night. And often I come here, and I swear there is a movement under my feet. But elsewhere there is none, not in the barn, or in the towers, or anywhere else but just here."

The old man inclined his big face, as if he could see the ground he stood upon, but shook his head after a moment's wanting. "It would not be true, Munty," he suggested. "Old Fineen had a mighty scholarship, as I have heard, and he made an end to edify the angels, but — but —."

Muntagh did not wait for the hesitating conclusion. "I saw his tomb when I was a lad, in the chapel at Rosbrin. He was laid at his own desire under a weight of stone like the wall here. I saw even then how foolish it was. These landsmen have no proper sense. How will they rise at the Resurrection with all that burden of stone to hold them down? I have a better understanding than that. I buried my father, as he buried his father, out yonder in the sea. And I will be buried there too, and my son after me — and if I have other children" — he stole a swift glance at the old man's withered face as he spoke — "if I have others, I say, it will be my command that they shall follow me there. When their time comes. I make you witness to that wish, Owny Hea."

The bard hung his head. "As if my turn would not come first!" he said, for the mere sake of saying something. Then, gathering courage, he pulled upon the strong arm which was still locked in his, and raised his head to speak softly in The Ollahony's ear.

"If only the desire of your heart were given you, Munty," he murmured. "If only once I could hold a babe of yours to my breast, and put its pretty little hands in my beard — did he fit to pray for the men who took my eyes from me. And Munty dear," his voice rose in tremulous entreaty as he went on — "tell me, Munty — I'm of an age to be your father's father, and give no eye-sight to shame you — is she — is your holy wife coming to see her Duty Differently? Have you hope that — that —"

Muntagh turned abruptly on his heel, swinging his companion round with him. Then walked a dozen paces toward the sea-gate of the castle wall before he spoke. "You have never seen her, Owny!" he said then, gravely. "You do not know at all how beautiful she is. It is not in the power of your mind to imagine it. There is no one like her in all the world. She is not human like us, Owny. I am a great lord among men, Owny, and I am not afraid of any man. I would put The MacCarthy, or even the Earl of Desmond, over my cliff like a rat if he came to me here, and would not do me honour. But when even I come where she is sits, I am like a little dirty boy, frightened before a great shrine of Our Blessed Lady, all with jewels and lights and incense. I take shame to myself, when she looks at me, that there are such things in my heart for her to see."

Owny sighed deeply. "The finest princess in the world might be proud to be mated to you, Munty," he urged.

"True enough," responded Muntagh, with candor. "But she is not a princess — or any mere woman at all. She is a saint. Perhaps she is more still. Listen, Owny! Do you remember how I took her — how I swam for her through the breakers — and snapped the bone of my arm to keep the mast of their wreck from crushing her when the wave flung it upon us, and still made land with her on my neck, and hung to the bare rock against all the devils of the sea sucking to pull me down —"

"Is it not all in my song!" said Owny, with gentle reproach.

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Specimen of Mr. Frederic's MS.

thousand words, on others I do as much as three thousand words, though never more than that. I am conscientious about my books, and work on slowly and deliberately till about four in the afternoon. I never work at my novels after that hour, and I may say that out of the six hundred thousand words of book-matter which I have published in my life, not more than one hundredth part was written after four in the afternoon.

"As a journalist I have been recognised as a specialist on the Irish question. Those three articles on the Irish question, which appeared under the signature of 'X in *The Fortnightly Review* were written

by me, though I have never avowed this before."

Harold Frederic is one of the few writers of whom one hears who has never written a line of poetry in his life. "I cannot, with here and there a modern exception, even read poetry," he says, and in this connection relates that being once on a summer vacation in the company of Tim Healy, in Munster, they found in the inn at which they were staying two odd volumes of Milton's *Paradise Lost*. "I said to Healy, 'This is our chance; we must improve our minds,' and, he agreeing, we used to take one of those volumes down to our bathing-place, and either before or after our swim read out passages to each other. It was a most dismal performance. We then decided that Milton was not intended for reading aloud, that we must read it to ourselves, and here again we failed. Poetry to my mind is summed up in that passage in Meredith's *Emilia in England* where it is compared to the Polar bear, who walks up and down his cage, and is brought to a halt every time that he has taken a few paces ahead. I have never written two lines of poetry in my life, nor a single word of criticism on poets, and I never will."

He lives a severe and disciplined life, taking little amusement beyond a daily visit to his club, and rarely going to the theatres. "I live wholly to myself because I like to live an unshackled life. A stiff shirt is to me a badge of servitude. You see that I have the courage to wear a soft one, even in town. Then he added: "Yes, the constituency is expanding in every direction, and that is why I feel that, in consequence, the author's responsibility is becoming greater day by day, and it is his duty, such is my firm conviction, to do nothing which is not better than the things among which people live, to write nothing which does not suggest thought and tell them the truth, and bear their minds cleanly and honest good company."



SHREWSBURY.*

BY STANLEY J. WEYMAN.

ILLUSTRATED BY CLAUDE A. SHEPPERSON.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

I BELIEVE I had spent a week, it might be more, in this situation of mingled ease and torment, when, coming down one morning after a hag-ridden night, I heard a stir in the hall; and, going that way to learn what it meant, met the servants returning in a crowd from the front, and talking low about something. Martin, who was foremost, cried, "Ha! ha! you are too late!" Then drawing me aside, into a little den he had beside the passage, "They have taken him to the office," he said. "But, lord's sakes, Mr. Price," he continued, lifting his eyebrows and pursing up his lips to express his astonishment, "who would have thought it? Her ladyship will be in a taking! I hope that there may be no more in it than appears!"

"In what?" said I.

"In this arrest," he answered, eyeing me with meaning, and then softly closing the door on us. "I hope it may end there That is all I say! Between ourselves Mr. Price."

"You forget," I cried with irritation, "that I know nothing about it! What arrest? And who is arrested?"

"Mr. Bridges's man of business."

"What Mr. Bridges?" I cried.

"Lord, Mr. Price, have you no wits?" he answered, staring at me. "My lord's mother's husband. The Countess's husband, to be sure! You must know Mr. Smith?"



"They have taken him to the office."

It needed no more than that; although, without the name, we might have gone on at cross purposes for an hour. But the name—the world held only one Smith for me, and he it seemed was arrested.

He was arrested! It was with the greatest difficulty that I could control my joy. Fortunately the place where we stood, was ill-lighted, and Martin a man too much taken up

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with his own consequence to be over-observant of his companions. Still, for a moment I was perfectly overcome, the effervescence of my spirits such that I could do nothing but lean against the wall of the room, my heart bounding with joy and my head singing a pæan of jubilation. Smith was taken! Smith was in the hands of justice! Smith was arrested and I was free!

The first rapture past, however, I began to doubt; partly because the news seemed to be too good to be true, and partly because, though Martin had continued to babble, I had heard not a word. Wild, therefore, to have the thing confirmed, I cut him short; and crying, "But what Smith is it, do you say? Who is he?" I brought him back to the point at which he had left me.

"Why, Mr. Price," he answered, "I thought everyone knew Mr. Smith. Mr. Smith, Mr. Bridges's factotum, land-steward, what you will! He married the Countess's fine madam; madame they call her in the household, though she is no French thing but Hertfordshire born, as I knew by her speech when my lord first took up with her. But not everyone knows that."

"When my lord took up with her?" I said, groping among half-recognised objects; and beginning—so much light may come through the least chink—to see day.

Mr. Martin nodded confidentially. "That is how she came to be with my lady," he said. "And Mr. Smith, too! My lord met her somewhere when he was young and gay and took up with her, and to please her got the place for Mr. Smith, who had been her flame before. However, my lord soon tired of her, for though she was a beauty she had common ways and was bold as brass; so when he parted from her she went back to her old love, who had first made her the mode; and married him. I have heard that my lord was in a pretty taking when he found her planted again at the Countess's. But I have nothing to say against her."

"Does my lord—see her now?" I said with an effort.

"When he does he looks pretty black at her. And I fancy that there is no love lost on her side."

"What did you say that—they called her?" I asked.

"Madame—Madame Monterey."

I remembered where I had heard the name before and who had borne it; and saw so much light that I was dazzled. "And my lord's mother—who married Mr. Bridges. She is a Papist?"

"Hush!" he said. "The less said about such things the better, Mr. Price."

But I persisted. "It was she who ran off with my Lord Buckingham, was it not," I said, "in King Charles's time? And held his horse while he killed her husband? And who had Mr. Killigrew stabbed in the streets; and——"

In a panic he clapped his hand on my mouth. "God, man!" he cried, "do you know where you are, or is your head turned? Do you think that this house is a fit place to give tongue to such things? Lord! you will be but a short time here, and to the pillory when you go, if you throw your tongue that way! I have not blabbed as much in twenty years, and would not for a kingdom! Who are you to talk of such as my lady?"

He was so righteously indignant at the presumption of which I had been guilty that, though it was his own indiscretion that had led me to the point, I made haste to mutter an apology; and doing this with the better grace for the remembrance that Smith was now powerless and his plans abortive, I contrived presently to appease him. But the ferment which the discovery wrought in my spirits moved me to escape as quickly as possible to my room, there to consider at leisure the miserable position in which—but for Smith's timely capture—I must have found myself.

A suspicion of the truth I had entertained before; but this certainty that the man I was to be trepanned into personating was my benefactor, and that in the plot his own mother was engaged, filled me with as much horror, when I considered the necessity of complying under which I might have lain, as thankfulness when I reflected on the escape I had had. Nor did these two considerations, overwhelming as they may appear, account for all the agitation I was experiencing. Mr. Martin, in speaking of Madame Monterey's origin, had mentioned Hertfordshire; and the name, bringing together two sets of facts hitherto so distant in my mind that I had never essayed to connect them, in a flash presented Smith and madame in their true colours. Why I had never before associated the Smith I now knew with the Templar Smith whom I darkly remembered as Jenny's accomplice in my early trouble—why I had not recognised in the woman's coarsely handsome features the charms that thirteen years before had fired my boy's blood and brought me to the foot of the gallows—these things are not more difficult to explain than why this one mention of Hertfordshire sufficed to raise the curtain; and not only to raise it, but to set the whole drama so plainly before me that I had been no wiser had I followed every scene in madame's life—witnessed her shameful *débût* under Smith's protection, her seduction of my lord, her period of splendour, —finally attended her in her declension when, a discarded mistress, she saw no better alternative than a marriage with her former protector.

How vastly this identification of the two conspirators increased, as well the loathing in which I held their schemes as my relief on the reflection that those schemes were futile, I will not say. Suffice it that the knowledge that, but for Smith's arrest, I must have chosen between playing the basest part in the world and running a risk whereat I shuddered, filled me with thankfulness immeasurable; a thankfulness which I did not fail to pour out on my knees, and which was in no degree lessened by a sad consciousness that in that dilemma, I might have—ay, and should have—played the baser part!

No wonder that a hundred harrowing recollections crowded on my mind; or that under the pressure of these the tumult of my spirits became so powerful that I seized my hat, and escaping from the house, sought in rapid movement some relief from the unpleasant retrospect. Crossing the Green Park, I chose a field path that led by the Pimlico marshes to Fulham; and gradually the songs of the larks and the spring sunshine leading my mind into a more cheerful groove, I began to dwell rather on the fact of my escape than on the crime from which I had escaped. Turning my back on Smith and his like, I began to build my house again; saw a smiling wife and babes, and days spent between my cottage home and my lord's papers; then a green old age and slippered feet tottering through the quiet shades of a library. Before I turned I had roofed the house with an honourable headstone; and felt my own tears rise in generous sympathy with the village assembled to do the old man honour.

In a word, tasting the full relief of emancipation, I became so gay and lightsome that the smoke and din of London, when I re-entered it, failed to subdue the unusual humour. I could have sung, I could have laughed aloud. Let the dead past bury its dead! For Ferguson, Smith, the Monterey—a fig! a fig! Who had come out best after all? And of their fine plottings and contrivings what had been the upshot? They had failed and I had triumphed; they were prisoners, I was free and safe.

Near the garden-wall of Buckingham House there was a bear dancing, and a

press of people round it. I stayed to watch, and in my mood, found the fun so much to my taste that I threw the man a penny and went on laughing. A little farther, by the edge of the lake, was a man with a barrow and dice—then a novelty, though now so prevalent that at the last Sessions, I am told, the thing was presented for a nuisance. I stood and saw a man lose, and in the exaltation of my spirits, pushed him aside and laid down a shilling, and won, and won again—and again; whether the cog failed or the trickster who owned the barrow thought me a good bait. Either way I took up my winnings with an air and hectored away as good a bully as another; placed for the moment so far above myself and common modesty, that I wondered whether I should ever sink back into the timid citizen, or feel my eyes drop before a bravo's.



Worse, he saw me.

Alas, in a moment, *quantum mutatus ab illo!* At the corner of the Cockpit, towards Sion House, I met Matthew Smith.

I had no doubt, I knew all in an instant. And I turned sick. He was free, alone, walking with his head high and an easy gait. Worse, he saw me; saw how I cowered and shrank into myself, and became another man at sight of him!

Slackening his pace as he came up, he halted before me, with that sly devil's grin on his face. "Well," he said, "how are you, Mr. Price? I was looking for you."

"For me?" I muttered. "I thought—I heard——"

"That I was arrested? A mistake!" he answered, continuing to smile. "A mistake! Some other Smith."

"And you were not arrested?" I whispered hoarsely.

"Oh, I was arrested!" he answered jauntily. "And taken to the Secretary. And of course released. There, you have it all in a nutshell."

I uttered an exclamation; two words wrung from me by despair.

Thereat, and pretending to misunderstand me, "You thank God? Very kind of you, Mr. Price," said he grinning. "Like master, like man, I see. The Duke was kindness itself. But I must be going." And then, arresting himself in the act of leaving me, "You have heard," he continued, "that that poor devil Charnock stands his trial to-morrow? Porter is an evidence, and by Monday the parson will swing. It should be a warning to us," he continued, shaking his head with a smile that chilled the marrow in my bones, "what company we keep. A rascal like Porter might see you or me in the street—and swear to us. Ha! Ha! It sounds monstrous odd, but so he might! But by-by, Mr. Price. I must not keep you."

CHAPTER XXXIV.

The state in which I crawled back to the house after this encounter may be conceived but not described. From an

exaltation of mind to which the epithet delirious might be applied, I fell in an instant to a depth of abjectness as monstrous as my late felicity, but more real and better grounded. All the things, on my escape from which I had been congratulating myself, now lay in prospect; and formed a vista as gloomy as the point to which it tended was dreadful. To be a slave to the woman and man who had ruined my youth; to live outwardly at ease, while inwardly devoured by daily and hourly terror; to hang suspended between danger and baseness, comfort and treachery; to discern in my own destruction or my patron's the inevitable ending; above all, to foresee that I should choose the evil and eschew the good, and to wish it otherwise and be powerless to change it—these things, and particularly the last, filled me with anticipations of misery so great that I rolled on my bed, and cursed Providence and my fate; and next day went down so pale, and ill, and woe-begone that the very servants took note of it.

"Pheugh, Mr. Price," said Martin, "you might be Charnock himself, or Keyes, poor devil! You could not look more like hanging! What is it?"

I muttered that I was not well.

"It is Keyes I am sorry for," continued the steward, who was taking his morning draught, "if so be they go to the end with him. I have heard of a master given up by his servant, but never before of a servant hung on his master's evidence—and his master the one that drew him into it! Hang Captain Porter, say I! A fine Captain!"

"Oh, they will let the poor devil live," said another.

"Keyes?"

"Ay."

"Not they!" said Mr. Martin with a great show of wisdom. "He was in the Blues, do you see, my man, and if it spread there? No, he will swing. He will swing for the example. Don't you think so, Mr. Price? You are in there with my lord, and should know."

But I muttered something and escaped, finding solitude and my own reflections as tolerable as their gossip. A little later, my lord, sending for me, kept me close at work until evening; and this was so far fortunate, as the employment, by diverting my thoughts, helped to lift me out of the panic into which I had fallen. True, the news that the three conspirators were found guilty and were to die the following Monday, exactly as Smith had foretold, threw me again into the cold fit, and heralded another night of misery. But as it is not possible for mortals to lie long under the same peril without the sense of danger losing its edge, in three days I began to find life bearable. The stateliness of the household, the silence and books that surrounded me, the regular hours and steady employment, soothed my nerves; and Smith making no sign, and nothing occurring to indicate that he meant to keep his word or summon me to fulfil mine, I lulled myself into the belief that all was a dream.

Yet I was very far from being happy: to be that, with such apprehensions as never quite left me, was beyond my philosophy. And I had rude awakenings. One day it was the execution of Charnock, King, and Keyes at Tyburn, followed by the hawking of their last dying speeches and confessions in the streets, that jogged me out of my fancied security, and sent me sick and whey-faced from the windows. Another, it was the sentence on Sir John Friend and Sir William Perkins, the two elderly citizens whom I had twice seen among the plotters, and never without wondering how they came to be there. A little later, three more suffered; and again the Square rang with the shrill cries of the chapmen who peddled their last speeches from door to door. Against all these Captain Porter and a man called "Scum Goodman," both *participes criminis*, and persons of the most

infamous character, bore witness; their evidence corroborated by that of a man of higher standing, Mr. Prendergast. Whether they could not prove against Cassels and Ferguson, or reasons of State intervened, these, with several of their fellows, lay in prison untried; a course which, in other circumstances, might have involved the Government in obloquy. But so keen at this time was the feeling against the plotters, and so high the King's popularity that he might have shed more blood had he chosen. Here, however, the executions stopped; and his Majesty showing mercy if not indulgence, the hue and cry gradually slackened until it was restricted to Sir John Fenwick; who was believed to be still in hiding in the country, and on whose punishment the King was reported to be firmly set.

How deeply these events and rumours, which formed the staple of conversation during the summer of '96, troubled my existence, I leave to the imagination; provising only that in proportion to the outward quiet of my life was the power to agitate which they exerted.

Moreover, there were times when a terror more substantial trespassed on my peace. One hot afternoon, going hastily into the hall I found the servants all peeping, Mr. Martin holding the door open, a dozen faces staring in from the sunshine of the Square, and my lord standing, very stiff and stately, on the threshold of his room, while in the middle of the floor stood a scowling man, flashily dressed.

The Duke was speaking when I appeared. "At the office, sir," I heard him say. "You misunderstood me. I can see you there only."

"Your Grace is hard on me," the man muttered with a glance that would be rebellious, and was hang-dog. "I have done the King good service, and this is the way I am requited. It is enough——"

"It is more than enough, Captain Porter," my lord said, quietly taking him up. "At the office, if you please. This house is for my friends."

"And the King's friends? They may shift for themselves?" the wretch—who even then wore finery bought with blood—cried bitterly.

"The King is served in many ways," my lord answered with a fine air of contempt. "Martin, the door! And remember, another time I am not within to Captain Porter. At three in the office, sir, if you please."

The man slunk away at that; but as he passed through the doorway, I heard him mutter that when Sir John Fenwick was taken he would see; and that proud as some people were now, they would be glad to save their necks when the time came. He passed out of sight with that; and, hearing my lord speak, I turned, and saw Matthew Smith, whom I had not before noticed, waiting on him with a letter. The Duke, pausing on the threshold of the library, broke the seal, and ran his eye over the paper.

"I will send an answer," he said, "later in the day. "Or——" and he looked up quickly. "Are you returning, sir?"

"If your Grace pleases."

"It shall be ready by two o'clock," my lord answered stiffly. "Good-morning."

"Good-morning, your Grace."

And the Duke went in. The colloquy had been of the slightest; but I had noted that my patron's tone, when he spoke to Smith, was guarded and civil, if distant; and that through the few formal words they had exchanged peered a sort of understanding. This shook me; and when Smith turned to me, a faint sneer on his lips, and told me that I was a bold man, my heart was water. He was at home here as everywhere; what could I do against him?

"Do you understand, Mr. Price?" he repeated. "Or are you a bigger fool than I take you for?"

"Why?" I stammered.

"Why? Why, to push in on Porter

after that fashion," he muttered under his breath—for Martin was making towards us. "Lucky he did not recognise you and denounce you! For a groat he would do it—or to spite the Duke! Take care, man," he continued seriously, "if you do not want to join Charnock, whose head is in airy quarters to-night."

This left me the prey of a new terror; for I had once seen Porter at Ferguson's lodging, and could not shut my eyes to the reasonableness of the warning. I saw myself beset by dangers on that side also; therefore, went for a time on eggs, and trembled at every sound; indeed, for a fortnight I never passed the threshold—excusing myself on the ground of vertigo if sent on an errand. In the course of that fortnight I had a thousand opportunities of contrasting the quiet in which I lived, behind the dull windows of the great house, with the dangers into which I might at any moment be flung; and if any man ever repented of anything, I repented of my lack of candour respecting Smith.

From time to time I saw him pass—grim, reserved, a walking menace. When he looked up at the windows, I read mastery and a secret knowledge in his eye; while the way in which he went and came, free and unquestioned, was itself a monition. What wonder that I feared this man, who, while Charnock's head mouldered on a spike on Temple Bar, and Friend and Perkyns passed to the gallows, walked the Strand and lounged in the Mall, as safe in appearance as my lord himself?

I knew that at any moment he might call upon me to fulfil my word. Whether, the demand being such as to allow me leisure to forecast the consequences, I should have complied, or, taking my courage in my hands, have thrown myself on my lord's indulgence, I cannot now say; for in the issue an unforeseen shifting of scene prevented my calculations, and hurried me onwards, whether I would or no.

It happened in this way. One afternoon there came a great bustle in the square; and who should it be but the Countess, my lord's mother, come to visit him in her coach-and-six, with a coach-and-four behind her, and such a paraphernalia of gentlewomen and negro pages, outriders and running footmen, as drew together all the ragamuffins from the mews, and fairly brought back King Charles's days. As the great coach, which held six inside, swung and lumbered to a stand at the door I saw a painted face, with bold black eyes, glaring from the window, cheek by jowl with a parrot and three or four spaniels; and I waited to see no more, one glance certifying me that this was the lady to whose house Smith had taken me. Smith himself was in attendance on her, and a gentleman in a plain black suit and wig—who was a Papist priest if I ever saw one—and Monterey, and two or three other gentlewomen; and, as I had no mind to be recognised by these or, for that matter, by their mistress, I made haste to retire behind the flock of servants whom Martin had marshalled in the hall to do the honours.

My lord went out to the coach and brought the Countess in, with a great show of reverence; and for three-quarters of an hour they were closeted together in his room. I took advantage of this to retire upstairs, and had been wiser had I stayed there or, better still, slipped out at the back. But a craving came on me to see Monterey again, and, with the knowledge I now had, ascertain if she really was my old flame. This drew me to the hall again; where, the crowd being great, and the servants taken up with teasing the Countess's parrot and blackamoors, I managed to avoid observation and at the same time see what I wanted. The woman who had once been all the world to me—and of whom I could not

now think without tender regret, directed, not to her, but to the state of blissful, dawning passion, of which she had been the cause, and whereof no man is twice capable—was still handsome in a coarse fashion, and when seen at a distance. I could not deny that. But if I desired revenge I had it; for not only was her complexion gone, so that her good looks vanished when the viewer approached, but her lips had grown thin and her face hard—with the indescribable hardness which speaks of past sin long grown bitter, and an hourly, daily recognition that the wages of sin is death.

Presently, while Mr. Martin was pressing his civilities on her, and I, from a corner near the inner door was curiously reading her countenance, the door of my lord's room opened, and the Countess came out, supported on the one side by the Duke's arm, on the other by her great ebony cane. The servants hurried to form two lines; and I suppose curiosity led me to press nearer than was prudent, or her eyes were of peculiar sharpness; or perhaps she looked for me, and had I not been there would have called for me. At any rate, she had not moved three steps towards the coach before her gaze, roving along the line of servants, alighted on me; and she stood.

"I'll have *that* rascal!" she cried in her high, shrill voice—and she pointed to me with her cane, and stood. "He looks as if butter would not melt in his mouth, but if he is not a lad of wax, call me a street slut! Hark you, my man; you come with me. Bid him, Shrewsbury!"

My lord, his face flushing, spoke low, and seemed to make demur; but she persisted.

"Odd's life; you make me sick!" she cried irritably. "You will not do this, and you fancy that! The servants—— Go to for a fool! In my time master was master, and if any blabbed, man or maid, it was strip and whip! But now—do you quarrel with me, or do you not?"

The Duke shrugged his shoulders, and smiled uneasily. "Times are somewhat changed, madam," he said.

"Ay, by G——, they are," she cried, swearing roundly. "And why? Because there are no men nowadays, but mealy-mouthed Josephs, like that trembler yonder, whose heart is in his boots because I want him carry a message." And she pointed to me again with her long cane, while her head quivered with excitement, and palsy, and age. "Sort him out; sort him out and send him with me; or we quarrel, my lord."

"Well, madam, your will is law in this house," the Duke said; "but——"

"But no lies!" she cried. "D'ye send him?"

My lord bowed reluctantly. "Go," he said, looking at me.

"And bid him do as I tell him," she cried sharply. "But he had better, or—— Still, tell him, tell him."

"Price," my lord said soberly, "the Countess is good enough to wish you to do an errand for her. Be good enough to consider yourself at her disposal, and go with the coach now. Be easy," he continued, nodding pleasantly—it was impossible for me to hide my apprehensions, —"her ladyship needs you for a week only."

"Ay, sure!" she cried. "After that he may go to the devil for me!"

CHAPTER XXXV.

Rightly has the Latin poet sung of the *dura ilia* of the Fates; who either resistless rout all human resolutions or, where the mind has been hardened to meet the attack, turn the poor wretch's flank, and lo! while he squares his shield, and shortens his spear to meet the occasion, *habet*—he has it under the fifth rib.

So it was with me. While I dreamed of resistance, and hardened my heart and set fast my feet, Fate cross-buttocked me; and I fell, not knowing. The Countess's coach bore me away, unre-

sisting; and Smith, whom I hated as I never hated even Ferguson, gave me the word. After that resistance was of little use. From my plain clothes to the long curled peruke, the cravat, ruffles, and fine suit in which I had once before paraded myself was but a step; I took it perforce and under threat; and being conducted, when I was ready, into the Countess's chamber to wait her pleasure, could have fancied the last six months a dream—could have fancied the conspirators still at work, Captain Barclay still pacing the piazza, my lord still a stranger to me, the library a vision; in a word, I could have fancied all those events, which had filled half a year, to be no more than creatures of the imagination, so unchanged was the great silent room, where my lady, while I waited, played piquet with Monterey, amid the gorgeousness of her rose-and-silver suite.

The monkey gibbered as of old, and the parrot vied with the broidered parrots on the wall; and now, as then, the air was heavy with scent and musk and ambergris, while the light, cunningly arranged, fell on the part where the Countess sat, now grumbling and now swearing, and now, while the cards were dealing, thumping the floor impatiently with her stick. She had so perfectly the grand air of a past generation that when her eye turned in my direction I trembled, and gave up thought of resistance; yet when she resumed the game, she gradually — and more and more completely, as I watched—sank into a querulous, feeble, fierce old woman, whose passion, where it did not terrify, moved to derision, and whose fads and fancies, patent as the day, placed her at the mercy of all who cared to flatter and cozen her.

Madame was about it; now letting her win, and then gaining a slight advantage; mingling hints at old vanities and conquests (whereat my lady grew garrulous) with new scandals, coarse and spiteful; whining a little when my lady, in a fury caused by a bad hand, struck her across the face with a fan to teach her to be awkward; but cheering up at once when the Countess's mood changed with the cards. In a word, as she had betrayed me young, she cozened my lady old; but noting her features grown hard with time, and her eyes grown lifeless, and the devil grinning plainly from behind the mask that once had been so fair, it was a wonder to me that even the Countess was deceived.

Presently my lady threw down her cards in a rage, and, calling her opponent a cheating slut, diverted her anger in my direction.

"What is the gaby doing, standing there like a gawk?" she shrieked. "Why is he not about his business?"

Monterey whispered her that I had not had my instructions.

"Then give them, and let him go!" she cried. "Where is the ring? Here, you daw in peacock's feathers—like my son, indeed? About as like as that squinting vixen Villiers is to a beauty! Take that, and ride with Matthew Smith, and give it to the gentleman you will meet at the inn at Ashford, and say—Monterey, tell him what to say."

"Say, 'Colonel Talbot sends this ring, and his service.' And if the gentleman asks 'Whither?' or this, or that, to whatever he asks, answer thus: 'I am not here, Sir John, to answer questions. Favour me by conveying that ring and my services whither you are going. I do not talk, but when the time comes I shall act.'"

"*C'est tout!*" said the Countess, nodding approval. "If you are not man enough to learn that, whip you for a noodle! Say it, man."

But when I went to say it, first I could not remember it, and broke down; and then, when I had got the sentences into my head, my lady storming at me all

the while for a fool and an imbecile, I but whimpered them, bringing no heart to the task. The Countess, when she saw that, flew out at me afresh, and threw first the vapours bottle and then her cane at me; the latter of which, breaking a piece of china, put her fairly beside herself. "Come here!" she shrieked, swaying to and fro in her chair. "Do you hear, you puling, psalm-singing canter? Come here, I say!" And when, trembling and scared, I had approached, she leant forward, and seizing hold of my ear, as Ferguson had seized it, she twisted it with such unexpected strength and spite that I roared with pain, and fairly fell on my knees beside her.

"There is for you, *gros cochon!*" she cried. "So you *can* speak up when you like! Now go to the end of the room, my man, and play your part again, and play it better! Or, by ——, I will have up those who shall lash your back to the bone. Hoity toity! These are fine times, when scum like you, my lad, put on airs!"

This was not the discipline, nor were these the threats, to give an actor courage; but in sheer desperation, I spoke up, and, this time, had the good fortune to please her; and, Monterey prompting me, and pushing me this way and that, I went through my part a dozen times. At length the Countess expressed herself satisfied, and with a grim nod, and an "Odds my life, he is not so unlike, after all!" gave me leave to go. When I was half-way to the door, however, she called me back, and after I had timidly obeyed, she sat awhile, glowering at me in silence. At last, "No," she said irritably, "it is too late!" and she struck on the floor with her stick. "It is too late to turn back! The cross devil did nothing but thwart me today, and what he will not do *bon gré*, he shall do perforce. He has brought it on himself, and he must abide his *destin!* Yet—Monterey!"

The woman was at her side in a moment. "Yes, madam?"

"I suppose that there is no danger of —of a *contretemps*," she said, stirring restlessly in her chair. "Sir John will get away? They will not take him, and find the ring on him—and learn whose it is?"

On that, if I had been quick, and had my wits and courage at command, I should have thrown myself at her feet; and so I might have opened her eyes. But I wavered, and before I had gathered heart to do it, the waiting-woman, smooth and watchful, was in the breach.

"Ashford, my lady, is only three hours' riding from Dymchurch in the Marsh," she said, "where the boat waits for him to-morrow night. Sir John is well mounted, and it will be odd, if, after baffling pursuit for months, he be taken in that time."

"Yes, yes!" my lady said querulously. "That is so. Then let him go! Let him go! Though you are a fool to boot. A man is taken or not taken in less than three hours. Even now, if that contrary devil of a son of mine had not argued with me, and argued with me to-day—but, let him go! Let him go!"

The woman lost no time in taking her at her word, and hurrying me out; not by the main entrance through which I had come in, but by the little side door, leading to the dingy closet at the head of the private staircase. On the dusty table in the closet an unshaded lamp burned brightly, and beside it stood Matthew Smith, wearing a cloak, riding-boots, and a great flapped hat. He looked eagerly at the woman, his eyes shining in the glare of the lamp; but he did not speak until she had closed the door behind her. Then, "Is it right?" he whispered.

She nodded.

"You have got the ring?"

She gave it him with a smile of triumph.

He looked at it, and with a grim face slipped it into his pocket. "Good," he said, "and now, my friend"—this to me, —"the sooner we are away, the better."

But my gorge rose. On the table

beside him, in the glare of the lamp, lay a cloak and holsters, a mask, sword, and riding-whip. I knew what these objects meant, and for whom they were prepared; and at the prospect of the dark night, the journey, the perils of the unknown road, I cried out that I would not go! I would not go! And I tried to force my way back into the Countess's room — with what intention heaven knows.

Smith whipped between me and the door. "You fool!" he said, pushing me back. "Are you mad? Or don't you know me yet?"

"I know you too well!" I cried, beside myself with rage, and with apprehensions of the plunge on the brink of which I stood. "You have cursed me from the first day I saw you at Ware! You have been the curse of my life! You, and that Jezebel!"



She came a step nearer to me, and peered at me.

"Are you mad?" he said again; and threatened me with his hand.

But she came a step nearer to me, and peered at me; then, after a look, took the lamp from the table and held it to my face. "At Ware?" she said. "At Ware?" And then, putting the lamp back on the table, she fell to laughing. "He is right!" she said. "I know him now. But you told me that his name was Taylor."

"Taylor?" he said wrathfully. "So it is; and Price, and half a dozen other names, for aught I know. What does it matter what his name is?"

"Oh, it matters very much," she said, affecting to ogle me in an exaggerated fashion. "He is an old flame of mine. His face always brought something to my mind—but I thought that it was his likeness to the Duke."

He cursed her old flames, and the Duke. And then, "What does it mean?" he said. "Who is he?"

"He is the lad we left at Ware—in the old woman's room," she answered, her voice sinking, and growing soft and almost tender. "Lord! it seems so long ago, it might have happened in another life! You remember him, Matt? You saw him with me at The Rose one night? The first night I met you?"

He looked at me, long and strangely. "And what does it mean?" he said at last, between wonder and suspicion.

She shrugged her shoulders. "*Sais pas!*" she answered. "Ask him!"

"You ruined me once!" I cried to them. "And he saved me! And now you would have me ruin him. You are devils, you are! Devils! But I defy you! I will not do it!"

He did not answer, but continued to stare at me; as if he discerned or suspected that there was more in this than appeared on the surface. At length the woman laughed, and he turned to her, rage in his face. "I see nothing to laugh at," he said.

"But I do!" she answered pertly. "You three all mixed up! It would make a cat laugh, my lad."

He cursed her. "Have done with that!" he said fiercely. "And say, what is to be done?"

"Done?" she answered briskly, and in a tone of genuine surprise. "Why, that which was to be done. What difference does this make?"

But he looked at her, pondering darkly, as if it did make a difference. I suppose that somewhere, deep down in his nature, there lurked a grain of superstition, which found in this singular coincidence, this sudden stringing together of persons long parted, an evil omen. Or it may be he had still some scrap of conscience left which, seared and deadened as it was, stirred and smarted at this strange upheaval of an old crime. At any rate, "I don't know," he growled at last. "I don't like it, and that is flat. There is some practice in this."

"There is a fool in it," she answered naïvely. "And there are like to be two!"

I thought to back him up, and I braced myself against the wall, to which I had retired. "I won't go!" I said doggedly. "I will call for help in the streets first!"

"You will do as you are told," she answered coolly. "And you," she continued to Smith in a voice that stung, "are you going to give up now, when all is safe? Will you stand to my lord as this poor silly fellow stands to you? Have you waited for years for your revenge—to move aside now? Why, by G—d, the Duke is worth ten of you. He is a man, at any rate. He is——"

"Peace, girl!" he cried, with I know not what of menace in his tone.

"Then, will you go?"

"Yes, I will go!" he answered between his teeth. "But by the Lord! you slut, if ill comes of it, I will wring your neck! I will, so help me heaven! You shall deceive no other man! If there is practice in this, if this tool is here by your connivance——"

"He is not!" she answered. "Be satisfied."

Apparently he was satisfied, for he drew a deep breath and stood silent. She turned to me. "Get ready," she said sharply.

"No," I muttered, summoning all my resolution. "I shall not go. I—I have not——"

But the refusal died on my lips as Smith turned to me. The struggle with the woman had roused his passions; and I read in his eyes such a glare of ferocity as chilled my blood and unstrung my knees. Nor was that all; for when I went, trembling, to take the cloak, "One moment," he said grimly, "not so fast, my friend. Let us understand one another before we start. Mr. Price or Mr. Taylor or whatever your name is, take note, do you hear me, of three things. One, that the business we are on is life or death—to both of us. Do you grasp that?"

I muttered a shuddering assent.

"Secondly," he continued, with the same gruesome civility, "my hand will never be more than six inches from the butt of a pistol, until I see this house again. Do you grasp that?"

I nodded.

"Thirdly, at the least sign of treachery or disobedience on your part, I blow out your brains first—and my own afterwards, if that be necessary. Do you grasp that?"

I nodded.

"That is especially well," he said. "Because the last item is important to you. On the other hand, Mr. Price, play honest John with me, and in forty-eight hours you shall be back in your master's house, free and safe; and I shall trouble you no more. Do you understand *that?*"

I said I did; my teeth chattering and my eyes seeking to evade his.

Then, now, you may get into those things," he said. "And do you ride when I bid you, and halt when I bid you, and speak when I say speak, and be silent when I say be silent—do those four things, I say, and you will die in your bed. They are all I ask."

I stooped, shaking all over, to take up the boots. "Heart up, pretty!" cried the woman, with an odd laugh that broke off short with a sort of quaver. "It is clear that you are not born to be hanged. And for the rest——"

"Peace, peace, wench," said Smith impatiently. "And dress him!"

CHAPTER XXXVI.

It wanted two hours of midnight on a fine night when we two rode over London Bridge, and through a gap in the houses saw the river flowing below, a ripple of silver framed in blackness, and so cold to the eye that I shivered, feeling a return of all the vague fears and apprehensions that, originally awakened by the prospect of the journey, had been set at rest for the time by the awe in which I held my companion. I recalled a dozen stories of footpads and highwaymen, outrage and robbery, and found but cold comfort in the reflection that the Kent Road, from the amount of traffic that used it, was accounted one of the safest in England. It was not wonderful that, with nerves so disordered, I went in front of danger; or that when—opposite the Marshalsea, where the chain crosses the road, by the entrance to White Horse Yard—a man came quickly out of a passage and caught hold of my companion's rein, I cried out—and all but turned my horse to fly.

Even Smith appeared to be taken off his guard; for, after bidding me beware what I did, he called with the same harshness to the man to release the rein, or take the consequences.

"Oh, I am all right," the fellow answered roughly, peering at him through the darkness. "You are Mr. Smith?"

"Well?"

"Fairholt sent me—to stop you."

"Fairholt!"

"Ay, he is here."

"Here?" my companion cried, in a tone between rage and surprise. "What the ——! Why, he should be—you know where, by this time!"

"Ay, but his horse threw him this morning; and he is lying at the White Horse here, with a broken leg!"

Smith cursed the absent man for a fool. "I wish he had broken his neck!" he said savagely. And then after an interval, "Has he sent anybody?"

"He has had something else to think about," the man answered drily. "And so would you, master, with his leg!"

Smith swore again, and sat, gloomily silent.

"He says if you can stead it off for twenty-four hours," the man went on, "he will arrange that——"

"No names," Smith cried, sharply.

"Well, that—someone shall take his place and do the job."

Smith did not answer for a full minute,

but at length, in a curt, incisive tone, "Tell him, yes," he said. "I will see to it. And you—keep a still tongue, will you? You were going with him, I suppose?"

"Ay."

"And you will come with the other?"

"Maybe. If not I shall not blab."

Smith showed by a nod that the man had taken his meaning; after which, bidding him good-night, he pricked up his horse. "Come on," he said, addressing me with impatience. "I thought to have had companions, and so ridden more securely. But we must make the best of it."

Heaven knows that I too would have liked companions, and took the road again dolefully enough. Nor was that the worst; Smith, in speaking to the stranger, had mentioned Fairholt. Now, I knew the name, and knew the man. He was one of the messengers attached to the Secretary's office; one, whose business it was to execute warrants and arrest political prisoners. But what had Smith, riding to a secret interview with a man outlawed and in hiding, to do with messengers? With Fairholt?

And then, as if this were not enough to disturb me with a view of treachery, black as gulf seen by traveller through a rift in the mist—if this glimpse, I say, were not enough, how was I going to reconcile Smith's statement that he had expected companions with his first cry, uttered in wrath and surprise—that Fairholt ought to be by this time—well, at some distant point?

In fine, I was so far from being persuaded that Smith had expected company that I suspected he had made other arrangements; and those of a most perfidious character. As the horses' hoofs rang monotonously on the hard road, I peered forward into the gloom, fearing all things and doubting all things; for certain I feared and doubted nothing so much as I did the dark and secret man beside me, whose scheming brain, spinning plot within plot, each darker and more involved than the other, kept all my ingenuity at a stretch to overtake the final end and purpose he had at heart.

Indeed, I despair of conveying to others how gravely this sombre companionship and more sombre uncertainty aggravated the terrors of a journey that at the best of times must have been little to my taste. To the common risks of the road, deserted at that hour by all save cut-purses and rogues, was added a suspicion, as much more harassing than these as unseen dangers ever surpass the known. It was in vain that I strove to divert my mind from the figure by my side; neither the bleak heath above Greenwich—whence we looked back at the reddish haze that canopied London, and forward to where the Thames marshes stretched eastward under night—nor the gibbet on Dartford Brent, where a body hung in chains, poisoning the air—nor the light that shone dim and solitary across the river, and puzzled me until he told me that it was Tilbury—none of these things, I say, though they occupied my thoughts by turns and for a moment, had power to drive him from my mind or divert my fears to dangers more apparent. And in this mood, now glancing askance at him, and now moving uneasily under his gaze, I might have ridden to Rochester if my ear had not detected—when we were two or three miles short of the city—the sound of a horse trotting fast on the road behind us.

At first it came so faintly on the breeze that I doubted; thinking it might be either the echo of our hoofs or a pulse beating in my ears. Then, on a hard piece of ground, it declared itself unmistakably; and again as suddenly it died away.

At that I spoke involuntarily. "He has stopped," I said.

Smith laughed in his teeth. "He is

crossing the wet bottom, fool—by the creek," he said.

And before I could answer him the dull sound of a horse galloping fast, but moving on the turf that ran alongside the road, proved him to be right. "Draw up!" he whispered, in something of a hurry; and then, as I hesitated, "Do you hear?" he continued, sharply seizing my rein. "What do you fear? Do you think that night-birds prey on night-birds?"

Whatever I feared, I feared him more: and turning my horse, I sat shivering. For notwithstanding his confident words I saw that he was handling his holster; I knew that he was drawing a pistol; and it was well the suspense was short. Before I had time for many qualms, the horseman, a dark figure, lurched on us through the gloom, pulled his horse on to its haunches, and, with raised hand, cried to us to deliver.

"And no nonsense!" he added sharply. "Or a brace of balls will soon——"

Smith laughed. "Box it about!" he said.

"Hallo!" the stranger answered, taking a lower tone; and he peered at us, bending over his horse's neck. "Who are you that fly by night?"

"A box-it-about!" my companion answered with tartness. "That is enough for you. So good-night. And I wish you better luck next time."

"But——"

"St!" Smith answered, cutting him short. "I am going to my father, and the less said about it the better."

"So? Well, give him my love, then." And backing his horse, the stranger bade us good-night, and with a curse on his bad fortune turned and rode off. Smith saw him go; then wheeling, we took the road again.

Safely, however, as we had emerged from the encounter, and far as it went towards proving that we bore a talisman against the common perils of travellers, it was not of a kind to reassure a law-abiding man. To be hung as the accomplice of footpads and high-tobys was scarcely a better fate than to be robbed and wounded by them; and I was heartily glad when we found ourselves on the outskirts of Rochester, and stopping at a house of call outside the sleeping city, roused a drowsy hostler; who, late as the hour was, gave us entrance and a welcome.

Safe in these comfortable quarters, on a sanded hearth, before a rekindled fire, with lights, and food, and ale at my elbow, and a bed in prospect, I found my misgivings less hard to bear than on the dark road above Tilbury flats. I began to think less of the body creaking in its irons on the gibbet above Dartford, and more of the chances of ultimate safety. And Smith growing civil, if not genial, I went on to count the hours that must elapse before, our miserable mission ended, I should see London again. After all, why should I not see London again? What was to prevent me? Where lay the hindrance? In three days, in three days we should be back. So I told myself; and looking up met Smith's eyes brooding gloomily on me.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

Such a night ride as I have described would have been impossible, or outrageously dangerous, a year or two later, when a horde of disbanded soldiers, dismissed from the Colours by the Peace of Ryswick, took to the roads for a subsistence, and for a period, until they perished miserably, made even the purlieus of Kensington unsafe.

At the time of which I write we ran risk enough, as has been demonstrated; but the reasons which induced Smith to leave London under cover of darkness may be conceived. Apparently they did not extend to the rest of the journey; for, after lying late at Rochester, we rode on by Sittingbourne to Feversham, and thence, after a comfortable

dinner, turned south by Badlesmere, and so towards Ashford, where we arrived a few minutes after nightfall.

Those who are acquainted with the Old Inn at the entrance into Ashford will remember the yard and stables, which are as conspicuous for size and commodiousness as the house, a black and white building, a little withdrawn from the street, is marked by the lack of those advantages. I believe that the huge concourse thither of cattle-drovers at the season of the great fairs is the cause of this; those persons lying close themselves but needing space for their beasts. And at such times I can imagine that the roomy enceinte, and those long lines of buildings, may be cheerful.

But seen, as we saw them, by the last cold light of a dull evening, with nothing clear or plain save the roof ridge, and that black against a pale sky, they and the place looked infinitely dismal. Nor did any warmth of welcome, such as even poor inns afford to all and sundry, amend the first impression of gloom and decay which the house and its surroundings conveyed to the mind. On the contrary, not a soul was to be seen; and we had ridden half-way across the yard, and Smith had twice called "House! House!" before anyone appeared.

Then the upper half of a stable-door creaked open, and a man, holding up a great horn lanthorn, peered out at us.

"Are you all asleep?" cried my companion. And when the man made no answer, but still continued to stare at us, "What is in the house," Smith added, angrily, "that you stick out your death's-head to frighten company? Is it lace or old Nantz? Or French goods? Anyway, box it about and be done with it, and attend to us."

"Right, master, right, I am coming," the man answered, suddenly rousing himself; and opening the lower half of the door, he came heavily out. "At your service," he said. "But we have little company."

"The times are bad?"

"Ay, they looked a bit better six months back."

"But nothing came of it?"

"No, worse luck."

"And all that is called for now—is common Hollands, I suppose?"

The fellow grinned. "Right," he said. "You have the hang of it, master."

My companion slid to the ground, and began to remove his pistols and saddle-bag. "Still you have some guests, I suppose?" he said.

"Ay, one," the man answered slowly; and I thought reluctantly.

"Is he, by any chance, a man of the name of—but never mind his name," Smith continued, checking himself. "Is he a surgeon?"

The hostler or host—for he had the air of playing both parts—a big clumsy fellow, with immobile features and small eyes—looked at us thoughtfully and chewed a straw. "Well, maybe," he said, at last. "I never asked him." But without more he took Smith's horse by the rein and lurched through the door into the stable, the lanthorn swinging in his hand, and dimly disclosing a long vista of empty stalls and darkling roof. As I followed, leading my sorry mare, a horse in a distant stall whinnied loudly.

"That is his hack, I suppose," said Smith; and taking up the lanthorn, which the other had just set down, he moved through the stable in the direction whence the sound had come.

The man of the house uttered something between an oath and a grunt of disgust; and, letting fall the flap of the saddle which he had raised that he might slacken the girths, he went after him. "Softly, master," he said, "every man to his——"

But Smith was already standing with the lanthorn held high; gazing at a well-shaped chestnut horse that, pricking its

ears, turned a gentle eye on us. "Umph, not so bad," my companion said. "His horse, I suppose?"

The man with the straw looked the animal over thoughtfully. At length, with something between a grunt and a sigh, "He came on it," he said.

"He won't go on it in a hurry."

"Why not?" the man asked, more quickly than he had yet spoken; and he looked from the horse to my companion with a hint of hostility.

"Have you no eyes?" Smith answered, roughly. "The off-fore has filled; the horse is as lame as a mumper!"

"Gammon!" cried the other, evidently stung. And then, "You know a deal about horses in London! And never saw one or a blade of green grass, maybe, until you came Kent way!"

"As you please," Smith said, indifferently. "My business is not with the horse but the master. So take us in, my friend, and give us supper, for I am famished. Afterwards, if you please, we will see him."

"That is as he pleases," the fellow answered sulkily. But he raised no second objection; and when we had littered down the horses he led the way into the house by a back door, and so along a passage and down a step or two, which landed us in a room with a sanded floor, a fire, and a show of comfort as welcome as it was unexpected. Here he left us to remove our cloaks, and we presently heard him giving orders, and bustling about the kitchen.

The floor of the room in which he had left us was sunk a little below the road outside; and the ceiling being low and the window of greater width than height, and the mantel-shelf having for ornament a row of clean delft and pewter, I thought that no place had ever seemed more snug and cosy. But the comfort I looked to derive from surroundings so promising was dashed by Smith's first words; who, as soon as we were alone, came close to me, under cover of unclasping my cloak, and in a guarded tone, and with a look of the grimmest, warned me to play my part.

"We go upstairs after supper, and in five minutes it will be done," he muttered. "Go through with it boldly, and in twenty-four hours you may be back in London. But fail or play me false, Mr. Price—and, by heaven! I put a ball through your head first, and my own afterwards. Do you mark me? Do you mark me, man?"

I whispered in abject nervousness—seeing that he was indeed in earnest—that I would do my best; and he handed me a ring which was doubtless the same that the Countess had given to her woman. It had a great dog cut cameo-wise on the stone, which I think was an opal; and it fitted my finger not ill. But I had no more than time to glance at it before the host and his wife, a pale, scared-looking woman, came in with bacon and eggs and ale; and as one or other of them stayed with us while we ate, and watched us closely, nothing more passed. Smith talked indifferently to them, sometimes about the fruit harvest, and sometimes in cant phrases about the late plot; nor were the arrest of Hunt of Dymchurch (who had been used to harbour people until they crossed), or the time-table of Gill's ship, or Mr. Birkenhead's many escapes, left without mention. Probably the man and woman were testing Smith; if so, he satisfied them, for when we had finished our meal, and he asked openly if Sir John would see us, they raised no objection, but the man, taking a light from the woman's hand, led the way up a low-browed staircase to the door of a room over that in which we had supped. Here he knocked, and a voice bidding us enter, Smith went in, and I after him, my heart beating furiously.

The room, which resembled the one beneath in being low in the ceiling, looked the lower for the gaunt height of its occupant, who had risen, and stood in the middle of the floor to receive us.

Thin and spare by nature, the meagre and poor-looking dress which he wore added to the singularity of his aspect. With a dry-as-dust complexion, and a three-days'-old beard, he had eyes light-coloured, quick-glancing, and sanguine; and notwithstanding the danger and uncertainty of his position, a fugitive in this wayside house, with a thousand guineas on his head—for I never doubted I was looking on Sir John Fenwick,—his manner was at one moment arrogant and boastful, and at another dreamy. He had much of the air of a visionary; nor could any one be long in his company without discerning that here was the very man for our purpose; one to whom all his geese were swans, and a clasp of the hand, if it marched with his hopes, of as much value as a pledge signed and sealed.

With all this it is to be confessed that, on first recognising us, his face fell, and his chagrin was unmistakable. "It is you, Smith, is it?" he said, with a sigh. "Well, well, and I thought it was Birkenhead. Brown said it was not, but I thought that it must be. It is not every one who knows Birkenhead when he sees him."

"No, Sir John, that is true."

"However, I shall meet him in the morning. I go on board at New Romney at four, and doubtless he will be with Gill. When we return——"

"Ah, Sir John—times will be changed then!" Smith said, with fine show of enthusiasm.

"They will, sir, with this Dutch crew and their low beast of a master swept into the sea! And gentlemen in their homes again! I have been amusing myself the last half-hour," he continued, his eyes wandering to the table on which lay a litter of papers, an inkhorn, and two snuffy candles, "with plans for a new wing at Fenwick; and I cannot decide whether I shall build it in the old style or on the lines of the other house at Hexham. I am divided between the two. The Hall is the more commodious; the Abbey has greater stateliness. However—I must put up my scripts now for I must be in the saddle in an hour. Have you commands for the other side of the water, Mr. Smith? If so, I am at your service."

Smith answered with a little hesitation. "Certainly, my business has to do with that, Sir John," he said. And he was proceeding to explain when the baronet, rubbing his hands in glee, cut him short.

"I thought so," he cried, glowing with satisfaction. "'Gad, it is so with everyone. They are all of a tale. My service, and my respects, and my duty—all to go, you know where; and it is 'Make it straight for me, Sir John,' and 'You will tell the King, Sir John?' and 'Answer for me as for yourself, Sir John!' all day long when they can come at me. Why, man, you know something, but you would be surprised what messages I am carrying over. And when people have not spoken they have told me as much by a look; and those the least likely. Men who ten years ago were as black Exclusionists as old Noll himself!"

"I can believe it, Sir John," Smith answered with gravity; while I, who knew how the late conspiracy had united the whole country in King William's defence—so that the man who refused to sign the Commons' Association to that end went in peril of violence,—listened with as much bewilderment as I had felt three minutes before, when I heard how this same man, a fugitive and an outlaw, flying beyond seas, had been employing his time!

However, he was as far from guessing what was in my mind as he was from doubting Smith's sincerity; and encouraged by the latter's assent he continued: "It is strange to me, Mr. Smith, how the drunken Dutch boor stands a day! Strange and passing strange! But it cannot last. It cannot last out the year. These executions have opened men's eyes finely. And by Christmas we shall be back."



Sir John . . . . stared at me a moment.

"A merry Christmas it will be," said Smith, the hypocrite. "Heaven grant it. But you have not asked, sir, who it is I have with me."

At that and at a sign he made me, I let fall the collar of the cloak I was wearing; which, up to this time, in obedience to his directions I had kept high about my chin. Sir John, his attention drawn to me, as much by my action as by Smith's words, stared at me a moment; then his mouth opened wide in recognition and surprise. "I—I am surely not mistaken!" he exclaimed, advancing a step, while the colour rose in his sallow face. "It is—it surely is——"

"Sir John," Smith cried in haste—and, he, too, advanced a step and raised a hand in warning—"this is Colonel Talbot! Colonel Talbot, mark you, sir; I am sure you understand me, and the reasons which make it impossible for any but Colonel Talbot to visit you here. He has done me the honour to accompany me. But, perhaps," he continued, checking himself, and bowing with an air of deference, "it were more fitting I left you now."

"No," I said hurriedly, repeating the lesson I had learned by rote, and in which Smith had not failed to practice me a dozen times that day. "I am here to one end only—to ask Sir John Fenwick to do Colonel Talbot a favour: to take this ring and convey it with my service and duty whither he is going."

Sir John lifted his hands and eyes in a kind of ecstacy. "Oh, but this is extraordinary!" he cried. "This is a dispensation! A providence! Yet, my lord," he continued with rapture, "there is one more step you may take, one more effort you may make. Be the restorer, the Monk of this generation! I tell you, so ripe is the pear, were you to ride through the City to-morrow, and proclaim our rightful sovereign, not a citizen but would bless you, not a soldier but would throw down his pike! The Blues are with us to a man, and enraged at Keyes's execution. And the rest of the army—do you dream that they see Dutch colonels promoted and Dutch soldiers overpaid, and do not resent it? I tell you, my lord—your Grace, I should say, for doubtless the King will confirm it——"

"Sir John," I cried in haste, assuming an anger I did not feel. "You mistake me. I am Colonel Talbot and no other. And I am here not to listen to plans or make suggestions, but to request a favour at your hands. Be good enough to convey that ring with my service whither you are going."

"And that is all?" he cried reproachfully.

"That is all."

"You will say no more?"

"No more, sir," I answered; and then catching Smith's eye, I added, "Save this. You may add that, when the time comes, I shall know what to do, and I shall do it."

This time, sobered by my words and manner, he took in silence the ring I proffered; but having glanced at it, could not refrain from a second burst of rapture and jubilation, more selfish and personal than the first, yet not less hearty. "This will be the best news Lord Middleton has had for a twelvemonth!" he cried. "And that I should succeed where I am told that he failed! 'Gad! I am the proudest man in England, your Grace—Colonel Talbot, I mean. We will pound Melfort and his faction with this! We will pound them to powder! He has wasted half a million and not got such an adherent! Good Lord! I shall not rest now until I am across with the news."

"Nor I—until Colonel Talbot is on the road again," said Smith, intervening deftly. "At the best this is not a safe place for him."

"It is true," said Sir John, with ready consideration. "But someone must run risks. And I shall be riding within the half-hour. But to Romney. You, I suppose, return to London?"

"To London," I said, mechanically.

"Direct?" said he.

"As directly as we dare," Smith answered; and with the word moved to the door and opened it. On that I bowed and was for going out; perhaps with a little awkwardness. But Sir John, too deeply impressed by the honour I had done him to let me retire so lamely, started forward, and snatching up a candle, would hold the door and light me, bending his long back, and calling to Brown to look to us—to look to us! Nor was this all; for when I halted half-way down the stairs, and turned, feeling that such courtesy demanded some acknowledgment or at least a word of thanks, he took the word out of my mouth.

"Hist! Colonel Talbot!" he cried in a loud whisper; and leaning far over the stairs he held the light high with one hand and shaded his eyes with the other. "You know that we have the Tower?"

"The Tower?" I said, not understanding him.

"To be sure. Ailesbury has it in his hand. It will declare for us whenever he gets the word. However—you know it from him, I suppose?"

"From Lord Ailesbury?" I exclaimed in sheer surprise. "But he is a prisoner—in the Tower!"

Sir John winked. "Prisoner and master!" he said, nodding mysteriously. "But there, I must not keep you. Good luck and *bon voyage*—M. le Duc."

Which was the last I saw of him for that time; nor did I ever see him again save on one occasion. That he was a violent and factious man, and a foe to the Protestant succession, I do not deny; nor that some passages in his life do him little credit, and the most bruited the least. But for all this, and though I was a stranger to him, I am fain to confess that as I stumbled down the stairs, and left the poor misguided gentleman, alone in his mean room—left him to pack up those plans for the extension of the house that would never again own a Fenwick for its master, and so to set out on his dark journey,—I felt as much pity for him as I felt loathing for the trickster who employed me. And so far was this carried and so much influence had it with me that when we reached the room below and—the landlord having left us to see to the horses—Smith in his joy at our success clapped me on the shoulder, I shrank from his hand as if it burned me; shrank, and burst into childish tears of rage.

Naturally, he was unable to comprehend me; and stared at me in astonishment. "Why, man," he cried, "what is the matter? What ails you?"

"You!" I said. "You, curse you!" And flung from him.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]





BEHIND THE SCENES.
By Lewis Baumer.

THE IDEAL.



BEHIND THE SCENES.
By Lewis Baumer.

THE REAL.

THE IDLERS' CLUB.

OUGHT WE TO GIVE UP SOCIALISM?

BY ROBERT BLATCHFORD ("NUNQUAM"), MORLEY ROBERTS, WALTER CRANE, PERCY CROSS STANDING, R. B. CUNINGHAME GRAHAM, H. M. HYNDMAN, AND GEORGE BERNARD SHAW.

"Nunquam" asserts that only he who has no Socialism can resign it.

Although I am not, and never was, an Irishman, I am moved to answer your question by asking another: "*Can* we give up Socialism?"

This question I should answer by saying that the only man who can give up Socialism is he that hath none. The man who has "got Socialism" cannot give it up, any more than a student of Darwin can give up evolution. The soul of a man, often in despite of his mind, will hold fast to that it believes to be true.

But perhaps you mean: "Ought we to *resist* Socialism?" That is a question each shall answer to his own soul. I, as a Socialist, go only so far as to say that Socialism may be, and will be, resisted and retarded, but is as certain of its final triumph as God is certain "finally to beat down Satan under our feet." That is my belief.

For nineteen centuries the trend of the world's going has been towards Socialism. The mills of the gods grind slowly; but it were idle to ask, "Ought they to give up grinding?"

Socialism is rooted in order and justice. It is reason inspired by mercy. It is light shining out of sweetness. It is the Sermon on the Mount embodied in a Bill. Broadly it may be expressed in two formulæ: "England for the English," and "The wages to the earner." Behind these comes Christ's teaching, that the strong shall help the weak, the young the old, the many the few. This means Communism, which I believe as surely coming after Socialism as Socialism is coming after the godless barbarity and knavish futility which we call civilisation.

Some day Englishmen will all be men, Englishwomen all women. And the sum of these will be England.

By your leave, we will not give up the hope of that day and go back to a hopeless acceptance of ruthless England and horrible London, and to the philosophy of battle and despair and the gospel according to Gradgrind and St. Jingo.

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Morley Roberts describes himself as a Socialist-Imperialist.

The question at the head of this discussion reminds me very greatly of a common logical catch, known in the school books as "the fallacy of the double question." To ask an unintelligent person for instance whether he has left off beating his mother or his wife; whether he prefers babies boiled or fried; or, to vary the question, to enquire "When were you last let out of gaol?" is to take him at an unfair advantage and to expose him to ridicule. For I may state that I see no reason whatever to answer the question in hand in the way the Directing Powers of the *Idler*

seem inclined to lead me. I do not propose to give up Socialism, and the reason I do not intend doing so I will state here, without, I hope, being suspected of intentional humour. If I seem funny to a rabid and selfish or shortsighted Individualist it cannot be helped. Never having been labelled as a humourist I may the better escape.

One reason for being a Socialist is that it will do away with the present class of Socialists—that is, the upper classes—the bureaucracy. They consider they are the State. I want all Englishmen to feel that.

In the second place it will give a man a chance to be himself. In the individualistic struggle no man can be that. He must fight the same old grinding fight, in the same way, and with the same weapons, having been trained in the same way as everyone else—or down he goes. According to my view Individualism destroys individuality; Socialism will help it. The animals that struggle most vary least; those above the great struggle vary most: the humming birds, for instance.

But my chief reason nowadays for being a Socialist, is that I am an ardent Imperialist. Here, I know, many will suspect me of humour. No! I am in earnest. Very soon this country will have to fight for its existence. The era of great racial wars has yet to begin; dynastic struggles are nearly over; the world gets fuller; emigration is more difficult; the competition once between classes must come between nations. And if so we want every man we have. Englishmen must be fed to fight; they must have food and to spare to be energetic; but it is the mark of our race to run out spare energy to Empire. A hungry man does not care a d—— for Empire. But when he is full, speak to him then about the German Emperor and Africa; suggest giving up India to Russia, and hear him talk!

I remember my friend H. H. Champion telling me a story, told him, I believe, by Arnold White. It was of some thin and hungry East-Enders, planted in Africa and told to till the soil. Their director went away for a week to see about provisions, and on his return found the down-trodden, half-starved, struggling coster brood (the kind of man whom I have heard say "Sir" to a brutal policeman) sitting under trees and running a gang of niggers as if to the manner born; having exchanged a stick for a rifle. They were true Imperialists, and being fed, felt it in their marrows.

But that is what we want here for the struggle coming on in Europe. And to come out on top in that struggle will be worth much; it may even be worth while seeing to it that half-starved men do not beget weaklings; that overworked women do not bring forth children already tired. If a Duke is to go without racehorses for that, I do not care. I would even deprive a poor millionaire of his orchids to obtain such a result.

To tell the truth, the Briton when fed properly, and treated properly, and not overworked, is far too fine a creature to be bossed by even any of his own countrymen. That he is ever poor spirited is due to far-off influences. We acknowledge the Armenians and the Kashmiri are cowards because they have been beaten down for centuries. The same thing here in a minor degree produces similar, if less, results. It is time we did away with fighting among ourselves, and turned to preparation for more serious fights. And if anyone imagines that the mass of Englishmen will ever be satisfied while anyone else is better off, better fed, better housed, than themselves, they are mistaken in their estimate of their own race. This determination to have as much as others is the root of Socialism, and must be allowed its way or it will destroy a nation. But just imagine for a moment such a race as I dream of! What other race would stand against it? In three generations we could eat up the world. And the first nation which recognises that to be strong it must be strong all through, and that there is no other possible way to attain that end but Socialism, will rule the earth.

Walter Crane takes an art-view of Socialism.

What a question, Mr. *Idler!* How can one talk of giving up a thing before one is in possession of it? Or can it be that Idlers have been enjoying the fruits of Socialism unbeknown to the workers, and, like those courageous ones who always take the first plunge, desire to warn off the rest from too dangerous a state of felicity?

Or is it, Mr. Editor, that you have a fell surmise that Idlers and Socialism are incompatible, and you wish to discover reasons for a foregone conclusion?

It is true that Sir William Harcourt is reported to have declared a while ago—perhaps to account for the disappearance of the Liberal Party (without giving the Tories an undue advantage)—that "we are all Socialists now"—but can Sir William Harcourt be taken seriously?

I wonder how many Socialists there were on the South Africa Committee, and whether Socialistic reasons and an altruistic enthusiasm for humanity impel the Boers or the British to deprive the black man of his paradise and burgle his gold-dust? Is it a Socialistic impulse that drives prospectors to Klondyke? Or a strict attention to the principles of Robert Owen or Karl Marx that produces such types as the late Colonel North and Mr. Barney Barnato?

Perhaps we ought to ask what Socialism is, and—in the impressive language of the advertiser of pickles or drugs—to "see that we get it," before we decide whether we ought to give it up.

The form of the question rather implies that Socialism is some form of private indulgence, sport, or expensive habit—like smoking, fox-hunting, or cycling. Well, it may certainly, under present circumstances, prove an expensive habit—if the ardour of one's Socialism impelled one to subscribe to all the Socialist societies, for instance, and take in all the literature of the subject—say from John Ball to William Morris. It *has* proved costly to workmen who have had "the sack" on account of their opinions, and to such as have lost friends and credit because of Socialism, even in "free" England and America.

Strange that such a kindly word should have proved such a bogey to some! There are even those who still believe it means "dividing up," or a state in which the whole population will be occupied in giving out meagre rations, or where people live by taking in each other's washing! Well, there would be one advantage in Socialism if only such were stuffed and put in glass cases with instructive labels. No one likes to be caught *thinking*, now, of course, but if there *were* a few moments to spare from the last *cause célèbre* or up-to-date story, it might strike even the remnants of an ordinary mind how we owe nearly everything in life to social development, and how human history seems to show a constant conflict between the rapacious, selfish individual instincts and the recognition of the social bond. The sense of obligation, love, and friendship to others, the value of fraternal co-operation, the absolute dependence of the individual upon society, and the dependence of the whole social fabric upon labour—these, so far as they are realised, being the mitigating humanising influences in the present internecine war of commercial competition under capitalism. The ravage of that war is only too evident on all sides—in seething slums, in out-of-works, in a mass of pauperism; in the growing power of monopolies and trusts in the necessities of life, in the power of the financier controlling the destinies of States.

Amid the din of the sordid scramble for existence, or selfish struggle for gold, which we allow even to deface our scenery with blatant advertisements (and which would, without check, soon reduce every romantic spot to a big hotel or a rubbish heap), the only

suggestion of the capacity of humanity for something besides money-grubbing comes from the survival of altruistic ideas—from the thought of the noble lives and deeds of our race *for the race*, enshrined in historic spots and noble buildings, associated with natural beauty, or made immortal in art. These things are the inheritance of us all. They are the common soil of poetry, and art, and heroism. Can these be monopolised? Ought we to give up our common social rights in such as these? Shall we sell our National Gallery to the next American millionaire that comes along? Shall we give up the London parks, the national museums and libraries, the country commons, the few common possessions—the few oases in the vast desert of private property?

Not so; but like Oliver, let us 'ask for more' and fear not, although an examination of the economic machine may reveal the necessity for a change in the motive power, and the present competitive wasteful production for profit be replaced by production simply for the use and pleasure of the community. Then, perhaps, it will be possible to dwell more on artistic aspects of life.

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Cross Standing complains that Socialism has maltreated him.

Sir, I would beg to have the honour to remark, *imprimis*, that I did not give up Socialism—it gave up me! And if for no better reason than that it isn't worth the telling, I propose to tell the story here and now—in fewest possible words, of course!

With the illusions of adolescence, not to say of young boyhood, thick upon me, I blithely went to live with H. H. Champion shortly before the great London Dock Strike commenced. At that time I was eighteen, and deep down in my heart, vaguely but in deadliest earnest, I cherished the impression that Capital was but an alternative name for everything vile and wicked and unscrupulous, and that Labour represented nought but the desolate and oppressed.

In after-life we may perhaps come to qualify these youthful beliefs. I have been told that at one time in the long-ago, men like Jerome and Frank Harris and Cecil Raleigh were wont to subscribe to the Morris-Hyndman convention, through the medium of red flags and speeches in Hyde Park. They don't do so now.

But having, as I say, elected to embrace the Socialist ideal as I understood it, I deemed myself a very important personage indeed, on finding that it devolved upon me —*moi qui vous parle*—to sally forth from the Strike Committee's headquarters at the Wade's Arms, Poplar, on the Heaven-sent mission of "starting a banking account" in the name of the revolted dockers of London River. On the East India Dock Road —already alive with the sights and sounds of a great labour revolt—I found I had the "choice" of more than one Bank at which to do the deed whereon I was sent. There was of course the highly respectable institution at which the Dock Companies banked, and there was also, if I remember rightly, a local branch of the London and South Western. To the latter I journeyed and did what I had been asked to do. I have since wondered why I hadn't a sufficient sense of humour to go to the Dock Companies' bank instead!

For the next year or so I lived in an atmosphere made lurid by strikes and rumours of strikes, made harmonious (?) by the strains of the *Marseillaise*. That period was, alas! a dire shatterer of many illusions. I tried so hard to reconcile the "All things flow" of Herakleitos with the "Be my brother or I will kill you!" of up-to-date Trades Unionism—the "I do not want happiness for a few" of the Bard of Merton with the "We are all Socialists now" of Sir William Harcourt. I tried but somehow I could not. . . .

I do not deny that my apprenticeship to Socialism included a few pleasant times—a long afternon with William Morris, some unwasted hours with John Burns, evenings spent with the group who, in H. M. Hyndman's phrase, are forever "trying to make twelve o'clock at eleven." Who was right? I wondered, passionately—who *could* be right? Was it Marx with his rigid levelling-up in order to level-down—was it James Hinton with his sardonic "overturning society means an inverted pyramid getting straight"—was it Ibsen with his impossible dream of an intellectual oligarchy*—was it Louise Michel with her shrilling "*Vive l'anarchie!*"—or might it be the "idle singer of an empty day," as he mused, amid the flowers at Merton, of a time when there shall exist on earth no class that consumes without producing? So I thought and thought, until I felt half inclined to cry with Pilate, *what is truth?*

Finally—and yet why do I say finally?—I answered your question, Sir, by giving up Socialism for ever—to join the Fabian Society!

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Cuninghame Graham thinks.

If Socialism be worthy of retention, it will retain itself.

* * * * *

H. M. Hyndman is silent.

"Mr. Hyndman presents his compliments, and begs to say that he does not feel inclined to write five hundred words, or five, on the question: *Ought we to give up Socialism?*"

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Bernard Shaw is profane.

Well, if you can't understand it any better than to ask such a d—— silly question, I should say, Yes.

* "The State crushes individuality: away with the State!"—*Ibsen to G. Brandes.* "The State is a humbug."—*Tolstoi to W. T. Stead.*





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"FLYING FISH."

DRAWN BY WARWICK GOBLE.

CHRISTMAS EVE AT SANDIFER'S— AND ELSEWHERE.

BY JOHN OXENHAM.

ILLUSTRATED BY SYDNEY COWELL.

WE were having a gigantic time in the Fourth Class-room.

It was December 18. December 19 was Sunday, and December 20 meant Prize-day and "scatteration" for the Christmas holidays.

December 18 was what Purley was in the habit of calling an anticlimax, a kind of interregnum—no regular work to do, and yet not holidays. It was too beastly wet and sloshy for outdoor work, and so most of the fellows who had finished their packing had gathered into the Fourth Class-room because there was a good fire there. I had finished my packing a week ago, and had done it all over again three times since. Packing made one feel like going home, that's why I did it so often.

We were supposed to be reading, and Purley was supposed to be keeping an eye on us,—Purley was Mathematical Master and had studied in Germany, and wore his hair indecently long,—but Purley had passed it on to Basset, who was senior of the Fifth and Captain of the Eleven, saying he would be back in a few minutes, and we had been without an eye on us for quite half an hour. Coles bet his bottom dollar Purley had gone up to his room for a smoke, and then Butler said something which I didn't catch, but I heard little Dubs say, "Butler, you're a beastly cad!" and then Butler struck him.

Butler was sixteen, and a good head taller than Dubs, and he had thrashed him and every other fellow in the school who was smaller than himself a hundred times, and we never expected anything else would happen now. Butler was a big lump of a fellow with long arms and legs, and a small round bullet of a head with not much in it. He never worked higher than seventh in any of his classes, and he gave out that it was because seven was the perfect number in the Bible, and he had conscientious scruples on the matter. Dubs was a bright little chap, all fire and go, very chummy with his own particular friends, but rather stand-offish with the rest. We all liked him, but those not his own chums did not seem to get to know him properly.

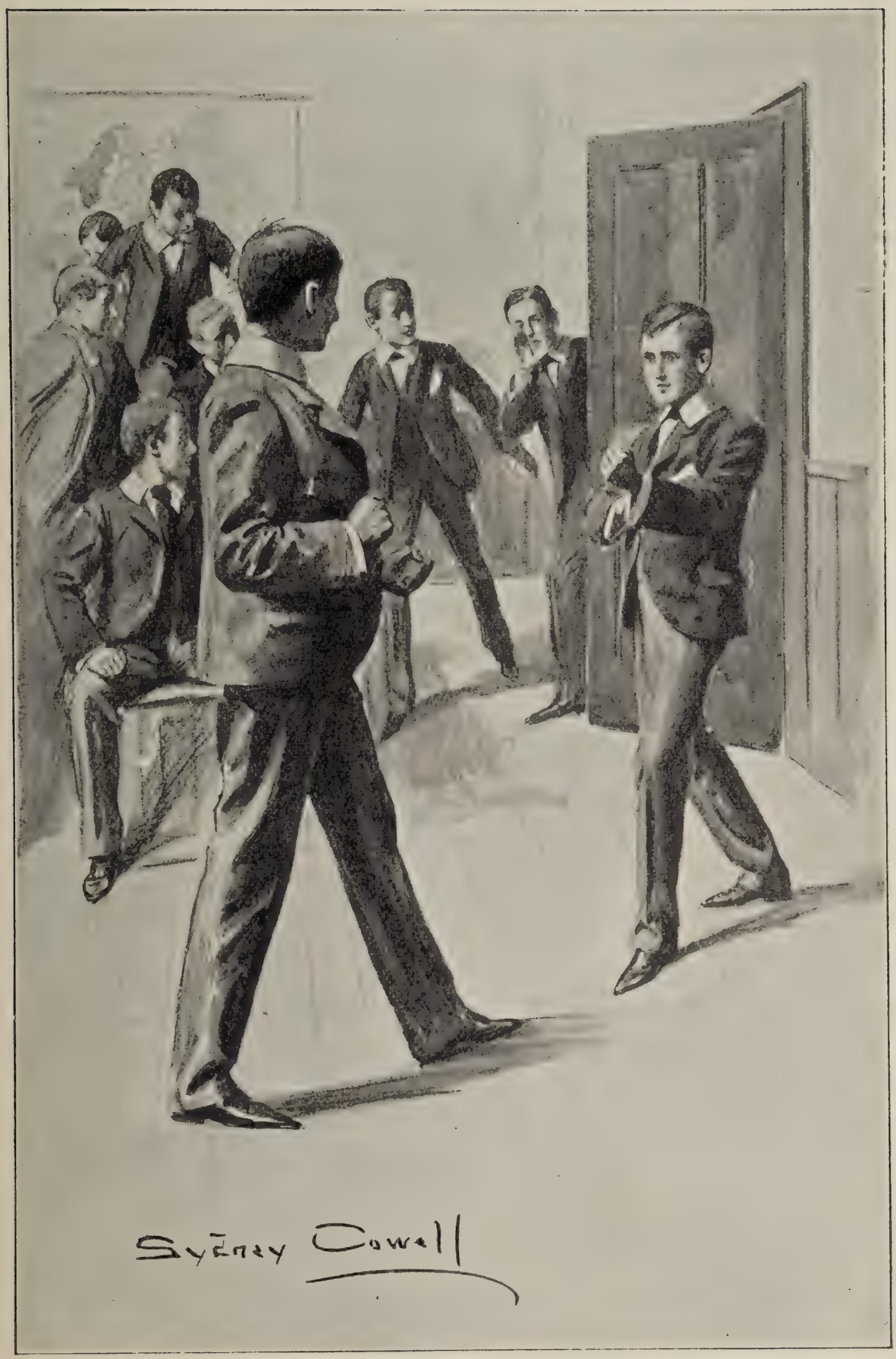
Well, we got a surprise on this occasion. Butler expected to have it all his own way, and mop the floor with Dubs, as he had done many times and oft before. But Dubs stood up to him like a little game-cock, and got in one on Butler's nose and one in his left eye before he had been down more than three times himself.

The fellows climbed on the forms and cheered Dubs like mad in whispers and jumps, and just then Gale, who had been doing scout in the big schoolroom, came tearing in with, "Cave! you fellows—the old man!" and in a minute we were all deep in our books, as quiet as mice, and the Doctor came marching in.

He looked all round—the extreme quiet evidently made him suspicious. "Where is Mr. Purley?" he asked.

"He will be back in a minute, sir!" said Basset; "he left me in charge."

"Ah!" Then he caught sight of a crimson drop on the point of Butler's nose. Butler's handkerchief was always in his other coat pocket. When he had a cold it was perfectly sickening.



"Cave, you fellows—the old man!"

"What is the matter, Butler?"

Butler tried to look surprised, but it was no use.

"My nose has begun bleeding, sir; I think it must be the heat of the room."

"Dear me!" said the Doctor, looking at him for a moment. "It seems to be affecting your eye too." And then looking round,—"Is the heat affecting anyone else in the same way?"

Dubs's nose was bleeding, too, but he sniffed it back and said nothing.

The Doctor probably did not want to make any row so near the end of term. He was flicking a telegram in his hand, and as his eye rested on me he said: "Ah, Briggs, my boy, this concerns you. You will have to stop with us a few days longer. Your sister has scarlet-fever, and the doctor advises your not going home. They hope to make other arrangements for you in a few days. Meanwhile we must make you as comfortable as we can, and you will be company for Daubeney." Daubeney was Dubs.

Here Purley came briskly in, rubbing his hands over one another as though he had just had a wash. He had been three-quarters of an hour about it.

"Don't let these young gentlemen's spirits get too much for them, Mr Purley," said the Doctor, and then he went away.

I shoved my hands into my trousers' pockets and gripped my knife in one hand and my police whistle in the other. I put my tongue between my left teeth and bit it hard and never moved a muscle, like those old Sadducees—or Stoics, was it?—who always bit off their tongues sooner than show how they felt it.

When I had quite swallowed a beastly lump that came in my throat, and had made my tongue bleed with biting it—the taste of the blood did me a lot of good and made me feel strong—I squinted at Dubs, and saw that his tongue was in his right cheek, and he was doing the Sadducee-Stoic business too. His eye happened to catch mine, and he shrugged his shoulders in a funny way he has, and it struck me I was going to like Dubs better than I had done before.

If I had had my choice I don't know that I would have chosen Dubs to stop over holidays with, but the choice did not lie with me.

And so that's how it came that Dubs and I were left behind when all the other fellows went away on the 20th.

Dubs turned out a little trump. His father was in India and he had hoped to be home before Christmas. Dubs had not seen him for four years, and had spent a good many of his holidays at Sandifer's.

"Jekyll said he would get his mother to ask me to their place, and so did Gale; but do you know, Briggs, I'd almost as soon stop here, at all events till Christmas is over. I've been once or twice with fellows over Christmas and it made me feel almost more lonesome than being by myself. Just at Christmas, that is,—later on it's all right and jolly enough."

We both wrote to Maggie—that's my sister with the scarlet-fever—and told her what a jolly time we were having,—which wasn't true, but Dubs said it was allowable to make her not feel bad on my account,—and Dubs thanked her for the pleasure of my company and hoped sometime to thank her in person. He was an exceedingly well-bred little chap and we got very chummy.

And then came our great adventure, which neither of us will forget as long as we live.

The twenty-first—the day the fellows left—was rather lonesome and mopy. We lay in bed till Mrs. Simmonds, the matron, came up and asked if we were going to stop there all day.

Dubs said he never felt holidays had properly begun till he'd spent half a day in bed, and she said there was ham and eggs and coffee spoiling for us in her room, and we were down inside ten minutes.

It was still beastly outside, but Mrs.

Simmonds said it was going to freeze. She knew it by her chilblains, and next day it was hard and dry.

The Doctor extended bounds for us, and we had a big walk that day over the hills to Shottar, and had bread and cheese and beer in the little inn there. Then we had cigarettes, and peppermint lozenges afterwards, so that Mrs. Simmonds should not smell them. And what with walking with our mouths wide open and letting the wind blow in, and eating plenty of peppermints we were quite free from the smell of the smoke by the time we got home, and it was just as well, for the Doctor had left word we were to go into the house for tea and music afterwards.

The next day we walked over to Boscobel Woods, and lighted a fire and ate the sandwiches Mrs. Simmonds had given us, and pretended we were camping out in the woods. It wasn't half bad, but the sandwiches gave out and we didn't dare to smoke because we'd forgotten to bring any peppermints.

And the next morning the Doctor sent for us. We found him and Mrs. Sandifer and the two girls in the hall in their travelling things, and he said: "Now you two youngsters will have to take care of the house for a couple of days. We're going to spend Christmas Day at my father's"—think of old Sandifer with a father; why, he must have been close on eighty himself—"Just be as happy as you can. You can go almost anywhere you please so long as you don't get into mischief. Now, good-bye!" and he nodded cheerily—he was very much jollier than he ever was in term time. And Mrs. Sandifer nodded cheerily and said good-bye. And Jennie and Ella said good-bye, and put their heads out of the carriage window and waved their hands when Dubs shouted, "Merry Christmas to you all"—and then they drove off and we none of us thought what some of us would have to go through before we all saw one another again.

Dubs was very thoughtful all the morning, and I chaffed him that it was because Ella Sandifer had gone away. She was a very pretty girl with blue-black eyes, and hair the colour of a newly opened horse-chestnut.

But Dubs took it very quietly. He said, "Yes, I'm going to marry her when I grow up. But it's not that. Come along to the station and I'll tell you what I'm thinking of."

"What's the station got to do with it?"

"You'll see. How much money have you, Briggs?"

"I've got what was to pay my fare home—fifteen shillings."

"Good! I've got ten-and-six. That'll do, I think."

"Do what?"

"Have you ever been to Drury Lane pantomime?"

"N-n-n-no. My folk aren't much on theatres. Besides, we don't live in London, you know."

"Pantomime isn't like the theatre, yo know. Why, old Gale's father goes and takes 'em all with him, and he's a clergy man, you know"

"Well?"

"Well, we'll go!"

"Jimimy!—to London?"

"Yes—to-night. We'll see how the trains run. Then after tea we'll slip out somehow and get in again same way. It'll simply be great, and you've never seen anything like it in your life, Briggs. It'll be a perfect revelation to you!"

We found at the station there was a train to London at 6.30, arriving at St. Pancras at 7.15, and one back at 12 o'clock, landing us home at 1.15. But we never used the 12 o'clock back.

"That'll do us fine," said Dubs. "Fares — third — nine bob — seats — depends where we can get;—there'll be a margin,"—but there was not much margin by the time we got through, as you'll see.

"How'll we get out without Mother Simmonds knowing, Dubs?"

"We'll manage it somehow."

We were sleeping in the "Rat-trap," which was the name the fellows had given to the small dormitory at the end of the passage between the east and west dormitories.

There were only two beds in it and two windows, and one of the windows looked on to the flat roof of the lower school. It was on that flat roof that Bob Vereker danced in his night-shirt the night after he had been awarded the good-conduct prize two terms before, and old Sandifer took it from him.

The dormitory window was six feet from the roof, and the roof was sixteen feet from the ground. It would be easy enough getting down, and Dubs said he knew where the gardener kept his ladder for getting back again. However, we did not need the ladder.

At tea-time Dubs hinted to Mother Simmonds that he was very cold and thought he must have caught a chill. Would she let us have a fire in the "Rat-trap," and we would go up at once, and if he felt like it he might go to bed early.

Mrs. Simmonds fell into his little trap at once. The servants were going to have a bit of a jollification, and they had intended asking us to join them, but if we preferred—— We knew they would enjoy themselves better without us, and we said we would be quite happy if we might have a fire and some books from the library.

At six o'clock we retired to the "Rat-trap" for the night, and at 6.30 we were tearing along to the station in our best clothes and hats.

The train was later than we were, which was fortunate, and we managed to tumble into a third-class smoking carriage just as it started. It was rather thick inside, and we had been running so hard that the smoke caught us in the throat and set us both coughing, so that we felt quite limp, and the men in the carriage laughed at us.

One of them, a very fat, red-faced man, said, in a voice like the sound you get out of a coach-horn the first time you try it: "Try a cigar, young gentlemen, that'll make you all right," and he offered us his cigar-case.

And Dubs gasped between coughs, "Thanks—if you had—a cigarette—I wouldn't—mind."

And another young man in a very high collar and a red tie, with a magnificent diamond pin, said, "Here you are, sonny," and gave us both a cigarette.

We managed to smoke them, but the smoke was still in our throats, and we coughed a good deal, and wished we had got into some other carriage.

However, we reached St. Pancras only ten minutes behind time, and Dubs jumped right into a hansom with me close on his heels, as if he was in the habit of doing it every day, and yelled through the hole in the roof, "Drury Lane Theatre, and drive like mad!" and we went spanking along, Dubs sitting very cool and quiet, and I feeling like a very small boy beside him, and hardly able to sit still for the excitement of the thing, although I'm a year older and half a head taller than him.

We got out in a blaze of light in front of the theatre.

Dubs handed the cabby some money, and the cabby touched his hat, but Dubs had not waited to see if he was satisfied, but was half way into the theatre.

He went to the office, and asked in quite a manly voice, "What seats can you give us?"

The man found out that he had two seats which somebody had sent back, and we smoothed down our hair and followed another man through a door, and then a servant took us in hand, and in another minute we were there.

I couldn't tell you in two days what I thought about it. It was magnificent, and I sat with my mouth wide open till my throat got so dry that it started me coughing again.

There were fairies and monsters, and pretty girls, and soldiers in armour—Dubs said they were girls too, and I suppose they must have been by the way they danced—hundreds of them, all sparkling and glittering, and dancing and wheeling, and then there was a procession, and in it, on a live horse, rode the most beautiful girl I had ever seen, and she had hardly anything on except her long brown hair, and someone near me said it was Lady Godiva, and then Dubs was pulling me down by the jacket, and saying :

"Shut up, Briggs, you ass, or I'll take you out," and I felt like hitting him, and when I looked again Lady Godiva was gone.

Dubs told me afterwards that I was standing up and yelling :

"Don't take her away!—don't take her away!" which, of course, was very childish, but I don't remember anything about it, and she was certainly the prettiest girl I had ever seen.

It was all past telling and it went on for hours, and then there was a comic piece with policemen and clowns, and butchers' boys, and a lady in short skirts, and I laughed till it gave me a pain in the stomach, and then Dubs grabbed me by the arm and said, "We'll have to cut for it or we'll miss that train"; and then we were out in the street and it was all over.

Dubs jumped into a hansom, but the man howled at him through the roof that he was engaged, and the next one we got into was engaged too, and Dubs said we'd best run for it.

He asked a policeman the way, and he jerked his hand up a side street and we ran along as fast as we could pelt, bumping into people and away again before they had time to know what had hit them.

The street soon became dark and dirty and narrow, and Dubs said, "I wonder if we're going right? Hi!" to a man who was passing, "is this right for St. Pancras?"

The man looked at us and then said, "No; you're goin' the wrong wye. Goin' to ketch a trine?"

"Yes," said Dubs, "we want to catch the twelve o'clock," and he pulled out his watch; "we'll have to cut sharp or we'll miss it. Which is the nearest way?"

"What's the time now, mister?" asked the man, and he squinted at the watch himself.

"Quarter to."

"I'll tike yer a short cut if yer give me a bob."

"All right," said Dubs; "cut away sharp."

"Cash down," said the man.

"Oh, all right; here you are!" and Dubs hauled out his money and handed over a shilling; "now, smart's the word!"

"Right you are!" said the man; "you follow close to me and I'll land you there in no time," and he turned and ran off in the opposite direction with us at his heels.

He went quick, but we easily kept up with him. He turned sharp off down a little narrow passage and called over his shoulder, "Short cut here," and we followed.

Then in a moment, I don't know how it happened, just as we were passing a door in the passage the man turned on us, and, before we knew it, he had jerked us both inside the door and slammed it to, and he had us both by the collar, one in each hand, and was dragging us down a dirty dark stairway as though we were sacks of potatoes.

He kicked open a door at the bottom and flung us in, and then leaned his back against the door and mopped his face with his cap, and laughed till he got his breath again.

We were so dazed that we didn't understand what had happened to us.

There was a candle burning in a bottle on a dirty wooden table, and a dirty mattress at the end of the cellar, and a dirty bundle of clothes heaped up on it, and the dirty bundle of clothes sat up and

said, sleepily,—"That you, Jim? What you got there?" and we saw it was a woman with a red lumpy face and tangled hair and blinking eyes.

"Pair o' nice little pidgeons for you to pluck, ole gal! Come an' have a look at 'em."

The woman got up and came and stood and looked at us. She was not very steady on her feet, and I think she had been drinking.

"Where'd you find 'em?" she asked, after she had looked us well over.

"Picked 'em up in the street."

"An' what are you goin' to do wiv 'em, Jim?"

"Skin 'em, and then cut their throats and put 'em darn the drines bit by bit."

This made us feel pretty bad, but I couldn't have yelled out to save my life, so we sat there with our backs against the sticky wall, feeling very miserable.

"Take off your boots," said the man. And we took them off.

"An' yer jackets." We took off our jackets.

"An' yer weskits." We handed over our waistcoats containing our watches.

"An' yer trousies." Our trousers and money followed the other things.

"Good lil' b'yes!" chuckled the woman. "Obye yer fawther and yer mother an' yer dyes 'll be long!"

"Now," said the man, when he had cleared our pockets. "Yer can keep yer shirts and yer pyejammers till I want 'em ter-morrer. Wrop yerselves in some blankets, if yer can find any, and go to sleep. An' if yer open yer mouves I'll cut yer throats and drop yer darn the drines." And he pulled out a big clasp knife and tried the edge on his thumb.

His talk was very unpleasant, and his constant references to cutting us up and dropping us down the drains in little pieces was really very nasty, and made us quite uncomfortable.

We crept away to the filthy mattress and grubbed up a couple of bits of blanket. It was so dirty and smelled so bad that it turned my stomach, and I was violently sick.

"Stop that, yer dirty little pig," said the man. "Don't yer go a-messing of my bed."

"Leave him be, Jim," said the woman, "he cawn't help it, yer've hupset 'im."

"I'll upset 'im if he don't get better pretty quick—a-messing of a gentleman's bed like that!" said Jim. "Got any drink?"

"No," said the woman, "not a drop, 'cept what's inside me."

Then he reached over and pummelled her about the head, and she put her arms over her face and never said a word, and when he was tired she came reeling towards the mattress and tumbled down on it in a heap, almost on top of us.

Jim locked the door and put the key in his pocket. Then to make sure he pulled the table over against the door and sat down with his head on his arms and went to sleep.

We shivered through the night as well as we could, dozing off occasionally, and waking with a start to pick off some of the nasty crawling things of which the cellar was full. The walls were sweaty and slimy, and horrid little flat things with many legs climbed up and down them, and black-beetles swarmed about the rough floor and crawled up on to the bed and on to us. I always hated creepy-crawleys of all kinds, and I don't suppose in all London you could have found a more miserable couple of boys than us two.

At last daylight showed very dim through the iron grid over the window, and then we began to see and hear people's feet passing over it.

The man woke up, and came over and kicked the woman till she sat up too.

"Come on, ole gal," he said quite pleasantly, as if he had never punched her the night before, "let's go and have a drink. Then I'll melt these things"—picking up

our watches off the table—"an' we'll be on welwet for the next ten dyes."

Dubs had never said a word since we were dumped into the cellar, but now he spoke.

"Say, you musn't melt that watch."

"Oh—that so? An' why not, my little high-cock-a-lorum?"

"It was my mother's, and she's dead."

"Really!" said Jim, and he held the watch in his hand and looked at it. It was a little gold watch with a monogram on the back, and Dubs never showed it much to the other fellows.

"Really, now!" said Jim again, "I don't see as it'll mike much difference to you when I've cut yer up in little bits and dropped yer darn the drines."

"I'll give you ten pounds if you'll not melt it," said Dubs.

"Got it handy?" asked Jim, with a grin.

"I'll send it you when I get home."

"Ah, if yer ever does git 'ome."

"Don't talk rot," said Dubs, whose pluck had come back; "you can't keep us here for ever."

"Not me! Yer no use to me. I'm a-going to cut yer up an'——"

"Rot!" said Dubs from his blanket. "You won't get ten pounds by melting it down, but I'll promise you ten pounds when I get it back."

"Yer a good plucked one," said the man, "an' blime me if I don't try yer. Wot's yer nime and where d'yer live?"

"Guy Daubeney's my name, and I live at Dr. Sandifer's at Brinthorpe."

"Write it darn under the tyble, ole gal," he said, and turned the table upside down, where the underside was fairly clean.

Then he felt in our pockets till he found a pencil, and the woman slowly printed Dubs's name on it, putting the pencil in her mouth between each letter and following every mark with her head and her tongue. When it was done the man said to Dubs—

"I ain't a-goin' to melt it down not in the wye you mean. I'm a-goin' to spout it, an' I'll have the ticket, and when you send that ten quid yer'll git the ticket, an' when yer gits the ticket yer can git the watch. See?"

"You mean you'll pawn it."

"Well, didn' I sye so—porn it or spout it, that's all the sime, ain't it?"

"All right," said Dubs; "suppose you give us something to eat?"

But the fellow went sulky again, and at last said to the woman: "'Ere, you better stop 'ere wiv 'em less they mike a row, an' I'll bring yer some drink an some tuck."

He went to an old chest in a corner and rooted in it, turning over some iron tools that clinked, and when he stood up he had a revolver in his hand. He laid it on the table, and said to the woman:

"If they move offen that bed you shoot 'em strite, d'ye hear?"

"I hear."

Then he went out and locked the door on the outside.

The woman sat down heavily on the chair. We did not move off the bed.

"What's he going to do with us, Dubs, d'you think?" I whispered.

"I don't know; we must try to escape. Perhaps they'll both get drunk sooner or later."

Then Dubs took his blanket off his shoulders. It was very thin and very dirty, and full of holes. He got his finger into a hole in the middle of it, and then fiddling with it he joined that hole to another and another till he made a slit big enough to slip his head through.

"That's what they call a poncho in Mexico. I've read about 'em in Mayne Reid," he whispered.

He looked ever so much better in his poncho than he had done in his blanket. So I ripped the holes in my blanket till they joined, and I was able to put mine on same way as his. I felt ever so much better with it that way, too.

And so we sat and waited, and at last the key turned and the man came in with a big black bottle and some meat wrapped in newspaper and two loaves. He threw one of the loaves to us, and he and the woman sat at the table and ate the other with the meat and drank out of the bottle.

We were hungry enough to gnaw our bread, and if it hadn't been for the beastly smells of the cellar we would almost have enjoyed it. It was dry enough, but it smelt sweet and clean, and it was the only thing in that cellar that did.

Then the man Jim filled his pipe and smoked, and that made the atmosphere better. It was nicer than the other smells, anyhow.

They ate all their bread and meat and drank all there was in their bottle, and then they got to quarrelling again. The man said he was going out, and the woman said, did he expect her to sit there all day, 'cos if he did he was very much mistaken —there was money to spend, and she intended to have some of the fun. Then the man went for her again, but this time she hit back, because of what she'd had out of the bottle, I suppose, and he got mad and knocked her down, and she jumped up and flew at him, and they got all mixed up and fell over all in a howling heap.

And suddenly Dubs jumped up and grabbed me by the arm.

"Quick!" he said, "now's our chance" —the key was in the door. We were at it before they knew, they were so busy mauling one another.

We whipped out and up the stair and out of the door into the court, and tore along it into the street.

And a queer pair we must have looked in our stockings and woollens, and our dirty yellow ponchos flying out and showing our shirts underneath.

The street we came into from the court seemed full of children playing about in the gutters and on door-steps, and as soon as they saw us they all began to shout "— Ray! — Ray!" and the little ones danced about on the side-walks, and the bigger ones began running after us shouting all the time.

From that street we came out into a wider one with a big tail of yelling kids streaming after us. Then Dubs jumped bang into a hansom that was crawling along, and jabbed his hand up through the trap, and shouted "Police-station, cabby." I tell you Dubs had his head screwed on right.

But the whole crowd of children was gathered round the cab shouting and dancing and carrying on, and a big crowd of people began to gather round too. And the cabby opened the trap and looked down at us and I heard him say "Great Jumpin' Jupiter, what's got into my keb?" and he climbed down from his seat, so that the cab swung up and down, and he came to the door and said, "Now, then, you kim out o' that, you bloomin' loonatics or whatever yer are; d'ye hear? Kim out, or I'll fetch yer out," and then a policeman came strolling up and asked, "Now, then, move on there; what's all this, cabby? What are you making all this row about?"

"I ain't myking no rar. Couple o' half naked loonatics or horspital pyshunts has taken possession o' my keb——"

"Officer," said Dubs to the policeman, in the same voice as he had asked for the tickets at the theatre, "we want to go to the nearest police-station, if you will be so good as to tell the man to take us."

The bobby looked at Dubs and me and then at our ponchos, and looked puzzled.

"What are you up to, you two?" he asked.

"We've been kidnapped and stripped, and we've escaped. We don't want to walk through the streets like this, you know."

"All right," said the policeman, "I'll come with you. Cabby, Bow Street!"

The Superintendent at Bow Street looked at us askance through his glasses.



A big tail of yelling kids streaming after us.

"What have you got there, Grant?" he asked. "Is it anything infectious?"

"These young gentlemen says they've been kidnapped and robbed, sir. I don't think there's anything infectious about them, 'cept maybe the blankets."

"Tell me all about it, my boys. First, what are your names, and where do you live."

"We're from Dr. Sandifer's at Brinthorpe. This is John Briggs, I'm Guy Daubeney."

The Superintendent looked at him very hard, and said—

"How do you spell it?" and Dubs spelt his name.

And the Superintendent looked very hard at him again all the time Dubs was telling the story of our adventure.

When he had done the Superintendent asked—

"Where does your father live?"

"In India," said Dubs. "He is in the Army."

The Superintendent nodded. Then he said to one of the bobbies standing near:

"Take off those blankets and burn them at once. Bring down a couple of spare coats, and send at once for something for them to eat,—some soup first, then two nice chops."

And in a quarter of an hour we were making up for lost time on the soup and chops, each of us wearing a bobby's coat with the cuffs turned up, and our stockings spread out before the fire to dry.

The Superintendent was a real good sort, and the bobbies were much nicer than anyone would ever have expected them to be.

I suppose we must both have fallen asleep, for I was just in the middle of a horrid dream, in which the red-faced woman was feeding me slowly into a big chopping machine, and the man Jim was grinding round the handle which turned the wheels, when I woke up with a start.

The sound of the grinding wheels was still in my ears, and they stopped suddenly outside the door, and the splendidest man I ever saw in my life came springing up the steps into the room.

It was an officer in full uniform with red and white plumes in his cocked hat, and the gas-light flashed back from the gold braid that was all over him, and from a row of medals on his breast, and whenever he moved there was a jingling of spurs, and a tinkle of silver chains, and a clash of sword and scabbard that set something inside me jumping as it had never jumped before.

"Well," he asked eagerly, as the Superintendent saluted him, "where are they?"

"Here you are, sir!" and the Superintendent smiled all over his face.

And the officer leaned over the desk and looked at us.

His face was bronzed brown, and he had a sharp pointed beard and a long moustache, and when he smiled, which he did as he looked at us, there came a number of little lines in his face from the outside corners of his eyes which made him look awfully kind and jolly, and made me think I would like to know him.

Dubs was still fast asleep, and he looked very comical with his head dropping forward out of the big collar of the policeman's coat, which had a letter and a number on it in silver.

The officer in the cocked hat laughed out in a pleasant kind of way, and pushed open the swing door and came into the office.

Then Dubs woke and looked up at him, and blinked his eyes for a moment as if he was not sure if a bit of a dream was not still in them, and then he gave one jump that left the policeman's coat in the chair and landed him in the splendid officer's arms in nothing but his shirt and under things.

"Oh, Dad! Daddie! Dad! Is it really, really you?"

"Very much me, old man," said the officer, hugging him close, and mixing his moustache up with Dubs's hair, "and very glad to see you again, even though you are in custody. And this is Briggs, I suppose? How are you, Briggs? Very pleased to make your acquaintance."

And then something comical seemed to strike him, and he threw back his head and laughed heartily.

"Such a way for Lord Rothery to make his *début* in London society," he said.

And Dubs straightened himself suddenly on his father's knee.

"What?" he asked quickly. "What is it, dad, I have not heard?"

"Elcester and your cousin Rothery were drowned in their yacht off Gibraltar two days ago, run down by a tramp steamer. I only arrived yesterday with despatches for the Queen, and heard the news in Paris. That lands me in the title and estates and makes you Lord Rothery."

Dubs looked into the fire soberly, and then said, "I am sorry for Rothery. He was such a jolly little chap." And then they were both silent for a time.

"Yes," said his father, "Rothery was a nice little fellow."

"I am greatly indebted to you, Superintendent, for your telegram. It followed me to Windsor, where I have to dine with the Queen to-night. I suppose these two criminals can be released from custody without any formalities? If you will kindly have one of your men call me a four-wheeler, I will get them decently clothed and leave them at the Metropole. A hot bath and bed will do you both no harm. You shall tell me your adventures as we go along, and to-morrow we will start our Christmas holidays, and see if we can't enjoy them together. Briggs, old man, can your people spare you for a fortnight?"

I thought they could. And they did. And we three had the noblest time.

We did the Tower and the Zoo, and a whole day at the Crystal Palace, and Maskelyne and Cooke, and every pantomime and comic theatre in London.

And Lord Elcester drove us down to Windsor on a four-in-hand, and let us blow the horn, but we only got swelled lips, and made our cheeks feel as if they had given way at the top, and we didn't get much sound out of it, and back by Virginia Water and Hampton Court. And all the time we were living at the Metropole like princes.

And I thanked my stars, whatever they are, and felt so good towards my sister Maggie that I bought her the splendidest paint-box—she's rather gone on paints, though it's mostly smudge at present—just as a small token of my affection and esteem, as we always say to old Sandifer when we give him his annual birthday present, though we would, most of us, much sooner keep our money for our own use if the big fellows didn't punch it out of us——But as to Maggie, no fellow ever felt more grateful to his sister for having scarlet-fever than I did to her; and Dubs says when she's quite done peeling he'll come down to see her; and perhaps he'll marry her when he grows up.

It was on the tip of my tongue to say he couldn't marry both her and Ella Sandifer, at least not both at once, but I stopped in time so as not to spoil Maggie's chances.

Dubs is not going back to Sandifer's. He's going to Harrow. And the trouble is the fellows won't believe one-tenth of what I've got to tell them, though some of it got into the papers, and the man Jim and the red-faced woman were nabbed through Jim writing to Dubs at Sandifer's for that ten pounds for his mother's watch.

But I cannot help feeling just a bit sorry for Jim, for if he hadn't kidnapped us I doubt if things would have come out just quite as they have done—for me at all events.



Middle-aged Husband.—"Yes, we are very happy together, my darling, but sometimes I get gloomy forebodings. Supposing—ah! just think—supposing some vile serpent were to creep into our Eden——"

"*Dearest*!"

——"You know how easily women are deceived"——

"OH, DARLING, HOW CAN YOU?"

——"And with honeyed falsehoods steal away"——

"NEVER! NEVER!"

——"Our cook!"



Christ in the Wilderness. From the painting by Domenico Morelli in the International Exhibition, Venice, 1895.

And he was there in the wilderness forty days . . . and the angels ministered unto him."—St. Mark .13.

A CENTURY OF PAINTING.

THE PAST AND PRESENT IN ITALY.—THE FIRST INTERNATIONAL FINE ARTS EXHIBITION IN VENICE.—MORELLI A RECOGNISED MASTER.—FRANCESCO PAOLO MICHETTI.—A FORECAST OF ITALIAN ART IN THE FUTURE.

ITALY and art were in the past almost synonymous terms. From the pale floweret of her northern mountains to the radiant bloom in her palaces set on the sea, the growth of art was spontaneous and complete. The seed sown in Greece and Byzantium could be traced, it is true; but the transplantation took such firm root on Italian soil that it became virtually indigenous. For the last hundred years, however, following the decadence of painting in the eighteenth century, there has been little save the survival of her ancient renown to mark Italy as a factor in art. There have been many painters; but in their country, dismembered by foreign foes, disunited by internecine quarrels, they have found little encouragement, and none have gained, nor perhaps deserved, more than limited local reputation. With the union founded by Victor Emmanuel and consolidated by his son, the present king, however, there has been an effort to gain lost prestige. No one who has the heart to appreciate the struggle of a brave and generous people, striving under desperate circumstances of poverty to redeem their country and place it once more in the first rank of nations, can refuse a meed of admiration to the efforts in many directions tending to that end of which Italy has been the theatre in the last generation. Of such effort in art, with more special reference to the exhibition in Venice in the summer of 1895, this is a partial chronicle.

In 1871, at Parma, the first national exhibition of Italian art was held; and since then, in many of the cities of the kingdom — in Naples, Florence, Milan, and Rome—there have been annual exhibitions. These have varied with the importance of the cities, and, for the most part, have been local in character; though occasionally, as at Turin in 1880, a more truly national exhibition has been achieved. The lack of national encouragement at home has driven many Italian artists to foreign countries, notably to



Ecce Homo (Behold the Man !). From a painting by Professor Antonio Ciseri.

"Then came Jesus forth, wearing the crown of thorns, and the purple robe. And Pilate saith unto them, Behold the man!"—St. John xix. 5.

Paris; and in 1889, at the Universal Exposition there, as at the Columbian Exposition at Chicago in 1893, the showing of Italy proved her possession of painters who, if they lacked elevation of aim, were undeniably strong in technical equipment. With the suppression of frontiers in accordance with the modern cosmopolitan ideal, it is only at an exhibition that is international that just measure may be taken of the force and character of an individual school of art; and it is plainly for that reason that the Venetian exhibition was projected. The effort was more than courageous, for not only were the painters of all other countries invited to show their work in comparison with that of Italian artists, but a comparison from which the boldest might shrink was tacitly accepted. Venice marks the culmination of the most glorious school of painting which the world has seen, and to invite comparison between the present and the past was the part of valour.

No more charming place for an exhibition could be well devised than the Public Gardens of Venice; and when the handsome Tito deftly ran his gondola to the foot of the marble steps in the Rio di S. Giuseppe, the searcher for information about modern Italian art found his lines laid in pleasant places. Before him stretched a double line of fine old trees, with marble benches placed at intervals, and the benches and the avenues between were filled with a motley crowd taking their pleasures gaily. A little farther on,



Lost in the Snow. From a painting by Arturo Calosci in the Civic Museum at Florence.

a booth where one purchased tickets of admission marked the limits of the enclosure inside of which stood the Exposition building. Once inside this enclosure, chairs and tables were placed under the trees, where visitors to the exhibition could rest. This, by the way, is a condition for which no provision is made in English or American picture exhibitions. Paris, in the great building of the Palais de l'Industrie, where the annual Salon is held, has provided a fine court, gay with flowers and shrubs, which forms at once the sculpture exhibition and a lounging-place for those who wish to rest in the intervals of studying the pictures on the upper floors. Here, in the midst of gleaming statuary and pleasant shrubbery, one may take his ease; may chat, smoke, or, perchance, get lunch or refreshment in the adjoining *café*. In America or in England, however, the æsthetic sense is alone taken into consideration; and if, on the too few sofas scattered about, the tired visitor may secure a moment's rest, it is still within sight of the pictures, until at last, fatigued by the long sequence of canvases, he betakes himself away. Not so in Venice last summer. Lifting the handsomely embroidered curtain which alone guarded the entrance to the building during the day, the exhibition within could be varied by the pleasant shade without; and after visiting one or more of the galleries, a few moments of mental digestion could be passed to the accompaniment of a cigarette or the ever-present water ice of Italy. In the low building which served for the exhibition the pictures were not crowded together—only a few more than five hundred works in painting and sculpture were shown, about one-fifth of which were Italian—and from the point of view of comfort, from the facility of seeing and judging the works exposed, the exhibition might serve as a model. A generalisation of the typical impression, always a dangerous thing to attempt, could thus be arrived at; and, on the whole, the impression was favourable, and above all, hopeful.

To the student of art of this generation many names of Italian painters will at once occur who have achieved renown in other countries besides their own. The names of Boldini, De Nittis, Morelli, Michetti, Pasini, and others are known wherever painting has been seriously considered. As a legacy from the school of Venice in the years which bridged over the time of the Renaissance to our own epoch, the gift of facility has been accorded to all Italian painters. Tiepolo, who died in 1770, was, perhaps, of all painters the one who, with the greatest apparent ease, covered vast spaces of wall or ceiling with compositions spirited and graceful; and within more restricted limits of space, with the growth of the easel picture, his descendants of his own race have fallen heir to this ease of execution. Like the poets of England who, a few years ago, were charged (by E. C. Stedman, in his *Victorian Poets*, if I remember rightly) with writing triolets while the volcano of social revolution was smouldering beside them, the painters of Italy lack convictions. Brilliant execution, absence of thought, or worse than that, insistence on trivial themes, have constituted the major part of their production. There is evidence now, however, that with the gradual political redemption of their country the painters seek to be more than trivially amusing. This is to be seen, so far, more in the technical side of their art than in aught else. A number of the best men, who were content, a few years back, to *serve* upon a miniature canvas the light effervescence of their *facile* talent, now endeavour, within larger limits, to measure their accomplishment with painters the scale of whose works alone demand more serious qualities of drawing and painting than the little pictures which we are wont to consider typically Italian. It is a curious fact that this oldest of art countries is, in a sense, the youngest.

This exhibition was, in a large degree, an initial step, and it can hardly be doubted that, brought face to face with their graver *confrères* of other nationalities, their self-sought lesson will profit them. Many of the men whose work formed this exhibition were surprisingly young, and those whose years were more had formed the leaven in the mass of Italian art which had preserved it until the day of deliverance was at hand.



Cicero and Catiline in the Senate. From a fresco painting by Professor C. Maccari, on the wall of the Palace of the Senate, Rome.

Catiline conspired against the Roman government and, incidentally, against the life of Cicero. Cicero, however, was secretly informed of the design, and when the chosen assassins presented themselves at his house, was able to baffle them. Notwithstanding the discovery of his plot, Catiline, two days later, audaciously appeared in the Senate; and then Cicero rose and denounced him in the famous oration beginning "How long now, Catiline, will you abuse our patience?" It is this scene that the picture presents, Catiline, sitting at the right, bowed under Cicero's invective.

Of these latter Domenico Morelli was the most important. Born in Naples in August, 1826, a child of the people, he rebelled against the antiquated forms of art education in the Naples Academy, and went to Rome. There for a time he was an ardent follower of Overbeck, betraying his meridional extraction in espousing warmly principles which he soon discarded. Implicated in the revolution of 1848, his patriotism partaking of his temperamental warmth, he left his native country and visited France, Germany, Holland, and Belgium. During all these years his work constantly improved, and at seventy he is still keeping pace with the modern movement in art. Most of his pictures, like that reproduced here, are religious in character, and are characterised by a strongly individual view of the subject. While free from the assumption of a *naïveté* which assumes to depict Biblical characters in the garb of to-day, his work is equally devoid of conventional symbolism. Morelli enjoys a widespread



The Visit to the Grandmother. From a painting by Professor F. Vinea.

European reputation, is an honorary member of many academies, and is a senator in the Italian Parliament, in accordance with a wise custom of his country which seeks to profit by the wisdom of men of intellect in varying walks of life.

Another painter of more than European celebrity is Francesco Paolo Michetti, born at Tocco di Casauria (province of Chieti), October 2, 1851. He was, to some degree, a pupil of Morelli, but at an early age developed a style peculiarly his own. Choosing his subjects from the life which he had known in the Abruzzo district, he depicted, on small but exquisitely painted canvases, children guarding turkeys, gathering golden pumpkins, or engaged in the various labours of the fields, the whole enveloped in a glamour of colour and poetical vision. His work was at once eagerly sought by dealers and collectors, when, one fine morning, to the stupefaction of those who had known him as a popular though artistic painter, he disappeared. Soon after it transpired that, discontented with his mastery over form—fearing, possibly, that the wave of success might carry him into that sea of futility in which so many of his compatriots have foundered,—he had retired to the country and was endeavouring to teach himself to draw! With the proceeds of his early success he purchased a small abandoned convent at Francavilla al Mare, and for a year or more refused all orders, and painted no pictures, devoting all his energies to drawing. Remaining in his retreat ever since, his style has changed completely, and in the place of the earlier charm have succeeded qualities of virility and of intense expression which are undoubtedly greater. There are, indeed, few modern painters more interesting than the recluse of Francavilla. In the Venetian exhibition he was represented by a large canvas—in changing his style he has enlarged the scale of his work—of a subject not unlike the "Scarlet Letter" of Hawthorne. To a degree the picture was strained in sentiment beyond the limits permissible to logical expression in painting, and marred by trivial observation of truth, which suggested the instantaneous

photograph; but it remained, nevertheless, the capital work of the exhibition. Michetti is still comparatively a young man, of the age at which Millet in France began to show his real power; and to say that his future is made hopeful by his past is a conservative estimate of a man of undoubted originality and force.

The contrast between the work of Morelli and Michetti and the typical Italian art of but a few years ago could not be more sharply forced than by a comparison of the picture of "Christ in the Wilderness" by Morelli with the "Ecce Homo" of Antonio Ciseri. Here we have a novel presentation of a subject which is well fitted to inspire the painter; it is well composed, properly drawn, and has many ingenious qualities of arrangement and observation, and yet, withal, is most unsatisfying. In like manner the intensity of Michetti is in no way allied to the melodramatic quality of "Lost in the Snow," by Arturo Calosci, which has long been one of the most admired pictures in the Civic Museum of Florence. In Morelli, as in Michetti, the errors of over intensity are at least those of temperament, and not of taste; while the performances of both Ciseri and Calosci give an impression of perfectly emotionless trifling with themes which in their hands become the reverse of tragical.

The hollow insincerity of the art which has been prevalent in Italy, and for which, from its encouragement by our collectors in America, we are in a degree responsible, has an equally good example in the "Visit to the Grandmother," by Francesco Vinea. Here the honest sentiment which might have been expressed in other hands, is swallowed up in a presentation of silks and satins, furniture and furbelows, until we quite lose sight of the motive of the picture. Vinea, who with more sincerity would be an able painter, though even



The Rain of Cinders. From a painting by Giovacchino Toma in the Civic Museum of Florence.

This picture represents a custom of the Neapolitans, who, during the eruptions of Vesuvius, carry a picture of St. Januarius to the foot of the mountain, to invoke his aid for the cessation of the volcanic disturbance

technically he has, in the course of prosperity, been corrupted, was born at Forli in 1846, and is one of the best known of modern Italian artists of the popular type.

Of more hopeful augury is the diptych by Cesare Laurenti which presents the procession of human existence, shown at the Venetian exhibition. Under the simple title of "A Parable," Laurenti takes the first steps of the child, and in a composition full of grace and charm conducts his feet through the devious ways of life. Here was genuine sentiment, no undue infusion of literary quality, and much honest painting. Laurenti's painting was, fortunately, typical of much work in the exhibition which proved that the painters of Italy were preoccupied with sentiment.

Notable examples of this truth could be found in the works of Ettore Tito, one of the younger Venetian painters. Two large canvases were contributed by him; both intelligently composed, drawn with freedom and force, and charming in colour. The first represented a churcn procession in the open air, and in the vestments of the priests and acolytes, and in the picturesque costumes of the onlookers, abundant opportunity for colour was put to profit. The second picture of Tito's portrayed the fickle goddess of Fortune rolling a great wheel, to which were attached typical figures of humanity. Somewhat the same composition, suggested doubtless by the Wheel of Ixion, has also been treated by Burne-Jones, but in a manner most unlike that of the Italian artist. The work of the Englishman is marked by great reserve, a sense of the



The Progress of Life. From a painting by Cesare Laurenti.

This picture, with its companion piece, shown on the opposite page, is intended to typify the procession of human existence. Both pictures were shown at the International Exhibition in Venice in 1895.

gravity of life prevailing. The Fortune of Tito, on the contrary, was gaily irresponsible. The life-sized nude figure of Fortune was full of movement, pushing the wheel at a headlong speed over the blue sea, the light of a world in sunshine over all. The figure, the whole picture, was bathed in a blonde tonality, which rendered it charmingly decorative.

that which at this late day hardly needs proving—that the artist can find his influences where he will; our only concern is the manner in which he employs his knowledge in the expression of his sentiment, which must be his own by birthright.

In the multiplicity of exhibitions there is a temptation always present to stimulate



The Progress of Life. From a painting by Cesare Laurenti. A sequel to the picture shown on the opposite page.

Interesting in another manner were the works of Sartorio, whose pictures betrayed the influence of Botticelli, which, by nationality, seems natural enough. The influence of the great Italian, however, came at second hand, from Botticelli as seen through Dante Gabriel Rossetti. It was most curious to note the effect of the mystical English painter on the work of a modern Italian, endowed with all the technical facility of his race. The result, however, was agreeable, and went to prove

the interest of a somewhat indifferent public by the representation of subjects which every consideration of good taste, leaving other principles out of the question, would prohibit. The "Last Meeting," a large picture by Grosso, was the offender in this respect at Venice. The work represented Don Juan, dead and in his coffin, surrounded by the figures of the women whom he had loved. To say that the scene was a church, with the adjunct of candles and funereal embellishment

appropriate to Christian burial, while the figures surrounding the coffin, one of them passionately kissing the dead man's lips, were absolutely nude, describes the picture sufficiently. Fortunately for art, the technical ability of Signor Grosso was hardly superior to his taste or imagination, and might, one would think, have furnished the jury of selection with the best of excuses for rejecting the picture. As it was, it had a full success of scandal. In the churches were posted notices warning the faithful to stay away from the exhibition on account of it, and as a matter of course, a crowd always surrounded it.

Two examples, taken, like the "Ecce Homo" and "Lost in the Snow," from other sources than the Venetian exhibition, call for brief comment. "The Rain of Cinders" from the picture by Giovacchino Toma in the Civic Museum at Florence, shows that thirty years ago there were occasionally to be found in Italy painters who united no mean technical ability to a power of expressing emotion. The huddled group who present the picture of St. Januarius in pious supplication for a cessation of the eruption of Vesuvius, are painted with skill and sincerity. Of great technical ability in the painting of textures, and of skill in composition, is the "Cicero and Catiline" of Cesare Maccari. It is one of a series of frescos in the palace of the Senate in Rome, and fails as a decoration where it would succeed as an easel picture. The first quality of a mural painting lies in the conservation of the surface of the wall on which it is painted.



Returning from the Festival. From a painting by Francesco Paolo Michetti.

An example of Michetti's earlier manner, showing his treatment of familiar life in the Abruzzo district of Italy.

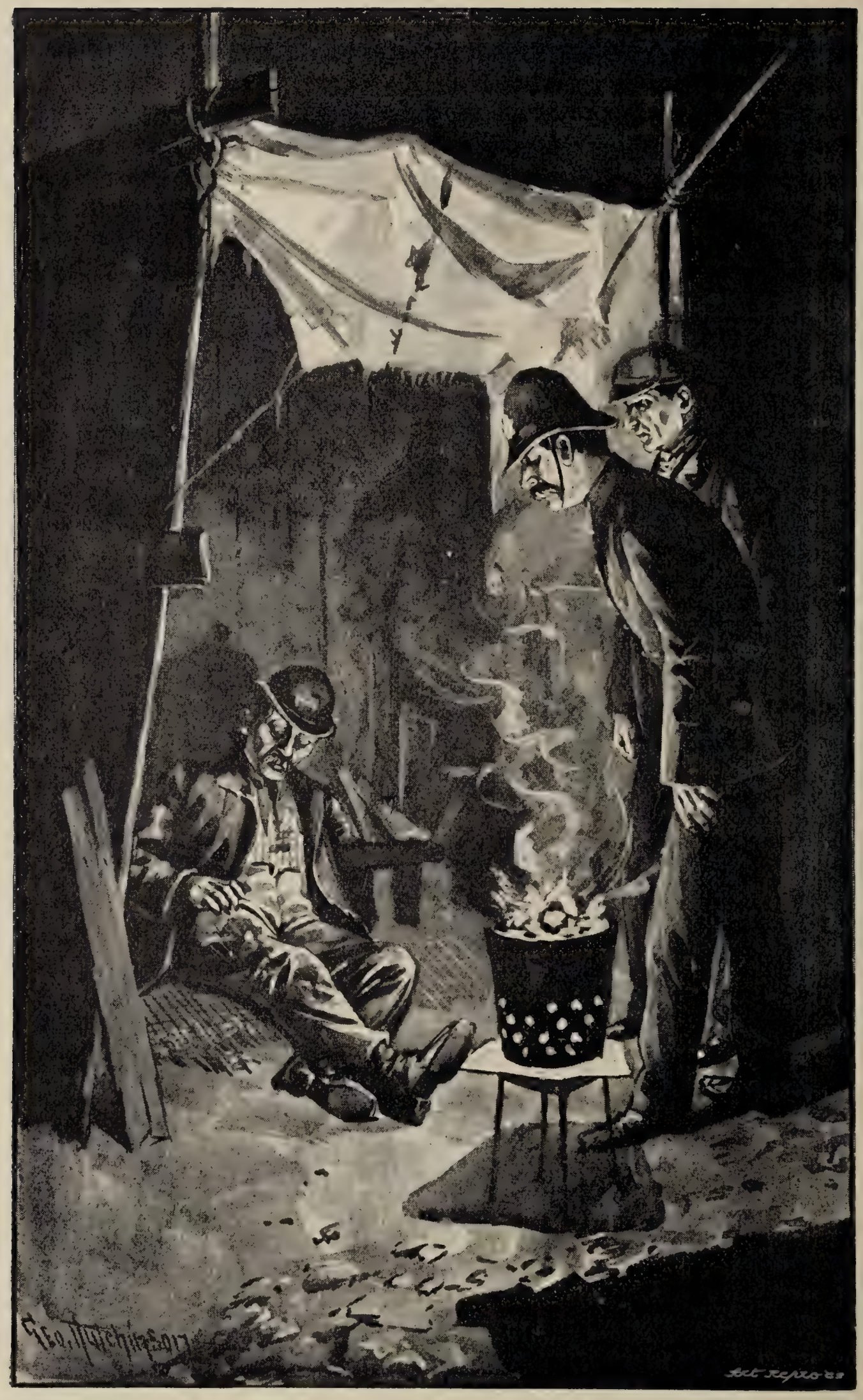
The gifted decorator is able to suggest distance within the limits of his painting without giving the actual relief of existing objects, which, on the contrary, is a quality that may be sought for in an easel painting. The sense, which is evident here, that we are looking into space where we know that a wall should exist, is an interesting object-lesson at a time when so many of our American painters are interesting themselves in decoration. It makes of little value what would otherwise have been an interesting picture. To Maccari, who was born at Siena, May 9, 1840, has been entrusted the decoration of the cupola of the basilica of San Loretto —a task for which Guido Reni and Caravaggio petitioned in vain in the seventeenth century having thus fallen to the lot of a nineteenth century painter.

We have strayed far from the Venetian exhibition, and I must conclude this brief review by again asserting that to the country which once led the world in art, letters, and commerce, all civilisation owes a debt. It is with the heartiest goodwill, therefore, that we can wish this old nation all success in its young art effort.



Head of Peasant Girl. From a pastel study by Francesco Paolo Michetti.

This is a typical example of the studies from nature which Michetti makes in preparation for his pictures in oil or tempera. It is interesting to consider in connection with it the finished picture by Michetti reproduced on the opposite page.



He examined the stains in the light of the fire.

WANTED.

BY FRED WHISHAW.

ILLUSTRATED BY GEO. HUTCHINSON.

MR. SIMKINS was rather in luck's way just at present. His profession was, of course, "one of the unemployed"; Mr. Simkins did not like employment, that's the plain English of it; at least not the usual thing conveyed in the word "employment"; he hated work of any kind, and the harder the work was the more Mr. Simkins hated it. But just now, as it happened, he had been put upon a job which greatly pleased him, for all he was expected to do was to sit through the night in a kind of little hut in the middle of the roadway, and see that the fire—which burned in a big barred iron pot on a tripod—did not go out.

The fire was designed to keep people from falling into a deep trench which gas or sewer workmen had made in the road, the fire being the second line of defence; the first consisting of a rough barrier of poles which a donkey had knocked down on this particular evening because it absolutely refused to believe, until it had done this, that it could not draw its cart, and the drunken costermonger sprawling therein, by the usual way home.

Mr. Simkins had violently abused that donkey and its master, because their foolishness entailed the putting out of a certain amount of exertion on his part; in other words, he had had to mend the barrier.

Having done which Mr. Simkins spat violently, added a few bits of fuel to his fire, and reseated himself within his sanctuary of poles and matting and, apparently, old clothes.

There he was presently joined by a stranger.

It was about eleven or twelve at night, and the man appeared suddenly from out the darkness that lay behind the glare of the firelight.

"Can you take me in a bit, mate, and let me just warm myself, like, at the fire?" he said. "I'm nigh perishing with the cold."

"You can come in a bit if you like," said Simkins, "though it ain't so cold as all that!" This was true enough, for it was an April night and by no means one of the cold sort.

"Well, you see," began the fellow, who was certainly shivering, whether with the cold or for some other reason, "it's like this: I've had a bit of a fright, and that's the truth."

"Well, come in and talk about it if that's what the matter is," said Simkins, hitting the nail on the head with great acumen. As a matter of fact the man obviously wished to talk, and Mr. Simkins was not so engrossed with his own reflections but that he was quite disposed to listen to those of others. *Nunquam minus solus quam cum solus* was not true of Simkins, who loved the sociability of the public bar, or even of the casual ward, but especially the former, infinitely better than his own society.

"Lord! I'm all of a sweat!" said the new arrival unexpectedly; he was still trembling like a leaf, and his face, in the flicker of the firelight, was wild-looking and haggard.

"Why, you just said you were perishing with cold," said Simkins. "What's up, ague?"

"Ah, that's it—that's it to a touch," said the other, "you've just hit it, mate; ague it is; you haven't a drop of spirits about you, have you now? Lord! I shall shake my teeth out presently, and sweating with heat all the while—ague, that's the word!"

Simkins had four or five ounces of gin in a bottle; he thought twice before parting with a portion of this—his sole consolation during the coming night—but he looked at the poor wretch beside him, and became unwontedly generous.

"Steady on!" he said, presently, however, for the stranger looked like landing him with an empty bottle.

"Oh," said the latter, returning the remnant of the stuff with a sigh, "Lord love you for it; that was good and I needed it! Ague — ague, that's the word!"

"You said you'd had a fright," said Simkins.

"Ah! ague, that's it!" repeated the other.

"*And* a fright," suggested Simkins.

"Ah, a kind of fright—a nightmare, or a dream—somethink of that!"

"Well, you can tell us about it if you like," said Simkins. But the stranger remained silent.

"Speak up!" said Simkins after a pause of some five minutes. But still the stranger showed no inclination to talk. On the contrary he began to doze, muttering unintelligibly.

Simkins had not bargained for this; he had no objection to showing some hospitality to a stranger who would entertain him or at any rate converse with him; but he was not going to put up with a man who drank up his gin and then fell asleep.

"Come," he said shaking the other pretty roughly, "you'll have to go presently, I'm thinking, it's against rules for me to allow people in here; there'll be a copper by in a minute or two!"

The effect of this speech was electrical. The stranger started up and looked wildly around.

"Hide me, mate, hide me, quick!" he muttered, "where is he—did he see me?"

"Did who see you?" asked surprised Mr. Simkins.

"Why, the copper?"

"There hasn't been a copper," said Simkins. "Lord! why, how startled you look! What 'ave you been up to to be so scared at the word copper, I should like to know?"

"Nothing—I ain't done anythink, s'elp me!" said the other still peering out into the darkness. "It's that blarsted dream again, that's what it is!"

"Well, if you get dreaming and talking in your sleep you'll soon chuck yourself away"! said Simkins. "You should have heard the way you was going on just now!"

"What did I say—did I say anything—what did I say?" said the stranger, all of a tremble.

"Ah, that's just what I don't intend to tell you," said sly Mr. Simkins, who had heard nothing at all. "You'd better tell me your dream or nightmare, straight out, and have done with it." The stranger reflected.

"It ain't so much the woman," he burst out suddenly, "blarst 'er; fourteen shillin' a week and never a sixpence for the old man, and me supportin' her for ten years till I was down with the drink. It's the child I'm a-thinking of—her child and my child!" he paused.

"Ah, the child!" said Simkins suggestively.

The stranger took no notice. He muttered awhile to himself; at last he spoke up again.

"It wasn't as if I wanted to hurt the child, mind you," he burst out, "but she would have it. She lay across the woman's bed and screamed at me, and it made me mad, and I struck her—it wasn't as if I wanted to hurt her; she hadn't done me no harm; but what did she want

to go and rouse the neighbours by screaming for, like that?"

"Ah, they will do it," said Simkins soothingly, "when they get a bit of the stick. But I dare say you didn't hurt her much."

"She never uttered another sound," said the stranger. "She lay as still as the dead."

"Lord! she wasn't dead though?"

"Perhaps she was and perhaps she wasn't," said the other musingly. "Lord knows; I don't! it wasn't as if——"

"One never does know for sure in them dreams, how things happen; does one?" suggested Mr. Simkins.

"Ah—a dream—that's it," said the stranger: "a dream!"

"And what did the old woman say—in the dream?" asked Simkins, presently. "About the child, I mean?"

"It ain't the woman I'm thinking of, blarst 'er," said the other, flaring up; "fourteen bob a week and never a sixpence for the old man as supported her for ten years; she was dead too, and that's the best thing I done this many a day."

"That's a nice sort of a dream, I don't think!" said Simkins. "What d'you want to dream that kind of bunkum for?"

"Ah!" said the other; "it gave me a fright, as I say."

"Was it to-night you dreamt it?"

"To-night and last night."

"Lord! I wouldn't have a dream like that for all I could drink in a week," said Simkins with fervour.

"Ah!" said the other. And after a while he added: "It wasn't as if I wanted to hurt the child; but she would 'ave it. What did she want to lie across the woman for and scream at me? Lord! it was enough to make a bloke mad."

Neither man spoke for a space. Then the stranger recommenced:

"Both as still as the dead!" he said—"as still as the dead; there was a mouse gnawing at the wood in the floor, and Lord! it made me sweat all over! After that I left them and went out; that was last night and I haven't been there since."

"What, afraid of dreaming it again?" asked Simkins.

"Ah! afraid—that's the word; I'm afraid," said the other. "It ain't the woman I'm a-thinkin' of—fourteen bob a week and never a——"

"Well, you take my advice and go home straight, if you're sober enough," said Simkins. "You'll see it'll be all right; you'll find the old woman and the child awaiting and a-hollerin' for you. Lord! what do you want to be frightened of a bad dream for? You go straight home, now, this minute."

"I can't—I can't," said the stranger, looking more haggard than ever; "the little 'un lay so still, you see, and it weren't as though I meant to hurt the kid. What did she want to lie and scream at me for?"

"It was only a nightmare," said Simkins; "you take an hour or two's sleep here, if you like, and then go home; you'll find it's all right."

"If anyone was to come you wouldn't let on as I was here and had dreamed, like, what I've told you?" said the stranger.

"Not I," said Simkins; "why should I? What's the harm of a dream?"

"Then I don't know but what I'll try and sleep a bit," said the stranger. "Lord! my eyes are like lead—I ain't slept a wink since—the little 'un—two nights ago—it ain't as if I wanted to harm the child, mind you; but the woman, rot 'er—fourteen bob a week and never a sixpence——" The stranger's eyes closed and his head drooped; he opened them for a moment. "Still as the dead!" he muttered; "both of them! and it wasn't as if——"

Then he slept soundly.

Simkins was himself all of a tremble, though he was not quite certain what he thought or feared.

There were stains on the man's clothes, and these he was able to examine more

closely now that the man slept. The examination did not tend to put him at his ease; for they were stains of blood, real blood, not the blood of nightmares and evil dreams, which does not stain. Simkins shuddered. This was an experience he had not bargained for when undertaking his present easy job.

The stranger awoke after a while, with a start.

"She's calling me—the little 'un—I must be going!" he said, sitting up.

But Simkins had other ideas as to things.

"Dreaming again!" he said, "you lie down and have a good sleep, it'll do you more good than wandering about the streets all night!"

The wretched man yawned and sighed; then he lay down again and was asleep in a moment. Simkins waited, shuddering over his fire.

It was not long before a policeman came along. He gave Simkins good-night and asked who his friend was.

"A stranger," said Simkins, speaking softly, "don't wake him; you hang about here, if you can, and watch him home, and you may find something to your advantage; you *may*, mind you, and you may not."

"In drink?" asked the policeman.

Simkins nodded, "And talking!"

"Sleeps pretty sound!" said the policeman. "Will he go home, d'you think? Where does he live?"

"That's what you've to find out!" said Simkins. "There are stains on his clothes, too."

The policeman whistled softly. He examined the stains in the glare of the fire.

"Right!" he said, "I'll give the word to the inspector and be back in that doorway there in ten minutes. If he goes before that you must follow him yourself."

The man slept for an hour. Then he awoke again and sat up.

"It's no good," he said, "she's calling me, I must go—it's the little 'un; she knows it wasn't as if I meant to harm her, the pretty innocent—there! d'you hear? She's calling me again, I'll come back presently; and thank you kindly, and good-night in case I don't come."

"Good-night," said Simkins. The man hesitated.

"It ain't so much the woman——" he began.

"I hear the little 'un calling you!" said Simkins with great presence of mind.

The man went away quickly.

. . . . . .

It was five in the morning when the policeman returned.

"There's a long drink for you, mate, whenever you like to take it," he said. "It's the best haul I ever made in my life, and thank you kindly for putting me on it." He paused. Simkins listened, sick at heart, and said nothing.

"I shouldn't wonder if it gets me a stripe; it ought. Lord! what d'you think I ran on?" he paused again. "Double murder—woman and child, both knocked on the head with poker, probably while asleep," continued the policeman. "The fool went straight home!"

. . . . . .

On the whole the unpleasant experience has paid Mr. Simkins very well. It has kept him in drinks and admiration for months, and the story is still going strong, nightly, at more pubs than one.

THE GOLDEN SPURS.

BY TRESHAM GWAINES.

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST GOODWIN.

IN the year 1869, Emile Alcibiade Grillon was Sub-Editor of *Le Frelon*, a critical, political, and busily aggressive society sheet, published tri-weekly, price three sous, at No. 102, Rue Marque, Paris.

When our story opens, Monsieur Grillon was still young. To describe him succinctly, he carried the brain of a philosopher and the heart of a hero in the frame of a pigmy.

On the 1st May, 1869, the Millième Regiment of Cuirassiers—*Les Eperons dorés*—marched from country quarters into Paris. *Les Eperons* were one of the crack cavalry regiments of the day; the horses might have come from the stables of Anak, the troopers were as gallant a company of martial giants as ever flashed into line on the Champ de Mars, and the officers, Bayards all "*sans peur et sans reproche*," represented the top-skimming of the cream of the Napoleonic nobility.

"On the 6th inst. the officers of the Millième Regiment of Cuirassiers, popularly known as '*Les Éperons dorés*, attended a ball at the Tuileries given in their honour by the Emperor. Need we say that the company bidden to meet such men was exquisitely select, that the entertainment was the very pink and perfection of exclusiveness, that only the leaders of the highest flight of the *haute noblesse* were



"This person is pleased to be merry at our expense."

privileged to do honour to the golden spurs? And Messieurs les Cuirassiers? In all that belongs to the outward man they were not unworthy recipients of the Imperial honours; but to describe their uniforms we must dip our brush in the colours that tinge the dragon-fly; nay, in order to do them justice, we must steal hues from the very rainbow. We can describe them only by saying that they were chromatic from head to heel. Ah, those heels! Sapristi! They must not escape due reference. Figure to yourself, my reader, extending from each warrior's boot a curved horn surmounted by a gilded moon, each moon gloriously radiating a number of small poniards, and ringing at every step—veritable music of the spheres. It is to be hoped that in the day of battle the gallant bearers of these ponderous engines will trust more to their good sabres and pistols than to appliances so eloquently suggestive of the tactics of the Parthian."

The foregoing paragraph, which appeared in *Le Frelon* of the 7th May, drew but little attention from the majority of the readers of that sparkling periodical; but in the anteroom of the Cuirassiers' mess it was received with dangerous disapproval.

"This man laughs at us," observed the senior Major; "this person is pleased to be merry at our expense."

"The *polisson* sneers at the most ancient badge in the army," continued the junior Sub-Lieutenant.

"The insolence of the man to refer to us at all without permission!" exclaimed a Captain.

There was a pause, broken at length by the formidable Captain Riposte, who, speaking almost in a whisper, sleepily asked:

"Who is the person to be dealt with?"

To this the Marquis de Molette replied as he knocked off the ash of his cigar, "I suppose it will be the Editor."

"But does one fight with pressmen?" enquired the Sub-Lieutenant; "should not one of the non-commissioned officers be detailed?"

"It may be done by one of us," replied Colonel Panache, magisterially; "there are precedents."

It will be observed that up to this point the officers, though irritated and indignant, were calm, profoundly calm.

The Editor of *Le Frelon* was perhaps the lightest worked journalist in France. All the real business connected with the newspaper was transacted in the bureau of Monsieur Grillon. Such letters as the Sub-Editor thought it necessary to lay before his Chief, were placed in one of the boxes that a clerk carried at stated intervals into Monsieur Le Normand's room.

At the first stroke of eleven on the morning of the 9th May, Monsieur Grillon, as usual gay and debonair, entered his room and proceeded to open his letters.

"H'm, what have we here? Letter from landlord claiming back rent, pressing and somewhat insolent; that I will attend to. Contradiction of an assertion in my last leader, good, for me; advertisement of a new sauce, with specimen bottle, for Monsieur le Rédacteur; letter from Mdlle. Mimi de Lorme, of the Théâtre Français, thanking us for amiable criticism, for Monsieur who wrote it; advertisement of a new fencing-school, for me; invitation to dine with the Artists, for Monsieur; challenge from the Cuirassiers, for me; essay on butterflies, for Monsieur; ditto on tactics, for me; a second challenge from the Cuirassiers. *Ciel!* This is exhilarating. I have a really interesting half week's work before me."

On the 10th of May, Monsieur Grillon, fought Major Pompon in the Bois de Boulogne, and ran him through the right shoulder; on the 11th of the same month he shot Major Cocarde through both legs; and on the 12th, he was the

recipient of fifteen challenges from different officers of the now deeply outraged corps, justly inflamed "at that dishonour done the gilded spur." The man had insulted them and refused to die!

On the 13th May, the following letter was despatched from the office of *Le Frelon* to the Cuirassiers' mess:—

"Monsieur Emile Alcibiade Grillon presents his compliments to the officers of the Millième Regiment of Cuirassiers (*Éperons dorés*), and begs to inform them that he has been favoured by certain members of their illustrious regiment with no less than seventeen challenges in connection with his article upon the Tuileries Ball. He has the honour to point out that having already accepted two of their obliging invitations, to comply with the remainder, in one dispute, would be inconsistent with the requirements alike of the laws of honour and of the dictates of common-sense. In order, however, to prevent disappointment to the gallant officers of the Millième Regiment of Cuirassiers, Monsieur Grillon consents to meet any one member of the corps whom the gentlemen aggrieved may delegate as their representative, and he feels certain that the regiment will not consider him unjustifiably reticent if he refrains from declaring his weapon until he learns who is to be his antagonist."

This manifesto originated with Monsieur Le Normand. Emile Alcibiade was perfectly ready to fight every living unit of the Millième Cuirassiers, from the Colonel down to the last joined trooper; but the Editor would not suffer his colleague to be sacrificed at the altar of military vanity even though his immolation were demanded by all the heavy cavalry in Europe; and Grillon, yielding to his chief's remonstrance, reluctantly drew up the foregoing cartel.

When it had gone, the two friends sat in the Editor's sanctum with their feet on the fender, smoking, and awaiting the reply. After a long pause, Le Normand, addressing his companion, said:

"If they refuse your terms you must leave Paris."

"They will accept," replied Grillon.

"In that case also," said the Editor, "you will, my dear Alcibiade, after fighting, quit the capital."

"In neither case, my respected friend, shall I budge one inch," responded Emile Alcibiade, smiling.

"Emile," said the old Editor, "it is my earnest desire that you leave Paris even though they do agree to commit their quarrel to the management of a single man. Should he fail to overcome you, the matter will not end there; they will discover or create fresh grounds of challenge, and will never cease till they slaughter you."

To this Emile vouchsafed no reply beyond the interjection, "Pouaif!" an inarticulate sound signifying in the present case the supremest contempt on the part of the utterer for every warrior in Europe, steel-clad or cloth-clad, mounted or on foot.

"My son," continued Le Normand, "you must go."

"I cannot flee," replied Emile, sturdily.

"Others have fled," remonstrated Le Norman, "witness the Duc d'Épéerouge."

"Ah!" muttered Emile, thoughtfully; "but he decamped after *killing* his man."

Le Normand smoked in silence.

"Good, my father," said Grillon gaily; "I, too, will decamp."

The Cuirassiers accepted the proposition, and Colonel Panache, who insisted upon being nominated champion of the regiment, very nearly disarranged the philosophic brain of the indomitable Sub-Editor in a manner that would have put an end to his playful sarcasms for ever. It was, indeed, a close shave; the most cherished ringlet on Monsieur Emile's head fluttered slowly to the ground, but he remained standing erect, surrounded by a wreath of white smoke, like a heathen god amid the fumes of incense; while his opponent, shot through the heart, fell, as though in adoration, prone before him.

The vacancy was filled from another regiment, and this circumstance did not work for peace. If the men of steel had, at

the commencement of the feud, thirsted for sub-editorial blood, now they ravened for it. Many were the schemes devised to produce a new and legitimate ground of challenge. *Le Frelon* was perused for two consecutive days with an assiduity seldom accorded by those *beaux sabreurs* to printed matter in even its most seductive form; nevertheless, no *casus belli* was apparent, and it had become the prevailing sentiment that the only way to bring the matter to a speedy and satisfactory issue was for each and every officer of the regiment to proceed in turn to Monsieur Grillon's quarters, and there, in the presence of competent witnesses, to tweak that gentleman's nose, to stamp on a copy of his journal, to cane his poodle, or otherwise so to outrage his feelings, as to render his reappearance in the field imperative. These aggressions were to continue until the doomed man perished. The first to call at the office of *Le Frelon*, in order to involve the bold scribbler in a new quarrel, was Captain Riposte.



Monsieur Le Normand was desolated to inform him that Monsieur Grillon was in the country.

Monsieur Le Normand received the Captain with all courtesy, but was desolated to inform him that Monsieur Grillon was at present in the country, whither he had gone for change of air; Monsieur Grillon would not be back in Paris for several months. Could he forward the absent gentleman any kind favour from Monsieur le Capitaine?

On leaving the Editor, the baffled Cuirassier proceeded to the mess.

"He has fled," he sighed gloomily, as he entered the anteroom, "and in his place has left his grandfather.

"He will go to England, to Lesstaire Squarr," cried the Vicomte.

"No, he will cross the Rhine and be lost amongst the Germans," said the Sub-Lieutenant.

"I am of opinion that he will hide himself in Belgium," remarked Captain Baudrier.

"Wherever he has buried his dastardly head he must be discovered," declared Major Pompon, with much asperity, for his wounded shoulder was very painful that morning.

"He must be pursued through the world, until he dies," muttered Captain Riposte, in that terrible undertone which was known in the regiment as the "whisper of death."

"He must die," was the general response.

Before the meeting broke up it was decided that three officers, then and there selected, should apply for leave of absence, and proceed in different directions in pursuit of the *infame*.

The choice fell upon Captain Riposte, Captain Baudrier, and Sub-Lieutenant Le Vicomte Coté du Montoir. These gentlemen were supplied with as accurate a description of Monsieur Grillon as the two wounded majors could supply.

On the occasions of the three duels already chronicled, it had been considered unbecoming at that early stage of the quarrel to impart to it the appearance of a regimental crusade, so the officers had selected their seconds from among friends who were not members of the corps, and it consequently resulted that, with the exception of the two disabled majors, none of the Cuirassiers had ever seen their redoubtable foe.

Leave was readily obtained, and the three avengers started, each on his pious pilgrimage.

Nothing was heard of them for several weeks, but in the early part of July the following telegram, dated from Munich, arrived from Captain Baudrier:

"Fought Grillon this morning—ran him through the lungs—wound mortal."

On the evening of the same day a telegram was received from Captain Riposte:

"Slew Grillon yesterday at Liège—pistols."

On the following day a message came from London sent by the Sub-Lieutenant:

"Met Grillon last week—we fought with clubs *à la mode Anglaise*—he fled—on recovery I pursue."

These conflicting messages puzzled the regiment not a little. It was evident that somewhere there had been a mistake, in fact two mistakes. The Sub-Lieutenant's telegram received unfavourable comment, but the general opinion was that either Riposte or Baudrier must have pinked the right man. The arrival of further details by post was anxiously awaited, and in the course of a day or two a letter was received from the Sub-Lieutenant, of which the following is an extract:

"No sooner had we left Dieppe than I commenced a searching scrutiny of the passengers on board the packet. One of them distinctly avoided notice. He lay covered with rugs upon a bench, and to avoid my gaze simulated sea-sickness; I marked him with an eagle eye, but owing to the eccentric motion of the vessel, which was badly steered, I soon became too unwell to take steps to ascertain his identity. We landed at Newhaven. I followed my man into the train. We occupied the same carriage. My eye rested upon him the whole way to London. The *miserable* was pale. He was a slight made man with a large forehead; it was the infamous Grillon. I drew him aside on the platform of the London terminus and put to him the question: 'Sir, you are connected with literature, and have recently quitted the French Metropolis?' My fox assumed the *rôle* of an Englishman; these editors speak all languages. 'Yes,' said he, 'I *am* connected with the Press and have just come from Paris, and what then?'

"'Then, sir,' said I, with becoming hauteur, 'you must meet me sword in hand.'

"'I'll see you d——d first,' roared my coward.

"'In that case, sir,' replied I, with bitter scorn, 'you must experience blows from my cane.'

"'Is that your little game?' said he; and raising a ponderous cudgel, he struck me brutally on the shoulders, saying, 'This is how we settle sword-in-hand matters in England, Mossou.' You will credit me when I say that I assailed him with animation. He showered blows upon me; but for each stroke that he gave I returned ten; blood flowed from our noses, our coats were torn, our hair became dishevelled. He displayed the strength and fury of an elephant, I the courage and activity of a tiger; a vast crowd collected, and by their plaudits stimulated us to renewed exertion. At last the police approached, whereupon my poltroon mingled with the throng and escaped, while I was captured and placed in the chamber of detention. On the following morning the Lord Judge made me pay an *amende* of five shillings and set me at liberty; since then I have been confined by bruises to my bed. O, my comrades in arms, how I hunger for revenge! I need not try to express my feelings in words, you are men of honour, you realise them."

The mess decided *nem. con.* to recall the subaltern at once, his mode of procedure being without precedent in the history of the regiment.

In due course, letters arrived from both Baudrier and Riposte. The former, after a rapid sketch of his adventures since leaving Paris, proceeded to describe his meeting with Grillon at a German Hotel:

"This man," he wrote, "this man was



"Then, sir, you must meet me sword in hand."

clearly he of whom I had come in search. He spoke French perfectly and with a Parisian accent; I observed, moreover, that his fingers were stained with ink, which incontestibly proved him to be a *littérateur*. The name by which he went was Grison—transparent disguise! To be brief, I affronted him in public and he challenged me. I chose the rapier as my weapon, and ran him through the lungs *en tierce*. He died an hour after the despatch of my telegram and was buried this morning. I am on my way back to Paris."

Riposte wrote equally circumstantially; his report ran thus:

"I caught the flying editor in a Liège *estaminet*, and accosted him as Grillon. He said he was Captain Pimpeldencker of the Belgian Engineers.

"'Sir,' said I, 'if you are a military man, you will the more readily recognise the necessity of yielding me that reparation which gentlemen afford one another when an assertion is controverted in the point-blank manner in which you have been pleased to contradict my statement. I repeat that your name is not the ridiculous appellation that you have seen fit to invent for my mystification.'

"We met that evening and I shot him through the head. I leave Liège soon after this letter is posted, and shall be with you on Thursday."

The three delegates rejoined the regiment before the end of September.

On the night of the last day of that month, a little man might have been observed leaving No. 102, Rue Marque, with a pair of foils under his arm, a small carpet-bag in one hand and a pistol-case in another; he took the road to the railway station and left by the night mail for Lyons.

That Grillon was dead not a man in the Cuirassiers entertained a doubt, but who had killed him was long a moot point. It was at length incontestibly established that the honour lay with Captain Riposte, that distinguished officer, in consequence of a slight misunderstanding on the disputed question with Captain Baudrier, having called the latter gentleman out and described (with a rapier upon his body) the identical pass to which the gallant Sub-Editor was alleged by the operator to have succumbed. This demonstration completely silenced poor Baudrier, who never spoke on that, or indeed on any, subject again. As for Sub-Lieutenant Le Vicomte Coté du Montoir, it was politely intimated to him as the unanimous opinion of the corps that a gentleman who brawled like a peasant was an unfit companion for the officers of the "*Éperons dorés*." He therefore exchanged into a regiment of Light Cavalry serving in Algeria, and after failing to find nepenthe in absinthe and Moorish tobacco, fell gallantly leading a squadron in a desert skirmish.

Monsieur Emile Alcibiade Grillon is now the able conductor of the *Guêpe Acerbe*, the leading political, social, and generally scathing journal in Lyons.

I shall conclude this little history with the following extract from the impression of that newspaper containing an account of the Battle of Wörth:—

"Galloping neck and neck with Nansouty's Lancers and Michel's Cuirassiers, right into the vortex of fire, straight into the focus of cannon-ball, shell, and grape-shot, plumb down into that seething whirlpool of Hell, charged the devoted squadrons of the Golden Spurs. . . . .

"*Væ Victis* . . . . .

"After the battle, when McMahon called the roll of his broken army in Saverne, at the words, '*Éperons dorés*, to the front!' there hobbled forward an old vine-dresser, sore stricken with rheumatism and bowed with years, carrying in his shrivelled hand a bent and battered spur its blunted rowel lustrous as a star. He had found it where man and horse lay thickest in the maddest tangle of the field."



Jack.—"Have you heard about Miss Smith? She is going to marry a rich widower with six children."

Ted.—"Oh, she was always a greedy thing."

Shrewsbury

by

Stanley J. Weyman



Illustrated

by

CLAUDE A. SHEPPERSON.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.*

DOUBTLESS it was this outbreak, or rather the suspicion of me which it sowed in Smith's mind, that occasioned the sequel of our adventure; for when he had cursed me for a fool and had put on his cloak, being now ready to go out, he seemed to be in two minds about it; as if he dared neither leave me where I was, lest I should communicate with Sir John, nor take me with him on his immediate errand. More than once he went to the door and, eying me askance and sourly, came back; but in the end and after standing a while irresolute, biting his nails, he made up his mind, and bade me follow him.

"Do you think that I am to saddle for you, you whelp?" he cried savagely. "Be stirring! and have a care, or I shall bore that hole in you yet. Take that bag and go before me. By G——, I wish you were at the bottom of the nearest horse-pond!"

His words had the effect he intended, of bringing me to my senses; but they went farther. In proportion as they cooled my temper they awakened my fears; and though I obeyed him abjectly, took up my bag and followed him, it was with a sudden and horrible distrust of his purpose. I saw that I had not only ceased to be of use to him, but was now in his way—that I might be a danger to him. And the night—which enveloped us the moment we crossed the threshold and seemed the more dreary for the ruddy light and comfort we left behind us—reminding me of the long dark miles I must ride by his side, each mile a terror to one and an opportunity to the other, I had much ado not to give way to panic there and then. However, for the time I controlled myself; and stumbling across the gloomy yard to the spot where a faint gleam of light indicated the door of the stables, I went in.

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The landlord was saddling our horses; and a little cheered by the warmth of his lanthorn, I went to help him. Smith turned aside; as I thought into the next stall. But Brown was sharper and more suspicious, and in a twinkling called lustily to him to know what he was doing. Getting no answer, "Devil take him," the landlord cried. "He cannot keep from that horse! Here, you! What are you doing there?"

"Coming!" Smith answered; but even as he spoke I caught the smart click of iron on iron, and the horse in the distant stall moved sharply with a clatter of hoofs on the stones. "Coming!" Smith repeated. "What is the matter with you, man?"

"You had better come," the landlord answered with savage meaning. "Or I shall fetch you. Here you!"—this to me,—"lead yours out, will you. I want to see your backs, and be quit of you!"

I took my horse by the bridle, and led it out of the stable, while Brown went to bit the other. So being alone outside, and the moon rising over the roof of the house and showing me the open gates at the end of the yard, the impulse to escape from Smith while I had the opportunity came on me with overpowering force. Better acquainted than the landlord with the villain's plans I had not a doubt that at that moment he was laming Sir John's horse for the purpose of detaining him; and the cold-blooded treachery of the act moving me to as much terror on my own account—who might be the next victim—as hatred of the perpetrator, I climbed softly to my saddle, and began to walk my horse towards the gates. Doubtless Smith was too busy cloaking his own movements to be observant of mine. I reached the gates unnoticed; and turning instinctively from London—in which direction I fancied that he would be sure to pursue me—I kicked my mare first into a quick walk, then into a cautious trot, finally into a canter. The beast, though far from speedy, was fresh from its corn; it took hold of the bit, shied at a chance light in a cotter's window, and, pricking its ears, dashed into a gallop. In a minute we had left Ashford behind us, and were fleeing through the moonlight. With one hand on the pommel and the other holding the shortened reins I urged the mare on with all the pressure of my legs; and albeit I trembled, now at some late-seen obstacle, which proved to be only the shadow of a tree, thrown across the road, and now at the steepness of a descent that gaped before me, I never faltered, but uphill and downhill drove in my heels; and with fear behind me, rode in the night as I had never before dared to ride in the daylight.

I had known nothing like it since the summer day twelve years before when I fled across the Hertfordshire meadows on my feet. The sweat ran down me, and I stooped in the saddle out of weakness; if the horse pricked its ears forward, I spread mine backward listening for sounds of pursuit. But such a speed could not be maintained, and when we had gone as I judged two miles, the mare began to flag, and the gallop became a trot. Still for another mile I urged her on; until feeling her labour under me, and foreseeing that I must ride far, I had the thought to turn into the first lane to which I came, and there wait in the shadow of a tree until Smith, if he followed, should have passed.

I did this, sprang down, and standing by my panting horse, in a dark hollow, some two hundred paces from the road, listened intently—for twenty minutes, it may be, but they seemed to me to be hours. After the life I had been leading in London, this loneliness in the night in a strange and wild place, and with a relentless enemy on my track, appalled my very soul. I was hot and yet I shivered, and started at the least sound. The scream of a curlew daunted me, the whispering of

the rushes and sedge shook me; when a sad wail, as of a multitude of lost souls, passed over head, I cowered almost to my knees. Yet, inasmuch as these sounds, doleful and dreary as they were, were all I heard, and the night air brought no beat of following hoofs to my ear, I had reason to be thankful, and more than thankful; and my mare having got her wind again, I led her back to the road, climbed into the saddle and plodded on steadily; deriving a wonderful relief and confidence from the thought that Smith had followed me London-wards.

Moreover, I had conceived a sort of horror of the loneliness of the waste country-side; and to keep the highway was willing to run some risk. I took it that the road I travelled must bring me to Romney, and for a good hour and a half I jogged with a loose rein through the gloom, the way becoming ever flatter and wetter, the wind more chill and salt, and the night darker, the moon being constantly overcast by clouds. In that marshy district are few hamlets or farms, and those of the smallest, and very sparsely scattered. Once or twice I heard the bark of a distant sheep-dog, and once far to the left I saw a tiny light and had the idea of making for it. But the reflection that a dozen great ditches, each wide enough and deep enough to smother my horse, might lie between me and the house availed to keep me in the road: the more as I now felt sure from the saltness of the air that Romney and the sea were at no great distance in front of me. Presently, indeed, I made out two moving lights in front that I took to be those of ships riding at anchor, and my weary mare quickened her pace as if she smelled the stable and the hay-rack.

For five minutes after that I plodded on in the happy belief that my journey was over, and I saved; and I let my mind dwell on shelter and safety, and a bed and food and the like, all awaiting me, as I fancied, in the patch of low gloom where my fancy pictured the sleeping town. Then on a sudden my ear caught the dull beat of a horse's hoofs on the road behind me; and, my heart standing still, I plucked at my reins and stood to listen. It was no fancy; a moment satisfied me of that. Thud-thud, thud-thud, and then squash-squash, squish-squish! a horse was coming up behind me; and not only behind me, but hard upon me—within less than a hundred paces of me. I caught the click-clack of a loose shoe that Smith's horse had; the soft wet road had smothered the sound up to the last moment.

The rider was so close to me in truth, and I was so far taken by surprise, that the moon, sailing at that instant into a clear sky, showed me to him before I could set my horse going; and, as I started, whipping and spurring desperately, I heard the man shout. That was enough for me; plunging recklessly forward along the wet, boggy road, I flogged my horse into a jaded canter and, leaning low in the saddle in mortal fear of a bullet, closed my eyes to the dangers that lay ahead, and thought only of escape from that which followed on my heels.

Suddenly, while I was still kicking and urging on my horse, before the first flush of fear had left me, I heard a crash and a cry behind; but I did not dare at the moment to look back. I only leaned the lower, and clung the more tightly to my horse's mane and still pressed on. By and by, hearing nothing, it flashed on me that I was riding alone, that I was no longer pursued; and a little later, taking courage to draw rein and look back, I found that I could see nothing and hear no sound save the heavy panting of my horse.

I had escaped. I had escaped and was alone on the marsh; but, as I soon learned, I was no longer on the causeway along which I had been travelling when the man surprised me. The

wind which then had met me was now on my right cheek ; the lights for which I had been heading were no longer in sight. The track, too, when I moved forward, seemed more wet and rough ; it needed no more to convince me that I had strayed from the highway, probably at the point where my pursuer had fallen.

This, since I dared not return by the way I had come, terribly perplexed me. I dismounted, and, wet and shivering, stood by my horse ; which hung its head, and restlessly lifted its feet as if it already felt the engulfing power of the moss. Peering every way I saw nothing but gloom and mist covering the dark waste and unknown depths of the marsh. It was a situation to try the stoutest ; nor did it need the mournful sough of the wind as it swept the flats, or the strange gurgling noises that from time to time rose from the sloughs about me, to add the last touch of fear and melancholy to the scene.

Though, for my part, I sank in no farther than my ankles, the horse by its restlessness evinced a strong sense of danger ; and I dared not stand still. But, as clouds had again obscured the moon and the darkness was absolute, to advance seemed as dangerous as to remain. However, in fear that the horse, if I stood where I was, would break loose I led it forward cautiously ; and then the track growing no worse but rather better, and the beast seeming to gain confidence as it proceeded, I took courage to remount again, and, dropping the reins, allowed it to carry me whither it would. This it did slowly and with infinite caution, smelling rather than feeling the way, and often stopping to try a doubtful spot. Observing how wonderfully the instinct of the beast aided it, and remembering that I had been told that horses feared nothing so much as to be smoored (as the fenmen call it), and would not willingly run that risk, I gained confidence myself ; which the event justified, for by and by I caught the heavy sound of waves booming on a beach, and a few minutes afterwards discerned in the sky before me the first streaks of dawn.

Heaven knows how welcome it was to me ! I was wet, weary, and shivering with cold and with the aguish air of that dreary place ; which is so unwholesome that I am told the natives, to stave off the fever, take drugs as others do ale and wine. But at the sight I pricked up, and the horse too ; and we moved on briskly. Presently by the help of the growing light, and through a mist which trebled the size of all objects, I saw a huge wall or bank loom across my path. I was close to it when I discerned it ; and I had no more than time to despair of surmounting it before the horse was already clambering up it. Scrambling and slipping among the stones, in a minute or so and with a great clatter we gained the summit, and saw below and before us the smooth milky surface of the sea lifting lazily under the fog.

So seen, it had a strangely weird and pallid aspect, as of a dead sea viewed in dreams : and I stood a moment to breathe my horse and admire the spectacle ; nor did I fail to thank God that I was out of that dreary and treacherous place. Then, considering my future movements and not knowing which way I ought to take—to right or left along the beach—to gain the more quickly help and shelter, I was reining my mare down the sea-side of the bank when a welcome sound caught my ear. It was a man's voice giving an order. I halted and peered through the sea-mist ; and by and by I made out a boat, lying beached at the edge of the tide, some hundred and fifty yards to my left. There were men standing in it, I could not see how many ; and more were in the act of pushing it off the strand. Their voices came to me with singular clearness : but the words were unintelligible.

The sight gave me pause : and for

a moment I stood reconnoitring the men. To advance or not was the question ; and I was still debating it, and striving to deduce a clue from the men's appearance, when something, I never knew what —perhaps some noise ill-apprehended— led me to turn my head. Whatever the cause of the movement, it apprised me of something little suspected. Not fifty paces behind me I saw the figure of a second horseman looming through the mist. He was advancing along the summit of the sea-wall below which I stood ; hence I saw him before he made me out : and this gave me the start and the advantage. I had time to take in the thing, and seize my horse by the head, and move eight or ten paces towards the boat before he took the cue. Then on neither side was there any concealment. With a cry of recognition, the sound of which flung me into a panic, the man urged his horse down the bank shouting to me to stand ; I, in utter terror, spurred mine across the beach towards the men I had seen.

I have said that I had some sixty yards of start, and two hundred or less to cross, to reach the boat ; but the horses were scarcely able to trot, a yard was a furlong ; and the sand swallowing up the sound of hoofs, it was a veritable race of ghosts, of phantoms, labouring through the mist with the oily Stygian sea lapping the shore beside us. He cried out in the most violent fashion, now bidding me stay and now bidding the men to stay. For all I knew they might be in his pay, or be some of the reckless desperadoes who on that coast live by owling and smuggling, and worse practices. But they were my only hope and I too cried to them ; and with joy saw them put in again—they had before got afloat. Believing Smith to be gaining on me, I cried pitifully to them to save me ; and then, my horse stumbling, I flung myself from the saddle and plunged through the sand on my feet. At that, two sprang out to meet me and caught me under my arms ; and in a moment, amid a jargon of cries in a foreign tongue, they whipped me over the side into the boat. They pushed it off and leaped in themselves, wet to the thighs ; and as my pursuer came lurching down the beach, a pistol drawn in his hand, a couple of powerful strokes drove the boat through the light surf. Waving frantically he yelled to the men to wait, and rode to his boot-soles into the water ; but with a jeering laugh and a volley of foreign words the sailors pulled the faster and the faster, and, the mist lying thick on the water, and the boat sitting low, in half a minute we lost the last glimpse of him and his passion, and rode outward on a grey boundless sea.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

I should have been less than a man had I not thanked God for my escape. But it is in the sap of a tree to run upward in the spring, and in the blood of a man to live in the present and future, the past going for little ; and I had not crouched two minutes on the thwart before the steady lurch of the boat outward and seaward fixed my attention. From this to asking myself by what chance I had been saved, and who were the men who sat round me—and evinced no more curiosity about me than if they had been sent to the spot purely and simply to rescue me,—was but a step.

I took it, scanned them stealthily, and was far from reassured ; the sea-garb was then new to me, and these wearers of it were the wildest of their class. The fog which enfolded us magnified their clumsy shoulders and great knitted night-caps and the tarry ringlets that hung in festoons round their scarred and tanned faces. The huge gnarled hands that swung to and fro with the oars were no more like human flesh than the sea-boots which the men wore, drawn high on their thighs. They had rings in their ears, and from all came a reek of tobacco, and salt-fish, and strange oaths ; nor did it need the addition of the hanger and pistol which each wore in his belt to tell me that I

had fallen among fierce and desperate men.

Dismayed by these signs, it surprised me that no one questioned me. He who sat in the stern of the boat, and seemed to be in command, had a whistle continually at his lips, and his eyes on the curtain of haze before us; but if the tiller took up his thoughts, there were others. These, however, were content to pull on in silence, eyeing me with dull brutish stares; until the fog lifting disclosed the hull of a tall ship looming high beside us. A shrill piping came from it—a sound I had heard before, but taken to be the scream of a sea-bird; and this, as we drew up, was followed by a hail. The man by my side let his whistle fall that he might answer—which he did in French. A moment later our boat grated against the heaving timbers, and, looking up through the raw morning air, I saw a man in a boat-cloak spring on the bulwarks and wave his hat.

"Welcome!" he cried, lustily. "And God save the King! A near thing they tell me, sir. But come on board, come on board, and we shall see Dunquerque the sooner. Up with you, Sir John, if you please, and let us be gone with the fog, and no heel-taps!"

Then I knew what had happened; I knew why the boat which had picked me up had been waiting on the beach at that hour; and as I rose to my feet on the seat, and clutched the rope-ladder which the sailors threw down to me, my knees knocked together; I foresaw what I had to expect. But the deck was surer ground for debate or explanation than the cockle-shell wherein I sat, and which tossed and ducked under me, threatening every moment to upset my stomach; and I went up giddily, grasped the bulwark, and, aided by half a dozen grinning seamen, night-capped and ringleted, I slid down on the deck.

The man in the boat-cloak received me with a clumsy bow, and shook my hand. "Give you joy, Sir John!" he said. "Glad to see you, sir. I began to fear that you were taken! A little more, and I must have left you. But all's well that ends well, and—your pardon one moment."

With the word he broke off, and shouted half a dozen orders in French and English to the sailors; and in a trice the capstan, as I afterwards heard it called, was creaking, and there was a hurry of feet, first to one side and then to the other, and a great shouting and a hauling at ropes. The ship heeled over so suddenly that if I had not caught at the rail I must have lost my footing; and for an instant the green seas swelled up on a level with the slanting deck as if they would swallow us bodily. Instead, the sloop, still heeling over, began to gather way, and presently was hissing through the water, piling the white surf before it, only to pour it foaming to either side. The haze, like a moving curtain, began to glide by us; and looking ahead I saw a yellow glare that told of the sun rising over the French dunes.

The man who had received me, and who seemed to be the master, returned to my side. "Now we are under way, sir," he said, "and I am glad of it. But you will like to see Mr. Birkenhead? He would have met you, but the sea-colic took him as he lay on the swell outside Dunquerque whistling for a wind. He gets it badly one time, and one time he is as hearty as you are. He is better this morning, but he is ill enough."

I muttered that I would see him by and by, when he was better. That I would lie down a little, and——

"Oh! I have got a bunk for you in his cabin," the master answered briskly. "I thought you would want to talk State secrets. Follow me, if you please, and look to your sea-legs, sir."

He led the way to a hatch or trap-door, and raising it began to descend. Reluctant,

but afraid to refuse, I followed him down a steep ladder into the dark bowels of the ship, the reek of tar and bilge-water, cheese and old rum, growing stronger with every foot we descended. At the bottom of the ladder he pushed aside a sliding panel, and signed me to pass through the opening. I obeyed, and found myself in a sort of dog-hole—as it seemed to me who knew nothing of ships' cabins—lighted only by a span-wide window, so dark, therefore, that I stood a moment groping, and so close and foul-smelling that my gorge rose.

Out of the gloom came a groan as of a sick sheep. "Here is Sir John, safe and sound!" cried the master in his sea tones. "There is good medicine for you, Mr. Birkenhead." And he peered into the darkness.

The only answer was a second groan. "Do you hear, sir?" the captain repeated. "Sir John is here."

A voice feebly yet unmistakably d——d Sir John and the captain.

The master chuckled hoarsely. "Set a frigate behind us with a noose at the yard-arm, and there is no man like him!" he said. "None, Sir John; and I have carried him across seventy times sick and well. He should know the road from the Marsh to Southwark if any man does. But let him be for the present; and do you lie down in the bunk above him, and I will bring you some Nantz and a crust. When he is better, he will be as glad to see you as if you were his brother."

I obeyed; and, fortified by the strong waters he brought me, was glad to lie down, and under cover of darkness consider my position and what chance I had of extricating myself. For the time, and probably until we reached Dunquerque, I was safe; but what would happen when Birkenhead—the man whom the Jacobites called the Royal Post, and who doubtless knew Sir John Fenwick by sight—what would happen, when he roused himself, and found that he had not only taken off the wrong man but left Sir John to his fate? Would he not be certain to visit the mischance on my head? Or if I escaped his hands, what had I to expect, a stranger, in a foreign land, with little money, and no language at my command? I shuddered at the prospect; yet shuddered more at the thought of Birkenhead's anger; so that presently all my forelooking resolved itself into a strenuous effort to put off the evil day, and prolong by my own stillness the sleep into which he had fallen.

He lay so close to me, divided only by the one board on which I reclined, that all the noises of the ship—the creaking of the timbers, the wash of the seas as they foamed along the quarter, and the banging of blocks and ropes—noises that never ceased, failed to cover the sound of his breathing. And this nearness to me, taken with the fact that I could not see him, so tormented me with doubt whether he was awake or asleep, was recovering or growing worse, that more than once I raised my head and listened until my neck ached. In the twilight of the cabin I could see his cloak swaying lazily on a hook; and on another a belt with pistols, that slid this way and that with the swing of the vessel. And presently watching these and listening to the regularity of his breathing, I laid my head down and did the last thing I proposed to do or had thought possible; for I fell asleep.

I awoke with a man's hand on my shoulder, and a man's voice in my ear. I sat up with a start of alarm. The floor of the cabin no longer slanted, the cloak and sword-belt hung motionless on the wall; and in place of the sullen plash of the waves and the ceaseless creaking of joists and knees, that had before filled the inwards of the ship, a medley of shouts and cries, as shrill as they were rhythmical, filled the pauses of the windlass. These things showed, and I took

them in and drew the inference, that we were in harbour; but mechanically, for it seemed, at the moment, that such wits as terror left me were in the grasp of the man who shook me and swore at me by turns; and whose short hair—for he was wigless—fairly bristled with rage and perplexity.

"You! Who the devil are *you?*" he cried, frantically. "What witchcraft is this? And who put you here? Here, Gill! Gill! Do you hear, you tarry pudding-head? Who is this you have put in my cabin? And where is Fenwick? Where——"

"Where is Sir John?" cried a voice somewhat distant, as if the speaker stooped to the hatchway. "He is there, Mr. Birkenhead. I set him there myself. And between gentlemen, such words as those Mr. Birkenhead——"

"As what?" cried the man who held me. And he shook me anew.

"As tarry pudding——. But never mind; between friends——"

"Friends be hanged!" cried my assailant with violence. "Who is this fool you have put here? That is what I asked. And you, have you no tongue?" he continued, glaring at me. "Who are you, and where is Sir John Fenwick?"

Before I could answer, the master, who had descended, crowded himself into the doorway. "That is Sir John," he said, sulkily. "I thought that you knew him."

"This, Sir John?" the other exclaimed.

"Ay, to be sure."

"As much Sir John as you are the warming-pan!" Birkenhead retorted; and released me with so much violence that my head rapped against the panels. "This, Sir John Fenwick?" And then, "Oh, man, man, you have destroyed me," he cried. "Where is my reputation now? You have left the real Simon Pure to be taken, and brought off this—this—you booby, you grinning ape, who are you?"

Trembling, I told him my name.

"And Sir John?" he said. "Where is he?"

"I left him at Ashford," I muttered.

"It is a lie!" he cried in a voice that thrilled me to the marrow. "You did not leave him at Ashford! He was with you on the beach—he was with you and you deserted him! You left him to be taken, and saved yourself. You wretch! You Judas!"

God knows by what intuition he spoke. For me, I swear that it was not until then, not until he had put the possibility into words that I knew—ay, knew, for that was the only word, so certain was I after the event—that the man who had ridden down the beach and called on the sailors to wait, the man from whom we had rowed away laughing, taking with us his last hope of life, was not Matthew Smith, but Sir John Fenwick! *Now* things which should have opened my eyes then, and had not, came back to me. I recalled how tall and gaunt the rider had looked through the haze, and a something novel in his voice, and plaintive in his tone. True, I had heard the click-clack of Smith's horse's shoes as clearly as I ever heard anything in my life; but if Sir John, alarmed by the sound of my hasty departure, and fearing treachery, had sallied out, and leaping on the first horse he found, had ridden after me, then all was clear!

I saw this, and cowered before the men's accusing eyes: so that they had been more than Solomons had they taken my sudden disorder for aught but guilt—guilt brought home. For Birkenhead, his rage was terrible. He seized me by the throat, and disregarding my pitiful pleas that I had not known, I had not known, he dragged me from the berth, and made as if he would choke me with his naked hands. Instead, however, he suddenly loosed me. "Faugh," he cried; "I will not dirty my hands with you! That such as you—*you* should be a man's death! *You!* But you shall not escape.

Gill, up with him! Up with him and to the yard-arm. String him up!" he continued in stern excitement. "He shall swing before he is an hour older!"

"In Dunquerque harbour?" said the other coolly.

"Why not?"

"Why not?" retorted the master. "Because, Mr. Birkenhead, I serve a King *de jure* and not *de facto*. That is why not. And if you want another reason——"

"Well?"

"I am not aware that His Majesty has raised you to the Bench," the master answered sturdily.

"Oh, you have turned sea-lawyer have you?"

"Law is law," said the ship-master obstinately. "All the world over—England, or France, or the high seas."

"And owling is owling!" the other retorted with passion. "And smuggling, smuggling! You are a fine man to talk about laws! If you will not hang him—as they will hang Fenwick, so help me, never doubt it! —what will you do with him?

"Give my men a bag of sand apiece, and let him run the gauntlet," the captain answered, with a phlegm that froze me. "Trust me, sir, they will not leave much of a balance owing. If I were the poor devil I would as soon hang."

It was terrible to see how Birkenhead, vain, choleric, and maddened by disappointment, jumped at the cruel suggestion. For me, I shrank into the bunk, into the farthest corner, and cried for mercy; I might as well have cried to the winds. I was hauled out, the word passed up, and despite my desperate struggles, prayers, and threats—the latter not unmingled with the name of Shrewsbury, which did but harden them—I was dragged to the foot of the ladder. Thence I was carried on deck, where, half-dead with fear and powerless in the hands of three stout seamen, I met none but grinning faces and looks of cruel anticipation.



Fear gave me wings.

Few need to be told with what zest the common herd flock to a scene of cruel sport; how hard are their bosoms, how fiendish the pleasure which all but the most humane and thoughtful take in helpless suffering. Small was the chance that my pleas of innocence and appeals for a

hearing would gain attention. All was soon ready, the men bared their arms and licked their lips, and in a moment I must have been set free for the baiting.

But in certain circumstances the extremity of fear is another name for the extremity of daring; and, the master, at this last moment going to range the crew in two lines, and one of the sailors who had me in charge releasing me for an instant, that he might arm himself with a sand-bag, I saw my opportunity. With a desperate swing I wrenched myself from the grasp of the other men. That done, a single bound carried me to the plank which joined the deck to the shore. I flew across it, swift as the wind; and as the whole crew seeing what had happened broke from their stations and with yells and whoops of glee took up the chase, I sprang on shore. Bursting recklessly through the fringe of idlers whom the arrival of the ship had brought to the water's edge, I sped across the open wharf, threaded a labyrinth of bales and casks, and darted up the first lane to which I came.

Fear gave me wings, and I left the wharf a score of yards ahead of my pursuers. But the seamen, who had taken up the chase with the gusto of boys let loose from school, made up for the lack of speed by whooping like demons; and the English among them halloing "Stop thief!" and the others some French words alike in import, the alarm went abreast of me. Fortunately the lane was almost deserted, and I evaded the half-hearted efforts to stop me, which one or two made. It seemed that I should get away. But at the last moment, at the head of the long lane fate waited for me: an old woman standing in a doorway—and who made, as I came up, as if she was going in, in fear of me—flung a bucket after me. It fell in front of me, I trod on the edge and fell with a shriek of pain.

Before I could rise or speak, the foremost of the sailors came up and struck me on the head with a sand-bag; and the others as they arrived rained blows on me without mercy. I contrived to utter a cry, then instinctively covered my head with my arms. They belaboured me until they were tired and I almost senseless; when, thinking me dead, they went off whistling, and I crawled into the nearest doorway, and fainted away.

CHAPTER XL.

When I recovered my senses I was on my back in one of eighteen beds in a long white-walled room, having barred windows and a vaulted ceiling. A woman, garbed strangely in black, and with a queer white cap drawn tight round her face, leaned over me, and, with her finger laid to her lips, enjoined silence. Here and there along the wall were pictures of saints; and at the end two candles burned before a kind of altar. I had an idea that I had been partly conscious, and had lain tossing giddily with a burning head, and a dreadful thirst through days and nights of fever. Now, though I could scarcely raise my head, and my brain reeled if I stirred, I was clear-minded, and knew that the bone of my leg was broken, and that for that reason I had a bed to myself, where most lay double. For the rest I was so weak I could only cry in pure gratitude when the nun came to me in my turn, and fed me; and plain, stout, and gentle-eyed, laid her fingers on her lip, or smiling, said in her odd English "Quee-at, quee-at, monsieur!"

In face of the blessings which the Protestant Succession, as settled in our present House of Hanover, has secured to these islands, it would ill become me to find a virtue in papistry; and my late lord, who early saw and abjured the errors of that faith, would have been the last to support or encourage such a thesis. Notwithstanding which I venture to say that the devotion of these women to their calling is a thing not to be decried merely because we have no counterpart

of it; nor the charity of that hospital, simply because the burning of candles and worshipping of saints alternate with the tendance of the wretched. On the contrary, it seems to me that were such a profession, the idolatrous vows excepted, grafted on our Church it might redound alike to the credit of religion--which of late the writings of Lord Bolingbroke have somewhat belittled---and to the good of mankind.

So much with submission; nor will the most rigid of our divines blame me for these words when they learn that I lay ten weeks in the Maison de Dieu at Dunquerque, dependent for everything on the kind offices of those good women; and nursed during that long period with a solicitude and patience not to be exceeded by that of wife or mother. When I had so far recovered as to be able to leave my bed, and move a few yards on crutches, I was assisted to a shady courtyard, nestled snugly between the hospital and the old town wall. Here, under a gnarled mulberry tree which had sheltered the troops of Parma, I spent my time in a dream of peace; through which nuns, apple-faced and kind-eyed, flitted with tisanes, or bearing bottles that called for the immediate attention of M. le Médecin's long nose and silver-rimmed spectacles. Occasionally their Director would seat himself beside me, and silently run through his office: or instruct me in the French tongue, and the evils of Jansenism—mainly by means of the snuff-box which rarely left his fine white hands. More often the meagre apothecary, young, yellow, dry, and ambitious, with a hungry light in his eyes, would take an English lesson; until the coming of his superior routed him and sent him to his gallipots and compounding, with a flea in his ear.

Such were the scenes and companions that attended my return to health; nor, my spirits being attuned to these, should I have readily sought or desired others, though enhanced by my native air—a species of inertia, more easily excused by those who have viewed French life near at hand, than by such as have never travelled—but for an encounter, as important in its consequences as it was unexpected, which presently broke the even current of my days.

It was no uncommon thing for the nuns to bring one of my countrymen to me, in the fond hope that I should find a friend. But as these visitors, from the nature of the case, were invariably Jacobites, and either knowing something of my story thought me well-served, or, coming to examine me, shied at the names of Mr. Brome and Lord Shrewsbury, such efforts had but one end. When I heard, therefore, for the fourth or fifth time that a compatriot of mine, amiable and of a vivacity *tout à fait merveilleuse*, was coming to see me, I was as far from supposing that I should find an acquaintance as I was from anticipating the interview with pleasure. Imagine my surprise, therefore, when—Sœur Marie having called me at the appointed time, and led me, her simple face shining with delight, to the old mulberry tree—who should I find sitting there but Mary Ferguson!

She had as little expected to meet me as I to meet her; and coming on me thus suddenly, and seeing me lame, and a cripple, reduced, moreover, to a shadow by the long illness through which I had passed, she let her feelings have way. The tenderness which she had entertained for me before welled up now with irresistible force; and giving the lie to a certain hoydenish hardness, inherent in a disposition which was never one of the most common, in a moment she was in my arms. If she did not weep herself, she pardoned, and perhaps viewed with pleasure, the tears which weakness and surprise drew from me; while a hundred broken words and exclamations bore witness to the gratitude she felt on the score of her escape.

Thus brought together, in a strange country, and agitated by a hundred

memories, nothing was at first made clear, except that we belonged to one another; and Sœur Marie had long fled to carry the tale with mingled glee and horror to the sisters before we grew sufficiently calm to answer the numberless questions which it occurred to each to ask.

At length Mary, pressed to tell me how she had fared since her escape, made one of the odd faces I could so well remember. And "Not as I would, but as I could," she said, dryly. "By crossing with letters, my lad."

"Crossing?" I exclaimed.

"To be sure," she answered. "I go to and from London with letters."

"But should you be taken?" I cried, with a vivid remembrance of the terror into which the prospect of punishment had thrown her.

She shrugged her shoulders; yet suppressed, or I was mistaken, a shudder. Then "What will you?" she said, spreading out her little hands French fashion, and making that odd grimace. "It is the old story. I must live, Dick. And what can a woman do? Will Lady Middleton take me for her children's *gouvernante?* Or Lady Melfort find me a place in her household? I am Ferguson's niece, a backstair's wench of whom no one knows anything. If I were handsome now, *bien!* As I am not—to live I must risk my living."

"You are handsome enough for me!" I cried.

She raised her eyebrows, with a look in her eyes that, I remember, puzzled me. "Well, maybe," she said a trifle tartly. "And the other is neither here nor there. For the rest, Dick, I live at Captain Gill's, and his wife claws me Monday and kisses me Tuesday."

"And you have taken letters to London?" I said, wondering at her courage.

"Three times," she answered, nodding soberly. "And to Tunbridge once. A woman passes. A man would be taken. So Mr. Birkenhead says. But——" and with the word she broke off abruptly, and stared at me; and continued to stare at me, her face which was rounder and more womanly than of old changing strangely.

It took such a look, indeed, that I glanced over my shoulder thinking that she saw something. Finding nothing, "Mary!" I cried, my alarm continuing. "What is it? What is the matter?"

"Are you the man—who came with Sir John Fenwick to the shore?" she cried, stepping back a pace—she had already risen. "And betrayed him? Dick! Dick, don't say it!" she continued hurriedly holding out her hands as if she would ward off my words. "Don't say that you are *that* man! I had forgotten—until this moment whom I came to see; who, they said, was here."

Her words stung me, even as her face frightened me. But while I winced a kind of courage, born of indignation and of injustice long endured, came to me, and I answered her with spirit. "No," I said, "I am not that man."

"No?" she cried.

"No!" I said defiantly. "If you mean the man that betrayed Sir John Fenwick. But I will tell you what man I am—if you will listen to me."

"What are you going to tell me?" she answered, the troubled look returning. And then, "Dick, don't lie to me!" she cried on a sudden.

"I have no need," I said. And with that, beginning at the beginning, I told her all the story which is written here, so far as it was not known to her. She listened in silence, standing over me with something of the severity of a judge, until I came to the start from London with Matthew Smith.

There she interrupted me. "One moment," she said in a hard voice; and she fixed me with keen, unfriendly eyes. "You know that Sir John Fenwick was taken two days later, and is in the Tower?"



She listened in silence.

"I know nothing," I said, holding out my hands and trembling with the excitement of my story and the thought of my sufferings.

"Not even that?"

"Not even that," I said.

"Nor that within a month he will be tried and executed?"

"No."

"Nor that your master is in peril? You have not heard that Sir John has turned on him and denounced him before the Council."

"No," I said. "How should I?"

"What?" she cried increduously. "You do not know that with which all England is ringing—though it touches you of all men?"

"How should I?" I said feebly. "Who would tell me here? How should I know it? And for weeks I have been ill."

She nodded. "Go on," she said.

I obeyed. I took up the thread again, told her how we reached Ashford, how I saw Sir John, how I fled, and how I was pursued; finally how I was received on board the boat, and never, until the following day, when Birkenhead flung it in my teeth, guessed that I had forestalled Sir John, and robbed him of his one chance of escape. "For if I had known," I continued warmly, "why should I fly from him! What had I to fear from him? Or what to gain—if Smith with a pistol were not at my heels—by leaving England? Gain?" I continued bitterly, seeing that I had convinced her. "What *did* I gain? This! This!" And I touched my crippled leg.

"Thank God!" she said, with emotion. "Thank God, Dick. But——"

"But what?" I retorted sharply; for in the telling of the story I had come to see more clearly than before how cruelly I had been treated. "But what?"

"Well, just this," she said gently. "Have you not brought it on yourself in a measure? If you had been more—that I mean, if you had not been so——"

"So what?" I cried querulously, seeing her hesitate.

"Well, so quick to think that it was Matthew Smith—and a pistol." she answered, smiling rather heartlessly. "That is all."

"There was a mist," I said.

She laughed in her odd way. "Of course, Dick, there was a mist," she agreed. "And you cannot make bricks without straw. And after all you did make bricks in St. James's Square, and it is not for me to find fault. But there is a thing to be done, and it must be done." With that her lips closed firmly, after a fashion I remembered, and still remember, having seen it a hundred times since that day, and learned to humour it. "One that must be done!" she continued. "You will not leave the Duke to be ruined by Matthew Smith? You will not lie here and let those rogues work their will on him? Sir John has denounced him."

"And may denounce me!" I said, aghast at the notion. "May denounce me!" I continued with agitation. "*Will* denounce me. If it was not the Duke who was at Ashford it was I!"

"And who are you?" she retorted, with a look that withered me. "Who will care whether you met Sir John at Ashford or not. King William—call him Dutchman, boor, drunkard, beast—as it's the fashion this side—call him I say what you will—at least he flies at high game, and does not hawk at mice!"

"Mice?"

"Ay, mice!" she answered with a snap of her white teeth—and she looked all over the little vixen she could be. "For what are we? What are we now?" she continued. "Still more, what are we if we leave the Duke to his enemies, leave him to be ruined and disgraced, leave him to pay the penalty, while you, the cause of all, lie here—lie safe and snug? For shame, Dick! For shame!" she continued with a thrill in her voice at which the pigeons feeding behind her fluttered up in

alarm, and two or three nuns looked out inquisitively.

I had my own thoughts and my own feelings about my lord, as he well knew in after years. I challenge any to say that I lacked either respect or affection for him. But a man's wits move more slowly than a woman's, and the news came on me suddenly. It was no great wonder if I could not in a moment stomach the prospect of returning to risk and jeopardy, to the turmoil from which I had been so long freed, and the hazards of a life and death struggle. In the political life of twenty years ago men carried their necks to market. Knowing that I might save the Duke and suffer in his place—the fate of many a poor dependant, or might be confronted with Smith, or brought face to face with Ferguson, or perish before I reached London in the net in which my lord's own feet were caught, I foresaw not one but a hundred dangers; and those such as no prudent man could be expected to regard with equanimity, or any but a hare-brained girl would encounter with a light heart.

Still I desired to stand well with her; and I confess that it was with relief I remembered my lameness; and named it to her. Passing over the harshness of her last words, "You are right," I said. "Something should be done. But for me it is impossible at present. I am lame, as you see."

"Lame?" she cried.

"More than lame," I answered—but there was that in her tone which bade me avoid her eyes. "A cripple, Mary."

"No, not a cripple," she answered.

"Yes," I said.

"No, Dick," she answered in a voice low, but so changed, so grave and firm that I winced. "Let us be frank for once. Not a cripple, but a coward."

"I never said I was a soldier," I answered.

"Nor I," she replied, wilfully misunderstanding me. "I said, a coward! And a coward I will not marry!"

With that we looked at one another; and I saw that her face was white. "Was it a coward saved your life—in the Square?' I muttered at last.

"No," she answered. "But it was a coward played the sneak for Ferguson. And a coward played the rogue for Smith! It was a coward lost Fenwick—because he dared not look behind! And a coward who will now sacrifice his benefactor to save his own skin. And *you*—you only know in how many other things you have played the craven. But the rather for that, up—up now, and play the man! You have a chance now! Do this one brave thing and all will be forgiven. Oh, Dick, Dick!" she continued—and with a sudden blaze in her face she stooped and threw her arms round me, "if you love me, do it! Do it for us both! Do it—or if you cannot, God knows it were better we were hung, than married!"

I cannot hope to describe the fervour which she threw into these words, or the effect which they wrought on me, weakened as I was by long illness. In a voice broken by tears I conjured her to give me time—to give me time; a few days in which to consider what I would do.

"Not a day! she answered, springing from me in fresh excitement, and as if my touch burned her. "I will give you no time. You have had a lifetime, and to what purpose? I will give you no time. Do you give me your word."

"To go to England?"

"Yes."

I was ashake from head to foot, and groaned aloud. In truth if I had known the gallows to be the certain and inevitable end of the road on which I was asked to enter, I could not have been more sorely beset: between rage and fear, and shame of her and desire for her. But while I hung in that misery, she continuing to stand over me, I looked, as it happened, in her face; and I saw that it was no longer hot with anger, but sad and drawn

as by a sharp pain. And I gave her my word, trembling and shaking.

"Now," said she, "are you a brave man; and perhaps the bravest."

CHAPTER XLI.

That the arrest of Sir John Fenwick, reported in London on the 13th of June, was regarded by all parties as an event of the first magnitude, scarce exceeded in importance by a victory in Flanders or a defeat in the Mediterranean, is a thing not to be denied at this time of day, when men, still in their prime, can recall the commotion occasioned by it. The private animosity which was believed to exist between Sir John and the King, and which dated, if the gossip of Will's and Garraway's went for anything, not from the slight which he had put upon the late Queen, but from a much earlier period, when he had served under William in Flanders, aroused men's curiosity; and in a sense their pity. As if they were to see here the end of a Greek drama.

Nor, apart from the general interest which Sir John's birth and family connections, no less than his share in the plot, considerably augmented, was there any faction which could view his arrest with indifference. He had been so deep in the confidence of St. Germain's that were he to make a discovery, not Tories and Jacobites only lay at his mercy; but all that large class among the Whigs who had stooped to palter with James. These, as they were the more culpable had also more to fear. Trembling at the prospect of a disclosure which must convict them of practices at variance with their most solemn professions, they were supported by none of those sentiments of loyalty, honourable if mistaken, which excused the others; while as each fondly thought his perfidy unknown to his neighbour, and dreaded nothing so much as detection by the rank and file of the party, he found the burden of apprehension weigh the more heavily as he had none to share it with him.

The absence of the King, who was campaigning in Flanders, aggravated the suspense which prevailed so widely for the reasons above, and others, that it is not too much to say that barely four politicians of the first or second rank could be found who were not nearly concerned in the question of Sir John Fenwick's silence. Of these, however, I make bold to say that my lord was one; and though the news that Sir John, who lay in the Tower, had sent for the Duke of Devonshire may have excited a passing feeling of jealousy in his mind—since he and not the other Duke was the person to whom Sir John might more fitly unbosom himself—I am confident, and had it from his own lips, that at this time he had no notion of any danger threatening himself.

His eyes were opened by the Earl of Marlborough, who, calling upon him one day, ostensibly on business connected with the Princess Anne (to whom the King had been reconciled before his departure), presently went on to name Sir John. From this to the statement made to the Duke of Devonshire, and the rumours of its contents which filled the coffee-houses, was but a step. The Earl seemed concerned; the Duke, in his innocence, sceptical.

At length the latter spoke out what was in his mind. "To tell you the truth, my lord," he said frankly, "I think it is a mare's-nest. I don't believe that any statement has been made."

The Earl looked astonished. "May I ask why?" he said.

"Because, unless I am mistaken," my lord answered smiling, "the Duke would have brought it straight to me. And I have heard nothing of it."

"You have not asked the Duke?"

"Of course not."

"But—he was with Sir John," the earl persisted. "There is no doubt of that, is there?"

"Oh, no."

"Well, then—is not that in itself strange?"

"I think not. There have always been friendly relations," my lord added, "between the Cavendishes and Sir John."

"Just so," Lord Marlborough answered, taking a pinch of snuff. "But do those relations warrant the Lord Steward in visiting him now?"

The Secretary looked a little startled. "Well, I don't know," he said. "But the Duke of Devonshire's patriotism is so perfectly established——"

"That he may steal the horse, while we look over the wall," Lord Marlborough answered, taking him up with a smile. "Be that as it may," he continued, "and I am sure that the same may be said of the Duke of Shrewsbury"—here the two noblemen bowed to one another,—"I think your Grace's information is somewhat faulty here. I happen to know that immediately after the interview a special messenger left Devonshire House for Loo; and that the matters he carried were reduced into writing by his Grace's own hand. That being so, Duke—you are better qualified to draw the inference than I am."

My lord, at that, looked grave, and nodded, being convinced; and I do not doubt that he felt the slight which the other Duke's silence implied. But though, of all the men I ever met, he was the most sensitive, he was the last, also, to wear his heart on his sleeve; and not only did he refrain from complaint of his colleague's conduct, but he hastened to dispel by a word the effect of his momentary gravity. "I fancy, then, I can guess what happened," he said, nodding his comprehension. "I expect Sir John made it a term that his discovery should be delivered to the King at first hand—and to no one else."

Lord Marlborough rose. "Duke," he said firmly, "I think it is fair that I should be more frank with you. The reason you give is not the reason they are giving in the coffee-houses—for the Lord Steward's reticence,"

"No?" said my lord, with a faint note of scorn in his voice.

"No," said the Earl. "On the contrary, they say at Will's—and for the matter of that at the St. James's too—that the statement is kept close because it touched men in power."

"In power?" said my lord, with the same note in his voice. "In the Council, do you mean?"

"Yes; three men."

"Do they name them?"

"Certainly," my Lord Marlborough answered, smiling. "And they join with the three one who is not in power."

"Ah!"

"Myself."

Nothing could exceed the placid indifference, as natural as it was free from exaggeration, which the Earl contrived to throw into his last word. Yet my lord started, and shuffled in his chair. Knowing something, and suspecting more, aware of the character which his enemies attributed to Lord Marlborough, he would not have been the statesman he was if he had not fancied an ulterior design in an admission not a little embarrassing. He confined himself, therefore, to a polite shrug expressive of incredulity, and to the words "*Credat Judæus.*"

"Just so," said Lord Marlborough, whose erudition was not on a par with the marvellous strategical powers he has since displayed. "What, then, will your Grace say—to Ned Russell?"

"The First Lord of the Admiralty? Is *he* named?"

"In the coffee-houses."

"Ah!"

"Lord Godolphin!"

"Impossible!"

"Not so impossible as the fourth," Lord Marlborough answered, with a light laugh, in which courtesy, amusement, and a fine perception of the ridiculous were nicely mingled. "Can you not guess, Duke?"

But my lord, too prudent to suggest

names in that connection, shook his head. 'Who could?" he said, raising his eyebrows scornfully. "They might as well name me, as some you are mentioning."

Lord Marlborough laughed softly. "My very dear Duke," he said, "that is just what they are doing! They do name you. You are the fourth."

I believe that my lord had so little expected the answer that for a space he remained, staring at the speaker, in equal surprise and dismay. Then his indignation finding vent: "It is not possible!" he cried. "Even in the coffee-houses! And besides, if your story is true, my lord, the Duke of Devonshire alone knows what Sir John has discovered, and whom he has accused!"

Lord Marlbourough pursed up his lips. "Things get known—strangely," he said. "For instance, the shadow which came between your Grace and His Majesty in '90—probably you supposed it to be known to the King only, or if to any besides, to Portland at most? On the contrary, there was scarce a knot of chatterers at Garraway's but whispered of your dinners with Middleton, and meetings with Montgomery; ay, and watched for the event, and gave the odds on St. Germain's."

The Earl spoke in his airiest manner, took snuff *in medio*, and, with a careless ness that none could so well affect, avoided looking at his hearer. Nevertheless the shaft went home. My lord, smitten between the joints of his harness, suffered all that a proud and sensitive man, apprised on a sudden that his dearest secrets were the property of the market-place, could suffer; and rage dissipating the composure which self-respect would fain have maintained, "My lord, this is going too far!" he gasped. "Who gave your lordship leave to—to touch on a matter which concerns only myself?"

"Simply this later matter," the Earl answered in a plain, matter-of-fact tone that at once sobered the Duke, and seemed to justify his own interference. "If there is anything at all in this rumour—if Sir John has really said anything, I take it that the old gossip is at the bottom of it."

The Duke stared before him with a troubled face; and did not answer. To some it might have seemed the most natural course to carry the war into the informant's country, and by a dry question or a pregnant word suggest that at least as good grounds existed for the imputation cast on *him*. But such a line of argument was beneath that dignity which was never long wanting to my lord; and he made no attempt to disturb the other's equanimity or question his triumph. After a time, however, "I beg your lordship's pardon," he said. "I forgot myself and spoke hastily. Pray forgive me. But—he is a most impudent fellow!"

"A d——d impudent fellow," the Earl cried, with more fervour than he had yet exhibited.

"And he is playing an impudent game," my lord continued thoughtfully. "But—a dangerous one."

"As he will find to his cost, before he has done!" Lord Marlborough answered. "It is cunningly thought of. If he will save his head he must give up some one. So, as he will not give up his friends, he will ruin his enemies; if the King is a fool, and can spare us."

"The King is no fool!" said the Duke, rather coldly. It was no secret that between William and Lord Marlborough love was not lost.

"Well, that may be a good thing for us!" the Earl answered lightly. He had not the reputation even with his friends of setting his feelings before his interest; nor probably in all England was there a man who looked out on the world with a keener eye to benefit by the weaknesses of men and make profit of their strength.

I know that it ill becomes one in my station to carp at the great Duke, as men now style him, though of all his

greatness, genius, and courage there remains but a poor drivelling childishness, calling every minute for a woman's tendance. And far am I from giving voice or encouragement to the hints of those who, hating him, maintain that in future times things incredibly base will be traced to his door. But truth is truth; that he knew more of the matter now threatening and stood to lose more by it than my lord, I have little doubt; nor that this being so, the real object of his visit was to ensure the solidity of the assailed phalanx, and particularly to make it certain that the Secretary, whose weight with the King was exceeded only by his popularity with the party, should not stand aloof from the common hazard.

Having attained this object, so far as it could be attained in a single interview, and finding that the Duke, in spite of all his efforts to the contrary, continued moody and distraught, he presently took his leave. But to my lord's astonishment he was announced again ten minutes later. He re-entered with profuse apologies.

"I went from your Grace's to the Venetian ambassador's on the farther side of the Square," he said. "There I heard it confidently stated that Goodman, one of the two witnesses against Sir John, has absconded. Have you heard it, Duke?"

"No," my lord answered with some dryness. "And I am sure that it is not true."

"You would have heard it?"

"Necessarily."

"Nevertheless, and craving your pardon," the Earl answered slowly, "I think that there is something in it. If he has not been induced to go, I fancy from what I hear that he is hesitating."

"Then he must be looked to."

"Yet—were he to go, you see—it would make all the difference—to Sir John," the Earl said. "There would be only Porter; and the Act requires two witnesses."

The Duke lifted his eyebrows; that two witnesses were required in a case of treason was too trite a statement to call or comment. Then seeing the other's drift, he smiled. "That were to lick the platter, my lord, in order to keep the fingers clean," he said.

Lord Marlborough laughed airily. "Well put," he said, not a whit abashed. "So it would. You are right, Duke, as you always are. But I have detained you too long." With which, and another word of apology, he took his leave a second time.

That he left an unhappy man behind him none can doubt who knew the Duke's sensitive nature, and respect for his great position and dignity. To find that the weakness, venial and casual, of which he had been guilty years before in stooping to listen to Lord Middleton's solicitations—a fault which he had fancied known only to the King, and by him forgiven—to find that this was the property of the public was burden enough; but to learn that on this was to be founded a fresh charge, for the proper refutation of which the past must be raked up, was torture intolerable. In a fine sense of the ridiculous my lord excelled any man of his time; he could feather therefore out of his own breast the shafts of evil that would be aimed at the man who, one of the seven to bring over William in '88, had stooped in '89 to listen to the Exile! He could see more clearly than any all the inconsistency, all the folly, all the weakness of the course to which he had, not so much committed himself, as been tempted to commit himself. The Minister unfaithful, the patriot importuned, were parts in which he saw himself exposed to the town, to the sallies of Tom Brown, and the impertinences of Ned Ward; nay, in proportion as he appreciated the grandeur of honest rebellion, of treason, open and declared, he felt shame for the pettiness of the part he had himself played, a waverer when trusted, and a palterer when in power.

Such reflections weighed on him so heavily that, though one of the proudest and therefore to those below him one of the most courteous and considerate of men, he could scarcely bring himself to face his subordinates when the hour came for him to attend the office. Sir John Trumball still deferred to him, Mr. Vernon still bowed until the curls of his wig hid his stout red cheeks, the clerks where he came still rose, pale, smug, and submissive, in his honour. But he fancied—quite falsely—something ironical in this respect; he pictured nods and heard words behind his back; and suspecting the talk, which, hushed at his entrance, rose high on his departure, to be at his expense he underwent a score of martyrdoms before he returned to St. James's Square.

Meanwhile the absence of the King aggravated his position; firstly, by depriving him of the only confidant his pride permitted him; secondly, by adding to his troubles the jealousies which invariably attend government by a Council. Popularly considered, he was first Minister of the Crown and deepest in the King's confidence. But the knowledge that one of his colleagues withheld a matter from him, and was in private communication with William in respect to it, was not rendered less irksome by the suspicion, amounting almost to a certainty, that his own concern in the business was that of a culprit. This it was which first and most intimately touched his dignity; and this it was which at the end of a fortnight of suspense drove him to a desperate resolution. He would broach the matter to the Duke of Devonshire; and learn the best and the worst of it.

Desiring to do this in a manner the least formal he took occasion to dismiss his coach at the next Council meeting, and telling the Duke that he wished to mention a matter to him, he begged a seat in his equipage. But whether the Lord Steward foresaw what was coming, and parried the subject discreetly, or my lord's heart failed him, they reached the Square, and nothing said, except on general topics. There, my lord's people coming out to receive them, it seemed natural to ask the Duke of Devonshire to enter; but my lord, instead, begged the Duke to drive him round and round a while; and when they were again started, "I have not been well lately," he said—which was true, more than one having commented on his appearance at the Council Table—"and I wished to tell you, that I fear I shall find it necessary to go into the country for a time."

"To Roehampton?" said his companion, after a word or two of regret.

"No, to Eyford."

For a moment his Grace of Devonshire was silent; and my lord without looking at him had the idea that he was startled. At length as the coach went by London House, "I would not do that—just at this time," he said, quietly.

"Why not?" asked my lord.

"Because—well, for one thing, the King's service may suffer."

"That is not your reason!" quoth my lord, stubbornly. "You are thinking of the Fenwick matter."

Again the other Duke delayed his answer; but when he spoke his voice was both kind and earnest. "Frankly, I am," he said. "If you know so much, Duke, you know that it would have an ill appearance."

"How?" said my lord. "Let me tell you that all Sir John knows or can know, the King knows—and has known for some years.

This time there was no doubt that the Lord Steward was startled. "You cannot mean it, Duke," he said, in a constrained voice, and with a gesture of reproach. "You cannot mean—that it was with his Majesty's knowledge you had a meeting with Sir John, he being outlawed at the time and under ban? That were to make



He shut himself in with his trouble.

His Majesty at best an abettor of treason ; and at worst a viler thing ! For Heaven's sake think ! To incite to treason and then to persecute the traitor—but it is impossible !"

"I have not the least notion what your Grace means," my lord said, in a freezing tone. "What is this folly about a meeting with Sir John ?"

The Duke of Devonshire was as proud as my patron ; and nothing in the great mansion which he was then building in the wilds of the Derbyshire Peak was likely to cause the gaping peasants more astonishment than he felt at this set-back. "I don't understand your Grace," he said at last, in a tone of offence.

"Nor I you," my lord answered, thoroughly roused.

"I am afraid—I have said too much," said the other, stiffly.

"Or too little," my lord retorted. "You must go on now."

"Must ? Must ?" quoth the Duke, whose high spirit had ten years before led him to strike a blow that came near to costing him his estate.

"Ay, must — in justice," said my lord. "In justice to me as well as to others."

After a brief pause, "That is another thing," the Lord Steward answered civilly. "But—is it possible, Duke, that you know so much, and do not know that Sir John asserts that you met him at Ashford ? two days only before his capture ? and entrusted him with a ring and a message—both for St. Germain's ?"

"At Ashford ?"

"Yes."

"This is sheer madness," my lord cried, holding his hand to his head. "Are you mad, Devonshire, or am I ?"

Whether the Duke, having heard Sir John's story and marked his manner of telling it, had prejudged the cause or thought that my lord overacted surprise, he did not immediately answer ; and when he did speak his tone was dry, though courteous. "Well, of course—it may be Sir John who is mad," he said.

"D——n Sir John," my lord answered, sitting up in the coach and fairly facing his companion. "You do not mean to tell me that you believe this story of a cock and a bull, and a—a——"

"A ring," said the Duke of Devonshire, quietly.

"Well ?"

"Well, Duke, it is this way," the Lord Steward replied. "Sir John has something to say about three others ; Lord Marlborough, Ned Russell, and Godolphin. And what he says about them I know in the main to be true. Therefore——"

"You infer that he is telling the truth about me ?" cried my lord, fuming ; yet covering his rage with a decent appearance since a hundred eyes were on them as they drove slowly round in the glass coach.

"Not altogether. There are other things."

"What other things ?"

"The talk there was about your Grace and Middleton at the time of your resignation."

My lord groaned. "All the world knows that, it seems," he said. "And should know that I have never denied it."

"True."

"But this ! It is the most absurd, the most ridiculous, the most fantastical story ? How could I go out of town for twenty-four hours, and the fact not be known to half London ? Let Sir John name the day."

"He has," the other Duke answered. "He lays it on the tenth of June."

"Well ?"

"There was a Land Bank meeting of the Council on that day. But your Grace did not attend it."

"No ? No, I remember I did not. It was the day my mother was taken ill. She sent for me, and I lay at her house that night and the next."

His Grace of Devonshire coughed. "That is unfortunate," he said, and leaned forward to bow to the Bishop of London, whose chariot had just entered the Square.

"Why?" said my lord, ready to take offence at anything.

"Because, though I do not doubt your word, the world will require witnesses. And Lady Shrewsbury's household is suspected. Her Jacobite leanings are known, and her people's evidence would go for little. That that should be the day—but there, there, your Grace must take courage," the Duke continued kindly. "All that the party can do will be done. Within the week Lord Portland will be here bringing His Majesty's commands; and we shall then know what he proposes to do about it. If I know the King, and I think I do——"

But the picture which these words suggested to my lord's mind was too much for his equanimity. To know for certain that the King, who had extended indulgence to him once, was in possession of this new accusation, and perhaps believed it, was bad enough. But to hear that Portland also was in the secret, and grim, faithful Dutchman as he was, might presently, in support of the low opinion of English fidelity which he held, quote him, the first Minister of England, was too much! In a hoarse voice he cut the Duke short, asking to be set down before they quarrelled; and his Grace, hastening with a hurried word of sympathy to comply, my lord stepped out, and looking neither to right nor left, passed into his house, and to the library, where, locking the door he shut himself in with his trouble

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



"Who is the fortunate man?" I asked.

THE WAY OUT.

BY FRANCIS GRIBBLE.

ILLUSTRATED BY A. CAMPBELL CROSS.

"SO you are going to be married. Let me congratulate you," I said.

"Thank you. I suppose it's a subject for congratulation," Mary answered.

She had done some work for me, in the way of copying documents at the British Museum. She was a very sedate young person—and not so very young either—so that there really was no harm in her coming to my chambers to talk business, and staying to drink tea with me. I, too, was quite sedate—at all events in Mary's company; and there was no *arrière-pensée* about my congratulations. My only regret was that Mary had not met her romance when she was on the right side of thirty. I felt that she would have enjoyed it better then.

"Who is the fortunate man?" I asked; and Mary blushed.

It was the proper thing to do; but I did not like the blush. There are various kinds of blushes, and this struck me as the wrong kind.

"I used to teach his children music. His wife died about six months ago," she replied evasively.

"Yes?" I said, and saw that she feared that I was misinterpreting her blushes.

"He's a grocer," she added. "He lives at Canonbury, and has a shop in the Upper Street"; and I began to grasp the meaning of the crimson on her cheeks.

She went on—

"It's a way out, you know—a way out of Stonor House. You'd understand what that means if you'd lived ten years in Stonor House, as I have."

Mary had told me something about Stonor House before. It was a philanthropic place, standing in one of the small tributary streets of the Tottenham Court Road,—a sort of house for homeless girls of slender means—a house where they could live cheaply under the remote patronage of a philanthropic Countess and the immediate supervision of a Christian matron. The girls slept in cubicles, and went out to work in the daytime, and came home to an uncivilised supper on a dirty table-cloth. It was, in short, one of those places that are doing a great and useful work in London, and might do a greater and more useful work still if only they were better managed.

"Ten years in Stonor House!" she repeated in such tones as she might have used to say, "Ten years' imprisonment with hard labour!"

I drew her on.

"It isn't so much the discomfort that troubles one," she continued. "I've known fairly happy woman who've always lived uncomfortably because it saved trouble. And even being poor isn't such a dreadful thing in itself. Most things are very cheap in London if you know where to buy them, and I fancy a good many people find bargaining a very fair substitute for the higher forms of excitement."

"What is it then, Mary, that is so heartbreaking in the life?"

Mary told me—

"It is the monotony, the isolation, and the hopelessness. We're like a caste apart. The barmaid, the shop-girl, and the girl at the fancy stall are better off than we are; they have ways of amusing themselves which are closed to us because

we're ladies. But other ladies don't care to see too much of us. We're not good matches for their sons and brothers, you see, and we can't return their hospitalities. So, even if they're kind, there's always a touch of patronage in their kindness—they show that they pity us."

"Pity is akin to love," I quoted.

"With a man, no doubt. But with a woman pity is akin to contempt."

Now I myself had always pitied Mary, but had never loved her or even felt the desire to flirt with her, so that my quotation was, after all, a foolish one. Mary, with modest candour, proceeded to throw light on my indifference.

"Besides, we're not the sort of girls that men fall in love with when they do meet us—which isn't often. It isn't our fault, and it isn't their fault. It's the fault of circumstances."

"You mean?"

"I mean that the first effect that the struggle for life has upon a girl is to make her unattractive. Don't deny it, because you know that it's true. If you wanted a wife you wouldn't look for one among the women-workers."

Mary was not fishing for compliments, so I could admit that this was so.

"Of course you wouldn't," she said. "It's easy to understand the instinct that would warn you off, and, on the whole, I fancy it's a true one. Cheerfulness is one of the chief things a man looks for in a wife; and cheerfulness is one of the last things that we could give him. We live cut off from the world, and we're always worried about the future. That means that we're always thinking about ourselves. The prettiest girl soon ceases to be pretty if she's always thinking about herself, and always anxious about the future. It's bad for the character, too, as well as for the looks. It sours a girl's temper, and makes her old before her time. Can you wonder if, feeling this, we all spend most of our time in looking for the way out?"

I could not.

"Yet I suppose most of you find a way out, some day or other," I suggested.

"Some of us. Yet what ways! You see I've had ten years of it, so I know. One girl, I remember, found the way out by jumping over Waterloo Bridge—she had been engaged, and the engagement got broken off. It was the severence of the one last link that united her to the outside world; so one night she stole out and disappeared, and afterwards the river police fished up her body, and the matron had to go down and identify her body at the mortuary."

"Yes."

"Then there was another girl. She was a pretty girl, and the sort of girl to whom a dull life was intolerable. She used to say that if she couldn't meet men in society, she didn't see why she shouldn't let men speak to her in the street. But, of course, men don't take a girl seriously if she lets herself be spoken to in the street; and—well, the less said about her end the better. It was a way out, indeed, but a very sorry way."

Then there was an interval of silence, at the end of which Mary added—

"And this, you see, is *my* way out."

"I congratulate you," I repeated. "It's a better way than the other two."

She took no notice of the congratulation, but went on irrelevantly—

"We're to be married in September. The children are very fond of me. I think it is more for their sake than my own that he wants to marry me. And yet I don't know. He seemed almost surprised at my condescension in accepting him. He still calls me 'Miss.' I wonder if he'll go on calling me 'Miss' after the wedding."

"I'm sure you'll be a good wife to him, and a good mother to his children, Mary," I interposed.

"Oh! yes, I mean to be all that," she said. "You see he's really been very kind to me — much kinder than the people I used to know before I had to be

a daily governess. When his wife was alive, they used to ask me to the house—to supper and that sort of thing. At first I was rather proud, and didn't care about going. You yourself wouldn't very much care about going to supper at your grocer's, I suppose?"

I bent my head affirmatively.

"But afterwards I got to like it, and even to look forward to it. They didn't do things, of course, quite as one was used to seeing them done at home. They were more boisterous, and more rough and ready. You understand what I mean?"

Once more I nodded.

"But they were very hospitable. It was the only house where people seemed really glad to see me—where people didn't think the worse of me because I earned my living by teaching. In fact, they gave me the impression that they were rather proud of me as a sort of social lion. So, at last, I got to be quite glad when they asked me there. I knew so few people, and had such a little chance of making other acquaintances, that I began to think of the Canonbury house almost as a home. And now, you see, it is going to be my home altogether."

She told her story in a very matter-of-fact way, and I would have given worlds to know in what fashion the grocer had proposed to her. But this I could not ask, and Mary did not offer any information.

I wondered, too, whether she was really quite so matter-of-fact as she appeared to be, or whether some lurking longing for romance had not lived on in spite of the ten crushing years at Stonor House. Upon this point I got light, after an interval.

A glitter showed itself in Mary's eyes—a glitter of which I could not at first make out the meaning. It might have been the prelude of tears; and the tears might have meant either dread of the future or regret for something in the past—for some romance, for instance, that had promised well, and then come to nothing. But the tears did not come, and the riddle solved itself when Mary spoke.

"Tell me," she said. "It's true, isn't it, that men sometimes fall in love with common girls? They sometimes have just the same romantic feeling for them, don't they, that they have for ladies?"

"Oh! yes. It sometimes happens so," I answered; for I was not afraid of Mary. I knew that she would not try to press me into any painful personal admissions; she was too much interested in herself.

After a minute's silence she went on dreamily—

"I wish it were true of women. I mean to say I wish the converse were true. But who knows? I wonder . . . Do you think it might happen, if the man were a very good man, of course, and if the woman were to try very hard?"

"If the man were very good, I think it would be worth the woman's while to try," I said.

What else, indeed, was there for me to say? And, though the remark was not in itself very cheering, Mary seemed to be cheered by it. The glitter in her eyes gave a real revelation of her heart as she concluded—

"Thank you so much for saying that. I mean to try. It would be a shame not to try when he has been so good to me."

And then, after yet another pause—

"Of course, it's a way out in any case. But I'd rather, for both our sakes, that it was a romantic way. There's never been any romance in my life before, so I must really try to be romantic now. Believe me, if I fail, it shan't be for want of trying."

So our talk ended, and I felt that I understood certain phases of human life the better for it. For a day or two, indeed, I almost persuaded myself that I was envious of the good fortune of the grocer. I have got over that, however, and now I am sending Mary half a dozen silver tea-spoons as a wedding present.



A Blue Wildebeest Hunt.

(From H. A. Bryden's "Nature and Sport in South Africa." By permission of Messrs. Chapman & Hall.)

WANDERINGS IN BOOKLAND.

BY PERCY CROSS STANDING.

THESE are "Winter Wanderings," of course—for the day of Christmas Annuals has returned to us once more. Bookstall and shop-front are choked with "annuals" quiet and gaudy, interesting and uninteresting, satisfying and unsatisfying, bright and dull. Let me say at once that Mr. Tighe Hopkins' *Pepita of the Pagoda*, being the 1897 issue of "Arrowsmith's Annual," scarcely belongs to the satisfying kind. Of course it is of Irish extraction, and equally of course it has to deal with prison-life — two qualities which we have quite come to look for in Mr. Hopkins' work. But not for two consecutive chapters does the little story, *quâ* story, keep the reader's attention. It is true that there is plenty of dialogue—too much in fact; but the author should have borne in mind that the first condition of a Christmas story is bright narrative, and not the effervescence which never becomes champagne. Mr. Tighe Hopkins is clearly out of his depth in these waters; and while feeling pretty confident that he is capable of better things—nay, has he not shown us so?—I am not by any means sure that descriptive matter, as distinct from fiction, is not his *métier*.

Somebody has been describing *The Life of Tennyson* (Macmillan) as "the book of the year"; and admittedly there is much to be said in support of such flattering appreciation. No more delightful Christmas gift-book could be devised than the two sumptuous volumes in which this memoir is contained; while the hitherto unpublished letters from the Queen to her then Poet Laureate, together with the (also) hitherto unpublished verses, which are features of the book, would alone raise it above the level of the ordinary biography of an eminent man. Apart from the Tennyson book, however, the literary year has been a rarely noteworthy one for works of biography. To mention but two or three at random, Mr. W. H. Wilkins' memoir of that remarkable woman Isabel Burton (Hutchinson) commanded, as it was certain to do, a large public. So, too, have the recollections of Sir C. Gavan Duffy, the late Mrs. Oliphant's account of "Maga" and of the Blackwood firm and family, and Mr. Shorter's noteworthy contribution to the literature of the Brontë family.

Second only in importance to the Tennyson book, however, comes the recently published *Letters of Elizabeth Barrett Browning* (Smith Elder), which have been edited, "with additions," by Mr. Frederick G. Kenyon. The editor's work has been well and truly done, and I for one would like to thank him very sincerely for those "additions." How splendid she was, and how this book, crowded from cover to cover with delicate and delicious memories, makes one glow with pride as one realises that this was a countrywoman of one's own! To say that her poetry formed the least part of Mrs. Browning's claim to greatness sounds a grievous paradox, and yet—how brave, how true, how innately a *woman!* In short, she would have been great if

she had never written a line of poetry—great if she had never been the wife of Robert Browning. We hear much cant nowadays regarding the "ideal marriage"; but in the case of the Brownings we had the ideal marriage "in being," if ever there was one. There is a pretty touch, in the earlier portion of these memoirs, where Elizabeth Barrett, who had but lately begun to write, felt some slight "alarm" at the prospect of rivalry on the part of another poet—Robert Browning! It is necessary to recall, in this connexion, that Miss Barrett's first entry into the lists of song (with *The Seraphim and other Poems*) took place in 1838. To quote from the chronicles under review:—"At the time of its publication, English poetry was experiencing one of its periods of ebb between two flood tides of great achievement. Shelley, Keats, Byron, Scott, Coleridge were dead; Wordsworth had ceased to produce poetry of the first order: no fresh inspiration was to be expected from Landor, Southey, Rogers, Campbell, and such other writers of the Georgian era as still were numbered with the living. On the other hand, Tennyson, though already the most remarkable among the younger poets, was still but exercising himself in the studies in language and metrical music by which his consummate art was developed; Browning had published only *Pauline*, *Paracelsus*, and *Strafford*; the other poets who have given distinction to the Victorian age had not begun to write."

But then one might go on to quote again and yet again from these delightful memories. Not the least of the many humorous touches which they contain is in the poetess's frequent references to her husband by his initials only. "The only time I met 'R. B.' clandestinely was in the parish church, where we were married before two witnesses—it was the first and only time." The one crumpled rose-leaf in her wedded happiness lay in the determined opposition of her "poor dearest papa," who was not brought to a better state of mind even by the birth of her child. She was brave enough—happy enough in this ideal union with Robert—not to mind greatly the opposition of her family; and it scarcely needs to add that she never speaks of this feeling in any save terms of gentleness. It should here be mentioned that the account of the secret marriage given in these volumes is by far the best yet published—for the reason that it consists of Mrs. Browning's own account as told in a letter to her friend Mrs. Martin. Unfortunately, there is no space at command wherein to linger over it; you will have to get these *Letters* and study them for yourselves. One point that must be touched upon, though, is Elizabeth Barrett Browning's fine sympathy with everyone of thought, of intellect, of genius. Hear her speak of Tennyson, for example—the Tennyson of 1842. "Beautiful, beautiful!" she says of that early volume; "*after all*, it is a noble thing to be a poet." (Note well that "after all," coming as it does from one who herself stands forth so prominent among Victorian poets.) Presently we have her striving to reproduce her impressions of Carlyle. "He seems to have a profound sensibility—so profound and turbulent that it unsettles his general sympathies. Do you guess what I mean the least in the world, or is it as dark as my writings are, of course?" In a word, Mrs. Browning's words are instinct with thought and luminous with human sympathy.

Last month I referred to the well-known purity of style which has always distinguished the work of Mr. Henry James. Yet there are many, doubtless, who feel no uncertain twinge of regret at seeing his great talents employed in what is for him a new direction—this allusion being, of course, to his recent novel, *What Maisie Knew* (Heinemann). It would be impossible for Mr. James to write anything at all that was not very, very clever—so much we know; but "clever" is among words

the most elastic; and I hardly think that the atmosphere of the divorce-court is exactly fitted to Mr. James' always charming, if at times a little difficult, style. It is all a question of taste. Never has anything approximating to Mr. James' latest theme been invested with such beauty and such insight as by George Meredith in his *Diana;* but what then? Many who can read and enjoy Henry James vow that they simply cannot "look at" Meredith with a view to appreciating him or following his drift. For my part, I would not desire for any better or more enjoyable Christmas task than that of re-reading Meredith's *Richard Feverel*, and you, perhaps, can imagine nothing harder or more unsatisfying—it is possible that you are right. Meanwhile I stick to my point, which is that we are greatly prone to exaggerate the difficulties of George Meredith's manner in literary workmanship.

As a Christmas gift-book for anyone of poetic taste, *Four Poets*, selected and arranged by Oswald Crawfurd (Chapman & Hall), is in every way pleasing. The quartette of poets drawn upon are Wordsworth, Coleridge, Shelley, and Keats; and the task of selection could not have been entrusted to better hands. Mr. Oswald Crawfurd is most probably at his best as essayist, though he has betrayed a striking versatility in a book of Imperial politics, and in the little volume of stories entitled *The White Feather*. He prefaces *Four Poets* with an introduction, brief but well-reasoned, describing the scope of this small book, and the *raison d'être* of the selections he has chosen. Our thanks be to the editor who presents us, in so welcome a form, with the finest thoughts of these four great singers, "lest we forget."

A book that contains a whole chapter under the title "A Day in Khama's Country" sounds a trifle out of date, does it not? Such a description, however, would be grievously inexact if applied to H. Anderson Bryden's *Nature and Sport in South Africa* (Chapman & Hall), which is one of the best works on South Africa that has come under my notice. Mr. Bryden's name is, to be sure, sufficiently eminent both as sportsman and naturalist to make anything that he writes of interest; and in his *Nature and Sport* he makes the pages glow when describing his own adventures in pursuit of big game, or dealing with the various aspects of nature-life on the veldt as he has beheld them. Besides which, the chapter on Khama's Country is in reality a "sporting chapter," nothing more. There are some fine, vivid bits of writing in the chapter that deals with the chase of the white rhinoceros. I was immensely pleased, too, with his description of the pursuit of the bluebeest, the hunter being, of course, on pony-back. "The hunter sees now that it is time to take action. He pulls up short, jumps off his pony, and fires two shots over the heads of the retreating antelopes. The bullets strike up the red sand not far beyond the troop, and the startled wildebeest, turned from their point, sweep round and head to the right. Another longish gallop, and the same tactics are repeated. Now the dark troop, bewildered out of their habitual caution, again wheel round, and this time charge almost in line right across the front of the horseman. It is a magnificent sight. As they pass within two hundred and fifty yards, the Englishman dismounts, takes steady aim, and fires. That loud 'zwack,' as a Boer would call it—plain as a bullet upon a barn-door—tells that one of the big bulls is hard hit. Again turned from their course, the troop bear right-handed and gallop on. Now they sink below a swelling of the plain, and are hidden for a few moments. As the horseman gallops up, he sees over the brow, two hundred yards away, the wildebeest, now at a stand, halted to take stock of their pursuer. Nearest to him, lagging a little, is the wounded bull. Another bullet is put into him, and, at the

report, away the troop scours again. But the big shaggy bull is now failing fast; he cannot maintain his place with his fellows, now hasting full tilt right across the plain. His pace grows slower, and he drops far behind. In a few minutes the hunter is within fifty yards. He leaps off once more, fires another shot, and, with the drive of the solid Martini-Henri bullet, the wildebeest sinks softly down, curls up exactly as does a sleepy dog, his limbs relax, and he is beyond his troubles."

As a "mighty hunter," Mr. Bryden is fit to be named with F. C. Selous. As a writer on sport in savage lands he has few rivals. I cannot close my notice of his clever book without reference to his vivid word-portrait of the Transvaal Boer. He is, says Mr. Bryden, "a man of strong, loose-knit frame. His hair, eyes, and complexion are very swarthy—attributes which have descended to him from some Huguenot ancestor. His long unkempt hair falls about his ears and neck. His vast beard has lost some of its true colour from incessant exposure to the sun, and is tanned to a kind of rusty black." This sounds a scarcely flattering portrait of the physical attributes of "Oom Paul's" brethren and subjects. But there is the ring of truth about it, as about most of the author's word-sketching. I could wish that the volume was more fully illustrated.





HERRICK TO HIS MUSE.—I.
Illustrated by Stephen Reid.

Whither, mad maiden, wilt thou roam?
Far safer 'twere to stay at home;
Where thou mayst sit, and piping please
The poor and private cottages,
Since cots and hamlets best agree
With this thy meaner minstrelsy,
There with the reed thou mayst express
The shepherd's fleecy happiness.
And with thy Eclogues intermix
Some smooth and harmless Bucolics.



HERRICK TO HIS MUSE.—II.

There, on a hillock, thou mayst sing
Unto a handsome shepherdling,
Or to a girl that keeps the neat,
With breath more sweet than violet.
There, there, perhaps such lines as these
May take the simple villages;
But for the court, the country wit,
Is despicable unto it,——



HERRICK TO HIS MUSE.—III.

Stay then at home, and do not go,
Or fly abroad to seek for woe ;
Contempts in courts and cities dwell ;
No critic haunts the poor man's cell,
Where thou mayst hear thine own lines read,
By no one tongue there censurèd,
That man's unwise will search for ill,
And may prevent it sitting still.

"ON HER MAJESTY'S SERVICE."

A STORY OF WEST AFRICA.

BY HESKETH BELL.

ILLUSTRATED BY MAX COWPER.

HEAVEN forbid, dear reader, that you should ever see that pestiferous part of West Africa known as the Gold Coast! It is the very last place the Creator made, and it looks like a piece of job work.

Those whose cruel fate takes them to the Gold Coast catch their first glimpse of that dismal shore from the deck of one of the steamers that ply from Liverpool to West Africa, carrying a little crowd of half-dead missionaries, impecunious officials, traders sober and otherwise, and a mixed assortment of other things.

The shore for three hundred miles along the Gold Coast is one of the dreariest sights to be seen on God's earth. Flat! flat as a mud-bank—it seems to drag itself surreptitiously out of the reach of the thundering surf that beats on the sandy strand, and looks as if it were ashamed of itself for trying to add one more plague-spot to this not over-healthy globe of ours.

Beyond the line of snowy surf and the narrow ribbon of sand you can just see a low-lying strip of olive-coloured scrub. The spray-laden wind that blows off the Atlantic shaves it like a knife, and only here and there a tufty-headed "grugru" palm rises from the surrounding jungle, after a desperate struggle with the tangled undergrowth that clings round its bole. For miles and miles you'll not see a house or a hut, nor the slightest sign of human habitation; nothing but the everlasting mangrove scrub that yields no good to man or beast, and tells a malarious tale of fetid swamps below. Ugh! The very Abomination of Desolation!

Farther inland there are hills and valleys clothed with gorgeous vegetation, they say; but they are a long way off and do not appear in the picture. Out of fairness to the Gold Coast it ought perhaps to be admitted that a few localities are not quite so forbidding in aspect as that which is here depicted. In one or two districts the hills come down within a measurable distance of the sea, and raise the dignity of the land above the level of a mud-bank, but nevertheless there is very little country that could be called pretty, and, for the purposes of this story, I have chosen to specially draw your attention to the least attractive part of this God-forsaken land.

A few months ago a straggling procession meandered along one of the muddy paths that pass for roads in West Africa. The track was cut through the grey-green scrub that fringed the shore. On the land side the "bush" was dense as a brick-wall, and on the left the broad-leaved shrubs waged a stubborn fight with the great rollers that everlastingly break on that surf-bound coast.

In some places, where the creeping undergrowth, encroaching inch by inch on the yellow sand, had got the upper hand, the road lay several yards from the shore and burrowed like a tunnel through the jungle, while farther on, again, the waves sometimes gained the victory, and the path was wind-swept by the salt-laden

breeze. In one spot the conquering surf had carried the war right in the enemy's country, and a tattered bunch of seaweed lay in the very middle of the track, like a gage flung down with a challenge to mortal combat!

The rains were setting in and a dull grey sky, that took the colour out of everything, threatened with torrents the dismal scene. Half a dozen sturdy Fanti carriers, with travel-worn boxes on their heads, came first, stepping along in single file according to the changeless African custom.

Their bodies were bare, save for the loin-cloths they wore, and their umber-coloured skins looked like brown velvet. One of them carried a small uniform-case, whereon, in spite of the scratches, dents, and stains that told of many journeys, the name "John Jervis" could still be faintly deciphered. Another carried a battered wooden package, locally known as a "Chop-box," and through its broken lid there protruded the necks of a couple of bottles, the spout of a kettle, and the long handle of a frying-pan. The things had evidently been thrown in anyhow, and a loaf of mouldy-looking bread was jammed up against the smutty bottom of a sauce-pan, while a couple of soiled forks were stuck into an opened tin of corned beef. Heavy drops of rain fell now and then, and dripped through the broken lid into the bread and beef, and the creature who carried the baggage was too lazy to think of doing anything to save his master's food.

A few yards behind came four bearers carrying a canvas hammock shaded by a ragged blue awning which was tilted a little so as to let the rain run off. The hammock, as usual in West Africa, was slung on a pole, and cross-pieces were fitted at either end of it resting on the heads of two men in front and two men behind.

In some places the road was especially execrable. The goose-track that serpentined so as to miss the stray stones, that the natives were too lazy to kick out of the way, was often nothing more than a running gutter worn deep by the feet of heavy-laden carriers, and as the sweating hammock-men slipped and stumbled on the greasy clay, the muscles on their sturdy necks jerked as if they would break.

Now and again, when a jolt was particularly sudden, a groan would be heard issuing from the hammock, ending with a sigh that told of weary suffering. Poor Jack Jervis was down with a bad "go" of fever. He lay at full length in the hammock, and, though the day was steamy and the temperature ninety in the shade, his teeth chattered with ague and his thin brown hands pulled the travelling-rug closer up around his neck. There were dark blue circles around his eyes that spoke of racking headaches, and the lines on his brow contracted with every undulation of the canvas that was stretched under him. In spite of a four-days' beard that bristled on his chin, and hair that had not known the barber's touch for many a day, he was still a good-looking fellow, and the long straight limbs and square shoulders that feverishly moved under the plaid rug indicated the proportions of one of those fine young animals, of whom scores may be seen any afternoon on the Piccadilly pavement.

His carriers were an unbroken crew, collected in a hurry, and who had scarcely ever had a hammock-pole upon their heads. They stumbled along with jolts and jerks, and the undulating motion of the canvas, beginning like a wave at the head and ending in a ripple at the feet, was absolutely unendurable.

Most men, under those circumstances, would have preferred to walk, but that was now out of the question with Jack Jervis. He held the appointment of Travelling Commissioner in the Gold Coast Colony, and a series of expeditions during the rainy season in districts that were notably malarious had brought on a

succession of fevers that were making a wreck of him.

Three days before he had been comparatively "fit," and the cruel jolting of the hammock and the thirst that was turning his tongue to tinder made him look back with much longing to the creature comforts he had left behind. Axim was not much of a place, to be sure, and the smells at night were virulent, but Jervis, for all that, wished himself back in the quaint old fort where the District Commissioner and the Doctor had their quarters. That whitewashed bastion, with the old guns peeping harmlessly out of the embrasures on the crowded mud-huts below, had seemed very pleasant in the moonlight, and his last evening with Morby had been very different to the sort of thing which would be his portion for many days to come.

White men of the right sort are not thick as locusts in West Africa, but Morby was a real good one. He and Jervis had only foregathered once or twice before, but they had chummed at once. The night before Jervis had started on his journey, they had dragged their long wicker chairs, after dinner, out on the square-flagged bastion, and, with cool drinks and tobacco close at hand on the low parapet, the evening had sped in a hugely pleasant manner. The moonlight was not bright enough to dim the stars in the dark blue sky above, and the quaint refrain of an African canoe-song in the far distance only served to accentuate the peaceful silence of their immediate surroundings.

"Now, what the deuce brought *you* out to this cursed hole, Jervis?" asked the Commissioner, as he knocked the ashes out of his pipe against the parapet and proceeded to fill again from a dirty old pouch. "I've told you my yarn, old chap, so now let's hear your romantic tale. Was it a girl—or the Jews—or the gee-gees?" Morby's narration had comprised unedifying samples of all three categories, and his tale had been very similar to those which might be told by many a "younger son" working out his salvation —or the other thing—in the Colonies.

"My yarn, dear man, isn't a patch on yours, and most uninteresting. My troubles began just two years ago. I was then in the 54th, and we were out in camp at Delhi. You told me you knew Sanford of ours, so I dare say you heard a good deal about us from him. I was putting in a ripping good time; had very fair cattle, and very little to grumble about all round. But it was too good to last. One morning a wire came, simply saying that my poor old governor had died suddenly. He had been awfully good to me, and I was much cut up. What made it harder to bear was the fact that my mother was left practically penniless. For a long time I couldn't make it out. My father had always seemed well off, and was very generous to me. However, to make a long story short, it turned out that he had lost heavily in many of his investments. To make it up he dabbled in Stocks, of which he knew very little; everything went, and the shock of discovering one morning that he was a ruined man killed him in five minutes."

"Ah! Just like poor old Jeffries' case," murmured Morby. "Awfully sorry for you, old chap. And then I suppose you got this billet out here. They say this is the land of the three D's—the Drunkards, the Desperates, and the Destitutes! I was in the first two categories, and I suppose you filled the bill for the third."

"Quite so," answered Jervis, smiling. "I was just as stony-broke as most of us. Of course, I could not remain in the Service. My mother was practically dependent on me, and I had to do something. I tried all sorts of influence which I thought in the old days would have backed me up. It was the usual thing. "I'm awfully sorry for you, my dear fellow," they would all say, "and you may count on my doing all I can. There are such a

host of applicants, though, for every billet that's going, that I fear you may have to wait some time."

"I couldn't wait, and at last I thought myself devilish lucky to get this billet from the Colonial Office. Five hundred a year and a travelling allowance of ten bob a day is not bad, and I can remit half my pay."

"Five thousand a year is the very least that a man ought to get for coming out to this confounded hole," growled Morby, who was quite rabid on the subject of the Gold Coast climate. "I believe the C.O. has an idea that this place is a sort of sanatorium."

"I don't know about that. At the Colonial Office I was given such an account of the place that if I had not been utterly desperate I would have turned and fled precipitately. I was warned that the climate was only two degrees better than Hell, or words to that effect; that the death-rate would depopulate most places; that the pension, though liberal, had seldom been applied for, and they concluded by hoping that I was not a married man. No, I must say they were very decent about it. I did not come out under any false pretences, and I was told frankly that, while the death-rate was certainly high, the prospects of promotion were enhanced thereby."

"Well, you're nearly due for leave, aren't you? Lucky dog! I've got another seven months to do, curse it!" sighed the Commissioner; "and it's five to one that I shall slip into one of those vacant graves out there before the end of it."

"Oh buck up, old man. You've got the blues; get the Medico to give you some pills. Seven months slip away like nothing, and I must say my year seems to have flown by almost without my knowing it. I've had several bad shots of fever, off and on, as you know, and that last 'go,' up in Kwahu, nearly doubled me up. But I feel fairly fit now, and can hardly realise that in three weeks more I ought to be disappearing away over the horizon there. By Jove! it seems too good to be true!" and Jervis' eyes almost filled, while a lump rose in his throat as he thought of his mother and the other dear one, far away, who were anxiously counting the days until they saw his face again.

In accounting to Morby for the circumstances that had brought him to the Gold Coast, he had skipped out a good many details which were very near and dear to his heart. Most men are reluctant, at any time, to talk even to their best friend of the girl they love, and Morby's tale had savoured so much of the ballet, the racecourse, and of other equally charming iniquities, that Jervis could not bring himself even to mention the name of his cousin, sweet Mary Danby. The other man's story had conjured up the light of London Town, and it seemed as if a cloud of atmosphere that reeked of liquor and smoke, with the sound of clinking glasses, had gradually settled around the two as they sat on the moon-lit bastion.

And now, as the sick man lay with aching limbs in the jolting hammock, it seemed to him an age since he had left the old fort at Axim. Instructions had suddenly come from the Governor for him to proceed without delay to a distant outpost on the borders of the Colony, where he was to settle a dispute between two chiefs who were wrangling about their right over a ferry. However, it was probably not a complicated affair, and he had counted on being back at headquarters within a month, just in time to catch the homeward-bound steamer that would call at Cape Coast.

The day after leaving Axim the autumn rains had set in with a vengeance. A thorough soaking had given him a chill, and a night spent in the open on the edge of a mangrove swamp had brought on a severe relapse of fever. During the last two days his condition had become rapidly worse, and the poor fellow was

being carried along by his hammock-men more dead than alive.

A strong breeze was blowing in from the sea, and now and again, when the narrow path lost itself on the seashore, the salt spray would sweep round the hammock like a winding-sheet. The rain began to descend in torrents, and the dark grey sky looked as if it held a tornado in reserve ready to burst. The hammock was drenched, and a little rivulet of rain trickled down the pole, making a small pool where the canvas sagged.

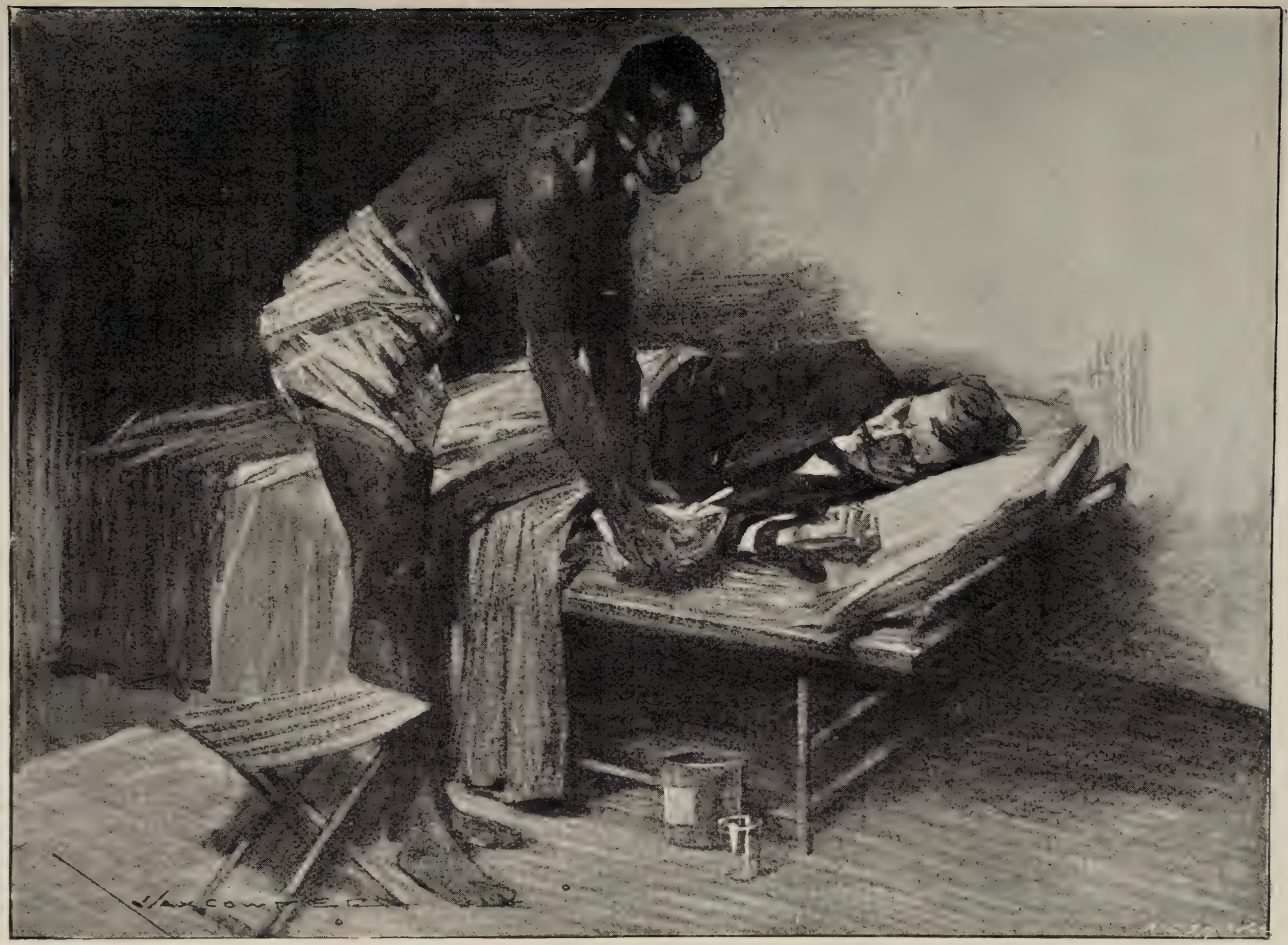
"Joe! Joe! Where are you?" feebly called the white man, as he wearily tried to raise himself on his elbow to look for his servant. But "Joe" was nearly a mile behind, leisurely walking along under an umbrella, and carrying on his head, carefully folded up, the waterproof sheet that his master was longing for. After another half hour of slipping and stumbling on the part of the hammock-men over the greasy ground, the little procession at last entered the evil-smelling fishing village where Jervis had arranged to spend the night. It was only a small collection of mud-huts clustered round the walls of a grim old fort that frowned over the bay at its base. Never was there such a place for old forts and batteries as the Gold Coast! In the days of old, when the barracoons were full of cargoes of "black ivory" waiting to be shipped across the ocean to the distant isles of the West, forts built of hewn stone, and mounting many a long nine-pounder, dotted the shore of Guinea and protected the interests of the British, French, Portuguese, and Dutch "Adventurers" who claimed the right of trading for the black skins of the native population. Most of these old castles now lie masses of picturesque ruin. Great trees grow in the dried-up moats; clumps of guinea-grass flourish in the roofless quarters; the rusty guns on the bastions have fallen away from the carriages that could no longer bear their weight, and they lie about in helpless disorder, covered with masses of tangled vines that seem to be trying to smother away from sight the murderous works of forgotten generations.

A few of these forts are, however, kept in fair order by the Colonial Government to serve as police stations and quarters for the principal officials in the outlying districts of the Gold Coast. The Bein Fort was one of those that was barely kept from falling to pieces, and a coloured caretaker, who was also Customs officer, policeman, postman, and everything else, received the weary traveller at the gate of the fort.

Poor Jervis was so weak that he could hardly stand when the men helped him out of the soaking hammock, and in a feeble voice he ordered the caretaker to show him the room that was set aside for travelling officials. It was a dismal chamber, in a little tower that looked out on the moat. An official of the Public Works Department had patched up the place so as to make it fairly habitable, and he had used the only paints that happened to be in stock. These happened to be iron-grey and black, and the funereal aspect of the room with its sombre walls and ceiling painted black was enough to put even a healthy person in a despondent condition.

Jervis shuddered as he was shown into the room, and he caught himself wondering whether a coffin could go easily down those narrow stairs. The ceaseless downpour that streamed past the solitary casement excluded nearly every gleam of light, and the place looked like a dungeon. The drenched carriers trooped into the room, and deposited their loads on the floor, and the wet prints of their bare feet looked uncanny on the grey-painted boards.

While his servant proceeded to unpack and rig up his camp-bed, Jervis lay limply in the canvas chair which one of the men had set down for him, and he proceeded to question the caretaker.



"Massa! your soup done ready!"

"I am afraid I am going to be ill," he said, looking pensively at his thin worn hands. "How long will it take for a messenger to go to Chama and get the doctor to come here?"

"About two days, I tink, Sah!" answered the man in the cheerful tone affected by natives when imparting bad news. "And I tink I hear say dat de doctah was be going to Cape Coast, Sah."

"Oh dear!" said the white man, half unconsciously, and, with a heavy sigh, he drew his hands down his sunken cheeks. He opened a despatch-box, and, with tremulous fingers, scribbled a few words in pencil. Then, handing the paper to the man, he ordered him to send a bearer off with it immediately. "It may catch him after all," thought Jervis, "and I dare say Manford won't mind the journey much; he's an awfully good chap. But no! though—give me the letter back, Mr. Kuffi; don't trouble about the bearer. Dr. Manford is just due for leave, I know, and if he does not get away by the steamer that will call next week at Chama he won't be able to get away till God knows when! He was seedy when I last heard, and probably wants his leave badly. I've got plenty of quinine, and a night's rest will do me a lot of good."

"Yessah!" acquiesced the caretaker. "Dat right, Sah! De last time I send for Doctah Manford, it was for Captain Bulwer, who catch fever in dis bery room; and when de doctah done come, de Captain he been dead five hours already. He die in dat same corner dere, Sah, so all de expensive journey was all for nuttin!"

"Oh man! Go away! Go to the devil!" exclaimed the sick man, with a flare-up of his old self, and the humbled official betook himself in haste out of the dismal chamber, leaving the traveller to the resources of his servant.

"Poor Bulwer," murmured Jervis. "Deuced hard luck to peg out as he did, just as he was due for leave, and going home to be married. Why! it's just my case too!" and the poor fellow sighed deeply. "Pooh! I'm not half as bad as Bulwer was though," he added quickly, shaking himself together, "and I'll be all right to-morrow. I ought to eat something before turning in; I'm so infernally weak. Here, Joe! What can you give me for chop? Is there any more of that soup-stuff left?"

Joe rummaged about in the "Chop-box," and turned on to the floor the smutty saucepan, the soddened loaf, and the tin of corned beef that was half full of rain water. "No Sah! No more Liebig live, an' de milk done finish too," answered the boy in West Africanese, making a hideous clatter with the cooking pots.

"Oh, I can't eat that beastly stuff!" exclaimed the sick man, while the very sight of the semi-raw beef filled him with nausea. "Here, boy, go and buy a fowl in the village and see if you can make me some broth. Or wait a minute—you had better first finish rigging up my bed. I'll take a big dose of quinine and have a good sweat!"

The comfortless couch was at last made ready. One of its legs had been broken by a careless carrier, and the bed had to be propped up with one of the wooden boxes. Shivering with ague, Jervis poured into a glass of water an enormous dose of quinine, and at a gulp tossed off the bitter potion. His head was swimming, and it seemed as if some sort of clockwork machine was whizzing round his brain. He felt too chilly to take his damp clothes off, and, with a sigh of exhaustion, the poor fellow threw himself on the canvas bed.

The room was in complete silence. The servant had gone to look for one of the skinny fowls that feed on the garbage of an African village, and the carriers were squatting under a shed in the courtyard below, eating their evening meal of

kanky" and rotting fish. The heavy rain still poured in a ceaseless torrent, and the great drops pattered mournfully on the sill of the narrow window. The dismal room was almost in darkness, and weird black shadows deepened in the corners. It was queer to think of the strange scenes that had been enacted in that very chamber a hundred years ago! The fort was an old Dutch one, and baggy-breeched Mynheers, with pigtails and three-cornered hats, had probably haggled here with rascally slavers over the price of the unhappy blacks who filled the barracoons below!

With a weary sigh that rose from the bottom of his heart, Jervis thought of his dear ones at home, and he wondered whether he would ever see their loved faces again. He was glad they could not see him now in his wretched surroundings, and he smiled in his pain when thinking of his old "Mater's" exclamations of horror if she could only see the rickety bed and the horrid clammy beef! Sweet Mary, too—the dear girl! Ah! how he longed for the next three weeks to pass, and with what delight he would step on board the steamer that would take him back to her! His head throbbed as if it would burst, and his lips felt like shrunken flannel, but still the sick man built his castles in the air. He would be all right again in a couple of days, and able to settle the *palaver* with the Chiefs. He was sure the matter could be decided in less than a week. He could then work gradually back to Cape Coast, inspecting the roads on the way, and as the Governor had already given him his leave papers, he would just be able to catch the homeward-bound boat on the 22nd.

These happy plans seemed to calm the throbbing in his head; the fever was abating—he was sure. A profuse perspiration marked the turning-point, and he was just dozing off into a sweet sleep, when his black servant touched him on the shoulder. "Massa! Massa! Wake up. Your soup done ready—he plenty hot! Drink um quick, and he do um good," and the willing creature held close to the sick man's face a bowl full of greasy yellow mess, wherein great fragments of half-cooked onions floated with the fat.

One look at the contents of the bowl sufficed. "Oh!—take the beastly stuff away, Joe, and let me sleep." And with a shudder, Jervis turned his face to the wall.

. . . . .

There was a dense fog outside, and the streets were ankle-deep in half-melted snow and slush, but those facts only made the little drawing-room in West Kensington appear all the more cosy. The lamps were not yet alight, and the little jets of gas that spurted out of the glowing coals in the grate, threw strange shadows on the ceiling, and lit up with fantastic gleams the faces in the picture frames.

With a little tea-table beside her, an old lady, with silvery hair, sat in a comfortable arm-chair close to the cheery hearth. Mrs. Jervis' feet rested on a leopard-skin rug that her son had sent her from the Gold Coast, and the widow gazed pensively at the strange figures in the fire. A happy smile played about her lips, and the corners of her mouth twitched with the action of pleasant thoughts. In her plump, white hands lay a letter, and the familiar scrawling handwriting was dearer to her mother's heart than anything in the wide world. It had arrived an hour before, and she had devoured every word with breathless eagerness. Though she could remember almost every line, from the first to the signature, she thought the pleasure had been too short, and, once more unfolding the crackling sheets, the fond mother held the letter down to the bright glow of the fire, and slowly read it through again. And so it ran:—

"Axim, Gold Coast,
13th November.

"DEAREST LITTLE MOTHER,—I can

hardly realise that, in less than a month from now, I shall have done my year of service here and will be on my way to see you and sweet Marie again. Although it is twelve months since I said *au revoir* to you both at Liverpool—and do you remember how damp it all was on those wretched docks, and how dismal were all your forebodings?—the year seems to have flown! It really is nothing at all of an absence, and now I can scarcely believe that I am going to have six long months in good old England with you both—my dear ones!

"I'm scribbling this in the Court-room at Axim Fort, as it is the coolest spot in the place. Morby, the Commissioner, who is an awfully good sort, is hearing a case in which all the witnesses are lying through thick and thin, and there is such a *tom-tomming* going on in the town below that you must not wonder if this epistle is a bit jerky and disconnected.

"I hoped that I would have been left here in peace until the arrival of the homeward mail, but the 'Powers that be' have thought fit to send me off on one more jaunt through the 'bush.' I'm just off to the Appolonia country, and as I have not been round there before, I am rather looking forward to it. It is a great place for *curios*, and I hope to bring you back quite a collection of idols, fetishes, and such-like.

"I've been doing any amount of work since I last wrote. The Governor seems to think I am cut out for the 'Bush-work,' and does not let the grass grow under my feet. Since I last wrote, I have been right up in the Kwahu country, where I had to administer a thorough 'wigging' to an insolent king who wouldn't keep his roads clean. When I told him that the 'Great White Queen' was very angry with him—that's the way we always talk to the darkies about Her Majesty—he had the cheek to say that 'The Great White Queen was very far away, and that he was King of Kwahu!' A few timely references to the fate of the King of Krepee, who was a much bigger 'pot' than he, brought the beggar to his senses, and before I left his wretched country I had the satisfaction of seeing a good large gang at work on each of the principal trade-roads.

"It was a very uncomfortable jaunt though, and all the road from Kwahu was so low and swampy that I got a nasty little dose of fever. It was only a trifle, so don't worry yourself, Mater dear. I had plenty of medicines and strengthening food, and so, though I had no doctor with me, I was right as a trivet again in a couple of days, and now I feel as fit as a fiddle.

"I expect you will find me a bit thinner when you see me, but that is only due to the amount of travelling that I have had to do during the last twelve months. I shall be horribly fat again in no time, when I get my fork into one of those lovely apple dumplings that you used to make for me when I was a kid.

"It's no use my telling you any more of my news this time, *petite Mère*, as I shall be having splendid long yarns with you both in less than a month from now. I think I may possibly have some very good news to give you though, and while I don't *count* upon it, the Governor hinted the other day that I had a very good chance of getting a billet which I have had my eye upon in Ceylon, when I get home. Wouldn't that be ripping? The climate there is splendid. Dear old Mary and I will get spliced, and we would all go out and live together in Ceylon, where there is any amount of polo, and dances, and all sorts of jolly things that one does not get in this God-forsaken country. However, don't run away and count too much on all this, you dear sanguine old Mater, because it may turn out a bubble after all.

"Can't write any more now, as the mail bag is just being closed. I'll be sending a yarn to 'Sweet Marie' next week, when I get back to Cape Coast.



Slowly read it through again.

"*Au revoir*, and *à bientôt*, my dear ones.

"Your affectionate son,

"JACK JERVIS."

The widow had scarcely finished her second perusal of her son's letter, when a merry voice was heard for an instant on the stair, and a girl cheerily entered the room. She looked thorough-bred, and remarkably pretty besides. A black feather boa around her throat made a becoming frame for the bright *piquant* features. Her eyes shone with an open frank expression, and her small white teeth glistened as they caught the glow of the fire.

"Here's a letter, auntie dear," she said, as with a clever turn of the wrist she sent the missive whizzing into the old lady's lap. "Open it quick! I'm dying of curiosity about it, for it has an official-looking coat-of-arms on the back with 'Colonial Office' marked upon it. What can it be about?" and Mary Danby leant affectionately over the widow's shoulder in merry anticipation.

Slowly, and with tremulous fingers, the old lady broke the long envelope. She unfolded the sheet of foolscap, and in letters of fire the words burnt themselves into the eyes of the two women.

"Colonial Office, Downing Street,

"29th November, 189—

"DEAR MADAM,—It is with sincere regret that we find it our painful duty to acquaint you of the death, on the 16th inst. from malarial fever, of your son, Mr. John Jervis, Travelling Commissioner of the Gold Coast Colony.

"The sad news was conveyed to us to-day in a cablegram from the Governor of that Colony, and no details can be received until the arrival of the mail, which is due on the 5th proximo.

"Mr. Jervis was a most promising officer, and he had gained the high esteem of all who knew him. We beg to assure you of our sincere sympathy in your bereavement."





Neuilly Fair.

ROUND AND ABOUT A PARIS FAIR.

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY CLIVE HOLLAND.

IN probably no city of like size and importance are Fairs so frequent and so popular at almost all times of the year as in Paris. There is the great Fair of *Pain d'Épices* (Ginger-bread Fair) held in the late spring, to which poor and rich flock. And there are the numerous other *foires* which take place at various times during the year on the heights of Montmartre, near the Avenue de Clichy, or at Neuilly, where that suburb clings to the skirts of Paris near the Porte Maillot, none more enjoyable or better patronised on Fêtes and Sundays, and during the fine, long July evenings than the last named. None certainly is more picturesque or possesses more curious interest.



The Devineuses.

"All the fun of the fair" has long ago in England become a misleading description of a few booths, a conjurer or two, a fire-eater (perhaps), immortal Punch and Judy, and possibly a "penny gaff" or a small circus. At the Fair at Neuilly the term embraces almost everything in the way of shows and side-shows that can be imagined.

The continued success and survival



The Première Danseuse.

of the *foire* in Paris is doubtless owing to the fact that at such times of gaiety the Parisian is a true cosmopolitan, and on the horses of a steam round-about playing on a brazen-lunged organ the "Washington Post" or "Boulanger March" are to be seen the blue bloused *p'tit ouvrier* madly careering next the immaculately clad Parisian masher, and the soberly dressed if frisky *grisette* alongside the "dame of high degree" with her fluttering silken and lace skirts.

The booths and shows stretch in one long line along both sides of the wide roadway which is spanned with multitudinous festoons of different coloured celluloid globes strung from Venetian masts, which at nightfall will suddenly become illuminated and dance in the faint breeze like many coloured eyes of gigantic fireflies.

Quite at the entrance of the line of booths stands an old man with a red Turkish fez—minus the tassel—whose boast it is that he has, with one or two "misses," attended every Paris and many provincial fairs since the war. His *forte* is the amateur strong man's trick of breaking bits of stone on his chest with a stone-breaker's hammer. He is an interesting old fellow with plenty to tell of the siege, and with a slice on his arm received from a Prussian sabre at Gravelotte. Most days he has his little ring of admiring *gamins* round him who profess to be profoundly impressed by his skill.

Of course, his feats are all, more or less, tricks, but the good-natured onlookers toss in a two sou piece when the hat comes round and ejaculate "wonderful" to the old fellow who is so proud of his own performance.

On the left, just across the road, the "Universe Theatre" is about to commence its "soul-stirring drama of sensations, including two ballets of action." On the platform or stage, which runs the whole length of its front, gaudy with red and gold paint and hair-raising scenes, spiritedly executed in oils and hung as panels between the stucco Corinthian columns, are alternately lounging and pirouetting a handful of *corps de ballet* in the briefest of tarletan skirts and the most aggressive of pink cotton "tights." Most of the girls are made hideous in their "make-up" by the searching sunlight, and seem to realise the fact and look self-conscious and uncomfortable in consequence. The *première danseuse*, a good-looking woman who, the man at the drum (after a vigorous attack upon that instrument) informs the gaping sightseers, "has danced before crowned heads at the opera," has a corner of the stage to herself jutting out on a level with the heads of the passers-by whereon she languidly performs

a *pas de fascination*, and, as the man with the drum says, "gives a taste of the attractions within."

At length a paying audience is secured. The *danseuses* vanish through the painted canvas door. A franc admits to the stalls; there are four persons who have been guilty of this extravagance; and the curtain, after a brief delay during which sundry towzled heads are furtively thrust round the corner of the act-drop for a last look at the house, is rung up. The first part is a "Drama of Passion" of the Empire Period, and if the hero is a trifle unversed in Court manners, and the heroine (a pretty "Maid of the Inn") a trifle over-emotional, their "carryings on" do not fail to elicit rounds of rapturous applause from the audience thick in twenty-five and fifty centime seats. Part two is a Ballet Divertissement, and, if the dresses are somewhat travel-worn and tawdry, the dancing proves to be of a far higher order of excellence than might have been expected.

Out into the brilliant sunlight, and a little farther along the now thronged roadway between the lines of booths and side-shows, we find a gigantic swing-boat, in which a stout papa and his small son are ensconced vainly endeavouring to "scrape the sky." In close proximity is the "Grand Anatomical Museum," which (if one may believe the placard outside) has been visited during the last twelve years by 2,456,781 persons—children under twelve not admitted—and, at twenty-five to fifty centimes an admission, has earned several fortunes for successive owners. Here the curious, and it may be added, it is to be hoped callous, may see wax models of various cutaneous diseases, all possible accidents and surgical operations, and various other horrors too numerous to mention. As a warning to its fashionable patrons of the softer sex, there are included three or four lifesize figures showing the evil effects of the fifteen-inch waist, for which extreme devotees of the fickle Goddess La Mode are supposed to have so great an affection.

From the depressing influence of the Museum it is but a few steps to the "pitch" of a street tumbler who, with his small wife, the assistance of the dog and a small boy or two from the ranks of the audience, performs some really clever and laughable feats. "Oh yes; we go to all the Fairs. We have walked from



The Strong Man.

Marseilles since March with here and there a lift by the way: the life—oh, it's rough enough; not much to be done when the winter comes. Eh Angéle?" And the little woman who seemed to possess an indiarubber backbone untied herself from a knot and replied dolefully, "Ah, no. The winter is no joke at all."

"My beautiful gentleman," a voice interrupted, "this is lovely attar; real attar of rose. You must buy it for your sweetheart." We swung round to find a well-fed subject of the "unspeakable Turk" at our elbow; salaaming obsequiously with the commercial humility of his race.



The Acrobats.

We did not want the "real veritable attar," but as he was persistent and moreover added, "you no buy, I no talk," a bottle eventually, and after much bargaining, changed hands at one-fourth the price first asked, and two people seemed satisfied. "Have you, fine gentleman, visited the magnificent 'Oriental Hareem,' just down the street on the other side?" our Turk enquired. "No! Then you have seen nothing. It is superb, it is magnificent. I know it is, because it is kept by some friends of mine!" We laughed. "Let me take you there. No! Well, you will pay more when you go. Now don't, gentleman, forget the Great, Immense Oriental Hareem when you come to it. You will regret doing so all your life." When we did come to it, part of the Hareem was outside, and did not prove a sufficiently attractive sample to encourage further investigation.

As the afternoon wears on the crowd thickens. A knot of perhaps a hundred have formed a circle round an equilibrist who, with some sticks, balls, bottles, wooden pyramids, and other similar articles, does some tricks with a neatness which would not have disgraced a highly-paid professor at the Folies Bérgére or Café Alcazar.

"A miserable thirty sous," the performer exclaimed at the close, after the hat had been passed round.

"Is that all?"

"Yes, Monsieur; and I a pupil of Robt. Houdin. Ten years of this sort of thing," the conjurer continued, "have not made me a rich man. During the Fair time I do pretty well, for even thirty sous a performance mounts up if you succeed in getting an audience together five or six times in a day. On the tramp? Well, I ought to know something about it. Ah, it is then one gets weary and finds life hard on twenty sous a day. When the Fair is over I shall start tramping to Dieppe or some other *plage;* perhaps to Ostend, if I can afford to take rail half the way. Sometimes I do more than fairly well at such a place, and that allows me to put aside a trifle for the winter."

Across the road is a show presided over by two ladies in Turkish costume. It is a "Temple of Illusions," and from the bill stuck up at the entrance one gathers that the "company" consists of eight transcendently beautiful ladies, and that the chief *pièces de resistance* of the programme are "Life and Death," "The Temptation of St. Anthony," and "Absinthe." The man who was playing a heart-stirring reveille on a drum at the corner of the steps at the entrance left off, peeped inside, and just as we approached called out with brazen lungs, "Just about to commence! Only four fifty centime seats unlet! No more performances till the evening!" Three venturesome souls passed behind the curtain, only to find that the stentorian voice outside still called out that there were four *fauteuils* unlet. At last three more came in, and then two. A short wait, a tinkle of the cracked bell, and the curtain rose on "The Temptation of St. Anthony," a really fine and well arranged tableau. "Absinthe" followed, taken from a well-known Salon picture, and then came "Life and Death." It was a similar representation to that which had excited the denizens and frequenters of the Boulevard Montmartre a few months previously. It was certainly a wonderful and "creepy" illusion. "Life" was represented by a beautiful Venus-like figure standing apparently on a pedestal, which, even as one gazed at it, changed before the eyes of the spectator, firstly to a horrifying *cadavre*, and from that to a grinning, fleshless skeleton. A girl in the twenty centime back row of benches fainted, and when the confusion had subsided the sight had vanished, slowly melting and dissolving away. "How is done?" "Ah, m'sieu!" rejoined the woman at the *caisse*, "that is a secret you could not purchase for 2,000 francs."

The brilliant sunlight soon destroyed the unpleasant sensation one had experienced, and the barefaced but entertaining charlatanry of two *devineuses*, who had told the past and future of a delightfully indefinite number of "European crowned heads, including the Queen of Hawaii," came as a pleasant diversion from further dwelling on "Life and Death."



The Street Conjuror.

What wonderfully intelligent *devineuses* they were!

"M'sieu is rich, happy. He will always have good luck. He may marry," a smile



Mlle. Blondine.

was promptly taken advantage of, "Ah! I see you are already so. M'sieu is fond of art (with a glance at the Kodak), and a great traveller." And so on.

It was all very engaging, and the *devineuse* smiled frequently, as she had good teeth, and was profuse in her thanks as her fingers closed over the franc.

"A trip in the Great Aërial Balloons, only twenty-five centimes," bawled a gentleman with a strong American accent, clad in large checks, from across the road. It was one of the newest features of the Fair, and the cars of the "Great Aërial Balloons" seldom ascended and revolved on their wheel-like structure without a full complement of laughing or nervously excited passengers.

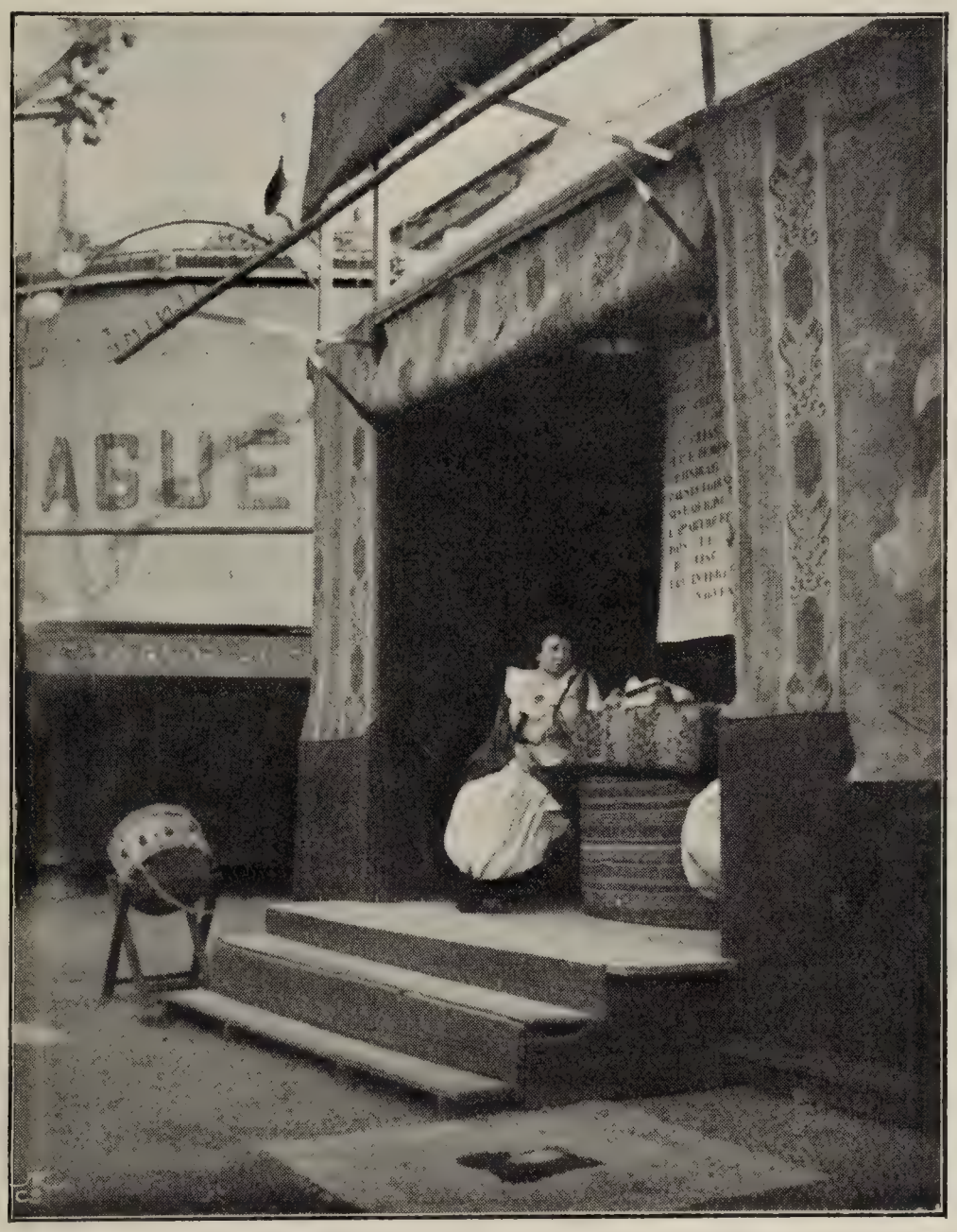
Tumbling, wire-walking, and feats of a like nature seldom fail to draw an audience. And the graceful performance of Mlle. Blondine on the slack wire was surrounded by a ring of spectators five or six deep. In its way, the "show" was one of the best at the Fair. Mlle. Blondine, who hoped to come to England, as she had given a private performance for the benefit of an English Music Hall Agent that morning ere the Fair was awake, told us she found walking and glissading on her terribly wobbly wire "quite as easy as walking," and that she had been in the profession since she was fifteen (seven years). She was hoping to have her photograph taken, and so we took it. Not on the wire, because of the crowd; but a snapshot of her in a "wire" position. But at the end of the street there is a quartette of "tumblers." "Oh, so clever," Mlle. assures us, adding, "My sister is one." And so we pass on, and get a photograph before the light begins to fail. They *are* clever, and the



Th Aërial Balloon.

people and children in the big, little crowd that has collected, gape at their antics, and hold their breath when the "pyramid" topples over and sways earthward of *malice prepense* to measure its length on the straw mattresses carefully placed for the purpose.

A last look round while the light lasts, a visit to a shooting gallery at which you "may enjoy all the sports" (whatever that may mean) "at ten centimes a shot," or a dozen for a franc, and then the lamps begin to twinkle forth. The steam organs of the roundabouts begin to blare with increasing vigour, the show-men and show-women to shout their loudest and wheedle in their most persuasive accents. The fat lady of twenty-two English stones, who would not be "taken," and the lean gentleman, whom it would have proved a difficult matter to "take" had he stood sideways, disappear from sight after their too brief breath of fresh evening air.



The Temple of Illusions.

The fun grew fast and furious, scarcely a horse in the roundabouts but has its screaming burden. "The Great Aërial Balloons" revolve and ascend in a blaze of red, orange, and white light, and the band in a clear space invites to the dance for which little grisettes feet are already tripping.





OPENING THE BALL.
By N. Wilkinson.

HOW MRS. DENNANT PAID HER DEBTS.

BY ESTHER MILLER.

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN THOMPSON.

"RESTRICTIONS" was certainly the book of the year. It may have been, as *The Oracle* expounded in a column-and-a-half of solid type, that it owed its success in large measure to a mere felicity of title—a happy inspiration which suggested the opening up of new ground, so to speak, in modern fiction. But whether the implied originality or a subtler merit were to blame, the little volume, issued in March, ran into its twelfth edition the week Laura Dennant came to Bagworthy Park.

Everybody who was anybody turned up at Bagworthy Park in those days. Sydney Tallantire had just added *The Morning Mail* to his miscellaneous newspaper properties, and blossomed forth as a landowner and a prominent force in the Conservative interest. Most men reach their meridian at a later date, but he was well under thirty-five, with a fine young appetite for lions, and sometimes he would have as many as half a dozen prowling about at once.

Of course wherever she might be Mrs. Dennant was always the centre of attraction, for the male element at any rate. It has been asserted publicly by a New Vagabond that she was the most fascinating woman in London, and the fact that she was quite aware of it herself by no means detracted from the magnetism of her charms. Tall, slender, and *chic*, with pensive dark eyes and white teeth, she was never at a loss for a smart retort and never unbecomingly dressed. Two years ago, in the wake of her first novel, she had dawned upon "literary circles" from an expensive flat, apparently of ample means and without a connection in the wide world. Who she was, and where she came from, nobody knew and nobody cared. She was travelled and evidently accustomed to good society, and her little dinners were absolute gems.

"They do say she has had a past," confided the hostess to a friend who knew not Joseph. "But I can't persuade myself to believe dear Laura would have had anything so commonplace!"

Before she had been in the house a week, Hesketh of the Home Office had tried to persuade her that she might have a desirable future, at any rate, with him; but she declined the experiment as she declined many others, characteristically, with a touch of petulance.

"My dear Sir Reginald," she said, "believe me you are better off as you are. I get tired of people so soon, and when I am bored my temper is *horrid*. I shall never marry again."

The interesting event had come off in strict privacy, but everybody knew the next morning why there was a gap in the breakfast table—everybody always does know these things in a country house.

"Sir Reginald has been imperatively recalled to town," explained Mrs. Tallantire, in the honoured formula required of decency. "But our number will be complete again by dinner-time. Sydney has a man coming—an American he chummed with in Boston last year. He'll be your property, Laura, *vice* Sir Reginald translated, which will no doubt delight his heart. He is a great admirer of yours."

"Dear man! what good taste he must have," murmured Mrs. Dennant. "I'll put on my prettiest frock for his benefit."

Perhaps she did spend an extra five minutes over her toilet that evening. If matrimony with her were an illusion outlived, she apparently took quite an ordinary feminine pleasure in conquest. But the victory once achieved, be it said, the victim ceased to interest her, and she grew colder and colder as he approached fever heat.

"I am not a flirt," she explained to Mrs. Tallantire, in a rare moment of cold-blooded candour. "Men don't delight me in the least. They are merely material to me. It amuses me to increase my experience, to try experiments, and watch the results."

And Mrs. Tallantire had been very shocked, indeed, for half an hour, but that had not saved Sir Reginald.

She looked so well-intentioned too, when she came downstairs by and by. There was a simple little arrangement of nestling pink roses at her breast, which somehow suggested youth and innocence.

A man who was talking to Tallantire on the hearthrug looked up as she entered, and his face turned red and then white, and his eyes stared at the resurrection of a buried past.

"Mr. Wilton Sommerville," introduced the hostess, "Mrs. Dennant."

There was an unspeakable moment. The smile of conventional greeting froze on the woman's lips. She felt faint, and sickly hot. Then she drew a deep breath, and made an effort to be natural, which shall be written among the deeds of heroism on the Judgment Day.

"Very pleased to meet you, Mr. Sommerville," she said. "I am told you do me the honour to like my books, and I am always glad to make the acquaintance"—she laid a slight stress on the word—"of my admirers. You don't know how vain I am. I have quite a childish love of praise."

He made no reply beyond bowing profoundly over her hand. He seemed at a loss what to say, bewildered, nonplussed. And when dinner was announced it was with almost reluctant diffidence that he approached to offer his arm.

She accepted it with no trace of awkwardness; the rubicon was passed for her; she was once more entirely mistress of herself, of a most *bizarre* situation, and, shall we say, of him?

"And how long have you been in England, Mr. Sommerville?" she asked.

"I came over last week in the *City of Paris*," he answered.

"You are making a long stay?"

"I may go to Norway next month. I don't know; it depends."

"You are one of those comfortable people, of course, who can go wherever the whim of the moment allures," she said, with one of her sunny smiles. "No tiresome business to chain you to one spot, no obtrusive family ties!"

"You are as fortunate in that respect as I am, Mrs.—Mrs. Dennant; you have your freedom too?"

"Oh yes, I have my freedom," she answered carelessly. "Dennant is merely a *nom-de-plume*."

He showed, unconsciously, no doubt, a certain relief. It mingled oddly enough with the discomfort, the almost schoolboy embarrassment her society appeared to cause him. He gave one the idea of a man struggling in the tide of an overwhelming surprise, and out of his depth.

She was in one of her most brilliant moods to-night; perhaps she was excited, on her mettle. There was a flush in her cheeks too; she had never looked so well.

Tallantire, a rabid anti-Ibsenite, disparaged the prophet across the table. Her tongue flashed like a rapier in the defence—witty, convincing, super-subtle, sure of herself, and afraid of nobody, she was accustomed to being listened to. And while she talked the eyes of the man beside her wandered furtively over her

milk-white neck and throat, the perfect curve of her shoulders, the heavenward sweep of her black silk lashes, the glowing intelligence of her face, the white teeth gleaming between the red of her lips. She was very beautiful. His colour rose a little.

When Mrs. Tallantire gave the signal, he stooped for her fan, which she had dropped, and seized the opportunity to whisper in her ear—

"Can I speak to you for five minutes?"

He had been screwing up his courage for that simple remark since the fish.

"Oh, certainly," she said. "You will find me in the conservatory."

No doubt she knew that the pink glow of a Japanese lantern was becoming to a clear, pale skin like hers. There was an arrangement of spiky palms at the back of her Madeira-chair—a mass of shadow, and some of the roses she wore had strewn their velvet petals on her dress. She played with them, smiling a little to herself, her head gracefully at rest. Val Hawthorne, who painted "A Summer Dream," was a great friend of hers, and had talked to her a good deal at different times. For an amateur she had a fine recognition of "values."

She had not long to wait. In a few minutes Sommerville joined her.

"I am sorry to have kept you so long," he said. "I could not get away before."

"I don't think you have been ten minutes," she answered.

"It has seemed an hour to me. Laura, —Mrs. Dennant," he corrected, "you will believe me when I tell you that if I had known, if I had had the least suspicion who was the authoress of *Restrictions*, I should not have intruded upon you? The discovery is an amazement to me. But it is quite easy to terminate the embarrassing situation in which chance has placed us. If you wish it, I can leave the house to-night?"

She tossed one of the rose petals and caught it in her white palm.

"If I wish it? My dear Mr. Sommerville, I appreciate your delicacy, but let me assure you that it is quite unnecessary, so far as I am personally concerned. Under the circumstances, no doubt it is unusual that we should be staying beneath the same roof; but I am fond of the unusual, it amuses me; one cannot be too grateful for anything like novelty of sensation in this worn-out world! Why, therefore, should I deprive you of a visit to pleasant people and a pleasant house? Why should I deprive my host and hostess of their guest? I beg that you will not permit me to affect your arrangements in any way."

"Then I can stay?" he asked incredulously. "You have no objection?"

"Oh, none in the least," she said.

Somebody came in then, and she strolled back to the drawing-room, humming. The "somebody" was Tallantire.

"Well, what do you think of her?" he queried.

"I don't know what to think of her. I feel giddy," said the American. "Have you got a cigar?"

"Man alive, you don't mean to say you're *disappointed!*"

"No, I'm not exactly disappointed," replied Sommerville, caressing the Havana meditatively. "Only dazed a bit. Of course, she's charming, splendid, out of sight."

Mrs. Tallantire's hand was on her door that night when Laura bore down upon her, swept her into her own bedroom, and turned the key in the lock.

"You are a woman in a thousand, Ida," she said. "In the whole three years you've known me, you have smothered your curiosity nobly, and never asked me one impertinent question. The mood is on me to reward you. I am going to tell you the story of my life."

"Dear me! Why this sudden candour?"

"If I did not confide in someone, I should burst," said Mrs. Dennant frankly.



She knew the pink glow of a Japanese lantern was becoming.

"Ida, your friend from Boston is my husband."

"*What!*"

"Perhaps I should have said he *was* my husband," amended Mrs. Dennant, with great calmness. "We are divorced. Oh, don't look shocked; there was nothing improper, my dear! An American divorce—incompatibility of temper, don't you know. We parted seven years ago. I loved him to distraction, worshipped his boots, I think; you may imagine it when I used to store up his dead button-holes and half-smoked cigarettes! It was eighteen months before I had the heart to burn them. Inconceivable what idiots girls can be!"

"But if you were so fond of him, why on earth did you separate?" asked Mrs. Tallantire, in natural bewilderment.

"*Because* I was so fond of him, because I was an inexperienced, silly fool, a child!" flashed the other woman with a sudden light and heat, which was a revelation. "Ida, he was a brute to me, a brute! I was barely seventeen when he married me, and I had lived in the country all my life. My face was all I had, and he was a man of the world. I suppose I bored him to death after the first six months; I was so demonstrative, so *obvious*, so entirely ignorant of everything. But he needn't have shown it so plainly. He thought I was stupid! I was only young. He never tried to make anything of me; he just lost patience and went his way, leaving me to break my heart at home. If only I had had the *nous* to shake his sense of security I might have saved myself; instead I cried, and reproached him with neglect—of course, that was the end of all things. How miserable I was to be sure! I can look back and see myself with my swollen eyes and red nose—such an innocent, futile, tactless little fool. When he proposed the divorce I hadn't the courage to object—it must have been almost a relief to me; that contemptuous smile of his used to cut me like a knife. So I sent for my aunt and—evoluted."

Her voice died down with a note of finality. She was sunk in a dreamy attitude with her chin resting on her hand.

"Well, Laura," said Mrs. Tallantire, breaking the pause, "I can't tell you how sorry I am that all these unpleasant recollections should have been aroused in my house. Of course we must get rid of the man somehow. I won't have your visit spoilt."

Mrs. Dennant awoke from her reverie, and opened her big eyes.

"But I don't want him got rid of, my dear."

"Laura, you surely wouldn't stay on here with him?"

"Why not? Seven years is a long time. I was a love-sick girl then; to-day I am—Laura Dennant. I am going to play with Mr. Wilton Sommerville." She smiled. "I am going to pay my debts."

Mrs. Tallantire sat quite silent for a moment, lost in admiration.

"What a wonderful woman you are," she said at last. "No doubt it will serve him very well right."

The contest was most unequal from the first. He had no chance. She knew him through and through, his likes and dislikes, his opinions, his ideas; and she was a stranger to him, a mystery unfathomable, alluring, complex. Even her beauty had changed in the intervening years; it had matured—acquired that indefinable attraction which men call charm. And she did not avoid him; neither was there any malice in her gaze. It seemed as though she had wiped a sponge over the writing on the slate, as though she were resolved to forget that they had ever met before, and intended that he too should ignore the past.

After the first surprise he was only too glad to follow the cue she offered him. No laurel leaves could have bought from him her olive-branch of peace.

It was one afternoon under the chestnuts that the curtain fell on this weird little comedy of sentiment and passion.

"Can I guess what you want to say to me?" she repeated airily. "My dear Mr. Sommerville, I decline to try; this heat is sufficiently exhausting. But my ears are at your service; pray begin."

A soft wind stirred the heavy branches above them, and the tendrils of her hair. She was waiting for him to speak, with a faint smile and her eyes bent upon the shadows swaying on the grass.

"Laura," he said, "I need not tell you how much pleasure this meeting of ours has given me, how intensely I admire you; you must have seen that for yourself. I love you as I never loved you in the old days. Forgive, forget; come back to me. You shall never regret it this time, so help my God!"

"Am I to understand that you wish me to marry you again?" she asked.

"Yes."

There was a dead leaf upon the grass beside her. The ivory-tipped ferule of her sunshade played with it, piercing it, pressing it into the damp mould.

"And you are sure—really sure this time—that you love me?"

"I wish I were as sure of Heaven! Laura, I was a fool then—a boy. I didn't know my own mind. But now I am no longer as young, and you are my ideal; I never thought to find the woman I could care for as I care for you!"

She raised her head then, and looked at him. There was a white blaze of passion on her face which turned him sick.

"I have been waiting for this seven years," she said, "planning for it, praying for it. I always intended that we should meet again some day, but not quite so soon. I hoped that you would marry. I meant to wait until you were no longer free, until you had cursed yourself irrevocably for life—another woman would not have been cast off as you cast off a crumpled tie, as you cast *me* off."

"Laura!"

"Yes; you treated me shamefully, cruelly. I was a child and I loved you; you tired of my face and broke my heart because, at seventeen, I was not a woman of the world. Perhaps you think it is a curious accident that I should have become just the type you most admire? I have studied, travelled, educated myself, *created* myself. From the day I left you, my one ambition, my one interest, was to make myself your ideal, to make you come back to me with your heart in your mouth, and your hat in your hand, to be refused. And you have come. Oh God, the joy of life! The years have been long, but I have succeeded; I have paid my debt at last."

He did not speak for a moment. He was staring at her blankly, like a man who has had a blow between the eyes and doesn't quite realise where he is. Then he pulled himself together with a little shake, and rose.

"Of course, under the circumstances all I can do is to wish you good-bye," he said huskily. "I see now that I must have been a selfish, unsympathetic brute to you. I had no idea you cared so much. The fact of it is I was young too, and a fellow with my dollars has to live a little time in the world before he finds out that he isn't God Almighty, and can't have everything his own way. I hope you'll be happy now you've got your wish. It is improbable that we shall meet again, and I should like to feel that I hadn't ruined all your life."

He stooped and kissed her hand before he turned away.

She followed his retreating figure with a vague, impersonal gaze. A silence had fallen on nature — the palpable hush which accompanies the setting of a summer sun. The piping of a blackbird

broke it with a musical mournfulness of sound.

Suddenly the crimson blaze in the west seemed to melt the woman's face, to fire her cheeks, her eyes, her blood. She sprang to her feet, and flung out her arms wide, wide, to Heaven and earth and the man.

"Come back," she called, "come back I love you."

THE IDLER.

BY ALFRED MALTBY.

I LOVE a life of laziness,
Of dreams and mental haziness ;
Of weaving endless ropes of sand
Upon some golden sea-girt strand :
Or lying lizard-like on bough,
Mere basking in the sun of Now,
Creating things which can't exist,
Not counting chances one has missed
But chances one has taken :
Of eating dinners o'er again
(Without digestion's awful pain)
And, in imagination, sip
That "'*forty-seven*," fit for lip
Of Gods.

All vain regrets dismiss thou : lest
It rob your laziness of zest,
The "might have beens," the "ifs" and "buts,"
Wrinkles and all careworn ruts.
Brood not on women, dark or fair,
Whose protestations proved but air,
Whose sun-sworn vows to shadows turned :
A lesson most of us have learned—
But few to heart have taken.
Like ashes scatter these afar,
Nor take things really as they are,
But as you dream they "seem" to be,
Keeping your idle fancy free,
You live a life worth living.
And Time, no warning giving,
Just nods.



"I don't believe you really meant it when you said you were so anxious to hear me sing."
"Oh, yes, I did. You see I had never heard you sing before."

(*Drawn by Malcolm Patterson.*)

GOD'S CHANGELING.

BY A. ADAMS MARTIN.

ILLUSTRATED BY LEONARD LINSDELL.

A BROAD sunbeam was striking through the dusty windows of the little shop, lighting up the workmen's bench; lighting up the pile of wood shavings by the empty grate; lighting up the boards and trestles leaning against the wall; lighting up a something else, standing on trestles in the corner, and covered up with a black cloth. There was a smell of newly sawn wood, of varnish, and of cloth about the room, and upon its outer door, which opened on the little side-street round the corner of the square, was inscribed, "George Whittaker, undertaker and joiner."

To judge by the look of his premises, George Whittaker's business seemed to belong principally to the former class. Those planks were all embryo coffin-lids, and the big wooden press contained palls, and other funereal trappings.

It was Saturday afternoon, and all signs of work were over for the day. Whittaker was absent, conducting the funeral of a deceased greengrocer, and Whittaker's two small children had taken possession of the workshop, and turned it into a very superior playground. They loved the workshop. To their innocent souls these trappings of death were the loveliest playthings possible. What houses could be made amongst the trestles and boards! What rare hide-and-seek! Flo had a slightly nervous feeling about the big press, to be sure; because it was so dark; but she had no objection to dressing up in a pall, or ornamenting herself with hearse plumes. They rarely asked questions and their mother allowed them perfect liberty on condition that they "messed nothing"; though Mrs. Whittaker would never have been brought to see that her Flo and Bobby could do wrong, even if they had.

On that particular Saturday afternoon, Bobby, aged eight, was sitting astride the workmen's bench, and the six-year-old Flo, making believe that it was a horse, was beating it with a hearth-brush, and urging it on to a greater imaginary speed. Bobby quickly tired of games, and soon suggested a change.

"I don't like it now, Flo," he cried. "You stop wallopin'. It ain't no sort of good. I'd like a *real* horse, I would, with a mane, and tail, like those father takes to grand funerals."

"Let's play at funerals," readily suggested Flo, who was tired of being Bobby's only driver. Perhaps, in a new game, she might get a nice part.

"No, that's stoopid; 'sides, we've played it lots of times," said Bobby; "unless," he added, consideringly, "we makes a *real* hearse with somebody inside it. That *would* be fun."

Flo only stared hard; she did not like the turn their play had taken now.

Bobby cast a rapid glance round. His eyes fell on an empty tool-chest.

"*There's* the black box. Oh, ain't it *just* the thing; you get in Flo."

Flo said nothing, but there was a pathetic tremble about her little mouth. She did not like black boxes, and the idea of getting *into* one was awful.

"You won't shut the lid, Bobby? Not *quite*, please," she stammered, pleadingly.



A small yellow head became visible.

"And spoil the game! Oh, Flo, you *are* a silly un! It 'ud be no fun open."

Flo had never heard of the fable of the boys and the frogs, but the moral of it was very palpably present in her mind nevertheless. As she stood wondering how she could keep out of the box, and yet please Bobby, deliverance suddenly came from an unexpected quarter. A small yellow head became suddenly visible, and a small voice demanded through the half-open door:

"If 'oo pease, I want-er come in."

"Wye 'ere's Dot! Let's bury Dot!" cried Bobby rapturously. "Dot don't mind nothink!"

A tiny Dot it was, surely, to bear such a character for pluck. A wee mite, small even for her five years, with great pathetic blue eyes, which peeped out forlornly from under a tangle of golden curls: eyes that spoke of a world of childish instincts and longings, kept hopelessly repressed in her small soul. Poor little Dot! The lines had not fallen unto her in pleasant places, and the angel face, and dainty

limbs contrasted strangely with the dusty ragged garments in which the child was clad.

For Dot was an orphan. Her mother had died at her birth, and her father, a struggling artist, had then hopelessly marred his life by marrying his model; a handsome woman of low origin, who had spent all her husband made in drink and fine clothes. When Dot was barely four years old her father died also; broken down with shame and trouble, and the stepmother would have rid herself of the child altogether, but that Dot was worth money to her occasionally as an infant model.

Mrs. Whittaker had known something of the child's own mother, whom she was wont to speak of as a "real lady," and the harshly used child was always a welcome comer to the tradesman's comfortable home; the children being strictly charged to be "good to little Dot."

Bobby, who lorded it over his small sister, extended his autocratic sway still further over his sister's playfellow. Dot's fearlessness, and quiet submission to getting the worst of things, making her an easy victim to that small despot. He hailed her advent that afternoon with joy; as a creature who would be resigned alike to the black boxes and black looks. The game was soon arranged; Dot being of course the one who played "dead," and lay in the terrible box: the merciful Flo, however, insisted on a tiny bit of lid being left open. Bobby and Flo acted as "mutes," and Dot was properly buried in the pile of shavings from which she emerged with little curls of wood sticking all over her hair and dress. In scrambling out she struck her head against the upright trestles, and her attention was thus forcibly drawn to the *something* covered up.

"What 'oo got beyow?" she said, softly patting the black cover.

"I'll show you, Dot," said Bobby, patronisingly.

"But mother said we wasn't to touch it, Bobby," cried Flo.

"I aint a going to touch it. I'se only going to it to *show* Dot," was Bobby's rather sophistical excuse; and then, emboldened by the anxious curiosity in Dot's eyes, he pulled the cover off and revealed what lay beneath. Only a child's coffin!—but a very different piece of work to what was usually turned out at Whittaker's establishment—a dainty creation of polished wood, lined and fluted with white satin; a fitting bed wherein some white little soul, already weary of the world where it had but just opened its wondering eyes, might close them gently again in dreamless sleep—far below the daisies and sweet waving grasses, where the perfect stillness dwells.

Ah! little bark, but just now launched on life's summer sea, with warm love and bright hopes to fill your sails!—so soon wafted over the horizon line into the great beyond—the vast ocean which no human eye can fathom: where only Faith can discern aught! Oh! little bud put forth so proudly on the parent stem, whilst exultant Love cries, saying: "This bud will be a lovely flower—a golden fruit—and I shall see it and rejoice, *for it is mine.*" So we dream, and think not of the chilling wind—the nipping frost; until we wake to wring our hands and wail in our sore distress. "Alas! Master; *it was borrowed!*"

The children stood quite quiet for a few minutes; and then Dot put out her hand with a gay peal of childish laughter—so unusual for her that Bobby and Flo stared in wondering amazement; then touching the white satin pillow with caressing fingers, she cried:

"Pitty! pitty! What 'oo made for?"

"It's a coffin," said Bobby proudly, and it cost—oh! such a lot! It's for very grand people who live in the square, and father got the order 'cos the lady knew him, an' 'cos—oh! 'cos *nobody* can make things like father can."

"What's a toffin?" enquired Dot, promptly.

The question was an unexpected one, and Bobby looked staggered for a moment, but he quickly rose to the occasion.

"A coffin's—a coffin don't yer know," he replied convincingly.

"*What's* a toffin?" reiterated Dot, stubbornly.

Then Flo came to the rescue.

"Mother says they're made to carry folks to 'Eaven in," she said; adding with orthodox solemnity, "if they're *good*, you know. God sends for them, and they're put in, and carried up to 'Eaven, and then they're so 'appy," she continued, with a faint recollection of Sunday-school lessons and hymns.

Poor little Dot! a very heathen in her knowledge she appeared from her next question:

"Is Dod *dood?* Does ee beat ickle gurls up yere?"

The properly brought up Flo looked as shocked as her own Sunday-school teacher might have done.

"Oh! *no*, Dot! Ee's ever so good, and it's lovely up there—all flowers and singin' 'imms, and white dresses, and nobody never cries again."

Dot was very silent; meditating deeply upon Flo's words.

"'Eaven pitty place; nobody kies yere! Dot ud yike ter go," she said presently, adding, whilst her hand patted the soft satin again, "Do ickle gurls 'ave pitty boxes to tak' 'em too?"

"Yes, that un's got to go away to-night after tea, father says," cried Bobby, glad to get back to that side of the subject which he understood. "It's for a little gurl as lives in the Square. It's the biggist house in the Square, and father used ter work there." Then he covered up the coffin, and called the two children to come for another game.

During the rest of the playtime Dot was very quiet. Bobby called her a "stoopid," but she did not seem to mind. She was still revolving over and over in her childish brain the words she had heard from Flo. Dot had had some dim notion of somebody called God, and some place called Heaven; both of which were very far away. How it appeared that there was a way of going there; another child was going, and oh! how Dot longed to go with her.

Soon after five o'clock Mrs. Whittaker returned, and the children were called away to tea. That was Dot's opportunity, and she made good her escape. It was hard for the hungry child to relinquish the certainty of a comfortable meal, but her mind was made up. She would go to Heaven with the other little girl. It was easy to slip unseen into the empty workshop again, and then pulling a chair up to the trestles she climbed on, and pushing aside the lid a little way, she crept cautiously and gently inside; her dusty boots making sad havoc of the white satin. Then lowering the lid, with its covering undisturbed, she lay down, pushing a little bit of her frock under it so as to make a chink for air, as Flo had done for her in the tool-chest.

A few minutes later Whittaker's men arrived, and hurriedly removed the little coffin; slipping it on to a hand-cart, without disturbing its outer pall of black velvet. They never dreamed of lifting it up to see if all the screws were in place, and the child's slight weight passed unnoticed.

Dot was conscious of much shaking and jolting, and then of being carried up a number of steps, broad and flat, like those of the big church in the square. Then she was put down, and she heard the steps tramping away, and the sound of closing doors. It was very close, and she put up a tiny hand to widen the chink.

"I wonder if I've got there yet," the child thought, "but it's so dark, and I'm frightened." After that she lay quite quiet for what seemed a very long time, and



Mrs. Mansfield sank on her knees.

then the silence grew unbearable. She pushed back a little bit more of the lid, and lifting up a corner of the pall, put out her hand—to touch the soft, silken fold of a curtain.

Peeping out, she discovered further that she was in a lofty, elegantly furnished room, dimly lighted, and perfumed by the scent of hot-house flowers. To the untutored child who knew nothing of the conventional ideas of golden streets and jewelled gates, and things generally unlike everything here below, there seemed everything to make her think that she was in very deed and truth somewhere in the "pitty" place where *God* dwelt,—God who was so kind, and who never allowed ittle boys and girls to cry any more.

Slowly and softly she gathered herself up and crept out of the coffin, which had been placed on a low dais by a window. Before her was a bed, a dainty white bed hung with lace, and heaped around with fairest lilies, and on the bed with folded hands as if asleep, lay a lovely child form.

Dot held her breath and stole a little nearer, looking with all her soul at the marble whiteness of that little face, shaded by golden curls, fair as her own. What *was* it? Was this the other little girl—and did everyone look beautiful like that up in Heaven?

Dot crept closer, and folding her hands as she had seen Flo do, began, with trembling lips, her petition.

"Ickle gurl—if 'oo pease, take me with

oo to *Dod*—O! do-e pease. I'se so tiny, I won't take up much room—*pease* take me."

The white waxen face remained unchanged. Had she not heard? Dot, in sore distress, began to sob out her petition anew.

I'se *so* tired, and muzzer's allays beatin' me, and—Oh do-e pease take me to the pitty place too!"

Other ears had heard the pathetic little voice. The door had opened noiselessly and a lady and gentleman had entered whilst the child was speaking; a tall man with a kind, grave face, and a sweet sad-faced woman, pale and shaken by much weeping. As the child finished her passionate address, there was a quick answering sob, and a hand was laid upon her shoulder.

"Child, child, how did you come here?"

Dot turned round with a cry.

"Oh! pease is dis 'Eaven?" she asked piteously. "I want ter go to *Dod!*"

Mrs. Mansfield sank on her kness and gathered the poor waif to her aching mother's heart—a heart reft of its own blossom, but warmly throbbing for all other loneliness.

"My poor child, tell me all about it," she whispered, and, between her sobs, Dot related her poor little story.

The soiled white satin bore witness to its truth, but the trembling words needed no voucher in the pitying ears which listened.

"It seems like a living message sent from our Lily, Henry," she murmured to her husband. "Lily loved little children so." And Doctor Mansfield saw that this call for sympathy was as balm to her wounded heart, and wisely held his peace. There, by the white bed of her lost darling, a Lily amongst lilies, Mrs. Mansfield put away her own sorrow to listen to the heart-hungerings of this little *living* soul —this wilderness blossom; who had never known care or sunshine in her baby life. Her heart leaped at the innocent question, "Are all angels white and booful like *'er?*"

When the story was all told she gently bore the little waif thence, and put her in a cot, warm and soft, whose owner would never want it more; but it seemed to the mother that this was her Lily's will: her Lily who had loved all children, rich and poor, alike.

Dot sank down on the pillows wearily, and then she put up her baby face to be kissed, as she had always done to Mrs Whittaker, her one kind friend.

"Does 'oo yive very kose to 'Eaven?" she whispered, "cos oo's so kind, like *Dod* is, Flo says." Then seeing the hardly restrained tears in those kind eyes, she added, "But oo's kying—and *Dod* never kyes! Why does Dod let 'oo kye?"

Mrs. Mansfield bent her face down upon the curly head.

"God sent you to dry them for me, little Dot," she said.

Then she stole back quietly to her child's last sleeping room, and with reverent fingers draped a white silken shawl over the soiled lining of the little coffin.

"Lily will understand. Lily will not mind," she murmured.

And so in the coffin soiled by the weary feet and muddy clothes of the motherless waif, little Lily was placed to sleep her last sleep, and recked not of it.

"God sent her to me, and I will keep the child, Henry," Mrs. Mansfield said to her husband the day after the funeral, when the question of returning Dot to her friends was first broached. In those two days of her trial the innocent love of the orphan child had drawn it close to the lonely heart. Little Dot's one idea was not to let the "pitty lady kye any more," and well did she fulfil her mission. Doctor Mansfield saw how salutary the distraction was, and spoke no more of removing Dot.

Enquiries were instituted, however, and when he discovered the gentle birth and forlorn state of the poor child, he yielded

to his wife's desire to keep her and provide for her altogether; and so the little changeling child who had been so strangely brought to them became a joy and comfort in their lives, and by blessing others, they became blessed also.

For highest love, as has been finely said, is "the past participle of the verb to *live*," and when buried is not dead; but is a perennial, which shows itself and springs again in new and ever varying forms of beauty and blessing.

MY MASTER.

BY SWANHILDE BULAU.

I LOVE to think, as moonlight floods the land,
And all my heart and soul flow out to you,
How if the men who loved me, and the few
Whom I have loved, before me were to stand,
Then would I take each gladly by the hand,
And cherish them as dear, kind friends anew,
But I would kneel to you, oh dear and true,
And welcome you My Master to command.

Oh love, my love, whose influence alone
Has lifted me from depths I dare not name,—
Still deeper was I falling when you came,
No preaching hypocrite with heart of stone,
But one whose noble life filled me with shame,
And made me strive to rectify my own.

HAS OUR RACE DEGENERATED?

BY WALTER SHAW SPARROW.

IF we really wish to ascertain whether the English race has or has not degenerated we must do two things, and we must do them honestly. In the first place, we must remember always that the uncivilised men of our own times are fair types of the barbarians who lived long ago. In the second place, we must compare our own physique with that of those modern savages, or semi-savages, who have many qualities in common both with us and with our barbaric forefathers. And should this comparison prove that our own physique is usually superior to theirs, then we may reasonably believe that our race, as a whole, has grown stronger with the growth of civilisation.

Now, Mr. Frederic Harrison assures us that "a civilised man can roll over a savage, is bigger and stronger," and we all know that Mr. Frederic Harrison is an enemy to slap-dash assertions. Nevertheless, does he tell us the whole truth? Of what civilised man is he speaking, and of what savage? It is to be remembered that there are savage races and savage races; if some are little and feeble, others are certainly of a piece with those "great big bounding beggars" that broke a British square in the Soudan, achieving what Napoleon's veterans could never do. Again, the Maories who rode in the Royal Procession on Jubilee Day dwarfed the picked Englishmen from New Zealand; and it is common knowledge that both the Zulus and the Afghans have a great physical advantage over most of us. These are the fierce warriors that remind us of our early forefathers; and I am inclined to believe that the physical difference between us and them marks the degeneration which our race has suffered in its progress from barbarism to an extremely complex, industrial civilisation. For the same hard wild life in the open air, acting on several races of men equally famous for their stamina and courage, would surely produce in the past the same results which it produces in the present day. Weaklings would be killed by such a life; strong children would be toughened and invigorated by it; and (mark this!) it has been pointed out by Olive Schreiner that Colonial Europeans of the third generation, whether English or Dutch, if they grow up in South Africa beyond the range of the towns, become huge, powerful men, like the best of the savage races. Newcomers from England are not only much smaller; as a rule they are much more wiry and nervous. And this regeneration of Englishmen in South Africa will seem to us the most natural thing in the world, if only we can bring ourselves to see our industrial civilisation as it really is. Mr. Frederic Harrison has described it, and I will quote his terribly truthful words. Listen:

"Our present type of society is, in many respects, one of the most horrible that has ever existed in the world's history,—boundless luxury and self-indulgence at one end of the scale, and at the other a condition of life as cruel as that of a Roman slave, and more degraded than that of a South Sea Islander. . . ."

And he says elsewhere that misery and vice may now be counted, not here and there in spots and sores (as such things in human society always will be), but in areas larger than

THE ENTIRE LONDON OF ELIZABETH.

Well, is not all this quite enough to account for the physical deterioration of our toiling classes? Is this civilisation of ours likely to give us a type of man so muscular, so powerful, that, without the assistance of a maxim gun, he could with ease roll over a typical Zulu or Afghan? If so, then little children must be nourished by those poisonous fumes that wither the leaves in the Black Country, in the Cotton Country, in the Potteries; and privations in our teeming slums must be more invigorating than are the hardships which men have to encounter in the mountains and the plains. What do we gain by shutting our eyes to the plain fact that we are purchasing our industrial supremacy at the cost of infinite suffering to the generations yet unborn? We are breeding pigmies in many places; and to this day our finest soldiers, sailors, and policemen are county-born and county-bred.

You will tell me, no doubt, that our distant forefathers had their own peculiar trials and privations. Yes—but they were less sensitive than we are, as is proved by the fact that suicide is rarely mentioned in the oldest chronicles. Nowadays almost every man has a Utopia in his thoughts, and very often he is not stoical enough to bear the startling contrast between his own lot in life and the visionary blessings of which he dreams. Our plebeian ancestors did not suffer in this way, they were too ignorant; yet they were wise enough to keep their public holidays joyously. And they had as many invigorating games as we have, and they were turned into soldiers by the discipline of archery, which, though sternly enforced by laws of state, was rendered popular by the victories which it enabled the English poor to gain over the chivalry of France. We must remember, too, that our unconquerable archers were the descendants of those fierce Northmen who settled in this country, and whose kinsmen astonished the natives of the South by their lofty stature. "They are as tall as palm trees," said the Arabs. To the nomad races of Southern Russia, as A. Rombaud points out in his history, the Normans and Varangians seemed giants; and now I would remind you of the lines in which Dante gives us to understand that the Germans of his day were famed for their great size. The lines occur in the poet's description of Nimrod, and run as follows: "The bank, which concealed him from the waist downwards, nevertheless showed so much of him that three tall Germans would in vain have attempted to reach to his hair." Now, as Dante's aim was to astonish his countrymen by the incalculable height suggested by his words, we must believe that those three Germans belonged to a race then especially famous for its breed of exceedingly tall men. Indeed, only this belief can give dignity to the description; and Dante being so wise a poet, I say unhesitatingly, without the least fear of contradiction, that the use he makes in that description of the German race must be taken into thoughtful consideration by every man who would deal honestly with the subject of this debate.

This brings me to an important point. As we have seen, all the Northern races were remarkable for their lofty stature; and this being so, did the Normans, the Saxons, the Danes, lose their strength in England? Were their heroic descendants, the Cressy and the Agincourt archers, such small, weak men that we must regard them as being inferior in physique to our own artisans and peasants, among whom it is becoming ever the more difficult to find recruits for our weedy line regiments? Have you ever realised exactly what those archers did? They were jaded after much

tramping in the rain, they were weakened by sickness and privation, and yet they had strength enough left to draw such powerful bows as would send a clothyard shaft through any but the very best armour. Time has spared us a few of these old weapons, but, unhappily, they belong to a bad period in England's archery; bad, that is to say, in comparison with those days that preceded the fratricidal Wars of the Roses. In spite of this, however, they are formidable things. The famous Flodden Bow, for instance, has a pull of about eighty-four pounds, while those in the Tower of London are more than 6 ft. 4 in. long, with a girth varying from 3¼ in. to 4½ in. That there was a good deal of knack in the exercise of shooting with these great bows I admit; but in this exercise, as in Sandow's feats, knack may be best described as the genius of unusual strength fully developed. He would be a strong man indeed who should use one of those ancient bows effectively, drawing a clothyard shaft to the head. To do this on a field of battle, after much fatigue, and when suffering from sickness and privation, would be an amazing feat of strength; and this feat our old archers actually did achieve in a great many battles, slaying many thousands of the armoured French. Therefore I look upon them as the finest soldiers the world has ever seen. Stronger men our English race cannot produce.

But Mr. Frederic Harrison seeks shelter behind

THE ARMOUR THEORY,

which Sir Samuel Meyrick had prepared for him. "Men nowadays," he tells us, "cannot get into the puny armour of ancient days." It is to be noted that the English archers did not wear armour, and for this reason Mr. Harrison's remark applies only to that small class which did. Further, as there are suits of mail into which a big guardsman could struggle, Mr. Harrison overstates his case. There are two or three such suits in the Tower, and there are a good many more at Vienna. It follows, then, that Mr. Harrison, instead of speaking so dogmatically, should have struck an average between the puny armour and the big. And even then his difficulties would not have been at an end. He would still have had to ask himself the perplexing question, *Were these very puny suits used in the tilting-yard by growing lads of rank?* Curiously enough, this all-important question has never occurred to any believer in the armour theory. So let us think about it for a moment. In the first place, mediæval boys of the best families were educated in the tilt-yard, and they all wore armour. As a rule, their education began when they were seven years old, and it is certain that their armour did not grow with their bodies. Each one of them, no doubt, between the age of seven and that of twenty, must have had several complete suits; and this being indisputable, what became of those which the boys had outgrown? Were they sometimes turned into family heirlooms, like a great many things much less interesting? Did some mothers treasure them, in memory of their sons? We cannot be certain, and on this account we can never know whether the puny armour we possess belonged to full-grown fighting knights, or merely to growing boys. And even if it did belong to the former, we could not possibly take it as a safe standard by which to judge the general physique of the English race in ancient days. This is clear, because, as I have said, the armour-wearing class was a small class, and the very best soldiers in this country were not the mailed knights, but the rude children of the soil, the heroic and indomitable archers, and these were not steel-clad.

We see, then, that the armour theory is a poor thing.

Yet common-sense suggests that the aristocratic custom of wearing heavy armour weakened a great many lads, stunting their growth. This idea has

never been brought forward by any believer in the absurd armour theory. I give it for what it is worth, and I should like you to believe that, since tilting-suits became antique curiosities, most English boys of good family have grown taller and more robust, simply because their bodies have had a fairer chance of attaining a full, unthwarted development. This is the only consolation that I have to offer, for I firmly believe that our race, *as a whole*, has degenerated; and unless you can revolutionise our present type of society, clearing away all the terrible, multiplying evils which Mr. Frederic Harrison has so truthfully described for us, the degeneration will increase among the working-classes. If anyone doubt the truth of this, let him visit any one of our industrial centres, and ask himself whether the old stamina of our race can be passed on to the next generation by the young men and women to be seen there. He will say with me, I am sure, that all those young women and men need the slow tonic of that vigorous life in the country, which in the course of three generations turns Colonial Europeans into men like Porthos.

However, so far as England is concerned, at any rate, country life has given place for good to town life, and we must make the best of it. The great thing we need is conscription, a national training for the national body. It has done much for the German, and it would be quite as good for every one of us. I shall be told, I suppose, that we have excellent substitutes for conscription—*i.e.*, our games and sports. Is that really so? Are not the great majority of modern Englishmen athletes by proxy? In every crowd that watches an important game of cricket, of football, there are thousands of men who should not take their exercise at second-hand.

Finally, in this all-important question of physical strength, optimism is dangerous. We can never be too strong, and it is childish to talk arrant nonsense about the ease with which we roll over the Zulus and the Afghans. This is a feat which we should leave to the playful imagination of Mr. Frederic Harrison.



"Dagonet."

(G. & R. Lavis, copyright, Eastbourne.)



Mr. Sims' first school. (The Grove, Eastbourne).

CHRISTMAS—THEN, AND NOW!

MR. GEORGE R. SIMS AT HOME.

BY ARTHUR H. LAWRENCE.

"SO George R. Sims finds some mischief still for Idler's hands to do!" exclaimed Mr. Sims cheerfully, as, after a cordial welcome, he melodramatically uttered a blessing on interviewers in general, and myself in particular. Luckily for my own mental tranquillity, I had called on Mr. Sims on a previous occasion—with the same kindly purpose of worrying him to benefit myself, and knowing something of his little ways, the benediction which he invoked upon interviewers did not completely upset me. As a matter-of-fact, I had given Mr. Sims very short notice that I expected him to provide me with a nice Christmassy article in the shape of an interview with one of the great apostles of Yule-Tide geniality. Although Mr. Sims likes to impress you with the idea that he is a bold, bad, harsh man with thoroughly criminal tendencies, to say nothing of being the fine old crusted victim of gout, he had given me to understand by telegram that I was to lunch with him, and though this was an item on the programme which came



A letter that found Mr. G. R. Sims.

as a pleasant surprise, I was subsequently driven out by my host in his smart "Dalmatian" dog-cart, with the thoroughbred "Sir Hugo" in the shafts.

But this is not the way, I believe, in which interviews should be written, even for Christmas, and so I suppose that with the customary and painful adherence to statement of facts in their order of happening, I must go back to the beginning

"Mind my continuing for a moment the work on which I was engaged when you entered?" said Mr. Sims. His look was severe, and I gazed at the ceiling. I must admit that by this time I was very comfortably seated and was enjoying one of Mr. Sims' pre-luncheon cigars. It was not the "millionaire" brand—of which more anon—but it was excellent, and its flavour beyond praise.

"I think you were reciting when I entered," I exclaimed, mildly.

"No, sir," said Mr. Sims, as he resumed his grasp of about one pound of typewritten manuscript. "This is my 'Mustard and Cress' for next week's *Referee*. I never write an article without reading it aloud to myself. Whether it is prose or rhyme, for the stage or a newspaper, this is the only way I can find out if the sentences are properly balanced, and ring true. Now don't mind me at all, just make yourself comfortable, and I'll be through in five minutes."

I did pay some attention to the reading, however, for although I was kept fairly well employed with the cigar, and an inspection of portraits and other things in the room in order to see what I could take away with me for reproduction in these pages, there was enough of me left to feel not less



The Moorish Room where Mr. Sims sometimes plays battledore and shuttlecock.

(*By permission of the "St. James's Budget."*)



Mr. George R. Sims waits for the Interviewer.

(*Photo by Alfred Ellis, 20, Upper Baker Street.*)



Christmas Day with his favourite companions.

interested in what Mr. Sims was reading than in his method of reading it. There is, I believe, only a little truth in the statement which I saw in a paper some time ago to the effect that, "Mr. Sims keeps a staff of clerks to count his money and give receipts for fees." Had play-writing and other things failed him, I am convinced, as I listen to Mr. Sims reading over his own work, that he would have made a nice, comfortable thing of it on the stage. But Mr. Sims very wisely prefers to get his fine, melodramatic instinct into his plays. Reading aloud, as it might be done, is an accomplishment to which remarkably few people can lay any well-founded claim. I am bound to say—and I don't mind if Mr. Sims reads this statement—that "Dagonet" knows more about correct emphasis, and the right use of a good voice than the great majority of intelligent people. Besides the increased interest given to the words by the personality of the author, however, there was an added charm. I was getting my weekly instalment of "Mustard and Cress" first-hand, and before anyone else. The reader will know what an advantage this means, if he is unhappily possessed of friends who come in and repeat to you the good things written by one "Dagonet" at the precise moment you have settled down to enjoy it, and worse still, those other friends who, on the morrow, recount the "Dagonet" anecdotes, and pass off his witticisms as their own. Mr. George R. Sims reads so exceedingly well that one's only regret is that he has not time to give one or two much-needed lessons to the numberless wretches who insist upon giving you their rendering of one of the "Dagonet" ballads.

"Always write my manuscript in pencil and correct it in pencil," Mr. Sims exclaims, when he has finished his task, "and always get it typewritten as soon as

I can. Why? Because I can assure you that if, after writing an article I turn to it again an hour or so afterwards, I can't read it! No, that's a fact, and in such an event I have to send for one of my two handwriting experts to read it out to me. The experts are my secretary, Mr. Patmore, and my lady typist, Miss Becks. Talking of secretaries, and mine are invaluable, you may be interested to know that I have a foreign secretary, Mr. Armfelt, who writes fluently in seventeen languages."

After I have recovered my breath, Mr. Sims continues: "People think I just sit here working all day and part of the night for the purpose of earning a living, and that when I have done as much, I have nothing to think about but to do more work and more living. They are mistaken. I am an Altruist. I live almost entirely to benefit others. Quite half my time is taken up in answering letters. Yes, I answer everything, or get the letters answered for me, unless they are from obvious lunatics or people who have forgotten to put in a name and address. See that postal order for five shillings. That is sent to me to remit to Bournemouth to pay somebody's fine of five shillings. It's very kind of my correspondent, but he might have sent it direct. Then there's a letter from a man who is complimentary enough to want me to send him my autographed portrait. He doesn't think the portrait worth eighteenpence or the postage—but that's nothing. He also asks me to procure autographed portraits of Irving and Toole and Miss Ellen Terry



A corner of the Moorish Room.

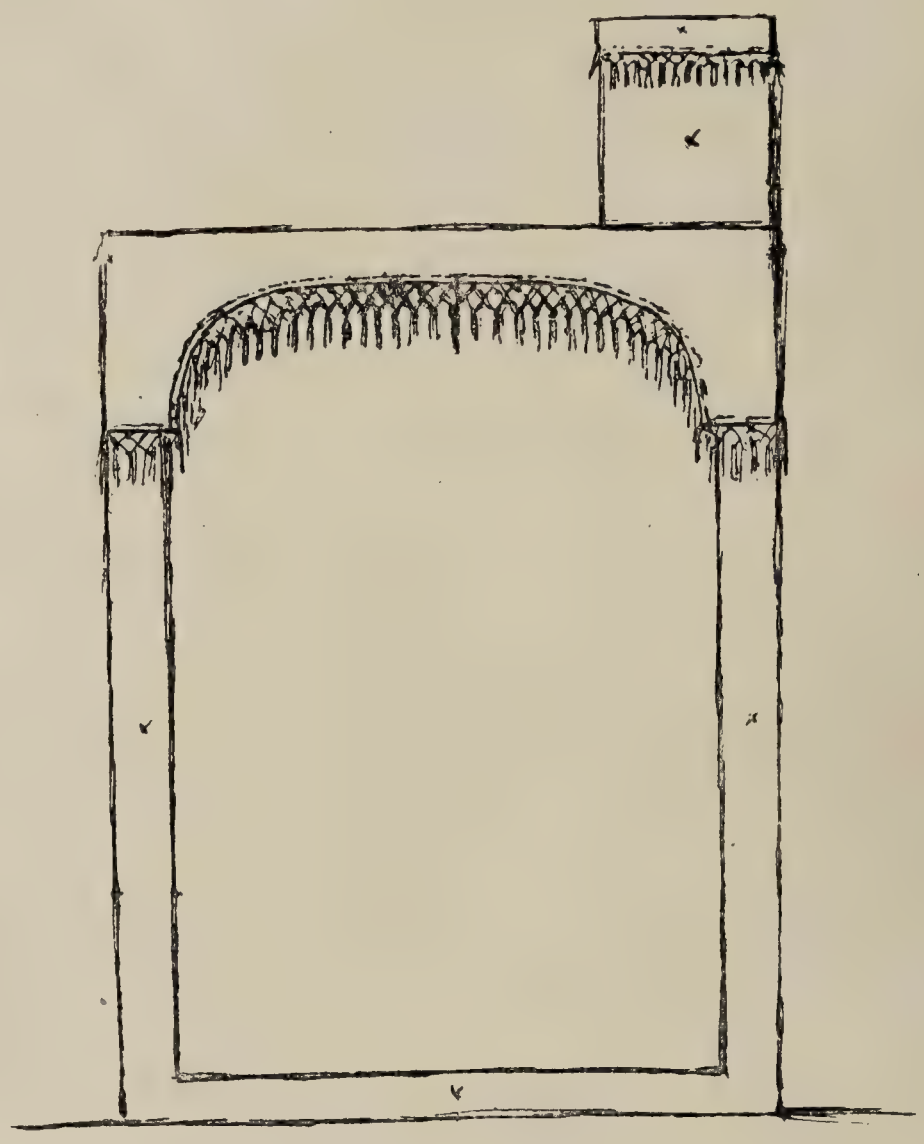
(*Photo by Bedford Lemere & Co.*)

and send them to him at the same time. I have never seen the man in my life. Why, it takes us a few hours a week merely to open these things.

"Now do you see how interviews damage one? Each interview opens up a fresh lot of correspondence. Why, if it wasn't for a little capital this celebrity business would drive me into the workhouse. People think it's a nice thing to have one's name put about. Personally, I'm seriously thinking of retiring to a cottage, and changing my name — it would pay better. You can take my word for it," said Mr. Sims, vigorously, "that if you say anything about the miseries of having a big letter-bag, people will think it a joke. Just look at that!" and Mr. Sims handed me a letter in which a lady stated that she suspected her sister's husband of being insane. "He murders people continually," I read, "he is a doctor and in the habit of sending poisons by post." "I feel sure you would not mind going to his house as a guest and watching him," the lady continues, "you would soon discover the truth, if he did not recognise you."

"You have seen that specimen letter for yourself," said Mr. Sims, when I had read it. "You see the idea, I am to go down to Londonderry—at my own expense, and *disguised!*"

In adherence to my determination to record events in the precise order of happening I must record the fact that at this precise moment the gong sounded, and an adjournment was effected for lunch.



Dickens' autograph sketch and instructions for his reading-desk.

(*From the original in the possession of Mr. G. R. Sims.*)

As an illustration of the way millionaires—I mean, the way the poor live, I must mention that Mr. Sims has the electrophone fitted up in the dining-room, so that if he gets tired of his guest's conversation, Mr. Sims can, by switching on the contrivance, enable both guest and himself to listen to the performance at the theatre or the vocal and instrumental music to be heard at any concert with which the electrophone is connected. I have suggested that Mr. Sims uses this as a remedy when he is bored. It was not used in my case, but that was merely because, in the luncheon hour, there was nothing of the kind going on in the metropolis, save and except a plain talk



Charles Dickens' last reading."

By permission of the proprietors of "The Illustrated London News."

to young men, by Dr. Parker, at the City Temple.

"By this means," said Mr. Sims, "and without leaving the room, I can visit the theatre, or concert, as well as listen to a sermon on Sundays."

"The telephone is here also," Mr. Sims observed—perhaps, notwithstanding my before-expressed resolution, I may be absolved from mentioning that at this moment we had arrived at the dessert,"and I talk to people all over England. People in distant towns make appointments with me, and insist upon my being in at a certain hour. 'Be in your dining-room at eleven o'clock to morrow morning,' comes the message; er—um—well,—it depends! I may be here at that time, or as far away as I can get. Sometimes a man writes, naming a time that he wants to talk to me, and on Sundays, when it's very quiet, I ring people up at Sheffield, Manchester, and Birmingham. One man rung me up the other day and said 'Here, Sims! Can't get *The Referee*. Would you mind reading out "Mustard and Cress" to me?' Of course I did, I like to get into touch in this way with my public. I read every word to him—heard him chuckling in the midst of it—but before I quite got

to the end I heard a noise which made me suspect that he had fallen asleep.

"The other day an actor came in. He wanted a song. I knew just the sort of song that he wanted, but couldn't remember the title, although I knew the composer. I rang up the composer, a lady, told her about it, and asked her to sing it. She did. My friend listened

would throw up work at once." I suggested.

"No; I should change my sphere of work. I should buy a paper, and so give the money away to other journalists. But five millions is no good to a man, money would lose all its value. The whole thing lies in a nutshell. You see something on Saturday that you can't



The Dalmatian Dog-cart and "Faust-up-to-Date."

(*Photo by Alfred Ellis, 20, Upper Baker Street.*)

liked it, and everything was arranged on the spot.

"Don't want to go down to posterity," said my host promptly, in reply to a remark; "I want to go down well with the people who buy papers, see plays, and read books at the present day. Mercenary? And who is it works for art's sake?"

"And so, if someone gave you five millions sterling to-morrow, you

afford to buy, and then, as the result of having done a little more work, you are able to buy it on Monday. That's the whole and complete joy of living. That's why the very rich man is miserable. It's not my motto, but the joy of some folk might be expressed in the words, 'Something accomplished, somebody done.'" It occurred to me to ask Mr. Sims, *apropos* of this month's *Idler* dis-discussion, to tell me his "order on Santa



Mr. G. R. Sims' playthings.

(*By permission of the "St. James's Budget."*)



Mr. Sims as W. G. Baxter saw him. "The Lights o' London."

Claus." For the moment I was afraid that Mr. Sims would answer the question with outspoken candour, but I was quickly relieved. "The total cessation of the postman for one week," he replied. Whereas, I veritably believe that before the end of such a week it would be the sad duty of those whose work it is to write the obituary notice of the late Mr. Sims.

Mr. Sims must have noticed that I seemed the least trifle incredulous with regard to his order on Santa Claus, and stuck to his text. "You don't know the true inwardness of a half-hour's post? Then the telegrams, and then after the postman has ceased his weary round, and telegrams are no more, people start ringing me up on the telephone. I was rung up at 1.30 the other morning by a man at the Club, who said he wanted to know where I purchased my boots!

"My first contribution? It was written when I was eleven years old, and was first sent to *Fun*, who wouldn't have it, and was then sent on to the *Daily News*. I fancy they didn't insert it, and I am certain they forgot to return it. But that's such a long time ago, just about forty years, it seems hardly fair to bother them to look it up now."

Then the conversation takes a more personal turn. Mr. Sims tells me of novel methods which he has invented on the frequent occasions—they are his own words—when he gets into a rage. On ordinary occasions during the day—the fit usually comes after reading a rude letter from someone—Mr. Sims turns himself out into his "private grounds," known to the public as Regent's Park, and walks round it two or three times, breathing forth maledictions of the most frightful character. When at table his tendency is to throw things, and to avoid injuring friends and relatives, who may be enjoying his hospitality, the bread, or whatever is handiest, is hurled at his sculptured bust which stands in the corner, and which I find was designed by the late C. B. Birch, A.R.A., and exhibited in the Academy of 1885. I found no marks which would agree with these stories of violence, but that is a mere detail.

Mr. Sims feels a great interest in notorious crimes, and possesses enough curious mementoes to enable him, if he wishes, to become a serious rival to Madame Tussaud's. The portrait which I selected of Miss McLean is of interest in this gloomy connection as being a presentment of the woman who recently committed suicide, the man in the case failing in his well-meant endeavour in the same direction. The law regards his action as murder, and he was sentenced to death, but subsequently received a reprieve. The photograph from which this reproduction has been made was amongst the effects of the unfortunate girl, which are now the property of Mr. Sims.

"I have heard that you hold that to be able to write well is clear evidence of an ill-balanced mind," I say enquiringly.

"Certainly. A writer must necessarily be, to some extent, a lunatic, and must get several thousand idiots to believe in him. But then an actor must also be insane before he can persuade himself that he is worth fifty pounds a week to be looked at. Most writers are troubled with some sort of complaint, and the kind of work that they do mainly depends upon the nature of their individual suffering. Consumptive complaints produce religious poetry, and so on." I mutter the words "degraded Materialist," but Mr. Sims rejoins cheerfully.

"Not a bit of it. I am an ethereal Idealist. I believe in the reincarnation process. I don't know what I shall be, but I know what I was."

Here came a slight pause, during which I selected a millionaire cigar, so described because of its expensiveness, goodness, and absolutely inordinate size.

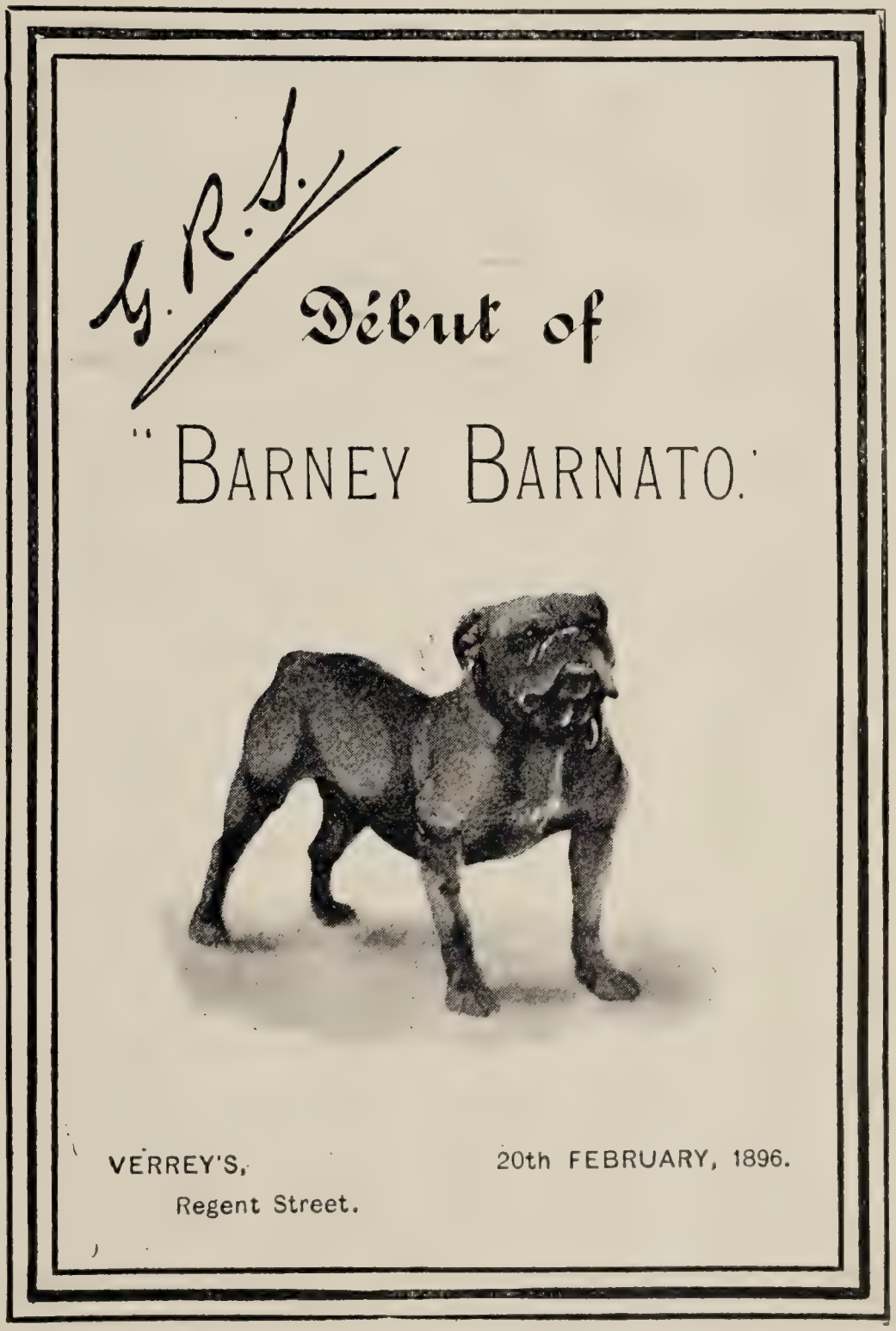
'What were you?" I said at last.

"I was a mountain shepherd," replied my host, gravely and without any perceptible emotion. "Whenever I catch sight of a shepherd I feel strangely moved. Such an one, far away from the haunts of men, tending his flock, always has my whole-hearted sympathy. Before I became myself I know very well that I was just such a man as that simple shepherd!"

At this point I observed that Mr. Sims was enviously regarding the millionaire cigar I had taken, and I knew that he felt he could not really afford himself a similar luxury.

"Your opinion of interviewers?" I said hastily.

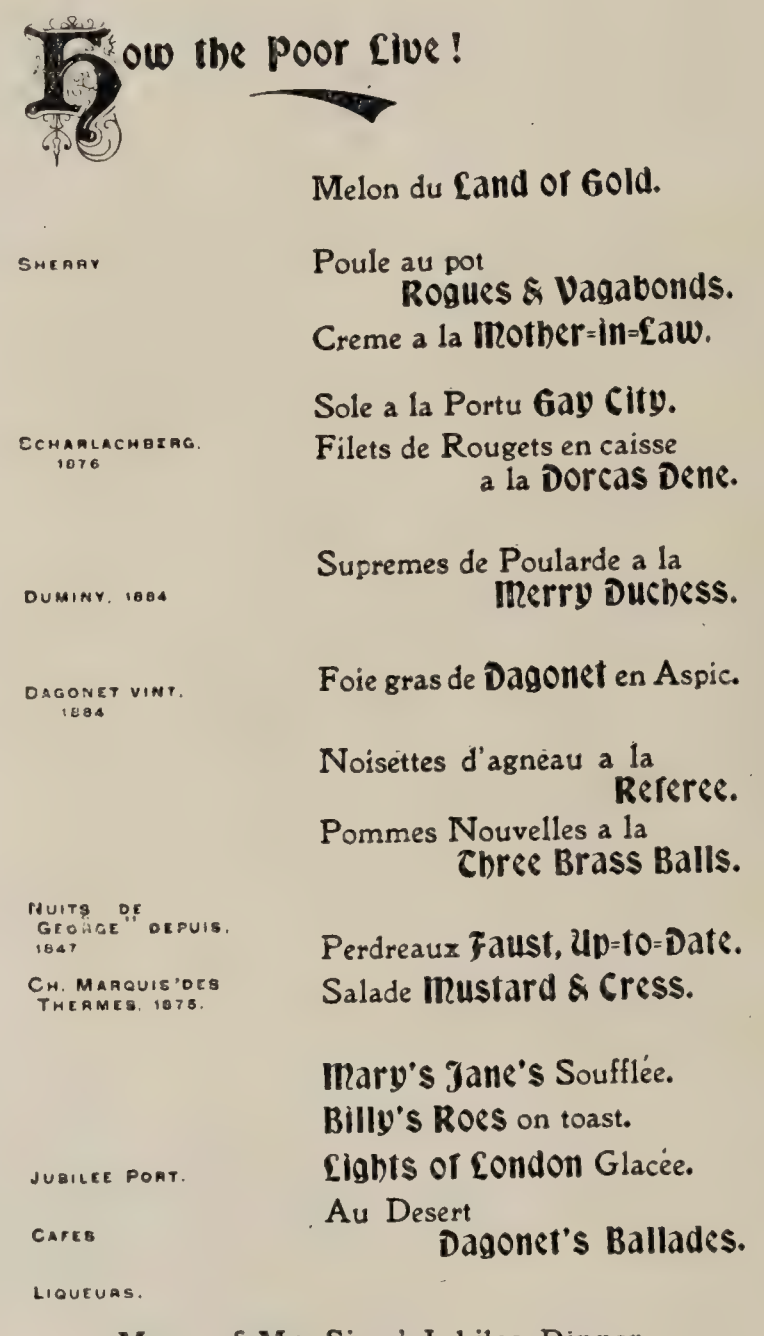
"The only thing I like about interviewing is that it brings a stranger under my roof with whom I can exchange views before I go back to my drudgery," he replied. "I can tell you about an experience in interviewing which I did not like. The interviewer knew nothing whatever about me, and told me that he had not had time to read up my history. The conversation went on much in this way: 'What is your profession?' he said. 'Well, I'm a journalist and dramatist,' I replied. 'Oh, on *The*



Cover of Menu.

Referee? Are you sporting correspondent, or what?' 'I write Mustard and Cress.' 'Dear me! what a curious title,' and I found that he afterwards wrote: 'it may not be generally known that Mr. George R. Sims is the author of *Lights of London*, &c." And he kept on at me like that all the way. 'Books? Would you mind giving me the names of one or two of them?' I pointed them out in the bookcase. He looked at the wrong shelf, and entered up the names of several books by Charles Reade and Mayne Reid, as I subsequently found when I corrected the proof."

"Future productions?" said Mr. Sims at the end of the anecdote, when I had fired off another question. "Well, at present I have in hand a comic opera, a melodrama, and a farcical comedy. Then there are two new books and a law suit. But I shall have time to lay the foundation stone of the new Alhambra at Blackpool next week."



Menu of Mr. Sims' Jubilee Dinner.

I am afraid I was ready with another question, but it was just the hour when the dog-cart had been ordered round, and the thoroughbred "Sir Hugo" could not be kept waiting, so the order was, "jump in," and away we went. Sir Hugo's father won the Grand National, and the pony has won several hurdle races. I noticed that he pulled tremendously and was exceedingly anxious to try a little Grand National on his own account; but Mr. Sims is no weakling, and I felt no anxiety, though it did occur to me that if Sir Hugo had known there was an interviewer behind him he would have somehow contrived to throw him into the ditch. The rapid motion and Mr. Sims' ever-ready, and sometimes caustic, humour, made it a very pleasant experience, but I subsequently accompanied Mr. Sims through the stables, looked at the horses, made "Barney's" acquaintance, and gazed for some time upon a six-weeks'-old litter of Dalmatian pups, and this did me no good. It made me so envious.

When we were once more in the study I suddenly made a discovery, at the same time simulating a look of dismay and uttering a shout of surprise. "What's the matter?" said the "genial Dagonet." ("I am always described as the 'genial Dagonet' —don't forget it," Mr. Sims had said earlier in the day, at the same time indicating about fifty big volumes of cuttings, containing interviews and the like.)

"Dear me!" I said sadly, "I've quite forgotten the title of the article. You've got to tell me something about Christmas!"

"That's a nice thing to spring upon a man at the last moment," Mr. Sims said

aggrievedly. "And what am I expected to say about Christmas?"

"Oh, it's very easy," I said jauntily. —"You've seen a good many Christmases."

"Well, I never!" said Mr. Sims, or words to that effect. "It was my jubilee that they celebrated, not my centenary. What do I know about Christmas?"

"Well, I don't know. You're fifty years of age, so you must have been a grown up young man in Dickens' time. They used to know something about Christmas *then*."

Mr. Sims softened visibly "The new humour has killed Christmas," he said. "Some of these Christmas numbers—new style—have pretty well done it. Why I remember one Christmas number," mentioning a well-known sixpenny weekly, "which was nothing but sadness from beginning to end. You wept mildly after reading the first page, and found yourself sobbing convulsively at the end of the last. Even the charwoman was found dead in the kitchen on Christmas morning. It will take us twenty years to get back to the genuine Christmas again. It's a commercial Christmas now. Fancy so-called Christmas numbers out in November contemporaneously with the Lord Mayor's Show! Old-fashioned people won't read these numbers born out of due season. They buy them, take them home, and then read them on Christmas morning. Lots of people think Christmas too utterly vulgar. You find select papers describing themselves as the 'Winter Number.' The very name Christmas is too vulgar for them. Christmas is too un-sixpenny. Then I'm afraid we shall never get back to the Dickensy Christmas without the red woollen comforters and the costumes of the period."



Miss McLean. One of Mr Sims' Human Documents

"There! you've occupied just fifty pound's worth of my time, and," pointing to an armful of portraits and things which I had neatly arranged for carrying away, "you're robbing me of all I have, and there'll be an hour's work clearing up the confusion I've made in order to show you things for your own selfish gratification." Then I made for the front door, so that I might get away with the wrong hat and stick, but Mr. Sims had his eye upon me, and I was obliged to rest content with the properties which I had brought with me.

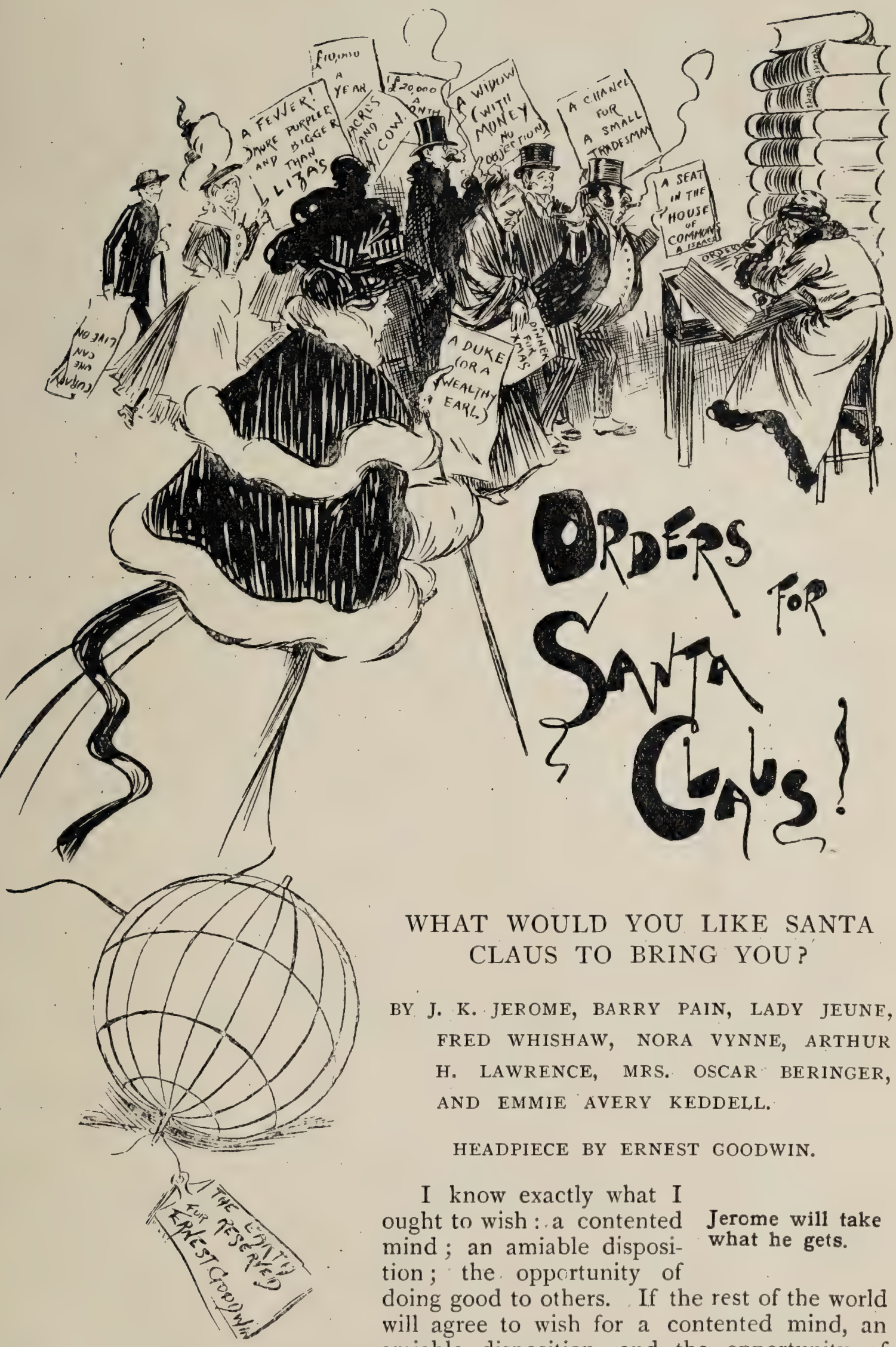
It is well known that Dickens was most particular about the desk he employed when giving his readings, and had it specially constructed from his own design. That design—made in the well-known blue ink,—with the autograph instructions of the great author beneath, is now one of the most treasured possessions of Mr. Sims. To show how faithfully the design was carried out, we reproduce, by kind permission of the proprietors of the *Illustrated London News*, an illustration from that journal which appeared in March, 1870, representing Dickens' last reading.

I have confined myself in this article

to what is practically a record of conversation, omitting biographical details which are to be found in other interviews and books of reference, because I feel justified by the fact that Mr. Sims' work must be so well known that it would be almost an impertinence alike to Mr. Sims and the reader to recapitulate the output and events in the life of one who has done so much in multifarious ways to add to one's gaiety and to make Christmas more possible to a very big public. For my own part, I have to express my heartiest thanks for his very real kindness and courtesy, and for which I am indebted to one of the busiest and most deservedly popular men of the day.



An "artistic effort" in letter addressing.



WHAT WOULD YOU LIKE SANTA CLAUS TO BRING YOU?

BY J. K. JEROME, BARRY PAIN, LADY JEUNE, FRED WHISHAW, NORA VYNNE, ARTHUR H. LAWRENCE, MRS. OSCAR BERINGER, AND EMMIE AVERY KEDDELL.

HEADPIECE BY ERNEST GOODWIN.

Jerome will take what he gets.

I know exactly what I ought to wish: a contented mind; an amiable disposition; the opportunity of doing good to others. If the rest of the world will agree to wish for a contented mind, an amiable disposition, and the opportunity of doing good to others, I will willingly join them. I feel that if everybody else in the world were contented I should also be contented. Nobody would then want

the things I want; and I should be allowed to gain and possess them in peace, and that would be all that I would desire. I could also be amiable if all other men were amiable. It is their want of amiability that makes me irritable. I should also be delighted to provide the world with opportunities of doing good to me, but such opportunities as I have hitherto afforded have been, I consider, shamefully neglected. And until the rest of the world agrees to set us a good example in this matter, I fear most of us will continue to wish for the foolish, impossible things we know are wrong for us. Still each year we hang our yawning stocking to our bed of dreams, praying good Santa Claus to fill it to the garter-line with the toys that lie magnified behind the plate-glass windows of Vanity Fair. Sometimes the cynical old gentleman brings us the playthings, and our eyes in the morning start from our heads with delight, though we might have learnt from experience to take the gifts more soberly, knowing, as we should, that the doll will break, that there will come a time when, playing with it, we shall find to our dismay that something has gone wrong with its works. It no longer says in answer to our pressure: "I love you! Kiss me!" And the paint is worn away from the round face, and the shiny wax head shows here and there beneath the golden locks, somewhat disarranged and thinned. The chocolate creams have made us sad. We ate too many of them, and we ate them too fast, so that the scent of a chocolate cream brings a shudder to us, and their charm is gone for ever. With the pocket-knife we have cut ourselves badly; and the marbles we have lost to Jimmy Bates, who is in consequence more overbearing towards us than ever. Yet still next year we shall hang the stocking up, praying for fresh toys that have caught our fancy—that we are sure will not break as did those others—sweets that will leave no unpleasant consequences behind them.

I remember a little boy who was very wishful that Santa Claus should bring him a cannon, his father being a soldier, and he inheriting soldierly instincts. So one Christmas, Santa Claus brought the cannon, and the little boy played with it. Of course the cannon, as cannons in moral stories do (though this is a true story, in spite of its being moral), burst and burnt the little boy very badly. Then to comfort him, as he lay on his bed of pain, they said to him: "But you asked Santa Claus for a cannon." "Yes," he answered a little indignantly, "I know I did, but then I am only a little boy, and Santa Claus is very old and very wise. He ought to have known better." So perhaps when the stocking feels somewhat light, it may be that Santa Claus is a kindly old gentleman, and knows better.

* * * * *

Tr-r-r-ring! Tr-r-r-ring!

Barry Pain timet Danaos et dona ferentes.

"Hullo! Are you there? *Are you there?* ARE YOU THERE? Very well, but I'm *not* shouting into the instrument. Who are you? Because if you're Blenkinson's Tomato Flavouring about that half-page ad.—What? Not Blenkinson's? Then who are you? I keep on asking that and can't get any answer."

"I am Santa Claus."

Dear me! I'd no notion that Santa Claus was on the telephone.

"Well, Santa Claus, what can I do for you? This is our busy day, remember."

"I only wanted to give you a present."

There must be something wrong. During the whole of this year I have only received one present, and that was a copy of a penny paper blue-chalked to call my attention to an unfavourable notice of myself. It looks suspicious. What shall I say?

"Thank you very much, but I really have everything that I require."

"Can't I send you a new bicycle?"

"I should smile. Why, cert——I mean, no—thank you."

"Might I suggest *the* edition of Stevenson, a picture (select what you like) from the National Gallery, a desert island with a climate of perpetual summer, your vanished youth, or a flying machine?"

"Much obliged. Just put those things altogether and send them off to me a ——Wait, perhaps I had better content myself with the desert island. Kindly clean off all the savages and pirates. Or, on second thoughts, perhaps I'd better have—— No, on thinking it over, I don't want any of those things."

"Would you like an unlimited credit at the Bank of England?"

Would I? But it must not be.

"No, thank you."

"Or a pipe that never cakes?"

It is heart-breaking.

"No, thank you. And—er—good-bye."

Tr-r-ring!

I have read too many fairy-stories. The fairy always asks you to choose. You choose. Then the fairy sets to work to make the whole of the rest of your life miserable as the result of that choice. You ask for wealth, and the fairy gives it and gives you a cancer as well. You ask for health, and the fairy gives it—and you are hanged for murder three weeks afterwards. You ask for virtue, and you get virtue—and starvation. All the fairy wants is to score off you. There is no single-minded generosity among fairies.

I sometimes wonder if there is much single-minded generosity among mortals. An exact return of the number of Christmas presents given this year from noble and unmixed motives would be interesting.

* * * * *

Lady Jeune is pensive.

What we would have Santa Claus bring us opens up a somewhat sad train of reflections to us who have climbed the hill of life and are looking down the other side. When we were young we wanted everything, life was full of unknown possibilities, unending desires; and everything that came, possessed the charm of eternal variety. But now we have well trod the path of life, and there are no illusions left, no desires ungratified. We have, for good or bad, known all life had to teach us. What can we wish for? What can we ask of the fairy who brought such lavish gifts for us in the days of youth? There are many wants our human flesh still has unsatisfied, but they are all too prosaic, with no touch of romance or poetry, so that we shrink from bringing our *terre à terre* wishes to shock her; she who though old is always young, and to whom specially appeal the aspirations of youth. We could not ask her to take away the rheumatism which cripples us, the gout which nips us in a friendly sort of way, when we for a moment forget the precautions of age, and indulge a little in the weaknesses of a less mature life. Nor can we in a dumb beseeching way pray her to look over our Christmas bills and wipe them off; indeed, we dare not hope nor expect that we shall find in our stocking specifics for the maladies which make so many Christmas mornings in our lives dreary, nor the cheque which will clear away the inevitable reminders of that festive season. No; we must bear our rheumatism and gout, and pay our little bills, without any hope that the delightful transformation scene we would fain witness will pass before our bewildered eyes. And so, having accepted our position and stifled our requests, we must look elsewhere for the happiness which Santa Claus can still give us.

As years go on we live our youth over again in that of those we love, sharing their sorrows and joys. There are very few of us who have not got some child or children with whose lives ours are continued, and in their stocking, if we look, we shall find that the good fairy has not forgotten her grown-up children.

Old age has its happiness as well as youth, of a different nature, yet not less real and substantial. It must be a poor soul who cannot find a greater pleasure in the laughter and smiles of children than they ever experienced in any such happiness of their own. Children keep us young, for we can live with them and enter into the interests and occupations of their lives without feeling that time has laid his hand harshly on our brows. We hear the Christmas bells of our youth ringing as we see their happy, expectant faces diving into the fairy's bag. The belief and

thankfulness of youth come back to us as we hear their voices carol out the Christmas hymn; we live our own youth again, and our day-dreams, in the blush that mantles the cheek of the girl, and we hear the never-to-be-forgotten whisper and voice of long ago in the young lovers, over whose opening love we breathe prayers more deep and heartfelt than we ever sent up for our own, and in their lives and in the lives of those dear to them our youth is duplicated again and again, and we can look forward with calm security to the day when we shall have said farewell to the fancies and fables of a world, sad, sorrowful, and full of the mysteries that are never elucidated on this side of the grave. I think Santa Claus can give us all this happiness, the reproduction of our own life and happiness in the joy of those we love. Can any Christmas be happier, can any fairy bring us more delight, than that we experience when we look round on the happy faces and hear the merry laugh of the beloved ones who belong to us?

* * * * *

Fred Whishaw dreams a dream.

I had thought over this impossible demand of yours, Mr. Editor, until the exertion of thinking became too much for me, and I fell asleep in the very act of sagely reflecting that, even if I were willing to lay bare my heart as you desire of me, I could not hang up a stocking for Santa Claus to fill, because the art of making stockings, for men, which are neither deadly thick nor deadly scratchy, is unknown, and therefore I prefer to ride my bicycle in trousers and clips, with socks. To offer Santa Claus a sock to fill would be, I felt, an insult to his known generosity, and so, as I have explained, I fell asleep, resolved that I could not enter for the Santa Claus prize.

Well, of course Santa Claus instantly appeared, as was to be expected. He informed me that it was Christmas Eve, a statement which I—knowing well that it was untrue—nevertheless accepted with the usual simple credulity of the dreamer; and he proceeded to express surprise that I should have been so obviously unprepared for a visit from him. I protested that I had not expected this honour.

"My good man," said the saint, quite goodnaturedly, "that is foolish talk, for the Editor of the *Idler* gave you thirty days' notice."

I did not attempt to deny this; I changed the subject; I said how kind it was of him to lock me up, and asked what he had for me under his wings—I thought that was the orthodox way to put the matter.

"Well, you must ask for something definite," he said; "no reasonable request will be refused."

"What is the most usual gift to apply for, your saintship?" I asked. The kind old face assumed a reflective air.

"Well, you see," he said, "I haven't had much to do, up to now, with members of the Idlers' Club; if you were one of my usual clients, now, I should say that the most popular demand made upon my resources is for a 'baby brother.' How would that suit you, now?"

I did not desire a "baby brother"; I had no use for one; I said it was not at all the kind of thing I wanted. If I might take a stroll in the Garden of Lost Hours, and pick up a few mementoes of his visit *there*, that would be more the kind of thing I should choose.

Santa Claus took no notice of my remark. I don't think he understood it; I'm not sure that saints are always very clever; not so clever, sometimes, as sinners, perhaps. He said nothing, but consulted a list he held, and presently—with the air of having hit upon a really good thing—he offered me an "unbreakable doll."

I think I said "Rats!" or something equally unsaintly; for his conduct annoyed me and I was growing angry; but he was not offended. He stood and smiled, and consulted his list again, and said, "Well, a cup of tea, then!"

It was enough. I sat up in my bed and assured this saint that he was an ignorant, unpractical, effete old man, and ought to be obsolete. He only smiled again and repeated his offer of tea. I hurled a pillow at him . . .

There was a scream, and behold! Emma the maid stood where the saint had

appeared but a moment before. In her hand was a tray with cup and plate; there was a little tea spilled on her dress. "Your tea, sir," she explained, looking respectfully surprised and chastened, as though she had just passed through sore and unexpected tribulation, but did not wish to boast about it.

"I beg your pardon, Emma," I said, "I thought you were someone else."

"Yes, sir," said Emma; and I don't know that she could have said anything much wiser. And after all, a cup of tea at early cock-crow, whether brought by Santa Claus or by Emma the maid, is a very acceptable matter.

And there it must remain, Mr. Editor, for me; for that which you demand is a secret thing, and I will not give myself away.

I could improve the occasion, mind you, if I liked; but I don't.

* * * * *

Nora Vynne is definite.

If I were quite sure that Santa Claus would play fair, and not give his present in a horrid moral way in order that one might repent the choice, there would be no doubt whatever about mine. I would ask for a violent and ungovernable temper; the sort of temper which, when it is aroused, makes everyone within a three-mile radius uncomfortable, and even, when it is sleeping for lack of excitement, makes one's immediate neighbours nervous.

Such a temper seems to me to be almost more desirable than riches; it will buy you more—your own way, for instance, and it takes a very great deal of money to do that. It makes the servants wait on you with diligence. People who pay them better and take things easily desire in vain, and it makes everyone so very much more anxious to please you than you deserve, that you acquire a gratifying sense of your own importance. You not only get your own way, but you are so pressed and coaxed to take it that you feel quite pleasantly unselfish for letting yourself be pressed and coaxed.

And then, you are so much loved. You keep no burdens of suppressed grievances to make you bitter or irritable, for you throw them at your neighbours' heads. You never fret or worry, because if anything goes wrong you take care that it shall be the other people who are fretted and worried. And, moreover, when you have insulted everyone within reach and feel relieved and refreshed by the exercise, and so are quite happy and cheerful, people say, "What a dear thing she is; it's all over in a moment with her, and then she's as sweet as ever again." And as for the effect of the merest hint of that "you didn't mean it"—why, there's no measuring it. There's more joy in the house over your one shadow of an apology than over the patience of ninety and nine peaceable persons who need no apologies, and a good deal of it falls to your share. You are very happy indeed, and feel so good that if other people sulk you can forgive them, since you didn't mean it.

If anyone is so eccentric as to hint that the only possible excuse for saying an unkind or insulting thing is that you did mean it, and that it naturally takes longer for the person who has been shot to recover than the person who fired the gun, he gets very little sympathy; these are the facts, you know, one person charming and the other glum—of course the glum person is in the wrong.

But there are not many people of Macaulay's mind—most people know the story. In the course of an electioneering discussion someone hit him in the face with a dead cat, but promptly offered apologies, the missile was not meant for him, but for Mr. Adeane. "I'd rather," said Macaulay, "that you had meant it for me, and hit Mr. Adeane." A few people would prefer you to mean your abuse and hold your tongue, but the majority will actually love you for the violence you fling at them if only "you don't mean it."

It is with this picture before my eyes that I would make my choice of a present; but, please remember, Editor, that it is to be given in good faith, the promise kept to the hope as well as to the ear. I don t want that temper to be given just at the moment

when I shall use it to alienate my best friend, nor must it cause me to die in a fit; it is other people who must have the fits, not me; nor must it simply make a great noise and frighten nobody; it must be just such a temper as will make everyone feel thoroughly uncomfortable while I am enjoying the exercise of it, and extremely grateful to me for feeling better afterwards.

* * * * *

Arthur Lawrence tells the truth.

The suggestion that I should state what I most wish Santa Claus to bring me, reminds me that I already have one fatal possession —an artistic temperament. I know this is so, because other people with the same temperament have told me that I possess it. The inability to answer a plain, straightforward question in a plain, straightforward way is, I believe, one of the clearest indications of the cultured, artistic temperament. This is not the place to make painful confessions, but I must own, regretfully, that I have frequently met people who, according to this negative test, are very artistic indeed. I cannot dispute their pre-eminence, but I do know that whenever I have had to reply to a question, I have never been able to do so with anything approaching simplicity. Only the simple-minded can truthfully answer a nice, simple question, and who amongst us is prepared to accept the imputation of being simple-minded? The mind of the truly great man or woman is necessarily complex, and to this great truth I have always attributed the fact, that from the days of the nursery when a question of such simplicity was asked as, "Did you steal the jam?" to later occasions when I have been asked if I really did write "that ridiculous nonsense?" I have never been able to steer a middle course between a direct negative, or a somewhat long-winded evasion, which has afterwards been unkindly characterised as a lie. Such a confession is wrung from me, by the simple fact that "Orders for Santa Claus" implies the question, "What do you most wish Fortune to send you?"

Here is an almost irresistible opportunity for evasion, but, actuated by some noble impulse, I have determined to force my trembling hand into penning the plain words of truth. I admit that this impulse is one which makes for righteousness, and is therefore entirely opposed to the artistic temperament, but, as we all know, this is a strange world, and the strongest amongst us is not always proof against an occasional impulse to come down to the level of other people's loftiest ideals. Moreover, my order on Santa Claus is inartistic in the highest degree—it is for unlimited GOLD. I should not like to let Santa Claus run away with a mistaken idea, and whilst the word "unlimited" is, strictly speaking, quite absurd in reference to mundane matters, I must hasten to explain that any sum put in my stocking which would yield interest to the extent of, say, twenty thousand a year would be an abuse of my confidence. The limitations would be very definite and irritating. My desire is to be the richest man on the face of the earth, to show other millionaires how unimaginative and commonplace are the methods which they employ in the misuse of their wealth; and by means of schemes which I shall not divulge, to plant my feet in both hemispheres, and to enjoy the sensation of making and marring the fortunes of men. There is nothing selfish in this desire. On the contrary, it is a truly altruistic ambition. I should have to work hard, whereas now I am full of contentment at the entire hopelessness of my income, and radiant in the fact that the "copy" which I have deluded editors into taking would extend in printed page form—and I apologise to Mr. Holt Schooling and other popular arithmeticians for this calculation—from the Idlers' Club to St. Paul's, and, from thence, twice round the Bank. Such simple pleasures would be left behind me on entering the Strait Gate to the narrow and difficult way which multi-millionaires tread. The work and responsibility of my wealth would inevitably land me in a premature grave, when, but for my well-meaning self-sacrifice, I might have been sharing the lot of the Journalist who, as everyone knows, plods happily on until he joyously dies in the sere and yellow leaf, in the full enjoyment of the many well-advertised privileges of the workhouse.

What one hopes Santa Claus will bring one!

Mrs. Oscar Beringer is retrospective.

This is in reality rather a terrible question to ask of the mature lady whose milestones lie in compromising accumulation behind her.

In fact, I am not by any means sure that, in my heart of hearts, I entirely acquit our genial Editor of just the least touch of mischief, or even malice, in propounding it. Little does he reck of the stockings hung with pathetic persistence on seemingly promising bed-posts, into which that fine old humorist Santa Claus has slipped year after year a paper fool's cap, a penny packet of fireworks that have no snap in them, with, perhaps, at long intervals, a bit of sham humanity thrown in, in the shape of a wooden, china, or wax doll, as the case might be.

Gaily does this light-hearted Editor of ours put the match to the gunpowder barrel of Retrospection.

Santa Claus! And what one would like to receive from him!

To my mind, the only possible way to arrive at a satisfactory solution of this overwhelming proposition is to progress backward, like a crab.

My first association with Santa Claus is indissolubly linked in my mind with the smell of indiarubber.

We were in America, to whose hospitable shores Santa Claus had migrated in the company of early Teutonic Pilgrims.

The indiarubber which Santa Claus brought me in those early days was in the shape of a small feminine doll, clad in a corrugated indiarubber garment, and a frilled indiarubber cap. She was an impressionable and philosophic person, whose indiarubber seemed to me perfumed with an odour of Araby which even now rises in my nostrils across the mist of years.

In the stocking which contained her there was also a drawing (my father was an excellent draughtsman). The subject, Santa Claus, a roseate, smiling old man, seated in a sleigh, crammed with toys, and driving four reindeer.

The next Christmas which I can recall brought disillusionment, enlightenment, and broken glass in its train.

We were in Mexico, in the mines. To my childish mind, my parents were now less concerned in the affairs of nations, more interested in what I considered daily facts.

I had one friend, a miner. I can only remember him as Tommy.

I received my disillusionment at the hands of Tommy.

"Your folk won't be troublin' about no Christmassin' this year, I guess," he said. "They've got other fish to fry."

"I don't think *my* father and mother know how to fry fish," I returned, with a touch of my best De Vere manner. Tommy was my friend, but still a miner.

"Guess they'd best learn then," said Tommy dryly, as he moved his quid of tobacco from one cheek to the other.

That quid was my cross in life.

"But, for all that, you don't go without a present," went on Tommy. "Of course, a big gal like you, Sissy" (in America all little girls are generically called "Sissy," and little boys "Bub"), "don't believe in no Santa Clauses no more."

"Don't—don't believe in Santa Claus!" I stammered.

"Well, of course, you know," went on the ruthless, and realistic Tommy, "it's always your mother and father what comes in when you're asleep, and fills up the stockin'!"

I felt like the dervish in *The Arabian Nights*, whose tray of glass lay shattered at his feet.

"No Santa Claus! No reindeer!" I muttered, and I trembled like an aspen leaf. . .

"An' I'll bet my bottom dollar," continued Tommy, spitting vigorously, "there won't be much fillin' stockin's for them this year. So I thought I'd be before'and, and kinder make it up to ye like."

With these words my friend opened a leather belt which he wore, and took out what looked like a small yellow marble. It was a tiny lump of gold. Out of the

front of his flannel shirt he brought a small, well-worn Testament. "Ye've got to pull through with these, Sis," he said, dropping them both into my lap. "They're all I've got. I come by them honest, and they're both the real article."

But, alas! my friend had shattered my illusions, and I raised up my voice and wept loudly, and refused to be comforted.

"Well, I'll be darned! Of all the thankless little vixens——!" were the last words my friend ever spoke to me.

I was a *femme incomprise*. . . . I kept his shabby little Testament, and the shining yellow marble until I attained years of discretion. But Tommy was always associated in my mind with broken glass.

Then followed a long blank of Realism and Disbelief. . . . At last I arrived at the period when it was my delightful task to introduce the dear old Santa Claus of my childhood to eager little minds, and wondering little eyes, in whose sweet depths no shadow of doubt found place.

And——I find that I have only just room to wish that he may this year bring to us all Love, Health, and Contentment, with just such a little wrapping of Prosperity round the parcel as may bind it together in indissoluble union.

* * * * *

Emmie Avery Keddell desires an impossibility.

Simple words, probably lightly spoken, and oh! so lightly held. Yet what pictures you raise for me, from out the dead ashes of the past—pictures that live and burn and glow—pictures whose frames Time himself has been unable to tarnish—that one only turns face inwards to Memory's walls, because life's pictures, ever going and coming, crowd out those things that we would should stay with us for ever—and so, closing my eyes, I find it difficult to imagine what Santa Claus could bring me. Is not one lost in the remembrance of all that he once brought in those glad childish days? To be sure, I began with a huge faith in him; firmly convinced was I, and somewhat afraid also, that he came down the chimney with his great sack, that surely never the emptier grew. And then, how certain I was that he had the power to read my secret longings—until, as the years passed, I grew to doubt the old fable; and then how I used to pretend that my faith was quite as sure a thing (from that very admission one would swear that I was a woman-child) because, and just because, the old fable was so dear to me. I was loth to part with it—and in some ways, youth and age are strangely alike, for is it not those faiths that irk and weary us that we are so ready to shake off? Ah! you dear, dear pictures, how you hurt and stab, for you, alas! are no more, and I—I am grown up, with realities real around me, whilst fairy tales have become but as dreams that pass with the night.

Yet I am told to *make-believe*—to ask myself what I would that Santa Claus should bring me; and, indeed, if I am a woman, and because of that find obedience not to have a high place within me, I *do* know that I want many things, some very greatly, and the greatest of these I *swear* to be, not wealth, nor fame passing as a fickle breath, nor happiness, that might perchance in time but spell emptiness, but—Contentment.

So good old Santa Claus, whom little children love for all that you are to them, whom we, no longer children, cherish because of all that you once were, come again to me and stay, ere you pass to give to me, from your goodly store, a great and glad Contentment. I can think of nothing so lasting. Content with the world as it is, seeing with eyes that *can* see that it is beautiful; Content with the talents one has, seeing that one has not enough in one's self to make them greater; Content with the folks around, because there is no light from you, that should measure and compare; Content with the things that *are*, for the sake of the things that *shall* be.


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"THE YOUNG YEAR."

DRAWN BY SCOTT RANKIN.

WHEN THE DOOR OPENED——

BY SARAH GRAND.

ILLUSTRATED BY SYDNEY COWELL.

WHAT curious glimpses of life one catches sometimes unawares, scenes that flash forth distinctly from the tangled mass of movement, the crowded details, the inextricable confusion of human affairs as they appear to the looker-on in a great city. Seen amidst all the turmoil, from a hansom cab, from the top of an omnibus, from the platform of an underground station in a train that stops for a minute, from the pavement in a carriage blocked in the stream of traffic, by day and night, from out of the routine, the commonplace doings of people in the commonplace moods and phrases which weave themselves into the length of wholesome lives, they stand out to view, these intervals of intensity, the beginnings of episodes — tragic, heroic, amorous, abject; or the conclusions, which make the turning-point the crisis of a life. If it be the beginning, how one aches to know what the end will be; and if it be the end, what would not one give for the first part!

For instance: I was coming home alone late one night by train from a distant suburb, and happened to get into a carriage with three other people. One of them was a man of about forty, with dark hair going grey, and a pleasant, clean-cut, well-disciplined face. The other two were husband and wife, the husband being a good deal older than the wife. There seemed to have been some disagreement between the pair before I got into the carriage, for the lady looked sulky and dejected, while the gentleman was a good deal ruffled. He spoke a word or two to the other passenger, however, in a way which showed that they were acquainted, and also, as it seemed to me, for the purpose of keeping up appearances. The lady, on the contrary, made no attempt to disguise her feelings, but sat silent and rigid, staring into the darkness, until the train stopped, when her husband grimly handed her out, and I was left alone with the third passenger.

We watched the pair walk off together, and it was obvious that the quarrel recommenced before they had taken many steps. My solitary fellow-passenger sat opposite to me, and when the two had passed out of sight, our eyes met with an involuntary glance of intelligence, and he shrugged his shoulders slightly.

"I should like to give that pair a piece of advice," slipped from me unawares.

"Ah!" he said, "so should I; but it is an impossible thing to do in such cases."

"I suppose you are thinking that people know their own business best," I rejoined.

"No, I am not," he answered. "The lookers-on see most of the game, you know. But, nevertheless, it is worse than useless to offer advice to a married pair—especially when they are both wrong-headed," he added. "But even right-headed people, with the best intentions, make terrible mistakes; and in their own cases too, when they might be expected to know what they are about. Now, that man who was here just now watches his wife, and keeps her shut up, or only allows her out under escort, as if he thought that she would certainly misconduct herself if ever she had an opportunity. The consequence is that she is growing to dislike



Her husband grimly handed her out.

and despise him, and he may drive her in the end to do the very thing he is guarding against. I cannot understand how a man can care to have a bond-slave, always under orders, for a wife. Personally, I prefer a free woman; and I should be sorry to think that liberty means licence in any but exceptional cases."

"But there, it seems to me, a difficulty arises," I observed. "How is a man to tell which will prove an exceptional case?"

"Oh, I should think there is no difficulty about that," he answered. "Girls give indications of character early enough; and at any rate, if they are not trustworthy, dogging them about won't make them so. I don't say, however, that a young and thoughtless girl should be cast entirely upon her own resources; only, what she wants is a companion, not a keeper. However, as I said just now, the right ordering of married lives is a matter in which even the best-intentioned people may make mistakes. I married a girl somewhat younger than myself—about ten years—not that I think that makes a difference if people agree in their tastes. It so happened, however, that we did not agree. I am fond of a quiet life, with

full leisure for art and literature, and dislike nothing so much as killing time in idle chatter at entertainments where one is not entertained. My wife, on the contrary, as I found out very soon after we were married, is positively bored by books and pictures, and is never so happy as when she is in the full whirl of the social maëlstrom. Well, I thought the matter out, and the justice of the case seemed to me to demand that she should not require me to go into society, and that I should not require her to stay at home. We were fond of each other, but I could not see why on that account either of us should have our life spoilt by being made to conform to the uncongenial tastes and habits of the other. Marriage must be a perfect institution when there is entire similarity of interests; but if there is not, I cannot see why people should be miserable. So I let my wife go her way and I went mine, and the plan seemed to be answering capitally. There were times when she would have liked me to go out with her, and there were times when I should have been glad if she had stayed at home with me; and occasionally we conformed to one another's secret wishes in these respects, but I cannot say that the self-sacrifice was much of a success. There was one fancy-dress ball—a public affair—that she particularly wanted to go to, and I thought she half hinted that I should accompany her; if so, I did not take the hint; I knew I should be so bored.

"She went to that ball rather conspicuously well-dressed in silver-grey domino, lined with pink silk and trimmed with white lace. Her fan was white ostrich feathers, and her mask was trimmed with lace, which concealed her mouth. She had been quite excited about going, but when it came to the point she did not seem so very eager after all. She was to meet some friends there, and I said I would sit up for her, and she promised not to be late.

"After she had gone, I felt depressed somehow. I got a book and cigar, but did not find either of them absorbing. My mind wandered when I tried to read, and I had to give up at last, and just settle myself to smoke and think things out.

"I began to wonder what my wife was doing at the ball, and if she had found her friends all right. Then it occurred to me that it would be very awkward if, by some mistake, they did not meet. All kinds of people go to these public balls, and manners are apt to be free-and-easy when masks are worn. My wife, even in her domino, gave the impression of youth and good looks. She might be subjected to some annoyance from the bounders who haunt such places. At that moment she might be dancing with some very undesirable partner. Had I done right to let her go alone? I threw my cigar into the fireplace and got up, but without any distinct idea; in fact, I stood for a little, as one does sometimes in a difficulty, with all thought suspended. Then I recollected a fancy dress I had had for a ball I went to before I met my wife. It was the black velvet costume of a Spanish Don of the period of Philip IV. —the Velasquez period—a handsome dress copied from a picture, and well made. I went to my studio and there I found it in an old chest, and the mask I had worn along with it.

"It was still early in the night—why not dress and go to the ball also? My wife had taken the carriage, but there were some livery stables near, and I could easily get a brougham. I rang for my man and sent him to fetch me one.

"The ball was in full swing when I arrived, but by great good luck almost the first person I saw was my wife. The silver-grey, pale pink, white lace, and white ostrich-feather fan made an easily distinguishable costume, and I recognised her at once, and made my way through the crowd towards her. But as I approached I realised that she could not possibly recognise me. She had never

seen me in that dress—she probably did not even know that I had it; yet, although I was walking straight up to her, and she saw that I was, she made no sign of objection. Was it possible that she would let a strange man speak to her, and even encourage him to do so by her attitude? The

"'Well, I am waiting for something exciting to happen,' she answered, also disguising her voice, and speaking with the easy assurance of one who is accustomed to such encounters; 'for standing here alone is not lively.'

"For a moment the tawdry splendour of



Showed me the way to the refreshment rooms.

horrible doubt shot such a pang through my heart that I determined to set it at rest for ever by making the experiment. Without waiting to ask myself whether it was a fair or an unfair thing to do, I addressed her in a feigned voice familiarly.

"'I fancy that you are waiting for me,' I said. 'Please say that you are.'

the scene was blotted out. I could neither see nor hear. I recovered myself, however, just as the band struck up, and asked her mechanically if I might have the pleasure of a dance.

"'I shall be delighted,' she replied, taking my arm at once, and leading me, rather than waiting to be led, through the

motley crew about us to the ball-room, in a free-and-easy way that filled me with consternation. In her right mind, she had always seemed to be reserved with strangers, and I should never have imagined that a mask would have made such a difference.

"She danced with the abandonment of a ballet-girl, and when the music ceased, she asked me for ice and liqueur, and showed me the way to the refreshment-room. When she had had all she wanted, and it was a good deal, she took my arm again, and we began to walk about. She seemed to know all the ins-and-outs of the place, which surprised me, for I did not suppose that she had ever been there before. I asked her, however.

"'Have I ever been here before!' she ejaculated, 'I should just think so! I come whenever I can.'

"Do you tell your husband?" I ventured.

"'Oh, my husband!' she exclaimed. 'But who told you that I had a husband, by the way?'

"'I feel sure that a lady of your personal attractions and charms of manner cannot fail to have a husband,' I answered.

"'Ah, courtier,' she said, 'heigho! What a difference between husbands and lovers. Aren't women fools to marry if they can make love for a livelihood?'

"She clapsed her hands round my arm as she spoke, and looked up into my face alluringly. Was this the true woman, I wondered, and was that other to whom I was accustomed, only an actress earning her living? No, I could not believe it. I argued with myself that the manner and sentiments were assumed with the dress, that they were part of the masquerade; but she could not have done it so well without much experience, and she confessed that she came here often, which argued deceit, for I had never had a hint of it. Indeed, the reason she gave me for going that night was, that she had never been to a mask-ball. O thrice accursed fool that I was to let her come alone! Yet perhaps it was just as well. I knew that she was frivolous, but had never suspected that she was fast. Indeed, I would have wagered my soul that she was to be trusted anywhere, so she had taken me in finely, and it was just as well that I should know it. Doubtless my friends had known it all along, and pitied me for a blind, weak fool. But it was a shock, I can tell you, and I was in two minds the whole time. In the one I condemned her utterly, in the other I was trying to excuse her. Appearances were all against her certainly; but the habit of love and respect is not to be changed in a moment. And, after all, what had she done that could not be excused? She had talked in a vulgar way certainly, but I had not presumed upon it. If I had taken the slightest liberty, doubtless she would have resented it promptly. Would she?

"Her hand was resting on my arm. I hesitated a moment, then I took it and pressed it. To my horror, she laughed, and returned the pressure.

"'You are waking up, Don Sombre,' she said. 'I was beginning to fear that you were one of the doomed-to-dumps, you were so cold and dull. But the dumps don't last long when I'm about. I'll soon cheer you up and put some life in you.'

"I felt a horrid emotion at these words, and it was some moments before I could master my voice. I was a broken man, and longed to sit down and cry like a child. It was sorrow that had come upon me, not anger. One is not angry where there is no hope; one is crushed. And yet, although I knew there was no hope, I was like a gambler who must stake again. I determined to go a little further, just to give her a last chance.

"'You have cheered me to such good purpose that I do not feel inclined to part with you,' I said; 'but this crowd is distracting. Let us get out of it. I have a carriage waiting; will you come home with me?'



"I gazed, I gasped, I fell into a chair!"

"'Why, he's quite nervous,' she said, laughing. 'Now, that *is* nice; for I could swear, Don Sombre, that you're not accustomed to "No" from a lady.'

"'Why is it nice?' I asked.

"'Well, you wouldn't be nervous if you were indifferent, you know,' she said archly. 'I can't stand your cold-blooded creatures who don't care a button either way.'

"'Then I ought to please you,' I answered grimly, 'for, as you rightly perceive, I do care greatly. Will you come?'

"She laughed again. Good heavens! Was that acquiescence? I drew her towards the main entrance with the impetuosity of a young lover, and she did not demur. She remarked that I seemed to be impatient, and impatient I was. Every moment was an hour of pain now until the ghastly farce was over. But I could not end it there and then. It was too serious. I must get her home. I went down the street myself to fetch my hired brougham, so that my name might not be called out, and I told the man to go back before I returned to hand her in. I was afraid of a scene in that public place if she suddenly discovered who I was, and it seemed an interminable time until we started. We were clear of the crowd, and off at last, however; but for the first few minutes I sat beside her unable to utter a word, and she began to rally me again on the subject of my gloom. Then she fell up against me, but whether because the carriage lurched, or out of mere wantonness, I could not tell. However, I put my arm round her, and she did not object.

"'Where do you live?' she asked, as we neared the house. 'These streets are all alike, and I cannot tell where I am.'

"'Well, we are there, at any rate,' I answered, as the carriage stopped. I handed her out, and opened the door with my latch-key. The light was so low in the hall I had to take her hand to lead her up to the drawing-room. There all was darkness, but I had matches in my pocket, and lit the gas.

"Then I turned to her. She was giggling at something, but did not seem to see where she was.

"'Now, madam,' I said sternly, 'we will unmask.'

"In a moment she had taken hers off, and slipped out of her domino.

"I gazed, I gasped, I fell into a chair! For the woman before me was a perfect stranger—a creature with dyed hair, blackened eyelids, and painted cheeks—not the sort of person to be seen with anywhere if one valued one's reputation; and yet I could have gone down on my knees and kissed the hem of her garment, so great was my relief. I shall never forget it! For the first few minutes I could think of nothing, do nothing, but just sit there gazing at her, and smiling idiotically. She was flattered by my attitude, which she mistook for speechless admiration, and she stood still, posing in a theatrical manner, with an affectation of coyness, until I recovered myself.

"My first clear idea was that I must get rid of her; but how to do it without offering her any indignity? I was casting about in my mind for a plausible excuse; but before anything occurred to me, a carriage stopped at the door below, I heard a key turned in the lock, then the rustle of silk, and a light step on the staircase. My wife had returned early as she had promised, and was coming straight up to the drawing-room.

"Her hand was already on the handle of the door——"

He broke off at this point and looked out of the window. The train had stopped, but we had not noticed it at the moment.

"Hello!" he exclaimed, "this is my station!" and out he jumped just as we were moving off again.

I have never seen him since; I do not suppose that I ever shall. So I expect that all my life long I shall be tormented with conjectures as to what happened when that door opened.

SHREWSBURY.*

BY STANLEY J. WEYMAN.

ILLUSTRATED BY CLAUDE A. SHEPPERSON.

CHAPTER XLII.



I HAVE commonly reckoned it among my lord's greatest misfortunes that in a crisis of his affairs which demanded all the assistance that friendship, the closest and most intimate, could afford, he had neither wife nor child to whom he could turn; and from whom, without loss of dignity, he might receive comfort and support. He was a solitary man; separated from such near relations as he had by differences as well religious as political, and from the world at large by the grandeur of a position which imposed burdens as onerous as the privileges it conferred were rare.

To a melancholy habit, which some attributed to the sad circumstances attendant on his father's death, and others to the change of faith, which he had been induced to make on reaching manhood, he added a natural shyness and reserve; qualities which, ordinarily veiled from observation by manners and an address the most charming and easy in the world, were none the less obstacles, where friendship was in question. Not that of friendship there was much among the political men of that day; the perils and uncertainties of the time inculcated a distrust, which was only overcome where blood or marriage cemented the tie—as in the case of Lords Sunderland, Godolphin, and Marlborough, and again of the Russells and Cavendishes. Be that as it may, my lord stood outside these bonds, and enjoyed and rued a splendid isolation. As if already selected by fortune for that strange combination of great posts with personal loneliness, which was to be more strikingly exhibited in the death-chamber of her late Majesty Queen Anne, he lived, whether in his grand house in St. James's Square or at Eyford among the Gloucestershire Wolds, as much apart as any man in London or in England.

Withal, I know, men called him the King of Hearts. But the popularity of which that title seemed the sign and seal was factitious and unreal; born, while they talked with him, of his spontaneous kindness and boundless address; doomed to perish an hour later, of spite and envy, or of sheer inanition, since the Duke was sensitive, over-proud for intimacy, flattered no man, and gave no man confidences.

Such an one bade fair, when in trouble, to eat his own heart. Prone to fancy all men's hands against him, his imagination doubled the shame and outdid the most scandalous. So far, indeed, was he from deriving comfort from things that would have restored such men as my Lord Marlborough to perfect self-respect and composure, that I believe, and in fine had it from himself, that the letter which the King wrote to him from Loo (and which came to his hands through Lord Portland's, three days after the interview with his Grace of Devonshire) pained him more sensibly than all that had gone before.

"You may judge of my astonishment," His Majesty wrote, "at his effrontery in accusing you. You are, I trust, too fully convinced of the entire confidence which I place in you to think that such stories can make any impression on me. You will observe this honest man's sincerity,

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who only accuses those in my service, and not one of his own party."

That in His Majesty's letter which touched my lord home was less the magnanimity displayed in it than the remembrance that once before his Sovereign had dealt with the subject in the same spirit; and that now the world must know this. Of the immediate accusation, with all its details of time and circumstance, he thought little; believing, not only that the truth must quickly sweep it away, but that in the meantime few would be found so credulous as to put faith in it. But he saw with painful clearness that the charge would rub the old sore and gall the old raw; and he winced, seated alone in his library in the silence of the house, as if the iron already seared the living flesh. With throes of shame he foresaw what staunch Whigs, such as Somers and Wharton, would say of him; what the *Postboy* and the *Courant* would print of him; what the rank and file of the party—exposed to no danger in the event of a Restoration, and consequently to few temptations to make their peace abroad—would think of their trusted leader, when they learned the truth.

On Marlborough and Russell, Godolphin and Sunderland, the breath of suspicion had blown: on him never, and he had held his head high. How could he meet them now? How could he face them? Nay, if that were all, how, he asked himself, could he face the honest Nonjuror? Or the honest Jacobite? Or the honest Tory? He, who had taken the oaths to the new government and broken them, who had set up the new government and deceived it, who had dubbed himself patriot—*cui bono?* Presently, brooding over it, he came to think that there was but one man in England *turpissimus;* that it would be better in the day of reckoning for the meanest carted pickpocket, whose sentence came before him for revision, than for the King's Secretary in his garter and robes!

Nor, if he had known all that was passing, and all that was being said, among those with whom his fancy painfully busied itself, would he have been the happier. For Sir John's statement got abroad with marvellous quickness. Before Lord Portland arrived from Holland the details were whispered in every tavern and coffee-house within the Bills. The Tories and Jacobites, aiming above everything at finding a counterblast to the Assassination Plot, the discovery of which had so completely sapped their credit with the nation, pounced on the scandal with ghoulish avidity, and repeated and exaggerated it on every occasion. Every Jacobite house of call, from the notorious Dog in Drury Lane, the haunt of mumpers and foot-pads, to the Chocolate House in St. James's, rang with it. For Sir John, all (they said among themselves) that they had expected of him was surpassed by this. He was extolled to the skies alike for what he had done and for what he had omitted; and as much for the wit that had confounded his enemies as for the courage that had protected his friends. For what Jacobite, seeing the enemy hoist with his own petard, could avoid a snigger? Or hear the word "Informer" without swearing that Sir John was the most honest man who ever signed his name to a deposition.

The Whigs, on the other hand, exasperated by an attack as subtle as it was unforeseen, denied the charges with a passion and fury that of themselves betrayed apprehension. Here, they said, was another Taafe; suborned by the same gang and the same vile machinations, that had brought about the Lancashire failure, and hounded Secretary Trenchard to his death. Not content with threatening Sir John with the last penalties of treason and felony, and filling the Rose Tavern with protestations—which admitted the weight while they denied the truth of the charges brought against their leaders—the party called aloud for meetings, enquiries, and prosecutions; to which the leaders soon

found themselves pledged, whether they would or no.

Out of sensitiveness, or that over-appreciation of what was due to himself and others which in a degree unfitted him for public life, my lord had a week before this pleaded indisposition, and begun to keep the house; and to all requests proffered by his colleagues that he would take part in their deliberations, returned a steadfast negative. This notwithstanding, everything that was done was communicated to him; and announcements of the meetings, which it was now proposed to hold —one at Lord Somers' in Lincoln's Inn Fields and the other at Admiral Russell's, —would doubtless have been made to him within the hour. As it chanced, however, he received the news from another source. On the day of the decision, as he sat alone, dwelling on the past, the Square was roused at the quietest time of the forenoon by an arrival. With a huge clatter the Countess's glass chariot, with its outriders, running footmen, and lolling waiting-women, rolled up to the door, and in a moment my lady was announced.

It is probable that there was no one whom he had less wish to see. But he could not deny himself to her; and he rose with an involuntary groan. The Countess on her side was in no better temper, as her first words indicated. "My life, my lord, what is this I hear?" she cried as soon as the door closed upon her attendants. "That you are lying down to be trodden on! And cannot do this, and will not do that, but pule and cry at home while they spin a rope for you! 'Sakes, man, play the one side, play the other side—which you please! But play it! play it!"

My lord, chagrined as much by the intrusion as by the reproach, answered her with more spirit than he was wont to use to her. "I thought, Madam," he answered sharply, "that the one thing you desired was my withdrawal from public life?"

"Ay, but not after this fashion!" she retorted, striking her ebony cane on the floor and staring at him, her raddled face and huge curled wig trembling. "If all I hear be true—and I hear that they are going to hold two inquests on you—and you continue to sit here, it will be a fine withdrawal! You will be doomed by James and blocked by William, and that d——d rogue Jack Churchill will wear your clothes! Withdrawal, say you? No, if you had withdrawn six months ago when I bade you, you would have gone and been thanked. But now the fat is in the fire, and, wanting courage, you'll frizzle, my lad."

"And whom have I to thank for that, Madam?" he asked, with bitterness.

"Why, yourself, booby!" she cried.

"No, Madam, your friends!" he replied—which was so true and hit the mark so exactly that my lady looked foolish for a moment. Without noticing the change, however, "Your friends, Madam," he continued, "Lord Middleton and Sir John Fenwick, and Montgomery and the rest, whom you have never ceased pressing me join! Who unable to win me will now ruin me. But you are right, Madam. I see, for myself now, that it is not possible to play against them with clean hands—and therefore I leave the game to them."

"Pack of rubbish!" she cried.

"It is not rubbish, Madam, as you will find," he answered coldly. "You say they will hold two inquests on me? There will be no need. Within the week my resignation of all my posts will be in the King's hands."

"And you?"

"And I, Madam, shall be on my way to Eyford."

Now there is nothing more certain than that for a year past the Countess had strained every nerve to detach the Duke from the Government, with a view to his reconciliation with King James and St. Germains. But, having her full share of

a mother's pride, she was as far from wishing to see him retire after this fashion as if she had never conceived the notion. And to this the asperity of her answer bore witness. "To Eyford?" she cried, shrilly. "More like to Tower Hill! Or the Three Trees and a thirteenha'penny fee—for that is your measure! God, my lad, you make me sick! You make me sick!" she continued, her wrinkled old face distorted by the violence of her rage, and her cane going tap-a-tap in her half-palsied hand. "That a son of mine should lack the spirit to turn on these pettifoggers!"

"Your friends, Madam," he said remorselessly.

"These perts and start-ups! But you are mad, man! You are mad," she continued. "Mad as King Jamie was when he fled the country—and who more glad than the Dutchman! And as it was with him so it will be with you. They will strip you, Charles! They will strip you bare as you were born! And the end will be, you'll lie with Ailesbury in the Tower, or bed with Tony Hamilton in a garret—*là bas!*"

"Which is precisely the course, Madam, to which you have been pressing me," he replied with something of a sneer.

"Ay, with a full purse!" she screamed. "With a full purse, fool! With Eyford and fifty thousand guineas, my lad! But go, a beggar, as you'll go, and it is welcome you will be—to the door-key and the kennel, or like enough to King Louis' Bastile! Tell me, man, that this is all nonsense! That you'll show your face to your enemies, go abroad and be King again!"

My lord answered gravely that his mind was made up.

"To go?" she gasped. "To go to Eyford?" And raising her stick in her shaking hand, she made a gesture so menacing that, fearing she would strike him, my lord stepped back.

Nevertheless, he answered her firmly. "Yes, to Eyford. My letter to the King is already written."

"Then that for you and your King!" she shrieked; and, in an excess of uncontrolled passion, she whirled her stick round and brought it down on a stand of priceless Venice crystal which stood beside her; being the same that Seigniors Soranzo and Venier had presented to the Duke in requital of the noble entertainment which my lord gave to the Venetian Ambassadors the April preceding. The blow shivered the vases, which fell in a score of fragments to the floor; but not content with the ruin she had accomplished, the Countess struck fiercely again and again. "There's for you, you poor speechless fool!" she continued. "That a son of mine should lie down to his enemies! There was never Brudenel did it. But your father he too was a——"

"Madam!" he said, taking her up grimly. "I will not hear you on that!"

"Ay, but you shall hear me!" she screamed—and yet she spoke more soberly. "He, too, was a——"

"Silence!" he said; and this time low as his voice rang, ay, and though it trembled, it stilled her. "Silence, Madam," he repeated, "or you do that which neither the wrong you wrought so many years ago to him you miscall nor the things common fame still tells of you, nor difference of creed, nor difference of party, have prevailed to effect. Say more of him," he continued, "and we do not meet again, my lady. For I have this at least from you—that I do not easily forgive."

She glared at him a moment, rage, alarm, and vexation, all distorting her face. Then, "The door!" she hissed. "The door, boor! You are still my son, and if you will not obey me, shall respect me. Take me out, and if ever I enter your house again——"

She did not complete the sentence, but lapsed into noddings and mowings

and mutterings, her fierce black eyes flickering vengeance to come. However, my lord paid no heed to that, but glad, doubtless, to be rid of her visit even at the cost of his Venetian, offered her his arm in silence and led her into the hall and to her chariot.

She could not avenge herself on him; and it may be she would not if she could. But there was one on whom her passion alighted, who with all her cunning little expected the impending storm. The most astute are sometimes found napping, and the smoothest pad-nag will plunge. Whether the favourite waiting-woman had overstepped her authority of late, presuming on a senility, which existed indeed, but neither absolutely blinded my lady nor was to be depended on in gusts of passion such as this; whether this was the case, I say, or Monterey, rendered incautious by success, was unfortunate enough to allow some look of spite and malice to escape her during the drive home, it is certain that at the door the storm broke. Without the least warning the Countess, after using her arm to descend, turned on her, a very Bess of Hardwick.

"And you, you grinning ape!" she cried, "you come no farther! This is no home of yours; be gone, or I will have you whipped! You don't go into my house again!"

The astonished woman, taken utterly aback and not in the least understanding, began to remonstrate. Her first thought was that the Countess was ill. "Your ladyship—is not well?" she cried, with solicitude veiling her alarm. "You cannot mean——"

"Ay, but I can! I can!" the old lady answered mocking her. "You have done mischief enow, and do no more here! Where is that man of yours, who went, and never came back, and nought but excuses? And now this."

"Oh, my lady, what ails you?" the waiting-woman cried. "What does this mean?"

"You know!" said my lady with an oath. "So begone about your business, and don't let me see your face again or it will be the worse for you."

Disarmed of her usual address by the suddenness of the attack, Monterey began to whimper; and again asked how she had offended her and what she had done to deserve this. "I, who have served you so long, and so faithfully?" she cried. "What have I done to earn this, my lady?"

"God and you know—better than I do!" was the fierce answer. And then, "Williams," the Countess cried to her major-domo, who with the lacqueys and grooms was standing by enjoying the fall of the favourite—"see that that drab does not cross my threshold again; or you go, do you hear. Ay, mistress, you would poison me if you could!" the old lady went on, gibing, and pointing with her stick at the face, green with venom and spite, that betrayed the baffled woman's feelings. "Look at her! Look at her! There is Madame Voisin for you! There is Madame Turner! She would poison you all if she could. But you should have done it yesterday, you slut! You will not have the chance now. Put her rags out here—here on the road; and do you, Williams, send her packing, and see she takes naught of mine, not a pinner or a sleeve, or she goes to Paddington fair for it! Ay, you drab," my lady continued, with cruel exultation, "I'll see you beat hemp yet! and your shoulders smarting!"

"May God forgive you," cried the waiting-woman, fighting with her rage.

"He may or He may not!" said the dreadful old lady, turning coolly to go in. "Any way, your score won't stand for much in the sum, my girl."

And not until the Countess had gone in and Madame Monterey saw before her the grinning faces of the servants, as they stood to bar the way, did she thoroughly take in what had happened to her, or the utter ruin of all her prospects which this

meant. Then, choking with passion, rage, and despair, "Let me pass," she cried, advancing and trying frantically to push her way through them. "Let me pass, you boobies. Do you hear? How dare you——"

"Against orders, Madame Voisin!" said the major-domo with a hoarse laugh; and he thrust her back. And when, maddened by the touch, and defeat, she flung herself on him in a frenzy, one of the lacqueys caught her round the waist and, lifting her off her legs, carried her out screaming and scratching, and set her down in the road amid the laughter of his companions.

"There," he said "and next time better manners, mistress, or I'll drop you in the horse-pond. You are not young enough, nor tender enough for these airs! Ten years ago you might have scratched all you pleased!"

"Strike you dead!" she cried, "my husband—my husband shall kill you all! Ay, he shall!"

"When he gets out of the Gatehouse we will talk, mistress," the man answered. "But he's there, and you know it!"

CHAPTER XLIII.

My lord persisted in his design of retiring to Eyford; nor could all the persuasions of his friends, and of some who were less his friends than their own, induce him to attend either the meeting of the party at Admiral Russell's or that which was held in Lincoln's Inn Fields; a thing which I take to be in itself a refutation of the statement, sometimes heard in his disparagement, that he lacked strength. For it is on record that his Grace of Marlborough in the great war, where he had in a manner to contend with Emperors and Princes, held all together by his firmness and conduct; yet he failed with my lord, though he tried hard, pleading, as some thought, in his own cause. To his arguments and those of Admiral Russell and Lord Godolphin the hearty support of the party was not lacking, if it could have availed. But as a fact, it went into the other scale, since in proportion as his followers proclaimed their faith in my lord's innocence, and denounced his accusers, he felt shame for the old folly and inconsistency that, known by some, and suspected by more, must now be proclaimed to the world. It was this which for a time paralysed the vigour and intellect that at two great crises saved the Protestant Party; and this, which finally determined him to leave London.

It was not known, when he started, that horse-patrols had been ordered to the Kent and Essex roads in expectation of His Majesty's immediate crossing. Nor is it likely that the fact would have swayed him had he known it, since it was not upon His Majesty's indulgence—of which, indeed, he was assured—that he was depending; my lord being moved rather by considerations in his own mind. But at Maidenhead, where he lay the first night, Mr. Vernon overtook him—coming up with him as he prepared to start in the morning—and gave him news which immediately altered his mind. Not only was His Majesty hourly expected at Kensington, where his apartments were being hastily prepared, but he had expressed his intention of seeing Fenwick at once, and sifting him.

"Nor is that all," Mr. Vernon continued. "I have reason to think that your Grace is under a complete misapprehension as to the character of the charges that are being made."

"What matter what the charges are?" my lord replied wearily, leaning back in his coach. For he had insisted on starting.

"It does matter very much—saving your presence, Duke," Mr. Vernon answered bluntly; a sober and downright gentleman, whose after-succession to the Seals, though thought at the time to be

an excessive elevation, and of the most sudden, was justified by his honourable career. "Pardon me, I must speak. I have been swayed too long by your Grace's extreme dislike of the topic."

"Which continues," my lord said.

"I care not a jot if it does!" Mr. Vernon cried impetuously, and then met the Duke's look of surprise and anger with, "Your Grace forgets that it is treason is in question! High Treason, not in the clouds and *in præterito*, but *in præsenti* and in Kent! High Treason in aiding and abetting Sir John Fenwick, an outlawed traitor, and by his mouth and hand communicating with and encouraging the King's enemies."

"You are beside the mark, sir," my lord answered, in a tone of freezing displeasure. "That has nothing to do with it. It is a foolish tale which will not stand a minute. No man believes it."

"Maybe! But by G——d! two men will prove it."

"Two men?" quoth my lord, his ear caught by that.

"Ay, two men! And two men are enough, in treason."

My lord stared hard before him. "Who is the second?" he said at last.

"A dubious fellow, yet good enough for the purpose," the Under Secretary answered, overjoyed that he had at last got a hearing. "A man named Matthew Smith, long suspected of Jacobite practices, and arrested with the others at the time of the late conspiracy, but released, as he says——"

"Well?"

"Corruptly," quoth the Under Secretary coolly, and laid his hand on the check-string.

My lord sprang in his seat. "What?" he cried; and uttered an oath, a thing to which he rarely condescended. Then, "It is true I know the man——"

"He is in the Countess's service."

"In her husband's. And he was brought before me. But the warrant was against one John Smith—or William Smith, I forget which—and I knew this person to be Matthew Smith; and the messenger himself avowing a mistake, I released the man."

"Of course," said Mr. Vernon, nodding impatiently. "Of course, but that, your Grace, is not the gravamen. It is a more serious matter that he alleges; namely, that he accompanied you to Ashford, that you there in his presence saw Sir John Fenwick, that you gave Sir John a ring—and, in a word, he confirms Sir John's statement in all points. And there being now two witnesses, the matter becomes grave. Shall I stop the coach?" And once more he made as if he would twitch the cord.

The Duke, wearing a very sober face—yet one wherein the light of conflict began to flicker—drummed softly on the glass with his fingers. "How do you come by his evidence?" he said at last. "Has Sir John approved against him?"

"No, but Sir John sent for him the morning he saw Devonshire for the second time; and I suppose threatened him, for the fellow went to Trumball and said that he had evidence to give touching Sir John, if he could have His Majesty's word he should not suffer. It was given him, more or less; and he confirmed Sir John's tale *totidem verbis*. They have had him in the Gatehouse these ten days, it seems, on Trumball's warrant.

The Duke drew a deep breath. "Mr. Vernon, I am much obliged to you," he said. "You have played the friend in my teeth. I see that I have treated this matter too lightly. Sir John, unhappy as he is in some of his notions, is a gentleman; and I was wrong to think that he would accuse me out of pure malice and without grounds. There is some ill practice here."

"Devilish ill," Mr. Vernon answered, scarce able to conceal his delight.

"Some plot."

"Ay, plot within plot!" cried the

Under Secretary, chuckling. "Shall I pull the string?"

The Duke hesitated, his face plainly showing the conflict that was passing in his mind. Then, "If you please," he said.

And so there the coach came to a standstill, as I have often heard, on an old brick bridge short of Nettlebed, near the coming into the village from Maidenhead. One of the outriders, spurring to the carriage window for orders, my lord cried, "Turn! Maidenhead!"

"No, London," said Mr. Vernon firmly. "And one of you," he continued, "gallop forward, and have horses ready at the first change house. And so to the next."

The Duke, his head in a whirl with what he had heard, pushed resistance no farther, but letting the reins fall from his hands, consented to be led by his companion. In deference to his wishes, however—not less than to his health, which the events of the last few weeks had seriously shaken,—it was determined to conceal his return to town; the rather as the report of his absence might encourage his opponents, and lead them to show their hands more clearly. Hence in the common histories of the day, and even in works so learned and generally well-informed as the Bishop of Salisbury's and Bishop Kennitt's, it is said and asserted that the Duke of Shrewsbury retired to his seat in Gloucestershire before the King's return, and remained there in seclusion until his final resignation of the Seals. It is probable that by using Mr. Vernon's house in place of his own, and by his extreme avoidance of publicity while he lay in town, my lord had himself to thank for this statement; but that in making it these writers, including the learned Bishop Burnet, are wanting in accuracy the details I am to present will clearly show.

The truth is that, entering London late that night, my lord drove to Mr. Vernon's; who, going next morning to the Office, presently returned with the news that the King had ridden in from Margate after dining at Sittingbourne, and would give an audience to Sir John on the following day. But, as these tidings did no more than fulfil expectation, and scarcely account for the air of briskness and satisfaction which marked the burly and honest gentleman, it is to be supposed that he did not tell the Duke all he had learned. And, indeed, I know this to be the fact.

CHAPTER XLIV.

About ten on the morning of the 3rd of November of that year eight gentlemen of the first rank in England were assembled in the gallery at Kensington awaiting a summons to the King's closet. With the exception of Lord Godolphin, who had resigned his office three days earlier, all belonged to the party in power; notwithstanding which, a curious observer might have detected in their manner and intercourse an air of reserve and constraint unusual among men at once so highly placed and of the same opinions. A little thought, however, and a knowledge of the business which brought them together, would have explained this.

While the Duke of Devonshire, the Marquis of Dorset, and Lord Portland formed a group apart, it was to be noticed that Lords Marlborough and Godolphin and Admiral Russell seemed to fall naturally into a second group; but though the movements of the company constantly left them together, they never suffered this arrangement to last, but either effected a temporary change, by accosting the Lord Keeper or Mr. Secretary Trumball, or through the medium of Sir Edward Russell's loud voice and boisterous manners, they wrought a momentary fusion of the company.

"By the Eternal, I am the most unlucky man," the Admiral cried, addressing the whole company on one of these occasions. "If Sir John had lied about me only, I should have given it him back

in his teeth, and so fair and square ; it is a poor cook does not know his own batch. But because he drags in the Duke, and the Duke chooses to get the fantods, and shirks him, I stand the worse !"

"Sir Edward," said Lord Dorset, speaking gravely and in a tone of rebuke, "no one supposes that the Duke of Shrewsbury is aught but ill. And, allow me to say that under the circumstances you are unwise to put it on him."

"But, d——n me, he has no right to be ill !" cried the seaman, whose turbulent spirit was not easily put down. "If he were here, I would say the same to his face. And that is flat !"

He was proceeding with more, but at that moment the door of the Royal closet was thrown open, and a gentleman usher appeared, inviting them to enter. "My lords and gentlemen," he said, "His Majesty desires you to be seated, as at the Council. He will be presently here."

The movement into the next room being made, the conversation took a lower tone, each speaking only to his neighbour—one discussing the King's crossing and the speed of his new yacht, another the excellent health and spirits in which His Majesty had returned,—until, a door at the lower end of the room being opened, a murmur of voices and stir of feet were heard, and after a moment's delay Sir John Fenwick entered under guard, and with a somewhat dazed air advanced to the foot of the table.

The Lord Steward rose and gravely bowed to him ; and this courtesy, in which he was followed by all except the Admiral, was returned by the prisoner.

"Sir John," said the Duke of Devonshire, "the King will be presently here."

"I am obliged to your Grace," Fenwick answered, and stood waiting.

His gaunt form, clothed in black, his face always stern and now haggard, his eyes, in which pride and fanaticism at one moment overcame and at another gave place to the look of a hunted beast —these things must have made him a pathetic figure at any time and under any circumstances. How much more when those who gazed on him knew that he stood on the brink of death ! and knew, too, that within a few moments he must meet the prince whom for years he had insulted and defied, and in whose hands his fate now lay !

That some, less interested in the matter than others, harboured such thoughts the looks of grave compassion which Lords Devonshire and Dorset cast on him seemed to prove. But their reflections, which, doubtless, carried them back to a time when, the most brilliant and cynical of courtiers, he played a foremost part in the Whitehall of the Restoration—these, no less than the mutterings and restless movements of Russell, who, in his enemy's presence, could scarcely control himself, were cut short by the King's entrance.

He came in unannounced, and very quietly, at a door behind the Lord Steward ; and, all rising to their feet, he bade them in a foreign accent, "Good-day," adding immediately, "Be seated, my lords. My Lord Steward, we will proceed."

His entrance and words were abrupt, if not awkward ; they lacked alike the grace which all remembered in Charles, and the gloomy majesty which the second James had at his command. And men felt the lack. Yet, as he took his stand, one hand lightly resting on the back of the Lord Steward's chair, the slight, sombre figure and sallow, bony face, staring out of its great peruke, had a dignity of their own. For, it could not be forgotten that he was that which no Stuart King of England had ever been—a soldier and a commander from boyhood, at home in all the camps of Flanders and the Rhine, familiar with every peril of battle and breach, at his ease if anywhere, where other men blenched and drew back. And the knowledge that this was so invested him with a certain awe

and grandeur even in the eyes of courtiers. On this day he wore a black suit, relieved only by the ribbon of the Garter; and as he stood he let his chin sink so low on his breast that his eyes, which could on occasion shine with a keen and almost baleful light, were hidden.

The Lord Steward, in obedience to his command, was about to address Sir John, when the King, with a brusqueness characteristic of him, intervened. "Sir John," he said, in a harsh, dry voice, and speaking partly in French, partly in English, "your papers are altogether unsatisfactory. Instead of giving us an account of the plots formed by you and your accomplices, plots of which all the details must be exactly known to you, you tell us stories without authority, without date, without place, about noblemen and gentlemen with whom you do not pretend to have had any intercourse. In short, your confession appears to be a contrivance intended to screen those who are really engaged in designs against us, and to make me suspect and discard those in whom I have good reason to place confidence. If you look for any favour from me, therefore, you will give me this moment a full and straightforward account of what you know of your own knowledge. And —but do you tell him the rest, my lord."

"Sir John," said the Lord Steward in a tone serious and compassionate, "His Majesty invites your confidence, and will for good reason show you his favour. But you must deserve it. And it is his particular desire that you conclude nothing from the fact that you are admitted to see him."

"On the contrary," said the King, dryly, "I see you, sir, for the sake of my friends. If, therefore, you can substantiate the charges you have made, it behoves you to do it. Otherwise, to make a full and free confession of what you do know."

"Sir," said Sir John hoarsely, and speaking for the first time, "I stand here worse placed than any man ever was. For I am tried by those whom I accuse."

The King slightly shrugged his shoulders. "*Fallait penser là*—when you accused them," he muttered.

Sir John cast a despairing glance along the table, and seemed to control himself with difficulty. At length, "I can substantiate nothing against three of those persons," he said; whereon some of those who listened breathed more freely.

"And that is all, sir, that you have to say?" said the King, ungraciously; and as if he desired only to cut short the scene.

"All," said Sir John firmly, "against those three persons. But as to the fourth, the Duke of Shrewsbury, who is not here——"

The King could not suppress an exclamation of contempt. "You may spare us that fable, sir," he said. "It would not deceive a child, much less one who holds the Duke high in his esteem."

Sir John drew himself to his full height and looked along the table, his gloomy eyes threatening. "And yet that fable I can prove, sir," he said. "That I can substantiate, sir. To that I have a witness, and a witness above suspicion! If I prove that, sir, shall I have your Majesty's favour?"

"Perfectly," said the King, shrugging his shoulders, amid a general thrill and movement; for though rumours had gone abroad, by no means the whole of Sir John's case was known, even to some at the table. "Prove it! Prove that, sir, and not a hair of your head shall fall. You have my promise."

However, before Sir John could answer, Mr. Secretary Trumball rose in his place and intervened. "I crave your indulgence, sir," he said, "while, with your Majesty's permission, I call in the Duke of Shrewsbury, who is in waiting."

"In waiting?" said the King, in a voice of surprise; nor was the surprise confined to him. "I thought that he was ill, Mr. Secretary? And in the country?"

"He is so ill, sir, as to be very unfit to be abroad," the Secretary answered. "Yet he came to be in readiness, if your Majesty needed him. Sir John Fenwick persisting, I ask your indulgence, sir, while I fetch him."

The King nodded, but with a pinched and dissatisfied face; and Sir William retiring, in a moment returned with the Duke. At his entrance, His Majesty greeted him drily, and with a hint of displeasure in his manner; thinking probably that this savoured too much of a *coup de théâtre*, a thing he hated. But seeing, before the Duke took his seat, how ill he looked his face betrayed signs of disturbance; after which, his eyelids drooping, it fell into the dull and Sphinx-like mould which it could assume when he did not wish his thoughts to be read by those about him.

That the Duke's pallor and wretched appearance gave rise to suspicion in other minds is equally certain; the more hardy of those present, such as my Lord Marlborough and the Admiral, being aware that nothing short of guilt, and the immediate prospect of detection, could so change themselves. And while some felt a kind of admiration, as they conned and measured the stupendous edifice of deceit, which my lord had so long and perfectly concealed behind a front of brass—as to take in all the world,—others were already busied with the effect the disclosure would have on the party, and how this might be softened, and that explained, and in a word another man substituted with as little shock as possible for this man. Nor were these emotions at all weakened when my lord after saluting the King took his seat, without speaking or meeting the general gaze.

"Now, sir," said the King impatiently, when all was quiet again, "the Duke is here. Proceed."

"I will," Sir John answered with greater hardiness than he had yet used, "I have simply to repeat to his face what I have said behind his back: that on the 10th of last June, in the evening, he met me at Ashford, in Kent, and gave me a ring and a message bidding me carry both with me to St. Germains."

My lord looked slowly round the table; then at Sir John. And it startled some to see that he had compassion in his face.

"Sir John," he said, after, as it seemed, weighing the words he was about to speak, "you are in such a position, it were barbarous to insult you. But you must needs, as you have accused me before His Majesty and these gentlemen, hear me state, also before them, that there is not a word of truth in what you say."

Sir John stared at him and breathed hard. "*Mon dieu!*" he exclaimed. And his voice sounded sincere.

"I was not at Ashford on the 10th of June," the Duke continued with dignity, "or on any day in that month. I never saw you there, and I gave you no ring."

"*Mon dieu!*" Sir John muttered again; and he seemed to be unable to take his eyes off the other.

Now it is certain that whatever the majority of those present thought of this—and the demeanour of the two men was so steadfast that even Lord Marlborough's acumen was at fault—the King's main anxiety was to be rid of the matter; and with some impatience he tried to put a stop to it at this point. "Is it worth while to carry this farther, my lords?" he said fretfully. "We know our friends. We know our enemies also. This is a story *pour rire*, and deserving only of contempt."

But Sir John cried out at that, protesting bitterly and fiercely, and recalling the King's promise: and the Duke being no less urgent—though as some thought a little unseasonably for his own interests—that the matter be sifted to the bottom, the King had no option but to let it go on. "Very well," he said ungraciously, "if he will have his witness, let him." And then, with one of these spirts of peevishness which stood in strange

contrast with his wonted magnanimity, he added, to the Duke of Shrewsbury, "It is your own choice, my lord. Don't blame me."

The querulous words bore a meaning which all recognised; and some at the table started, and resumed the calculation how they should trim their sails in a certain event. But nothing ever became the Duke better than the manner in which he received that insinuation. "Be it so, sir," he said with spirit. "My choice and desire is that Sir John have as full a share of justice as I claim for myself, and as fair a hearing. Less than that were inconsistent with your Majesty's prerogative, and my honour."

The King's only answer was a sulky and careless nod. On which Sir William Trumball, after whispering the prisoner, went out, and after a brief delay, which seemed to many at the table long enough, returned with Matthew Smith.

CHAPTER XLV.

That the villain expected nothing so little as to see the man he was preparing to ruin, I can well believe; and equally that the ordeal, sudden and unforeseen, tried his iron composure. I have heard that after glancing once at the Duke he averted his eyes; and thenceforth looked and addressed himself entirely to the end of the table where the King stood. But, this apart, it could not be denied that he played his part to a marvel. Known to more than one as a ruffling blade about town, who had grown sober but not less dangerous with age and the change of times, he had still saved some rags and tatters of a gentleman's reputation; and he dressed himself accordingly. Insomuch that, as he stood beside Sir John, his stern set face and steadfast bearing made an impression not unfavourable at the set-out.

Nor, when bidden by the King to speak and say what he knew, did he fall below the expectations which his appearance had created; though this was due in some measure to my lord's self-control, who neither by word nor sign betrayed the astonishment he felt, when the man to whom for years past he had only spoken casually (and once in six months as it were) proceeded to recount with the utmost fullness and particularity every detail of the journey, which, as he said, they two had taken together to Ashford. At what time they started, where they lay, by what road they travelled—at all Smith was pat. Nor did he stop there; but went on to relate with the same ease and audacity the heads of talk that had passed between Sir John and his companion at the inn.

It was not possible that a story so told, with minutiæ, with date, and place, and circumstance, should fall on ears totally deaf. The men who listened were statesmen, versed in deceptions and acquainted with affairs—men who knew Oates and had heard Dangerfield; yet, as they listened, they shut their eyes and reopened them, to assure themselves that this was not a dream! Before his appearance, even Lord Portland, whose distrust of English loyalty was notorious, had been inclined to ridicule Sir John's story as a desperate card played for life; and this, in teeth of my lord's disorder, so incredible did it appear, that one of the King's principal Ministers should stoop to a thing so foolish. Now, it was a sign pregnant of meaning that no one looked at his neighbour, but all gazed either at the witness or at the table. And some who knew my lord best, and had the most affection for him, felt the air heavy, and the stillness of the room oppressive.

Suddenly the current of the story was broken by the King's harsh accent. "What was the date," he asked, "on which you reached Ashford?"

"The 10th of June, sir."

"Where was the Duke on that day?" William continued, turning to the Lord

Steward. His tone and question, both implying the most perfect contempt for the tale to which he was listening, in a measure broke the spell; and had the reply been satisfactory all would have been over. But the Duke of Devonshire, turning to my lord for the answer, got only that he lay those two nights at his mother's, in the suburbs: and thereon a blank look fell on more than one face. The King, indeed, sniffed and muttered, "Then twenty witnesses can confute this!" as if the answer satisfied him, and was all he had expected; but that others were at gaze, and doubted, was as noticeable as that those who looked most solemn and thoughtful were the three who had themselves stood in danger that day.

At a nod from the King, Smith resumed his tale; but in a moment was pulled up short by Lord Dorset, who requested His Majesty's leave to put a question. Having got permission, "How do you say that the Duke—came to take *you* with him?" the Marquis asked sharply.

"To take me, my lord?"

"Yes."

"Must I answer that question?"

"Yes."

"Well, I had previously been the medium of communication between his Grace and Sir John," Smith answered dryly. "Precisely as on former occasions I had acted as agent between his Grace and Lord Middleton."

My lord started and half rose. Then, as he fell back into his seat, "That, sir, is the first word of truth this person has spoken," he said with dignity. "It is a fact that in the year '92 he twice brought me a note from Lord Middleton and arranged a meeting between us."

"Precisely," Smith answered with effrontery, "as I arranged this meeting."

On that for the first time my lord's self-control abandoned him. He started to his feet. "You scoundrel!" he cried, vehemently. "You lie in your teeth! Sir—pardon me, but this is—this is too much! I cannot sit by and hear it!"

By a gesture not lacking in kindness the King bade him resume his seat. Then, "Peste!" he said, taking snuff with a droll expression of chagrin. "Will anyone else ask a question? My lord Dorset has not been fortunate. As the Advocatus Diaboli, perhaps, he may one day shine."

"If your Majesty pleases," Lord Marlborough said, "I will ask one. But I will put it to Sir John, and he can answer it or not as he likes. How did you know, Sir John, that it was the Duke of Shrewsbury who met you at Ashford, and conferred with you?"

"I knew the Duke," Sir John answered. "I had seen him often, and spoken with him occasionally."

"How often had you spoken with him before this meeting?"

"Possibly on a dozen occasions."

"You had not had any long conversation with him?"

"No; but I could not be mistaken. I know him," Sir John added, with a flash of bitter meaning, "as well as I know you, Lord Marlborough!"

"He gave his title?"

"No, he did not," Sir John answered. "He gave the name of Colonel Talbot."

Someone at the table—it was Lord Portland—drew his breath sharply through his teeth; nor could the impression made by a statement that at first blush seemed harmless, and even favourable to the Duke, be ignored or mistaken. Three out of four who sat there were aware that my lord had used that name in his wild and boyish days, when he would be *incognito;* moreover, the use of even that flimsy disguise cast a sort of decent probability over a story which at its barest seemed incredible. For the first time the balance of credit and probability swung against my lord; a fact subtly indicated by the silence which followed the statement and lasted a while, no one at the table speaking

or volunteering a further question. For the time Matthew Smith was forgotten—or the gleam of insolent triumph in his eye might have said somewhat. For the time Sir John took a lower seat. Men's minds were busy with the Duke, and the Duke only; busy with what the result would be to him, and to the party, were this proved; while most, perceiving dully and by instinct that they touched upon a great tragedy, shrank from the *dénouement*.

At last, in the silence, the Duke rose, and, swaying blinding on his feet, caught at the table to steady himself. For two nights he had not slept.

"Duke," said the King, suddenly, "you had better speak sitting."

The words were meant in kindness, but they indicated a subtle change of attitude—they indicated that even the King now felt the need of explanation and a defence; and my lord, seeing this, and acknowledging the invitation to be seated only by a slight reverence, continued to stand, though the effort made his weakness evident. Yet when he had cleared his throat and spoke, his voice had the old ring of authority—with a touch of pathos added, as of a dying King from whose hand the sceptre was passing.

"Sir," he said, "the sins of Colonel Talbot were not few. But this, of which this fellow speaks, is not of the number; nor have you, or my lords, to do with them. Doubtless, along with my fellows I shall have to give an account of them one day. But as to the present, and the Duke of Shrewsbury—with whom alone you have to deal—I will make a plain tale. This man has said that in '92 he was a go-between for me and Lord Middleton. It is true; as you, sir, know, and my lords, if they know it not already, must now know. For the fact, Lord Middleton and I were relations, we met more than once at that time, we supped together before he went to France. I promised on my part to take care of his interests here, he in return offered to do me good offices there. As to the latter I told him I had offended too deeply to be forgiven; yet tacitly I left him to make my peace with the late King if he could. It was a folly and a poltroonery," the Duke continued, holding out his hands with a pathetic gesture. "It was, my lords, to take a lower place than the meanest non-juror who honourably gives up his cure. I see that, sir; and have known it, and it has weighed on me for years. And now I pay for it. But for this"—and with the word, my lord's voice grew full and round and he stood erect, one hand in the lace of his steinkirk tie and his eyes turned steadfastly on his accuser—"for this which that man, presuming on an old fault, and using his knowledge of it, would foist on me, I know nothing of it! I know nothing of it. It is some base and damnable practice. At this moment and here I cannot refute it; but at the proper time and in another place I shall refute it. And now and here I say that as to it, I am not guilty—on my honour!"

As the last word rang through the room he sat down, looking round him with a kind of vague defiance. There was a silence, broken presently by the Lord Steward, who rose, his voice and manner betraying no little emotion. "His Grace is right, sir, I think," he said. "I believe with him that this is some evil practice; but it is plain that it has gone so far that it cannot stop here. I would suggest, therefore, if your Majesty sees fit——"

A knock at the door interrupted him; he turned that way, and paused. The King, too, glanced round with a gesture of annoyance. "See what it is," he said.

Sir William Trumball rose and went; and after a brief conference, during which the lords at the table continued to cast impatient glances towards the door, he returned. "If it please you, sir," he said, "a witness desires to be heard." And with that his face expressed so much surprise that the King stared at him in wonder.

"A witness?" said the King, and pished

Devonshire Dorset Shrewsbury Portland Fenwick Trumball



William III. Godolphin

"What is this?" said the Duke of Devonshire.

and fidgeted in his chair. Then, "This is not a Court of Justice," he continued peevishly. "We shall have all the world here presently. But—well, let him in."

Sir William obeyed, and went and returned under the eyes of the Council; nor will the reader who has perused with attention the earlier part of this history be greatly surprised to hear that when he returned, I, Richard Price, was with him.

I am not going to dwell on the misery through which I had gone in anticipation of this appearance; the fears which I had been forced to combat; the night watches through which I had lain, sweating and awake. Suffice it that I stood there at last, seeing in a kind of maze the sober lights and grave colours of the room, and the faces at the table all turned towards me—stood there, not in the humble guise befitting my station, but in velvet and ruffles, sword and peruke, the very double, as the mirror before which I had dressed assured me, of my noble patron. This, at Mr. Vernon's suggestion and by his contrivance.

While I had lived in my lord's house, and moved to and fro soberly garbed, in a tie-wig or my own hair, the likeness had been no more than ground for a nudge and a joke among the servants. Now, dressed as Smith had dressed me, in a suit of the Duke's clothes, and one of his perukes, and trimmed and combed by one who knew him, the resemblance I presented was so remarkable that none of the lords at the table could be blind to it. One or two, in sheer wonder, exclaimed at it; while Sir John, who, poor gentleman, was more concerned than any, fairly gasped with dismay.

It was left to the Duke of Devonshire to break the spell. "What is this?" he said in the utmost astonishment. "Who is this, and what does it mean?"

The King, who had once noted that that very likeness, which all now saw, and for that reason, perhaps, was the first to read the riddle, laughed drily. "Two very common things, my lord," he said, "a rogue and a fool. Speak, man," he continued, addressing me. "You were in the Duke's household awhile ago? *n'est-ce pas ça?* I saw you here?"

"Yes, your Majesty," I said, hardly keeping my fears within bounds.

"And you have been playing his part, I suppose? Eh? At—how do you call the place—Ashford?"

"Yes, your Majesty—under compulsion," I answered, trembling.

"Ay! Compulsion of that good gentleman at the foot of the table, I suppose?"

The words of assent were on my lips; a cry, and an exceeding bitter cry, stayed their utterance. It came from Sir John Fenwick. Dumbfounded for a time, between astonishment and suspicion, between wonder what this travesty meant, and wonder why it was assumed, he had discerned at length its full scope and where it touched him. With a cry of rage he threw up his hands in protest, then in a flash he turned on the villain by his side. "You d——d scoundrel!" he cried; "You have destroyed me! You have murdered me!"

And before he could be prevented his fingers were in Smith's neckcloth, and clutching his throat; and so staunch was his hold that Admiral Russell and Sir William Trumball had to rise and drag him away by force. "Easy, easy, Sir John," said the Admiral with rough sympathy. "Be satisfied. He will get his deserts. Please God, if I had him on my ship an hour his back should be worse than Oates's!"

Sir John's rage and disappointment were painful to witness, and trying even to men of the world. But what shall I say of the fury of the man at bay, who denounced and convicted saw, white-faced, his long-spun web swept easily aside? Probaby he knew, as soon as he saw me, that the game was lost; and could have slain me with a look. And most men would have been on their knees.

But he possessed, God knows it, a courage as rare and perfect as the cause in which he displayed it was vile and abominable; and in a twinkling he recovered himself, and was Matthew Smith once more. While the room rang with congratulations, questions, answers, and exclamations, and I had much ado to answer one half of the noble lords who would examine me, his voice, raised and strident, was heard above the tumult.

"Your Majesty is easily deceived!" he cried, his tone flouting the presence in which he stood; yet partly out of curiosity, partly in astonishment at his audacity, they turned to listen. "Do you think it is for nothing his Grace keeps a double in his house? Or that it boots much whether he or his Secretary went to meet Sir John? Enough! I have here! here," he continued, tapping his breast and throwing back his head, "that, that shall outface him, be he never so clever! Does his double write his hand too? Read that, sir. Read that, my lords, and say what you think of your Whig leader?"

And with a reckless gesture, he flung a letter on the table. But the action and words were so lacking in respect for the King's presence that for a moment no one took it up, the English lords who sat within reach disdaining to touch it. Then Lord Portland made a long arm, and, taking the paper with Dutch phlegm and deliberation, opened it.

"Have I your Majesty's leave?" he said; and then, the King nodding peevishly, "This is not his Grace's handwriting," the Dutch lord muttered, pursing up his lips, and looking dubiously at the script before him.

"No, but it is his signature!" Smith retorted fiercely. And so set was he on this last card he was playing that his eyes started from his head, and the veins rose thick on his hands where they clutched the table before him. "It is his hand at foot. That I swear!" he cried.

"Truly, my man, I think it is," Lord Portland answered coolly. "Shall I read the letter, sir?"

"What is it?" asked the King with irritation.

"It appears to be a letter—to the Duke of Berwick, at the late Bishop of Chester's house in Hogsden Gardens," Lord Portland answered, leisurely running his eye down the lines as he spoke, "bidding him look to himself, as his lodging is known."

At that it was wonderful to see what a sudden gravity fell on the faces at the table. This touched home. This charge was a hundred times more likely than that which had fallen through. Could it be that after all the man had his Grace on the hip? Lord Marlborough showed his emotion by a face more than commonly serene; Admiral Russell by a sudden flush; Godolphin by the attention he paid to the table before him. Nor was Smith behindhand in noting the effect he had produced. For an instant he towered high, his face gleaming with malevolent triumph. He thought that the tables were turned.

Then, "In whose hand is the body of the paper?" the King asked.

"Your Majesty's," Lord Portland answered, with a grim chuckle, and after a pause long enough to accentuate the answer.

"I thought so," said the King. "It was the Friday the plot was discovered. I remember it. I am afraid that if you impeach the Duke—you must impeach me with him."

At that all understood; and there was a great roar of laughter which had not worn itself out before one and another began to press their congratulations on the Duke. He for his part sat as if stunned; answering with a forced smile where it was necessary, more often keeping silence. He had escaped the pit digged for him, and the net so skilfully laid. But his face betrayed no triumph.

Matthew Smith, on the other hand,

brought up short by that answer, could not believe it. He stood a while like a man in a fit, the veins of his neck swelling; then, the sweat standing on his brow, he cried that they were all leagued against him ;. that it was a plot ; that it was not His Majesty's hand ! and so on, and so on, with oaths and curses, and other things very unfit for the King's ears, or the place in which he stood.

Nevertheless, for a minute no one knew what to do, each looking at his neighbour ; then the Lord Steward, rising from his chair, cried in a voice of thunder, "Take that man away, Mr. Secretary! This is your business ! Out with him, sir !" On which Sir William called in the messengers, and they laid hands on him. By that time, however, he had recovered the will and grim composure which were the man's best characteristics ; and with a last malign and despairing look at my lord, he suffered them to lead him out.

CHAPTER XLVI.

That was a great day for the Duke, but it was also, I truly believe, one of the saddest of a not unhappy life. He had gained the battle but at a cost known only to himself, though guessed by some. The story of the old weakness had been told, as he had foreseen it must be told ; and even while his friends pressed round him and cried *Salve Imperator !* rejoicing in the fall he had given his foes, he was aware of the wound bleeding inwardly, and in his mind was already borne out of the battle.

Yet in that room was one sadder. Sir John, remaining at the foot of the table, frowned along it, gloomy and downcast ; too proud to ask or earn the King's favour, yet shaken by the knowledge that now—now was the time ; that in a little while the door would close on him, and with it, the chance of life—life with its sunshine and air, and freedom, its whirligigs and revenges. Some thought that in consideration of the trick which had been played upon him, the King might properly view him with indulgence, and were encouraged in this by the character for clemency which even his enemies allowed that Sovereign. But William had other views on this occasion ; and when the hub-bub which Smith's removal had caused had completely died away, he addressed Sir John, coldly, advising him to depend rather on deserving his favour by a full discovery than on such ingenious contrivances as that which had just been exposed.

"I was no party to it," the unhappy gentleman answered.

"Therefore it shall tell neither for nor against you," the King retorted. "Have you anything more to say ?"

"I throw myself on your Majesty's clemency."

"That will not do, Sir John," the King answered sternly. "You must speak, or—the alternative does not lie with me. But you know it."

"And I choose it," Sir John cried, raising his head and recovering his spirit and courage.

"So be it," His Majesty answered slowly and solemnly. "I will not say that I expected less from you. My lords, let him be removed."

And with that the messengers came in, and Sir John bowed and went with them. It may have been fancy but I thought that as he turned from the table a haggard shade fell on his face, and a soul in mortal anguish looked an instant from his eyes. But the next moment he was gone.

I never saw him again. That night the news was everywhere that Goodman, one of the two witnesses against him, had fled the country ; and for a time it was believed that Sir John would escape. How, in face of that difficulty, those who were determined on his death effected it, how he was attainted, and how he suffered on Tower Hill with all the forms and privileges of a peer—on the 28th of

January of the succeeding year—is a story too trite and familiar to call for repetition.

On his departure the Council broke up, His Majesty retiring. Before he went, a word was said about me; and some who had greater regard for the *post factum* than the *pœnitentia* were for sending me to the Compter, and leaving the Law Officers to deal with me. But my lord, rousing himself, interposed, spoke for me, and would have given bail had they persisted. Seeing, however, how gravely he took it, and being inclined to please him, they desisted; and I was allowed to go, on the simple condition that the Duke kept me under his own eye. This he very gladly consented to do.

Nor was it the only kindness he did me, or the greatest; for having heard from me at length and in detail all the circumstances leading up to my timely intervention, he sent for me a few days later, and placing a paper in my hands bade me read the gist of it. I did so, and found it to be a free pardon passed under the Great Seal, and granted to Richard Price and Mary Price his wife for all acts and things done by them jointly or separately against the King's Most Excellent Majesty, within or without the realm.

It was at Eyford he handed me this—in the oak parlour looking upon the bowling-green—where I had already begun to wait upon him on one morning in the week, to check the steward's accounts and tallies. The year was nearly spent, but the autumn was fine, and the sunlight which lay on the smooth turf blended with the russet wall of beech trees that rise beyond. I had been thinking of Mary and the quiet courtyard at the Hospital, which the bowling-green somewhat resembled—being open to the park on one side only; and when, perusing the paper, I came to her name—or rather to the name that was hers and yet mine—I felt such a flow of love and gratitude and remembrance overcome me as left me speechless; and this directed, not only to him but to her—seeing that it was her advice and her management that had brought me against my will to this haven and safety.



Sir John bowed and went with them.

The Duke saw my emotion and read my silence aright. "Well!" he said, "are you satisfied?"

I told him that if I were not I must be the veriest ingrate living.

"And you have nothing more to ask?" he continued, still smiling.

"Nothing," I said. "Except—except that which it is not in your lordship's power to grant."

"How?" said he with a show of surprise and resentment. "Not satisfied yet? What is it?"

"If she were here!" I said. "If she were here, my lord! But Dunquerque——"

"Is a far cry, eh! And the roads are bad. And the seas——"

"Are worse," I said gloomily, looking at the paper as Tantalus looked at the water. "And to get word to her is not of the easiest."

"No," the Duke said. "Say you so? Then what do you make of this, faint-heart?" And he pointed through the open window.

I looked, and on the seat—which a moment before had been vacant—the seat under the right-hand yew-hedge where my lord sometimes smoked his pipe—I saw a girl seated with her head bent and her shoulder and the nape of her neck turned to us. She was making marks on the turf with a stick she held, and poring over them when made, as if the world held nothing else, so that I had not so much as a glimpse of her face. But I knew that it was Mary.

"Come," said my lord, pleasantly. "We will go to her. It may be, she will not have the pardon—after all. Seeing that there is a condition to it."

"A condition?" I cried, a little troubled.

"To be sure, blockhead," he answered, in high good-humour. "In whose name is it?"

Then I saw what he meant and laughed, foolishly. But the event came nearer to proving him true than he then expected. For when she saw us standing before her and understood what the paper was, she stepped back and put her hands behind her, and would not touch or take it; while her small face cried pale mutiny. "But I'll not tell!" she cried. "I'll not tell! I'll not have it. Blood-money does not thrive. If that is the price——"

"My good girl," said my lord, cutting her short, yet without impatience. "That is not the price. This is the Price And the pardon goes with him."

* * * *

I believe that I have now told enough to discharge myself of that which I set out to do: I mean the clearing my lord in the eyes of all judicious persons of those imputations which a certain faction have never ceased to heap on him; and this with the greater assiduity and spite, since he by his single conduct at the time of the late Queen's death was the means under Providence of preserving the Protestant Succession and liberties in these islands.

That during the long interval of seventeen years which separated the memorable meeting at Kensington—the one I have ventured to describe—from the still more famous scene in the Queen's death-chamber, he took no part in public life has seemed to some a crime or the tacit avowal of one. How far these err, and how ill-qualified they are to follow the workings of that noble mind will appear in the pages I have written; which show with clearness that the retirement on which so much stress has been laid, was due not to guilt but to an appreciation of honour so delicate that a spot invisible to the common eye seemed to him a stain *non subito delenda*. After the avowal made before his colleagues—of the communications, I mean, with Lord Middleton—nothing would do but he must leave London at once, and seek in the shades and retirement of Eyford that peace of mind and ease of body which had for the moment abandoned him.

He went: and for a time still retained office. Later, nothwithstanding the most



She was making marks with a stick.

urgent and flattering instances on the King's part—which yet exist, honourable alike to the writer and the recipient—he persisted in his resolution to retire; and on the 12th of December, 1698, being at that time in very poor health, the consequence of a fall while hunting, he returned the Seals to the King. In the autumn of the following year he went abroad; but though he found in a private life—so far as the life of a man of his princely station can be private—a happiness often denied to placemen and favourites, he was not to be diverted from the post of danger when the time came. Were I writing an eulogium merely, I should here enumerate those great posts and offices which he so worthily filled at the time of Queen Anne's death, when as Lord Treasurer of England, Lord Chamberlain, and Lord Lieutenant of Ireland—an aggregation of honours I believe without precedent—he performed services and controlled events on the importance of which his enemies no less than his friends are agreed. But I forbear: and leave the task to a worthier hand.

This being so, it remains only to speak of Matthew Smith and his accomplice. Had my lord chosen to move in the matter, there can be no doubt that Smith would have been whipped and pilloried, and in this way would have come by a short road to his deserts. But the Duke held himself too high, and the men who had injured him too low, for revenge; and Smith, after lying some months in prison, gave useful information, and was released without prosecution. Subsequently he tried to raise a fresh charge against the Duke, but gained no credence; and rapidly sinking lower and lower, he was to be seen two years later skulking in rags in the darkest part of the old Savoy. In London I must have walked in hourly dread of him; at Eyford I was safe; and after the winter of '99, in which year he came to my lord's house to beg, looking broken and diseased, I never saw him.

I was told that he expected to receive a rich reward in the event of the Duke's disgrace; and on this account was indifferent to the loss of his situation in my lady's family. It seems probable, however, that he hoped to retain his influence in that quarter by means of his wife; and thwarted in this by that evil woman's dismissal, was no better disposed to her than she was to him. They separated; but before he went the ruffian revenged himself by beating her so severely that she was long confined to her apartments, was robbed by her landlady, and finally was put to the door penniless, and with no trace of the beauty which had once chained my heart. In this plight, reduced to be the drudge of a tradesman's wife, and sunk to the very position in which I had found her at Mr. D——'s, she made a last desperate appeal to the Duke for assistance.

He answered by the grant of a pension, small but sufficient—on which she might have ended her days in a degree of comfort. But, having acquired in her former circumstances an unfortunate craving for drink, which she had now the power to gratify, she lived but a little while; and that in great squalor and misery; dying, if I remember rightly, in a public-house in Spitalfields in the year 1703.

[THE END.]



Cardiff Castle. The east front showing Moat round Keep.

CARDIFF CASTLE.

BY ELIZABETH HODGES.

ILLUSTRATED FROM PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN BY KIND PERMISSION OF THE MARQUIS OF BUTE.

PROBABLY not one per cent. of the crowds of excursionists who annually visit Cardiff, to view its famous Docks and inspect the various objects of interest in and around the town, have any idea of the beauty and interest contained in its ancient castle. They know that the Marquis of Bute, whose father built the first Docks, is the owner thereof; and perhaps remember having heard that Robert of Normandy was imprisoned in one of its dungeons. But of the early construction and history of the Castle they know as little as of its restoration by the present noble *châtelain*, and of the wonders of painted scene and sculptured figure which adorn its walls.

The builder of the oldest part of the present edifice was "Robert Consul," the great Earl of Gloucester and champion of Queen Maud, who had married the daughter of the first Norman owner, Robert Fitzhamon. Long prior to his time, however, the site was occupied; for, according to the *Liber Laudavenses*, "Aulus Didius, successor to Ostorius, built a fortress by the ford of the Taff, and founded," as is said, "a town there which the Britons called Caer-Didi, after its founder." A fragment of Roman wall, ten feet thick, preserved with religious care, attests the authenticity of the old Landaff record.

The Castle stands close to the town, its

principal gateway being entered direct from one of the main streets. Immediately within the gateway, on the left, is the Black Tower, long supposed to contain the prison of Robert Curthose. An ancient document recently brought to light, however, asserts that he "was detayned and dyed in a very deepe and dark dungeon between the gates of the faire broad way leading up to the keep." That is in one of the towers, the foundations of which, together with a massive wall, may be seen stretching across the centre of the wide, grassy court from the gateway to the keep. These inner defences were built to prevent the possibility of a similar catastrophe to that of 1150, when the famous Welsh chieftain, Ivor Bach, with his intrepid followers, scaled the outer walls in the dead of night, and took possession of the Castle; holding its lord and his family prisoners until their grievances were redressed. Walls and towers have long been levelled with the sward, but the ancient "shell-keep," on its still more ancient mound (the site, successively, of Roman station and British fortress) remains almost intact. As also the draw-well, half-way down the long flight of steps, on which, in place of swarthy Celt or mail-clad warrior, gorgeous peacocks now sun themselves, preening their long necks to view the reflection of their brilliant plumage in the moat below. Eastward, the old fortifications (a grassy embankment surmounted by a wall) sweep round to the gateway and Black Tower; whence the restored Norman wall, with its covered walk and shuttered embrasures overlooking the town, conducts to the Clock Tower, and, turning sharply to the right, forms the western boundary. The Castle proper is built on either side of this ancient wall; some of the more modern chambers and passages being, indeed, literally cut out of, or tunnelled, lengthwise, through it.

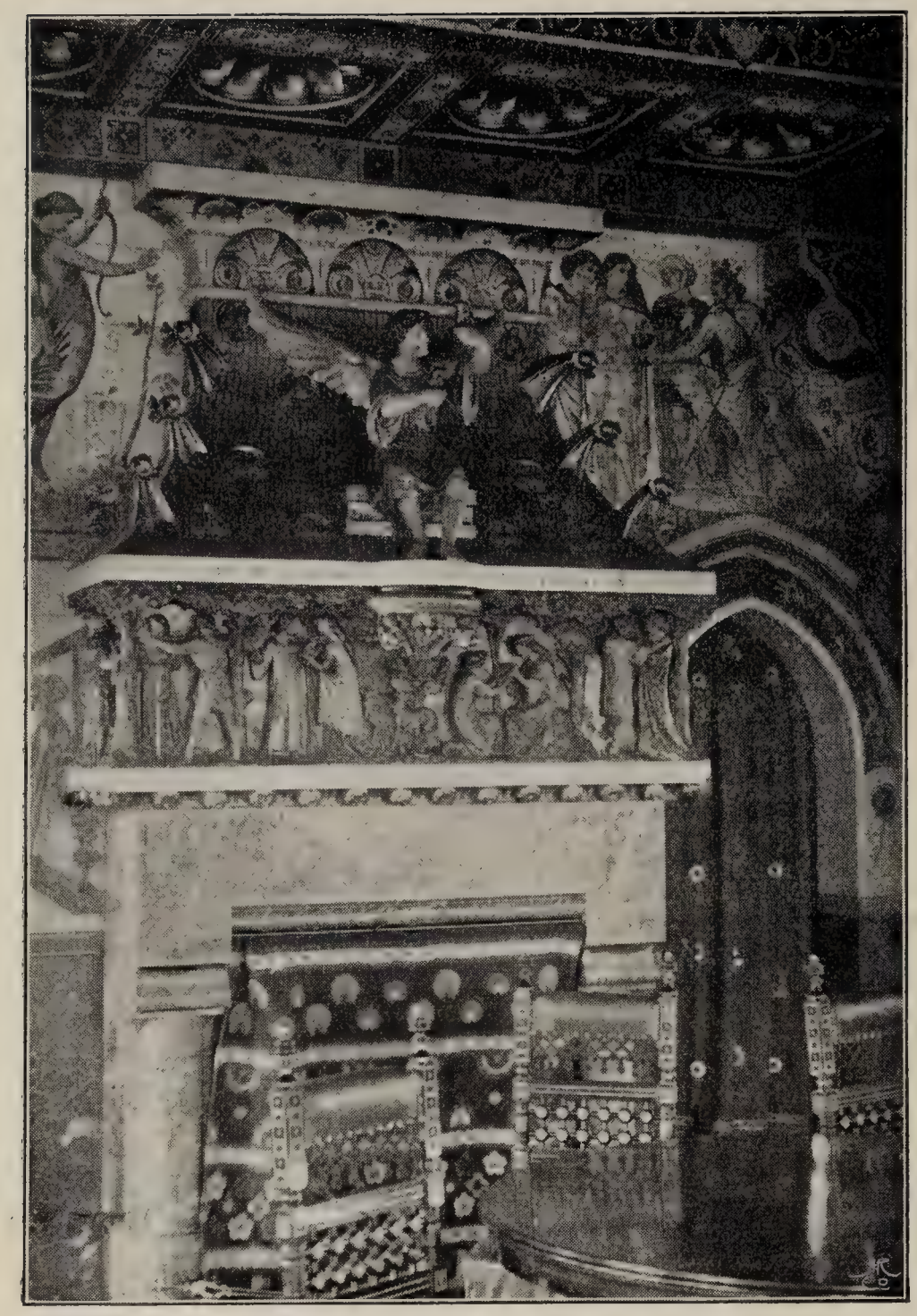


Cardiff Castle. Main entrance, with exterior of Banqueting Hall and Library beneath.

Many and varied are the styles of



Cardiff Castle. The Clock Tower.



Cardiff Castle. The Summer Smoke-room.

architecture presented, successive lords, De Clares, Despensers, Herberts, Stuarts, all having left their mark, rendering extremely difficult the design of the present owner to restore the earlier features of the Castle and harmonise them with modern requirements. Restoration, however, is by no means the only work undertaken by Lord Bute. He has embellished the interior of the building with a richness and variety of decorative art never so much as dreamed of by his predecessors, and the like of which it would be difficult to find in these utilitarian days.

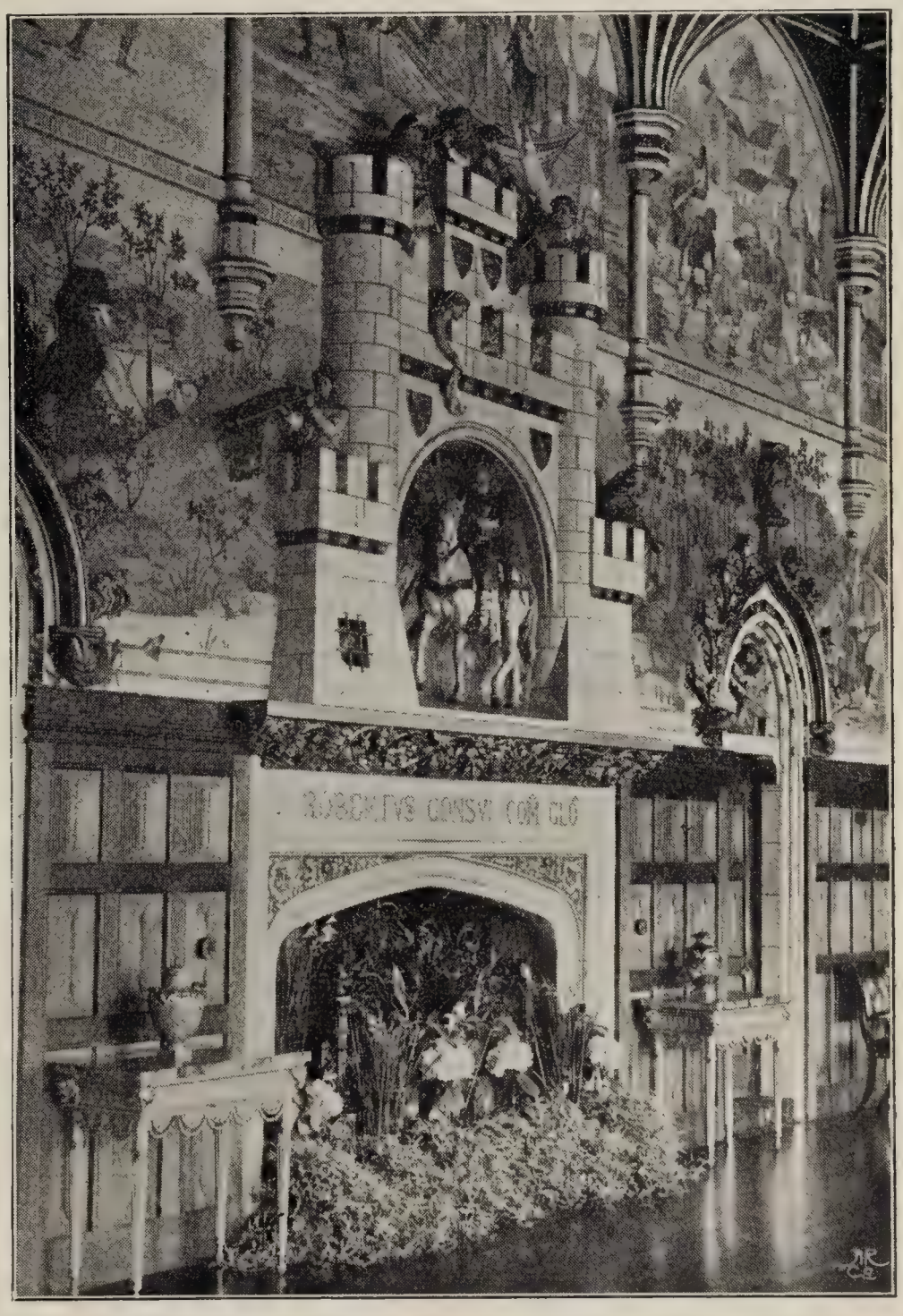
The whole of the decorations are from original designs by his lordship's architects, the late Mr. Burgess, R.A., and Mr. Frame; the execution being entrusted to workmen trained on the estate. The Clock Tower, containing a complete bachelor *ménage*, gives, perhaps, the best idea of the style and general features, every square inch of every room being adorned with some exquisite scene or quaint conceit, worked in stone and coloured, or painted upon the walls.

In the "summer smoke-room" we have "Love in Summer," every phase of the tender passion being delineated; from the happy lovers about to quaff the bridal cup, to the ill-mated hounds straining in the leash, and grimalkin, from the fork of a tree, spitting and snarling at her ancient enemy beneath. The very patterns on the dresses and the love-birds on the hooded fireplace carry out the idea. On the wall are lovely Arabic designs; while billowy clouds seem to float above, their iridescent hues as unproduceable by descriptive pen as are the soft curves, the exquisite contour of face and limb, and the lifelike colouring and expression of the figures corbelled out from the walls, or forming the mezzo-relievos of fireplace and frieze. Glancing from the little brown mouse crouched in a hole of the door-moulding to the half-length figures representing the four winds, that stand boldly out at each corner of the room, or gazing on the sleepy girl-faces in the bedchamber beneath, whose delicate lids seem slowly closing over slumberous eyes, one almost needs the sense of touch to convince oneself they are not real. The like may be said of the exquisite heads in the "Chaucer Tower," a polygonal room de-

voted entirely to Chaucerian scenes and characters. The stained glass in this room is particularly fine, as are the birds and flowers of every hue that gleam resplendent between the larger subjects.

Nor are the children forgotten in the wealth of decoration, their favourite heroes, from Jack the Giant Killer to Robinson Crusoe, being portrayed on the nursery walls, while medallions (more or less imaginary) of their immortal creators of fairy lore, Grim, Æsop, and De Foe, adorn the recesses.

The library, rich in ancient MSS. and English Catholic literature; the drawing-rooms, with their paintings and curios; the dining-room, its carpet worked in wondrous stitch by Lady Wortley Montague, invite inspection on our way to the banqueting hall. This large and beautifully proportioned room, lighted by fine oriel and transomed windows, occupies the central and oldest block. At one end are an elaborately carved wooden screen and minstrels' gallery; and on the walls, so cleverly fixed as to appear painted there, are twelve enormous canvases by Lonsdale, representing historic scenes in the career of Maud and her champion "Robert Consul"; while above the fireplace is a fine alto-relievo of Robert himself on his grey charger. Immediately behind the hall is the little room where, in 1848, the late Marquis so suddenly closed his earthly career. Connected with this sad event is the following curious instance of "second sight." The then agent of the Scotch estates (who himself told the story and avouched its truth) received a summons from Lord Bute to join him at Cardiff, and accordingly set out. On entering an inn some little distance on his journey, a woman approached him weeping, and exclaimed, "Oh, sir, Lord Bute is dead, I've seen his funeral!" The agent, although startled, assured her she was mistaken, as Lord Bute had just sent for him to Cardiff. "Ah, so he might yesterday; but he is dead now," reiterated the woman. "I know, for I saw him in his coffin and watched the funeral procession." On reaching Cardiff, the agent found only too sad confirmation of her words. The very night of the vision Lord Bute, feeling somewhat indisposed, had left the dinner-



Cardiff Castle. The fireplace in the Banqueting Hall.

table in the hall, and retired to the small room adjoining; where, lying down on the couch, he almost immediately expired. This room has been converted into an oratory, and exquisitely decorated. On the spot where Lord Bute died stands an altar in black marble, beneath which reclines a figure of the Christ, with the angel watchers and Roman guards. A marble bust of the Marquis occupies a pedestal in the oriel window; and on the walls, limned by Westlake's skilful brush, are scenes illustrative of the Resurrection, mingled with cherub heads and lovely angel faces.

In the private grounds west of the Castle may be seen the remains of a Dominican monastery, built by Richard De Clare, 1229. Lord Bute has had the entire site cleared, and the walls rebuilt two feet high on the old foundations, thus giving an almost complete plan of the monastery, the floor of the church being laid with reproductions of the original tiles. In the gardens east of the Castle the ruins of a Franciscan monastery are being similarly treated; and in close proximity are the houses wherein the grapes from his lordship's vineyards at Swanbridge and Castell Coch are converted into wine.



Cardiff Castle. The Keep.



Overheard in the Park.

Lord Whistclub.—"Yes, Lady W. suffers a great deal from insomnia. What should I do to prevent her from lying awake all night?"

Lady Candidfriend.—"Why not try coming home a little earlier?"

THE VEILED MAN:*

BEING AN ACCOUNT OF THE RISKS AND ADVENTURES OF SIDI AHAMADOU, SHEIKH OF THE AZJAR MARAUDERS.

BY WILLIAM LE QUEUX.

ILLUSTRATED BY WARWICK GOBLE.

IV.—The Three Dwarfs of Lebo.

WHEN my beard, now long, scraggy, and grey, was yet soft as silk upon my youthful chin, I was sent as spy into Agadez, the mysterious City of the Black Sultan. At that time it was the richest, most zealously guarded, and most strongly fortified town in the whole Sahara, and surrounded, as it constantly was, by marauding tribes and enemies of all sorts, a vigilant watch was kept day and night, and woe betide any stranger found within its colossal walls, for the most fiendish of tortures that the mind of man could devise was certain to be practised upon him, and his body eventually given to the hungry dogs at the city gate.

In order, however, to ascertain its true strength and the number of its garrison, I, as one of the younger and more adventurous of our clansmen, was chosen by Tamahu, our Shiekh, to enter and bring back report to our encampment in the rocky fastness of the Tignoutin. Therefore I removed my big black veil, assumed the white haik and burnoose of the Beni-Mansour, a peaceful tribe farther north, and contrived to be captured as slave by a party of raiding Ennitra who were encamped by the well of Tafidet, five miles from the capital of Ahir. As I had anticipated, I was soon taken to the City of the Black Sultan, and there sold in the slave-market, first becoming the property of a Jew merchant, then of Hanaza, the Grand-Vizier of the Sultan. As personal slave of this high official I was lodged within the palace, or Fada, that veritable city within a city, containing as it did nearly three thousand inhabitants, over one thousand of whom were inhabitants of his Majesty's harem.

In the whole of Africa, no monarch, not even the Moorish Lord of the Land of the Maghrib, was housed so luxuriously as this half-negro conqueror of the Asben. When first I entered the Fada as slave, I was struck by the magnificence of the wonderful domain. As I crossed court after court, each more beautiful than the one before, and each devoted to a separate department of the royal household, the guards, the janissaries, the treasurer, the armourers, the eunuchs, I was amazed at every turn by their magnificence and beauty. At last we came to the court of the Grand Vizier, a smaller but prettier place, with a cool, plashing fountain tiled in blue and white, and shaded by figs, myrtles, and trailing vines. Beyond, I could see an arched gateway in the black wall, before which stood two giant negro guards in bright blue, their drawn swords flashing in the sun. Of my conductor I enquired whither that gate led, and was told it was impassable to all save the Sultan himself, for it was the gate of the Courts of Love, the entrance to the royal harem.

Through the many months during which I served my capricious master, that closed, iron-studded door, zealously guarded

* *Copyright, by William Le Queux, in the United States of America,* 1898.



Quick. Hide me while there is yet time."

night and day by its mute janissaries with their curved scimitars, was a constant source of mystery to me. Often I sat in the courtyard and dreamed of the thousand terrible dramas which that ponderous door hid from those outside that world of love and hatred, and of all the fiercest passions of the human heart. The Sultan was fickle and capricious. The favourite of to-day was the discarded of to-morrow. The bright-eyed houri who, loaded with jewels, could twist her master round her finger one day, was the next the merest harem slave, compelled to wash the feet of the woman who had succeeded her in her royal master's favour. Truly the harem of the Sultan of the Ahir was a veritable hotbed of intrigue, where ofttimes the innocent victims of jealousy were cast alive to the wild beasts, or compelled to partake of the Cup of Death—coffee wherein chopped hair had been placed, a draught that was inevitably fatal.

One brilliant night, when the silver moonbeams whitened the court wherein I lived, I sat in the deep shadow of the oleanders, sad and lonely. Through six long dreary months had I been held slave by the Grand Vizier, yet it was Allah's will that I should have no opportunity to return to my people. So I possessed myself in patience. Through those months mine eyes and ears had been ever on the alert, and long ago I had completed my investigations. Suddenly my reflections were interrupted, for I saw standing before me a veritable vision of beauty, a pale-faced girl in the gorgeous costume of the harem, covered with glittering jewels, and wearing the tiny fez, pearl-embroidered Zouave, and filmy serroual of the Sultan's favourites. Not more than eighteen, her unveiled countenance was white as any Englishwoman's; her startled eyes were bright as the moonbeams above, and as she stood mute and trembling before me, her bare, panting bosom, half-covered by her long, dark tresses, rose and fell quickly. I raised my eyes, and saw that the negro guards were sleeping. She had escaped from the Courts of Love.

"Quick!" she gasped, terrified. "Hide me, while there is yet time."

At her bidding I rose instantly, for her wondrous beauty held me as beneath some witch's spell. And at the same time I led the way to my tiny den, a mere hole in the gigantic wall that separated the royal harem from the outer courts of the palace.

"My name is Zohra," she explained, when she had entered; "and thine?"—she paused for an instant, looking me straight in the face. "Of a verity," she added at length, "thine is Ahamadou, the spy of the dreaded Azjar, the Veiled Man."

I started, for I had believed my secret safe.

"What knowest thou of me?" I gasped eagerly.

"That thou hast risked all in order to report to thy people upon the Black Sultan's strength," she answered, sinking upon my narrow divan, throwing back her handsome head and gazing into my eyes. "But our interests are mutual. I have these ten months been held captive, and desire to escape. By bribing one of the slaves with the Sultan's ring I contrived to have poison placed in the kouss-kouss of the guards——"

"You have killed them!" I cried, peering forth, and noticing the ghastly look upon their faces as they slept at their posts.

"It was the only way," she answered, shrugging her shoulders. "To obtain me the Sultan's men murdered my kinsmen, and put our village to the sword. Mine is but a mild revenge."

"Of what tribe art thou?" I enquired eagerly, detecting in her soft sibillations an accent entirely unfamiliar.

"I am of the Kel-Oui, and was born at Lebo."

"At Lebo!" I cried eagerly. "Then thou knowest of the Three Dwarfs of Lebo?"

"Yea. And furthermore, I have learnt their secret, a secret which shall be thine alone in return for safe conduct to my people."

"But my clansmen are in deadly feud with thine," I observed reflectively.

"Does that affect thy decision?" she enquired in a tone of reproach.

I reflected, and saw how utterly impossible it seemed that I myself could escape the vigilance of these ever-watchful guards of the many gates which lay between myself and freedom. I glanced at the frail girl lying upon my poor ragged divan, her girdle and throat blazing with jewels, and felt my heart sink within me.

"Thou thinkest that because I am a woman I have no courage," she observed, her keen eyes reading my secret thoughts. "But hist! listen!"

I held my breath, and as I did so the footsteps of men fell upon the flags of the courtyard. We peered forth through the chink in the wooden shutter, which at night closed my window, and saw two men carrying a bier, followed by two gigantic negro eunuchs. Upon the bier was a body covered by a cloth; and as it passed we both caught sight of gay-coloured silks and lace. Below the black pall a slim white hand, sparkling with diamonds, moved convulsively, and as the *cortége* passed a low stifling cry reached us—the despairing cry of a woman.

"Ah!" gasped my companion, dismayed. It is Zulaimena! Yesterday she ruled the harem, but this morning it was whispered into our lord's ear that she had tried to poison him, and he condemned her and myself to be given alive to the alligators," and she shuddered at thought of the fate which awaited her if detected.

Conversing only in whispers, we waited till the palace was hushed in sleep. Then, when she had attired herself in one of my old serving-dresses and bound her hair tightly, we crept cautiously out into the moon-lit court. Over the horse-shoe arch of the harem-gate the single light burned yellow and faint, while on either side the guards crouched, their dead fingers still grasping their ponderous scimitars. All was still, therefore quietly and swiftly, we passed into the Court of the Treasury, and thence into that of the Eunuchs. Here we were instantly challenged by two guards with drawn swords, clansmen of those who lay dead at the harem-gate.

"Whence goest thou?" they both enquired with one voice, suddenly awakened from gazing mutely at the stars, their blades flashing in the moon-beams.

"Our master, the Grand Vizier, has had an apoplexy and is dying," I cried, uttering the first excuse that rose to my lips. "Let not his life be upon thine heads, for we go forth to seek the court physician Ibrahim."

"Speed on the wings of haste," they cried. "May the One Merciful have compassion upon him."

Thus we passed onward relating the same story at each gate, and being accorded the same free passage, until at last we came to an enormous steel-bound door which gave exit into the city; the gate which was closed and barred by its ponderous bolts at the maghrib hour, and opened not until dawn save for the dark-faced Sultan himself.

Here I gave exactly the same account of our intentions to the captain of the guard. He chanced to be a friend of my master's, and was greatly concerned when I vividly described his critical condition.

"Let the slaves pass!" I heard him cry a moment later, and, with a loud creaking, the iron-studded door which had resisted centuries of siege and battle, slowly swung back upon its creaking hinges. At that instant, however, a prying guard raised his lantern and held it close to my companion's face.

"By the Prophet's beard, a woman!"

he cried aloud starting back, an instant later. "We are tricked!"

"Seize them," commanded the captain, and in a moment three guards threw themselves upon us. Swift as thought I drew my keen jambiyah, my trusty knife which I had ever carried in my sash throughout my captivity, and plunged it into the heart of the first man who laid hands upon me, while a second later the man who gripped Zohra, received a cut full across his broad negro features which for ever spoilt his beauty. Then, with a wild shout to my companion to follow, I dashed forward and ran for my life.

Lithe and agile as a gazelle in the desert she sped on beside me along the dark crooked silent streets. In a few minutes the tragedy of the harem-gate would be discovered, and every effort would be then made to recapture the eloping favourite of the brutal Black Sultan. We knew well that if captured both of us would be given alive to the alligators, a punishment too terrible to contemplate. But together we sped on, our pace quickened by the fiendish yells of our pursuers, until doubling in a maze of narrow crooked streets, we succeeded at last, with Allah directing our footsteps, in evading the howling guards and gaining one of the four gates of the city, where the same story as we had told in the Fada resulted in the barrier being opened for us, and a moment later we found ourselves in the wild, barren plain, at that hour lying white beneath the brilliant moon. We paused not, however to admire picturesque effect, but strode boldly forward, eager to put as great a distance as possible between ourselves and the stronghold of the Ahir, ere the dawn.

Fortunately my bright-eyed fellow fugitive was well acquainted with the country around Agadez, therefore we were enabled to journey by untravelled paths, but the three days we spent in that burning inhospitable wilderness ere we reached the well where we obtained our first handful of dates and slaked our thirst, were among the most terrible of any I have experienced during my many wanderings over the sandy Saharan waste.

On that evening when the mysterious horizon was ablaze with the fiery sunset, and I had turned my face to the Holy Ca'aba, I was dismayed to discover that, instead of travelling towards the country of her people the Kel-Oui, we had struck out in an entirely different direction, but when I mentioned it she merely replied:

"I promised, in return for thine assistance to lead thee unto the Three Dwarfs of Lebo, the secret of which none know save myself. Ere three suns have set thine eyes shall witness that which will amaze thee."

Next day we trudged still forward into a stony, almost impenetrable country, utterly unknown to me, and two days later, having ascended a rocky ridge, my conductress suddenly halted almost breathless, her tiny feet sadly cut by the sharp stones notwithstanding the wrappings I had placed about them, and pointing before her, cried:

"Behold! The Three Dwarfs!"

Eagerly I strained mine eyes in the direction indicated, and there discerned in the small oasis below, about an hour's march distant, three colossal pyramids of rock of similar shape to those beside the Nile.

"Yon fertile spot was Lebo until ten years ago the men of The Black Sultan came and destroyed it, and took its inhabitants as slaves," she explained. "See! From here thou canst distinguish the white walls of the ruins gleaming amongst the palms. We of the Kel-Oui had lived here since the days of the Prophet, until our enemies of the Ahir conquered us. But let us haste forward, and I will impart unto thee the secret I have promised."

Together we clambered down over the rocks and gained the sandy plain, at last reaching the ruined and desolate town where the cracked smoke-stained walls



In a few minutes the tragedy of the harem-gate would be discovered.

were half overgrown by tangled masses of greenery, welcome in that sun-baked wilderness, and presently came to the base of the first of the colossal monuments of a past and long-forgotten age. They were built of blocks of dark grey granite, sadly chipped and worn at the base, but higher up still well preserved, having regard to the generations that must have arisen and passed since the hands that built them crumbled to dust.

"By pure accident," explained the bright-faced girl when together we halted to gaze upward, "I discovered the secret of these wonders of Lebo. Thou hast, by thy lion's courage, saved my life, therefore unto thee is due the greatest reward that I can offer thee. Two years ago I fell captive in the hands of thy people the Azjar over in the Tinghert, and it was by thine own good favour I was released. That is why I recognised thee in the palace of Agadez. Now once again I owe my freedom unto thee; therefore, in order that the months thou hast spent in Agadez shall not be wholly wasted, I will reveal unto thee the secret which I have always withheld from mine own people."

Then, taking my hand, she quickly walked along the base of the giant structure until she came to the corner facing the direction of the sunrise, then counting her footsteps she proceeded with care, stopping at last beneath the sloping wall, and examining the ground. At her feet was a small slab, hidden by the red sand of the desert, which she removed, drawing from beneath it a roll of untanned leopard-hide. This she unwrapped carefully, displaying to my gaze a worn and tattered parchment, once emblazoned in blue and gold, but now sadly faded and half illegible.

I examined it eagerly, and found it written in puzzling hieroglyphics, such as I had never before seen.

"Our marabout Ahman, who was well versed in the language of the ancients, deciphered this for me only a few hours before his death. It is the testimony of the great Lebo, king of all the lands from the southern shore of Lake Tsad to the Congo, and founder of the Kel-Oui nation, now, alas! so sadly fallen from their high estate. The parchment states plainly that Lebo, having conquered and despoiled the Ethiopians in the last year of his reign, gathered together all the treasure and brought it hither to this spot, which bore his name, in that day a gigantic walled city larger by far than Agadez."

I glanced around upon the few miserable ruins of mud-built houses, and saw beyond them large mounds which, in themselves, indicated that the foundations of an important centre of a forgotten civilisation lay buried beneath where we stood.

"Lebo had one son," continued Zohra, "and he had revolted against his father, therefore the latter, feeling that his strength was failing, and having been told by the sorcerers that on his death his great kingdom would dwindle until his name became forgotten, resolved to build these three pyramids, that they should remain throughout all ages as monuments of his greatness."

"And the treasure?" I asked. "Is it stated what became of it?"

"Most precisely. It is recorded here," she answered, pointing to a half-defaced line in the mysterious screed. "The king feared lest his refractory son, who had endeavoured to usurp his power in the country many marches farther south, would obtain possession of the spoils of war, therefore he concealed them in one of yonder monuments."

"In there!" I cried eagerly. "Is the treasure actually still there?"

"It cannot have been removed. The secret lies in the apex of the third, and lastly-constructed monument," she explained.

"But the summit cannot be reached," I observed, glancing up at the high point.

"It would require a ladder as long as that of Jacob's dream."

"There is a secret way," she answered quite calmly. "If thou art prepared for the risk, I am quite ready to accompany thee. Let us at once explore."

Together we approached the base of the third pyramid, and Zohra, after careful calculation and examination, led me to a spot where there was a hole in the stone just of sufficient size to admit a human foot. One might have passed it by unnoticed, for so cunningly was it devised that it looked like a natural defect in the block of granite.

"Behold!" she cried. "Climb, and I will follow."

The day was hot, and the sun had only just passed the noon, nevertheless I placed my foot in the burning stone, and scrambling forward found that she had made no mistake. At intervals there were similar footholds, winding, intricate, and in many instances filled with the nests of vultures, but always ascending. For fully half an hour we toiled upward to the apex, until we at length reached it, perspiring and panting, and minutely examined the single enormous block of stone that capped the summit. By its size I saw that no human hands could move it. If the treasure lay beneath, then it must remain for ever concealed.

"That parchment giveth no instructions how the spoils of war may be reached. We must discover that for ourselves," she observed, clambering on, still in her ragged male attire with which I had furnished her before leaving the stronghold of the Black Eblis.

I was clinging with one arm around the apex itself, and with the other grasping her soft white hand. She had looked down from the dizzy height and shuddered, therefore I feared lest she might be seized with a sudden giddiness. But quickly she released herself, and proceeded to scramble along on hands and knees, making a minute investigation of the wall.

Her sudden cry brought me quickly to her side, and my heart leapt wildly when I discerned before me, in the wall of the pyramid, immediately at the base of the gigantic block forming the apex, an aperture closed by a sheet of heavy iron, coloured exactly the same as the stone and quite indistinguishable from it. Some minutes we spent in its examination, beating upon it with our fists. But the secret how to open it was an enigma as great as that of the closed cavern in our book of the "Thousand Nights and a Night," until suddenly, by merest chance, we both placed our hands upon it, and it moved slightly beneath our touch. Next moment, with a cry, we both pushed our hardest, and slowly, ever so slowly, it slid along, grating in the groove, which was doubtless filled by the dust of centuries, and disclosing a small, dark, low chamber roofed by the apex-stone.

Stepping inside, our gaze eagerly wandered around the mysterious place, and we at once saw that we had indeed discovered the treasure-house of Lebo the Great, for around us were piled a wondrous store of gold and gems, personal ornaments and great golden goblets and salvers. The aggregate value of the treasure was enormous.

"Of a verity," I cried, "this is amazing!"

"Yea," she answered, turning her fine eyes upon me. "I give this secret entirely and unreservedly unto thee, as reward for thine aid. At the going down of the sun I shall part from thee, and leave this home of my race for ever. In six hours' march, by the secret gorges, I can reach our encampment, therefore trouble no further after me. Close this treasure-house, return to thine own people, and let them profit by thy discovery."

"But thou, Zohra, holdest me in fascination," I cried passionately. "Thou hast entranced me. I love thee!"

"Love can never enter mine heart," she answered with a calm smile, but sighing nevertheless. "I am already the wife of thine enemy, Melaki, ruler of the Kel-Oui."

"Wife of Melaki!" I exclaimed amazed. "And thou hast done this?"

"Yes," she answered in a lower voice. "I have given thee thy promised reward, so that thou and thy people may become rich, and some day make brotherhood with us, and unite against the Black Sultan."

"If such is in my power it shall be done," I said, stooping and imprinting a passionate kiss upon her soft white hand. Then soon afterwards we closed the mouth of the chamber and descended, finding the task no easy one. At the base of the "Dwarf" we parted, and never since have mine eyes beheld her beautiful countenance.

Ere a moon had passed away, I had conducted a party of my clansmen unto the Three Dwarfs, and we had removed the treasure of the great founder of the Kel-Oui. Of such quantity was it that seven camels were required to convey it to Mourzouk, where it was sold to the Jews in the market, and fetched a sum which greatly swelled our finances.

True to my promise, when I assumed the chieftainship of the Azjar, I effected a friendly alliance with the Kel-Oui, and endeavoured to seek out Zohra.

But with poignant grief I learnt that soon after her return to her people she had been seized by a mysterious illness which proved fatal. Undoubtedly she was poisoned, for it was her evil-faced husband, Melaki, who told me how he had found in her possession a mysterious screed relating to the treasure of Lebo, and how, when questioned, she had admitted revealing its secret to the man who had rescued her from the harem of the Black Sultan.

Melaki never knew that the man with whom she fled from Agadez, and who loved her more devotedly than any other man had ever done, was myself.



"So you were gagged and bound by bandits, eh? Quite like a comic opera!"

"No, sir! There was nothing of the comic opera style about them. *The gags they used were new.*"



The Mermaid. By S. H. Sime.

(By permission of "Eureka.")

THE APOTHEOSIS OF THE GROTESQUE.

MR. S. H. SIME INTERVIEWED.

BY ARTHUR H. LAWRENCE.

I AM not sure how far one may consider the public have become familiarised with Mr. Sime's black-and-white work. Readers of *The Idler* have certainly had several opportunities of judging of Mr. Sime's ability to depict the "profoundly impossible," by which phrase I mean the startlingly uncanny and weird, and though in the selection of the sketches which Mr. Sime has so kindly permitted me to embellish this article I have included several conventionally "pretty" subjects, there are at least two or three drawings reproduced in these pages which will serve to illustrate his artistic genius as a veritable apostle of the grotesque. The "pretty" subjects have been selected partly with the intention of giving variety, as affording a contrast to his wonderful work in the direction of the Unknown and the Terrible, and partly from sheer interviewing perversity. Truth to tell, Mr. Sime has told me more than once that mere "prettiness" is anathema to him; and so I hunted around his studio, and, under protest, brought away with me one or two pretty faces, in order to show his admirers that even the sternest and weirdest philosopher may sometimes deviate from the narrow path which it is his ambition to tread.



Mr. S. H. Sime.

In thinking of a title for this article, I felt that it would not be inaccurate to allude to Mr. Sime's most characteristic work as the deification of the grotesque. Yet I feel sure that those who have followed Mr. Sime's work will agree with me that although the word "grotesque" may serve by way of vague classification, it is, in reality, much too feeble a term. The word might be said to very fitly apply to the work wherein Mr. Aubrey Beardsley has displayed so much ability, and without indulging in invidious comparison I might illustrate its unfitness as applied to Mr. Sime's work in this way. If one were to observe one of Mr. Beardsley's women in the street, or the drawing-room, one would not be disposed to quarrel with the observer who described her as being "grotesque," but if, for sake of argument, one were confronted by—for example—the unknowable Thing seated on the end of the plank in Mr. Sime's sketch entitled "*A Facer! No boats running during the frost!*" and our observer applied the same word to *that*, I think we should most of us

be seized with wonderment at the exceedingly impoverished condition of our much-beloved language.

In art, as in literature and in everything else, the criticism of one's *confrères* must necessary be of primary importance. Obviously in such criticism we have the opinion of men and women who have gone through the same difficulties, who have succeeded in achieving little or much of their best aspirations, and who, therefore, assuming absence of bias and prejudice, should possess the clearest critical insight as to the workmanlike ability of the man or woman whose talents have lain in a somewhat similar direction. The opinion of one's "brother-in-arms" is not necessarily the public opinion, and, on the other hand, one often finds that public opinion is by no means borne out by the judgment of the artistic fraternity. The layman not unnaturally looks at the subject; the artist very properly is concerned with the treatment. The question of treatment is, of course, everything, and so it happens that when "professional" opinion shall become public opinion is only a question of time, while the popularity of an artist which rests on the fact that he has chosen popular subjects—and the selection of a popular subject will cover a multitude of sins in the shape of artistic treatment — is necessarily of the most transitory character.



Lines for the Little.

(By permission of „ Pick-me-up."

"The cat that nightly haunts our gate,
How heartily we hate her!
Some night she'll come and mew till late,
But we will mew till later."

In venturing to dwell on this point for a moment, I am not suggesting that the concensus of artistic and lay opinion is, generally speaking, in opposition; but while the writer has no special opportunities for gauging opinion on one side or the other, I have more than once heard Mr. Sime's ability referred to in terms of such admira-



"The Great Pavement." The first consignment of good intentions for the New Year.

(By permission of "Pick-me-up.")

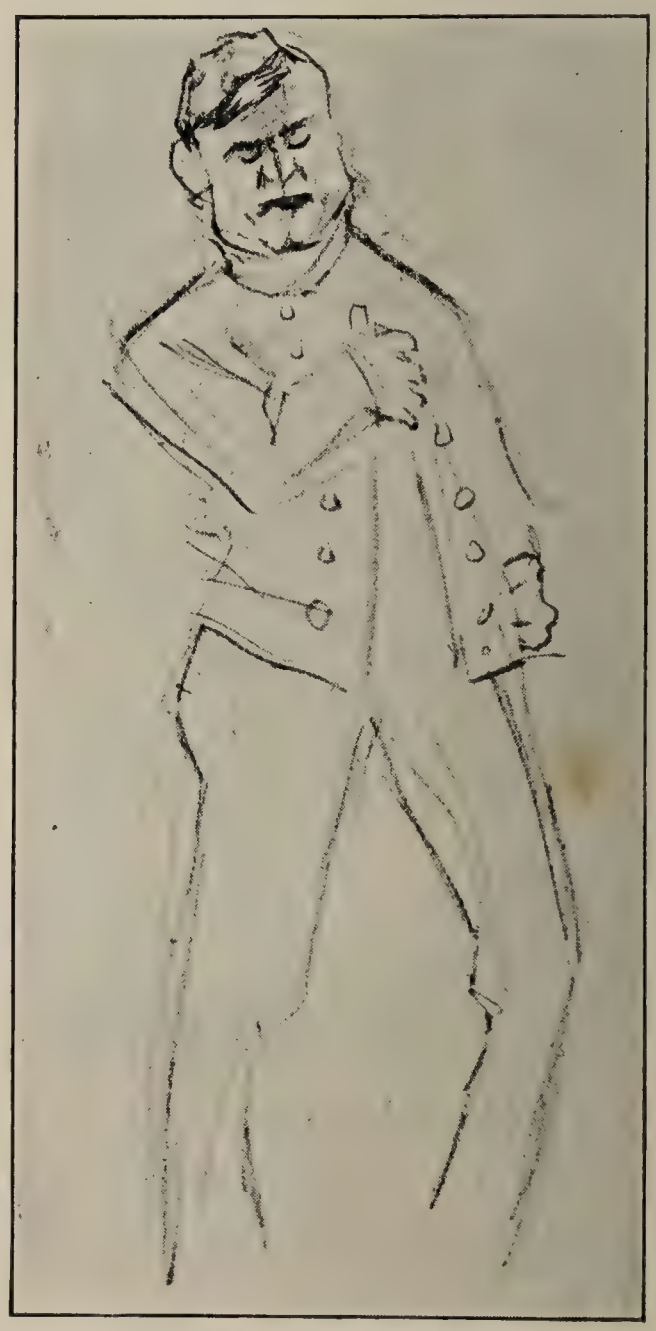


A Sketch at Terry's Theatre.

(By permission of "Pick-me-up.")

tion by artists, the mere expression of which would, I feel sure, bring the modest blush to Mr. Sime's countenance, while, on the other hand, I think it would be safe to characterise the attitude of the general public towards Mr. Sime's work as one of considerable timidity. We are most of us ready to confess ourselves pleased with the presentation of a pretty girl, for example. We smile benignly upon such a picture as that presented in Mr. Sime's sketch, which I have conventionally christened "Sweet Seventeen," but when our attention is drawn to pictures which deal with the imaginary life in what one must politely describe as "the shades," we feel very doubtful about it. We are prepared to shake hands with John Milton and Dante, because they give the theme serious treatment ; but when an artist has the overpowering boldness to treat Hades from the point of view of the satirist, we are not sure, for the moment, that our best instincts have not been grievously outraged.

For this reason, and for no other, one may well wonder whether wide public appreciation has yet been fully extended to the artist who tries to "break up the sky into new forms," whose work is the very antithesis of bed-ridden conventionality, and who exercises a very rare and powerful imaginative ability in depicting the weird and the ugly, when it would have been so much easier, and, no doubt, more profitable, to have depicted the conventionally pretty. The question as to the public attitude is, necessarily, a matter of mere curiosity; for, although holy hands of horror may have been raised at the subjects of many of Mr. Sime's cleverest efforts, one is quite content to



Pencil sketch of Gus Elen.



Washed Ashore. By S. H. Sime.

rely on one's own judgment, and that of those who ought to know the outcome of genius when they see it; and, for the rest, one is fully assured of the fact that those who have come to curse will remain to praise.

I had previously met Mr. Sime, al-



"Jingle."

(Photo by Thos. Emberson, 83, Gracechurch Street.)

though only for an instant, at that Bohemian and truly vigorous institution, the Langham Sketching Club, and I was looking forward to meeting him again with an interest which one does not of necessity feel in regard to all interviews. On the occasion of this call, I remember that after I had mounted the stairs, that I knocked at the studio door in vain. Of course, you will say that, strung up as I was with a careful study of some of the reproductions of Mr. Sime's sketches, I was overcome with a nameless horror. Nothing of the sort. I might have imagined that something dreadful had happened, and that I should find that Mr. Sime had disappeared for ever from mortal ken, leaving some Horrible Thing, like the imp in *A Facer*, in his place. But, as a matter of fact, these terrible thoughts have only occurred to me since that occasion; and, when no response came to my knocking, I took the liberty of opening the door of the studio, and, though it was my first visit, I made myself comfortable in a carefully-thought-out easy chair, only to rise again immediately, as Mr. Sime had stolen in after me and greeted me in quite unghostlike tones.

I confess that, like most interviewers, I am a bad hand at what is sarcastically described as "personal description." I must add that I do not make this confession out of any want of respect for myself as an interviewer, but the truth is that I never feel quite prepared to "describe" a man unless I dislike him, and I have certainly never yet read a catalogue of physiognomical features which read pleasantly.

Mr. Sime took possession of his side



A Facer. By S. H. Sime.

(By permission of "Pick-me-up.")

of the fireplace; I lit up a cigarette and studied my host, as most of us do study people, unconsciously. Inclined to be reticent concerning himself, but ever ready to discuss writers—from Montaigne to Meredith—I verily believe that after half an hour's conversation with him, assuming you were ignorant of his name or his work, you would go away with the impression that you had talked with a man of leisure and a philosopher; but, as philosophy is not quite a recognised or well-paid profession, you might have wondered what your casual acquaintance really did do, and probably would have come to the conclusion that he was an essayist; or mayhap, a writer of Socialistic "leaders," or brilliant articles of a somewhat satiric turn in that meteoric journal, the *Saturday Review*. I am indicating that Mr. Sime's conversation is far removed from what is known as "shoppy." He never talks of himself except in reply to a direct question, and has an utter detestation of anything which savours of pretension or cant, and in saying this I find I have paid an unintentional, though well-deserved, compliment to the *Saturday Review!*



Mr. S. H. Sime. By Himself.

We had talked of many things, and I began to fear for my interview, so, bracing myself up for the effort, I ejaculated, "And now, Mr. Sime, I want you to tell me something concerning yourself."

"My private life?" said Mr. Sime, simply. "But that belongs to one's self, not to the public, don't you think?"

I hastened to agree, with the saving clause that it interested the public, so far as it concerned, and affected, his work.

"What preceded the study of art?" I suggested.

"Well, as a youngster I had rather a severe time of it. For five years I worked in some coal-mines in Yorkshire. You know that when the coal has been taken out of the seam it is shovelled into what are called scoops holding about 5 cwt. My duty, as one of the boys employed for that work, was to push this scoop along the rails to an endless chain, by which it was carried to the pit's mouth and pulled up to the surface."

"It must have been terrible work," I interjected.

"The tunnel through which we had to

pull the trolley was only 28 or 30 inches high," Mr. Sime added, very much as if he were discussing an impersonal question of architecture, "and so we had to run along with the body bent at right angles, and if you straightened yourself up at all, the consequences were rather unpleasant.

get it down before going on with his work underneath it, neglected to do so; and when it did fall, it broke his back. The particularly pathetic side of it was—if death was not pathetic enough—that it was to have been his last day in the mine, as, having come into a little business of his



Sweet Seventeen. By S. H. Sime.

"Sometimes I witnessed some frightful accidents. I won't harrow your feelings with any description of them, but as an example of the decisive tragedies which sometimes take place underground, I remember that one man who had been cautioned about some roof coal which seemed ready to fall, and had been told to

own, he was to have left the mine on the following day.

"I escaped a similar fate on one occasion in an almost miraculous way. I was working with a comrade, when we suddenly became aware of the spluttering of the earth above us, which is the signal that a fall of roof is imminent. We started to run, when

down it came, and I was buried alive. As it happened, I was absolutely unhurt, the coal and earth had fallen in such a way that I described a position within a right angle, and they soon got me out of it."

"Otherwise what would have happened?"

"There must have been about twenty tons of it, and if it had fallen right on me it would have spread me out like a piece of paper."

I ventured to point out that the coal-mining experience would explain, to a very considerable degree, the weird effects which Mr. Sime gets into his sketches, the "Good Intentions" cartoon, for example.

Mr. Sime parried the suggestion by telling me that his earliest efforts had been in the direction of coal-black imps and the like before he had been in the coal-mines, but admitted that the experience no doubt did intensify his interest in, and affection for, the weird and the grotesque.

"Of course one did get a good deal too much of the shade. We began early and worked late, so that we never saw the sunlight except on Sunday.

"I had about five years of it, and then I did some work for a linendraper, looking after the things which hung outside the shop, to see that no one ran away with them. Then came a brief experience with a barber, he did the shaving and I did the lathering. After that I went in for sign-writing, and I did so well with this that I started on my own account, and so found sufficient time and energy to join the Liverpool School of Art. Ever since I can remember I had been fond of doing little things—which I called sketches—when I could find a few moments. I remained studying at the Liverpool School of Art until I was frightened away by winning one of the South Kensington medals, an award which is always considered the hall-mark of the duffer. Then I came up to London, and worked for the halfpenny comic papers for some time. My first drawing—if I may say so—was taken to *Pick-me-up*, and was accepted by Raven Hill, whom I consider—not out of gratitude, but as a matter of opinion—to be the ablest black-and-white artist of to-day. I have the greatest admiration for Beardsley, and think him a most wonderful artist, and from the little he has written I should say that he is possessed of no less ability as a writer."

In reply to another question, Mr. Sime said: "It is by no means a new idea, but I want to help to revive colour prints in the Japanese method as opposed to machine-printing. The only difference is that I get the entire drawing on the copper-plate, but I shall have to make a separate wood-block for each colour and print them by hand. They may be bought up by collectors and so on, but they are not likely to be appreciated by the general public. I simply regard it as an extremely interesting occupation. Edgar Wilson has been doing it for years, and has done some exceedingly good prints. I am starting with my caricatures of theatrical people, because as I go to the theatre so much and draw these people, I think I may as well make a more permanent record of them.

"It is simply miraculous the way the Japanese get every colour to register. The result is absolutely autographic, besides being perfect in colour and tone."

Mr. Sime's powerful grotesques have appeared in the pages of *The Sketch*, *The Idler*, and *Pick-me-up*, whilst the political cartoons which he did for the latter paper attracted a great deal of attention, and were characterised by the same grim humour and satire as his other sketches, whilst of late he has furnished the illustrations for the weekly theatrical article—signed "Jingle"—which for many years Mr. Arnold Golsworthy has contributed to the go-a-head *Pick-me-up*. Of late Messrs. Sime and Golsworthy have been still further associated in the conduct of a three-penny magazine, entitled *Eureka*, which in many respects reminds one of the extinct

Butterfly, which fluttered about gaily for a season until a frost killed it. It seems that Mr. Sime edits it, and Mr. Golsworthy "patronises it," but in comparing it with the *Butterfly* I think there is this main difference, that *Eureka*, the only threepenny magazine in the market, has come to stay. I heard from Mr. Sime that a serious story by Mr. Golsworthy—whose inimitably light, dainty humour is to be found in a good many of the weekly papers,—entitled *Death and the Woman*, will be republished by Simpkin Marshall at a popular price in the early part of next year.

I must apologise for having broken off our conversation with this parenthesis, but the reader will kindly imagine that during this time Mr. Sime has conceived it his duty to be revenged on the interviewer by means of a brutal caricature.

"Caricature is never a portrait—it is a comment," remarked Mr. Sime sententiously, as he handed me the result of his efforts.



Arthur Lawrence as Mr. Sime saw him.

"And a very rude comment, too," I exclaimed, as I gazed on my caricatured presentment with a strange feeling of loathing.

"Quite so," said the imperturbable artist, wholly unmoved. "A caricature is in the nature of a sarcastic remark."

I held my peace, and only broke the silence which ensued with the observation that I would like a similar comment on himself before I left him, to which he most cheerfully assented. If I could get Mr. Sime to do Mr. Max Beerbohm and Mr. Max Beerbohm to do Mr. Sime, and allow me to publish the result I should feel happy.

Reverting to his earlier days, Mr. Sime told me of a rather entertaining experience. "When I used to live in the north of England," he told me, "the evening was the only time I had for my work, and accompanied very often by my friend Crichton Mackay, the musician, I used to stroll about the banks of the Dee armed with a bull's-eye lantern and my paintbox, on the look out for moonscapes. One night I got hold of what seemed to me a good subject, and I painted the village church in the early morning by sunrise. I showed this to a certain estimable plumber and it quite took his fancy—so much so that he bought it. I think he paid twenty shillings for it. Soon after that I happened to amuse myself with a picture which I had painted of some flowers and so forth, by greying it down with white, on which I painted a bluebottle. Of course it was life-like and I believe someone tried to dust it away. It was a feeble little dodge, and I was not at all proud of it. But my patron the plumber was very much struck with it, and would gaze on that bluebottle for hours. A few days afterwards the plumber came round with my painting of the village church. He said, 'Oh, I'm sorry to trouble you, but do you mind painting a bluebottle on it?' I refused."

"Those were very pleasant times along the banks of the Dee," said Mr. Sime.

"Mackay would occasionally bring his guitar; we used to quote all the poetry we could remember, and felt we were going in for genuine romance."

Mr. Sime told me that his conception of his "weirds," as I should like to call them, are complete in his mind before he begins the actual drawing, and that Kipling's *Tomlinson of Berkeley Square* was the one thing which he should most like to illustrate.

At this moment Mr. Sime had finished the caricatures of our two selves, and simultaneously we glanced at the clock, so I pointed out that the happiest moments must needs come to an end, and so must this article.

It is of interest to remember that Messrs. Manuel, Eckhardt, and Sime joined the R.B.A. at the same time. The dauntless trio certainly constitute a noteworthy group, and I understand that a good deal of their best work will be seen at the Society's next exhibition.





A VILLAGE WEDDING.

Drawn by Stephen Reid.



A piper in full tartan strode manfully down Bond Street.

THE CULT OF THE GAEL;

OR, WHAT WE MAY EXPECT

BY BENNETT COLL.

WITH A DRAWING BY MAX COWPER.

IT was on a delightful June day, in the year 1898, that a piper in full tartan strode manfully down Bond Street. He wore the plaid of the Clan MacDonald; under his left arm he carried an enormous bagpipe adorned with fluttering streamers. Unhappily, these streamers were those associated with Clan MacTavish, between which and the Clan MacDonald there happened to exist a deadly feud, and were consequently calculated to strike fire out of the eyes of the foeman. Nevertheless, this young man, a fine handsome fellow, was unconscious of the incongruity, and proudly doffed his bonnet to a laughing girl as her carriage drove by. "Swelp me bob!" the coachman remarked to the footman.

This piper, as you shall hear, was a fraud; a mere Englishman. He could not have told you the difference between a sporran and a skene-dhu; nor could he have sworn with confidence which part of the instrument he carried was drone and which chanter. He had some idea that an admiring public mistook him for a Queen's Piper; further than that the entertainment afforded him no interest. At the end of Bond Street he turned and marched back.

Within twenty-four hours a whisper began to run through a certain West-End club that Donald Grey was possessed; that he was to be seen daily, always at the same hour, clad in outrageous Scotch attire; that his promenade was restricted to Bond Street, and that he appeared to have gone rapidly to the devil. It was then that Piggie Tomson, of Ours, volunteered to accost the apparition, and invite it to explain what the deuce it was up to, little Dickie Blathers—also of Ours — undertaking to reconnoitre the objectionable creature from the rear. Accordingly, Tomson took up a position behind a tobacconist's window on the following day, and eventually obstructed the piper's line of march.

"Good heavens, Donald, old man," said he. "What the blazes are you doing? Is it a bet, or what? Walk with me and explain."

The piper laughed, then became preternaturally solemn as he replied:

"Hoo's a' wi' ye, mon Tamson? Ye're a seet fer sair een, yer ken, forbye—forbye. Hech, sirs, hoo's a' wi' ye the day?"

"He's mad," Tomson said, with evident conviction. "Stark, starin', ravin' mad——"

"Hoots, toots, mon, whaur'll ye be gangin' till? A'm no in sic a-a-a blastie o' a hastie that a' canna——." The piper ceased abruptly.

"Come to the club, you fool, and wash it away with a whiskey-and-soda."

Donald took a pathetic look clubwards, sighed, then shook his head mournfully. "Na, na, a'm no fer a wee drappie the morn. Ahschlant!" he

added hurriedly, and resumed his march as a laughing girl drove by.

Tomson of Ours was guilty of exceedingly bad form, just then. He actually stood still—in Bond Street—to stare after the retreating figure. "Well!" said he. "Of all the born idiots——" But here little Dickie encountered the dazed man, and reminded him that they were under promise to report to the other fellows.

A council of deliberation was immediately formed in the smoking-room. Tomson faithfully recorded what had passed, and added that Donald had bidden him good-bye in pure Gaelic—a sort of cross between *adieu* and *au revoir*, don't you know. Many solutions of the mystery were suggested; the general opinion being that Piggie was right, and that Donald was working off a wager. Thereupon, little Dickie proposed a scheme for overwhelming the pseudo-piper with confusion. It was the only way, he averred, of bringing the stoopid ass to his senses. Dickie prided himself upon being "up in tartans," and mentioned that he would at once consult the Official Directory.

Next day, Donald gained the end of Bond Street without interruption, and blessed his lucky star that he had been so fortunate. Suddenly, however, he found himself confronted by a red-bearded giant, wearing an exaggerated suit of tartan and a Tam-o'-Shanter like no mortal thing on earth, except its hideous self. A pair of keen eyes under a bushy thatch of bristles scanned the piper's raiment; then disappeared beneath a portentous frown.

"Ahschlant," said Donald apprehensively.

"Slantè-vwa," was the grim reply.

The piper's face paled. He was casting about for something in the nature of farewell when his arm was seized in a grip perfectly Herculean, and he was hurried away. Torrents of Gaelic gutturals seemed to fill the air, alternated with a fierce indrawing of the breath through clenched teeth. Something had gone wrong, but what? Captor and captive reached Holborn in no time, whisked round a corner, tore through an open doorway, and were lost to sight. They were followed, but at some distance, by Tomson and Blathers.

"By Jove," gasped the former, "I hope the fellow won't maul him before we get there."

"It's all your tomfoolery, if he does," replied Dick ruefully. "Why the deuce did you tell the MacTavish that Donald was challenging his clan?"

"Only for a bit of sport. Gad! they turned round here like a blessed pair of shootin' stars. What's the number of the Mac-what'ee-call's abode?"

Two days afterwards a cab slowly made its way to a house overlooking the Park, and carefully deposited a gentleman in plain morning dress. His forehead was bandaged and one arm reposed in a sling; nevertheless, he looked as if he meant business. In fact, he assured himself that this was so, all the way upstairs behind a grinning footman, and when he let himself down softly into an armchair the determination was clinched as a young lady came into the room.

"Oh, Donald! You poor dear—whatever has happened?"

"You may well ask, madam." Oh, but he was going to be very severe. Very. "This, if you please, is the result of your idiotic bosh. If we're to continue on the old footing, I demand—demand, mind—that you burn every one of those accursed Scotch novels, and swear you'll never touch another as long as you live."

"But, Donald, dear——"

"Oh, hang your trumpery nonsense!"

"Sir!"

"Trumpery nonsense, if you didn't hear. Good gad! Because some fool gave me the name of Donald, I must masquerade up and down Bond Street in what-d'ye-calls and talk nothing but that infernal lingo. Some blessed ass wrote a beastly book—which everybody pretends

to understand and doesn't—cram-jam full of language he doesn't understand himself. Of course"—very bitter here—"his silly rot instantly becomes the fashion, and you must be in it. However, you set me a task, to prove my devotion, and I was idiot enough to fall in with it. Show me another such lunatic and I'll cheerfully resign you to him. But no more for me, thanks."

"Oh! Donald, and you looked so lovely. Everybody said you looked quite noble, and I was so proud."

"What do I look like now? Gad, I gave him some of it back, though."

"But what is this all about, dear?"

"Why, you had just driven past as usual, on Thursday, when I found myself in the clutches of an infuriated maniac. He hustled me down to some infernal hole—don't know where—and shot me into a foul pig-sty of a place. What he said I don't know; but he smashed the bagpipe over my head, tore the ribbon affair into strips, and danced a Highland fling on the remains."

"A Highland fling? How lovely!"

"Yes, awfully interesting, isn't it? But what's the use of trying to explain to a woman? Anyhow, you'll have to chuck Scotch, or else our affair's off."

"But, Donald darling—think! Just think! Peter says you have positively established a mode. Only fancy! Gentlemen are ordering kilts and plaids and things at Poole's, and Peter has quite a lot of orders for ladies' costumes. Besides, the MacDonald tartan just suits my complexion; and I did so want to wear it when you and I drive out together."

"Not for me, thanks. If it hadn't been for Piggie and little Dick that madman would have murdered me. It seems I had something on which didn't suit his fancy, confound his cheek! Little Dick says it isn't advisable to mix tartans; so you'd better take care which plaid you choose, if you don't want to be torn in bits by a mob of women. Just look at me! The doctor's had to sew me up."

"Yes, darling. Of course you must have suffered. But every pioneer movement has its martyrs. And, oh—how you deserve all my love! Donald, you do love your little Kitty—in spite of all?"

"Of course. Only——"

"And knights of old didn't mind a few scratches, you know, when they fought for their lady-loves."

"But this——"

"And if I kiss you, all the pain and trouble will be forgotten—won't it?"

"Ah, Kitty——"

"I knew it! I was so sure of it. I said to myself, 'My boy, my hero, my champion, will pass this slight ordeal successfully—for Kitty's sake.' And you did! The MacDonald tartan goes deliciously with my hair; and this I owe—to you!"

"My darling little sweetheart!

"Oh—Donald, Donald!"

A CENTURY OF PAINTING.

HENRI REGNAULT AND BASTIEN-LEPAGE.—JULES BRETON AND HIS LIMITATION.—MEISSONIER THE ACCEPTED LEADER OF HIS COUNTRY.—HÉBERT, CHAPLIN, AND CABANEL.—THE PORTRAITISTS BONNAT AND DURAN.

TO reduce one's material to a strictly chronological and classified order is almost impossible when dealing with a subject so contemporaneous as the art of our own century. My effort in these papers has been thus far to put myself in the place of the reader interested in art, and, divesting the subject of its purely technical aspect, to retrace the steps by which a general knowledge of modern painting has been acquired by me; and it seems wise now to profit by the elasticity of the scheme adopted, and take my readers still more into my confidence. In this and the following papers I shall endeavour to note down the impressions which the paintings of Europe have made on the mind of a student of art, venturing to take myself as such typical student.

The student of art whose lines were cast in Paris in the early 'seventies was fortunate. The great school of 1830



Salome. From the original painting by Henri Regnault.

It was Salome, who, at the instigation o her mother Herodias, obtained the gift of the head of John the Baptist in a charger. This picture created a profound sensation at the time of its exhibition at the Salon. It is an audacious experiment in colour: the draperies, costume, the golden cross on the knees of the figure are painted in *differing* tones of yellow, with which the amber notes of the flesh and the purple-black hair contrast effectively.



Rest (Les Foins). From a painting by Jules Bastien-Lepage, in the Luxembourg Gallery, Paris.

The original was painted at Damvillers, in the open air, in 1877, and was the notable picture of the Salon in the following year.

was firmly established, and many of its chief men were still alive, in the full force of production. The museums were filled with their works, their pupils seconded their master's activity in the current exhibitions, and throughout the city the dealers' galleries were rich in examples of the great modern painters. In opposition to this, giving the spice which variety brings, was the nascent school of Impressionism. In the middle ground the great army of average painters, with their almost countless contributions to the annual Salons, were upheld by the no less numerous body of students. The country itself furnished no little of the element of interest with which life within its precincts was endowed. France had been rudely shaken by its German foe, and well-nigh overthrown by the disturbances of the Commune; but with the courage of despair, the country had paid its milliards, and restored order within its borders. In the new life which then began, every phase of human endeavour seemed to take on renewed force, and art shared this impulse.

The effect of this active artistic environ-

ment upon a youth in his teens was essentially stimulating, though at times confusing. Those whose interest in art leads them to exhibitions and galleries to-day can hardly realise what has been accomplished in the last twenty-five years. It was at an exhibition at Goupil's that my first Corot charmed me. It seems strange to-day to think that this acknowledged master, whose reputation in Europe at that time even was beyond cavil or dispute, had all the attraction of a forbidden fruit to a young art student in 1872. Such was the fact, in New York at least; our Boston cousins, thanks to the teachings of William Morris Hunt, having considered Corot seriously a few years earlier. I well remember the scornful question addressed to me by a painter of great local reputation at that time as to what I "pretended" to see in that "daub painted with cigar ashes." The daub was a Corot, which to my young eyes opened a vista through the wall on which it hung, and gave me a sense of atmosphere, which the painfully precise and stippled landscapes of local production failed to do.



The Gleaner. From the original painting by Jules Adolphe Breton.

This picture was first exhibited in the Salon of 1877, afterwards purchased for the Luxembourg Gallery, Paris, where it now is.

Most of the pictures, however, to be seen in the dealers' galleries were selected from a commercial standpoint.

This almost total unfamiliarity with the productions of the past gave the American student, on his arrival in Paris, too wide a horizon, and, necessarily, the first impressions were of the most confused order. Arriving in Paris late on Saturday night, my first steps on Sunday morning were directed, by the aid of my guide book, to the Champs Elysées. There, under the spell of the magnificent avenue,

I blindly followed a crowd entering a large building which, in my ignorance, I did not know to be the Palais de l'Industrie, where the annual Salon is held. To suddenly find oneself in the midst of a couple of thousand pictures, the majority of which were, technically at least, of greater merit than those to which I was accustomed, was enough delight for one day. I know that when, hours after, I dragged my tired self away, I carried but a confused idea of what I had seen. Subsequent visits cleared away this vagueness somewhat, though to-day I am glad that my chief remembrance of the Salon of 1873 is that it was there that I first knew the work of Puvis de Chavannes, which has ever since excited my warmest admiration.

In the Luxembourg of that day were to be seen many of the pictures already reproduced in these pages. Corot was still living. Rousseau, Delacroix, and Ingres were so lately dead that the requisite ten years which must elapse after his death before an artist's work can be placed in the Louvre had not yet passed. The gallery was then, as now, the best standpoint from which to view the contemporaneous art of a people which any nation possesses. The New Museum at Berlin, with its admirable chronological arrangement, aims at a greater result, but, on the whole, is less typically representative than the Luxembourg Gallery. The conservatism of the directors of the Luxembourg accords little sympathy to the men whose position has not been confirmed by public appreciation; but too great laxity in admitting pictures would result in a complete reconsideration every few years, and a consequent "weeding out," which would be detrimental to the authority that a great museum should exercise. Of the pictures in the gallery in 1870, or added to it during the ten years following, a selection is reproduced here, together with other pictures which, during the same epoch, were at one time or another the talk of the town. In art, at least at that time, it might be said that Paris spoke for the world.

Of the painters of modern times, none, perhaps, has had a more brilliant career, nor a more glorious death, than Henri Regnault. He was, perhaps, the last full flower of the Romanticism of which Delacroix was the sturdy root, and, perhaps, death closed his career at its apex. It is certain that splendid as his work is, we view it now with eyes more indifferent to brilliant painting and complete mastery of the palette than twenty-five years ago. Less influence from other pictures, and more reliance on individual impressions from nature, enlist our sympathies to-day. Since Regnault, who was born in Paris, October 30, 1843, ran the gamut of scholastic success, other men, more plodding, perhaps no less sincere, but less subservient to outside influences, have turned the current of art into another channel. Throughout his brief life, which ended in a skirmish at Buzenval, in 1871, where he was killed, with "possibly the last bullet fired in the Franco-Prussian war," as one of his compatriots has written, he was successful in everything he undertook. By birth allied to all that was artistically influential in France, his father a director of the manufactory at Sèvres, which had proved so good a school for Troyon, Dupré, and Diaz, he was the prize pupil of differing masters and schools, until at twenty-three years of age he won the Prix de Rome. From Rome he sent home the superb canvas of "Automedon Taming the Horses of Achilles," in which burns much of the fire of Delacroix, tempered by severity of form such as the greater master rarely attained. Handsome, accomplished in many directions, a favourite with all who knew him, the Director of the French Academy in Rome allowed him unusual liberty. Fortuny's work, which he first saw in Rome, impressed him greatly,



Soap-bubbles. From the original painting by Charles Chaplin, formerly in the Luxembourg Gallery, Paris.

and the stipend of the Roman prize-man being added to from home he visited Spain. It was there that he painted the portrait of General Prim, the Spanish leader, in so daring a fashion that, fortunately for the Luxembourg, where it hung at the time of which I write (it is now in the Louvre), the Spaniard refused it. Visits to the Alhambra, resulting in many brilliant studies, and the tragical "Execution without Judgment," also in the Louvre, filled out the space of his brief life until the alarm of war called him home, where, doing duty as a private soldier, he met his death.

In 1874 there was held in the palace of the *Corps Legislatif* a great art exhibition in aid of those of the provinces of Alsace

and Lorraine, which had been annexed by Germany, who had chosen to retain their French nationality, thereby causing their expulsion from the conquered territory. For such a cause the great private art collections of France lent their chief treasures, and probably never has so fine an exhibition been gathered together. It was there that the "Salome" of Regnault, reproduced here, was shown for the second time, the painter having sent it to the Salon of 1869 from Rome, where it was painted. Of the "Daughter of Herodias" there may not be much—in fact, the picture is said to be a portrait of a young Italian model—but as what was at that time a most audacious experiment in colour, it was remarkable. We have grown accustomed to pictures, symphonies is the popular term, executed in different tones of the same colour. Regnault's picture was of the most intense yellow, from the curtain behind the figure, through various tones of the same colour in the basin which she holds, to her draperies and slippers; in the midst of all which her purple black hair and amber flesh contrasted superbly. The picture added greatly to the painter's reputation in the Salon of 1869, and its success was confirmed in the Alsace-Lorraine exhibition.

Nothing could show the change of tendencies in a few short years better than the contrast between "Les Foins" of Jules Bastien-Lepage, which was painted in 1877, and the work of Regnault. It is the contrast of the splendours of the last days of the Second Empire with the purposeful regeneration of France which has lent stability to the Republic. This



Francesca da Rimini. From the original painting by Alexandre Cabanel, formerly in the Luxembourg Gallery, Paris.

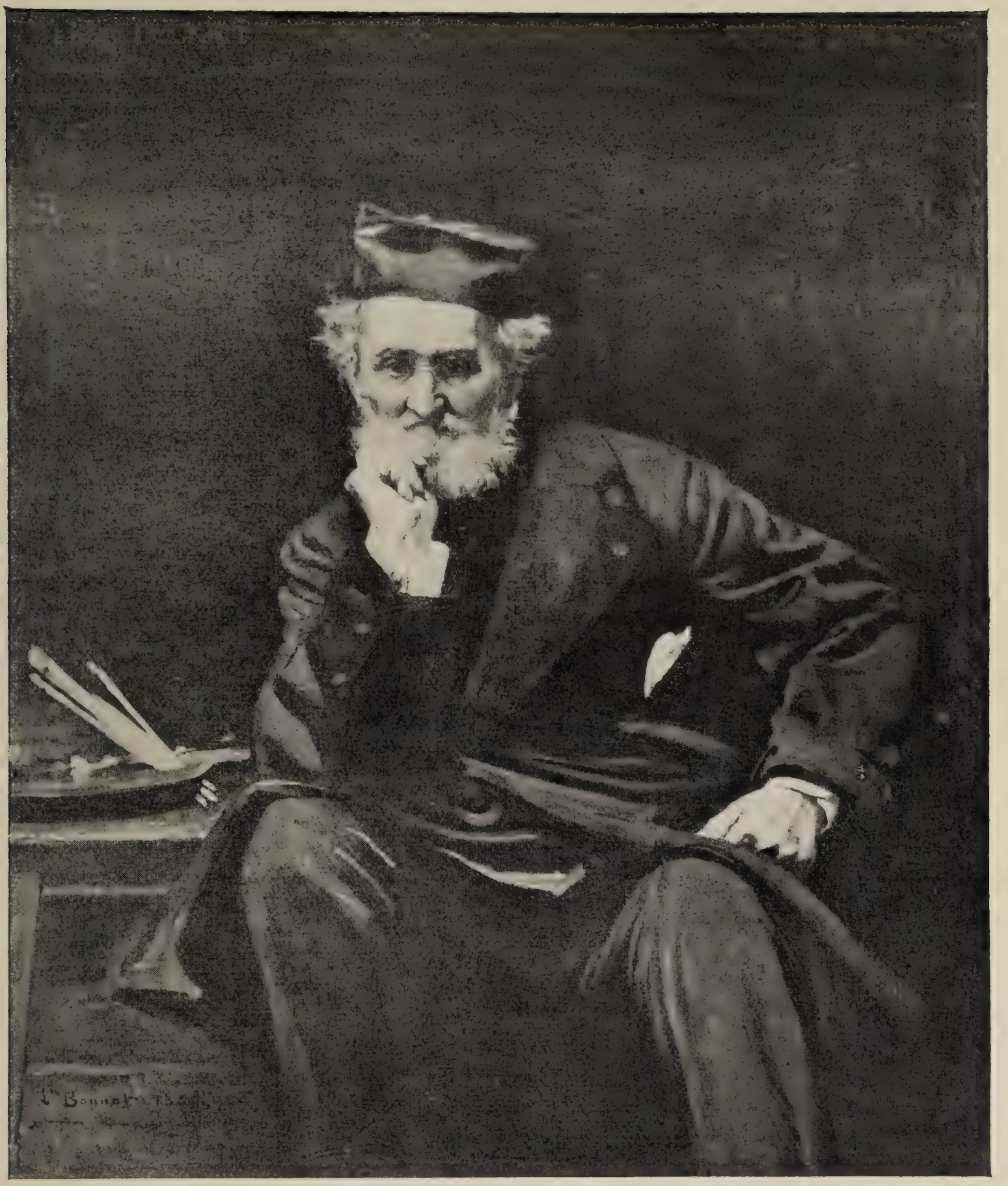
The story of Francesca da Rimini forms a well-known episode in Dante's "Inferno." Francesca falls in love with her husband's brother, and the husband, on discovering her unfaithfulness, assassinates both her and her lover.

painter, like Regnault, was doomed to die young, in his thirty-seventh year. He was born in Damvillers (Department of the Meuse), November 1, 1848, and died in Paris, December 10, 1884. He was, like Regnault, a pupil of Alexandre Cabanel, and, despite his resolute independence in refusing to follow the traditions of the Ecole des Beaux-Arts, was a favourite pupil of his master. It was Cabanel's preference for a more submissive pupil, however, which prevented Bastien from receiving the Prix de Rome in 1875, which had been conceded him by all the artists outside of the Academy and by many within. The young painter's vindication, three years later, was the picture now in the Luxembourg.

"Les Foins"—which, literally translated, means "the hay"—can be as well called "Rest." It is a more literal rendering of the sentiment expressed by Millet in the "Man with a Hoe"; and it is a typical sign of the times that the storm of protest which the earlier picture had called forth was changed to a chorus of praise when "Rest" was exhibited. The change was not only that of time, however, for the picture by Bastien-Lepage met its public half-way; and where Millet, with his impressive silhouette, was tragical, Bastien, with his carefully-studied detail, with the portrait-like character of his figures, which brought them well within the ken of humanity, was almost idyllic. The picture, indeed, does not give quite the impression of reality which the painter aimed at. His qualities as a painter were at their best in a more circumscribed space. A portrait, especially a portrait of less than life-size, brought out the charm of his work. Spread out over a large canvas it becomes somewhat fatiguing through excess of detail. In the picture here presented, however, the degree of failure counts but little against the mastery of form and the expression of subtle gradations of space between the objects represented. The character of the woman, pitting her young strength against the invincible adversaries of sun and work, and beaten in the contest, is finely rendered, and foretells the future grasp of character of higher import in the "Jean d'Arc."

Before exhibiting "Les Foins" Bastien had gained the public of the Salon, as well as the suffrages of his artistic compeers, by a number of portraits, notable among which were that of his grandfather, a superb rendering of an old man seated out-of-doors in the shade, and the exquisite study of a young girl dressed in white for her first communion. Of his life little can be told here, though it chanced that when I went to Paris I was thrown into the intimacy of a group of young French artists, of whom Bastien was one. In a little restaurant frequented by cab-drivers, a small room looking on a garden, where the prospect was pleasing though the fare was vile, was reserved for us, and with the freedom of student life intimacies were quickly formed. As he was with his comrades of that day, Bastien remained to the end. Alert, courageous, with something of the old German masters inherited through his Lorraine ancestry in his make-up, he was quick to receive, and patient to elaborate, the message of his time.

In appearance Bastien was of rather small stature, of sturdy aspect, blonde, with a slight beard, and hair combed low on his forehead, keen blue eyes, somewhat pugnacious in expression, which was further accented by a nose that was almost impudently *retroussé*, and a mouth firm set and resolute. Gifted with greater physical strength, no nature could be better fitted to cope with the art world of Paris, which seeks to drag down to-day the master whom yesterday it acclaimed. The burden was greater than his young shoulders could bear, but he had won the battle before he laid down his arms to die. If, skilful tactician as he proved himself, he had been obliged to make



Portrait of Leon Cogniet. From the original painting by Leon Bonnat, in the Luxembourg, Gallery, Paris.

The subject of this portrait was a distinguished French painter, the master of Bonnat.

certain sacrifices, and had won the disdainful appreciation of the incorruptible Degas, who called him the "Bouguereau of Realism," he left, at least, as a legacy to those who follow, a confirmation of the truth which cannot be repeated too often. Simple reliance on nature was his highest quality, and when, by the peculiarities of his temperament, he measured his art with an absolutely fitting theme, he produced a masterpiece.

The cause which Bastien-Lepage gained might have been won years before, it would seem, by an elder painter, in whose hands the themes of Millet had been divested of their rugged aspect, and endowed with a pleasing glamour of sentiment calculated to charm all comers. Jules Breton, in fact,



The Lady with the Glove ("La Dame au Gant"). From the original painting by Emile Auguste Carolus Duran, in the Luxembourg Gallery, Paris.

This portrait, painted in 1869, represents the painter's wife.

pleased the public, but behind the public lagged the painters and their artistic following. It has been in vain, therefore, that eager collectors have fought in public sales for this or that picture, and that official honours, medals, and membership in the Institute have been showered upon him. Truly it profits little that an artist gains the whole world if he lacks the support of his profession. Yet it is curious that so able a painter, sincerely attached to his art, holding beliefs which, on the surface, are so closely akin to those of Millet or Bastien, should fail to reach the high place attained by at least one of these men. Breton remains, therefore, in a plane like that occupied in literature by Longfellow, assuredly great, but limited by excess of culture; superior in intelligence, but lacking the blind intuition which leads



The Etcher. From a painting by Jean Louis Ernest Meissonier.

This picture is an xample of Meissonier's painting of interiors, not unlike and equal to the better known "Waiting" (*L'Attente*), which the painter bequeathed to the Luxembourg Gallery, Paris.

the artist to heights which wisdom, if he possessed it, might lead him to fear. "The Gleaner," from the picture in the Luxembourg, is a good example of Breton, superb in carriage, noble with the nobility of the received standards of beauty, but as far removed from the grandeur of Millet's "Gleaners," which likewise descends from the same Greek parentage, as it is from the Holbein-like accuracy of the realism of Bastien-Lepage.

Jules Breton was born at Courrières (Department of Pas-de-Calais), May 1, 1827. He has passed his life there, in the midst of the scenes which he loves to paint; and in a volume of charming verses, as well as in an autobiographical volume of souvenirs, displays the same simple, contained spirit as that which marks his painting.

"Meissonier (Jean Louis Ernest), born at Lyons, February 21, 1815; died in



The Bearers of Ill-tidings. From the original by Jules Jean Antoine Lecomte du Nouy, in the Luxembourg Gallery, Paris.

The subject, depicted with rare dramatic power, is taken from a story of Theophile Gautier's Pharaoh, awaiting news of a battle and exasperated with the tidings brought, hews down the successive messengers as they appear.

Paris, January 31, 1891; pupil of Léon Cogniet; chevalier of the Legion of Honour, 1846; officer, 1856; commander, 1867; grand officer, 1878; great cross of the Legion, 1889; member of the Institute, 1861; great medal of honour, 1855 (Exposition Universelle); medal of honour, 1867 (Exposition Universelle); *rappel* of medal of honour, 1878 (Exposition Universelle)." Such are the honorific titles of him whom the French are prone to consider their greatest painter, as they appear in the catalogue of the Luxembourg Gallery. The memberships allotted him in foreign academies, the medals obtained in the salons at home, are omitted; but there is enough to show the esteem in which he was held during a long and busy life. The influence which he exercised was in the direction of honest and healthy painting. A man of set purpose, absolutely lacking in imaginative quality, he broadened with the years, and accepted and made use of the discoveries of his period in painting light and out-of-door effects. His pictures lack atmosphere, perhaps from the fact that his microscopic eye refused to follow the promptings of his mind. The singularly small scale on which he conceived his work, "painting a battlefield on a visiting-card," as one critic humorously complained, influenced many others to follow; and the result for a time was a host of pictures in which smallness of execution vied with their diminutive scale. His own works, however, were free from this fault; and many of his inch-high figures could be enlarged to life-size without loss of force. His life and works are so well known, and their consideration would entail such comprehensive treatment, that the works here reproduced must stand in place of it.

The memory of the Luxembourg of twenty years ago always brings to mind three men whose works in different ways were extremely typical of the French race.

The works of Auguste Ernest Hébert, born at Grenoble, November 3, 1817, represent the somewhat morbid tendencies of Romanticism. Hébert was a Prix de Rome in 1839, is now a member of the Institute, and for a number of years after 1867 resided at Rome as the director of the French Academy.

Charles Chaplin, born of English parents at Les Andelys (Department of Eure), June 8, 1825, died in Paris, a naturalised Frenchman, January 30, 1891. His loyalty to his adopted country would never be called in question on the testimony of his works, which seem lineal descendants of those of Boucher, Fragonard, and other painters of the eighteenth century. At its best Chaplin's work has also something of the honest simplicity of Chardin, the painter beloved of painters. At all times he is facile, gracious, and interesting. His themes are futile enough, but the charm of execution, the lack of pretence, excuses all. The young girl blowing soap-bubbles, which is no longer in the Luxembourg, greets one like an old friend in these pages; and a painter can recall with delight the suave painting of the satin, the simplicity and naturalness of pose, and the direct impression of the picture. Less admirable in sentiment, as though tainted by a decadent spirit, are the two works which have been chosen to replace the earlier picture in the present Luxembourg, though equally admirable in execution.

Alexandre Cabanel, the third of this typical trio, was for many years the embodiment of the academic spirit in France. Directly or indirectly, the Prix de Rome



The Pest in Rome. From a painting by Jules Elie Delaunay, in the Luxembourg Gallery, Paris.

". . . And then appeared to all eyes a good angel, who commanded a bad angel to strike the houses with a spear, and as many as the strokes of the spear, so many were the deaths therein." Jacques de Voragine. "The Golden Legend." This quotation, taken from the catalogue of the Museum of the Luxembourg, explains the subject of this admirably conceived picture.

was given and the medals in the Salon were awarded through his influence. Strictly submissive to academical rule, he was Prix de Rome in 1845, at twenty-two years of age, having been born at Montpelier (Department of Herault), September 28, 1823. For many years, until his death in 1889, he was one of the most successful teachers in the Ecole des Beaux-Arts, and his many pupils constituted a following which was all powerful in school and Salon. The "Francesca da Rimini," of which a reproduction is given here, has been replaced in the Luxembourg by the "Birth of Venus," which was an ornament at the Tuileries until the fall of the Second Empire. As students, I recall how often we were called upon to admire the foreshortening of the legs of the fallen figure in the "Francesca da Rimini," and they are certainly admirably drawn, as is indeed the whole picture. It may well serve as typical of the fondness for tragical subjects which even still characterises the painters of France. It is a comparatively mild example, but, like them all, its tragedy is that of the theatre.

In competition with Léon Bonnat and Cabanel, Carolus Duran was the popular portraitist of the time, and a long line of fair women owe the preservation of their beauty on canvas to his aristocratic brush. With Léon Bonnat, it is the masculine portrait which has given him deserved fame. We owe to his brush the portraits of many of the greatest men of modern France. No one of his works represents him better than the portrait of his master, Léon Cogniet, which, true labour of love from pupil to master, figures in the Luxembourg Gallery, and is reproduced here.

To the last of the three portraitists mentioned, to Carolus Duran, I owe personally the respect due from pupil to master. As the three men had their respective *ateliers* at the time of which I write, so the partisan students met and fought wordy battles over the merits of their respective masters. Time, which has stilled the youthful animosity to all that claimed kin with Bonnat, has not lessened my admiration for Duran's great gifts, if it has made me somewhat more clear-sighted in regard to his deficiencies. The portrait of the "Lady with a Glove," which vied by contrast of sobriety with Regnault's "Salome" in the Salon of 1869, has long hung in the Luxembourg. It is full of dignity tempered by grace; and the painter, who is known to us now as an audacious colourist, won his first success by this black-robed woman, with the simple grey background. The portrait of Mademoiselle Croizette of the Comédie Française, on horseback at the edge of the sea, was another of the early achievements of Carolus Duran. Though chiefly a painter of portraits, Duran has attempted with success numerous compositions since the early "Assassination in Rome," which is now in the gallery at Lille, from which city, where he was born in 1839, he was sent to Rome as a *pensionnaire* of the school of Fine Arts. A number of his pupils, of whom John S. Sargent is the most gifted, have been Americans.

Not the least of the advantages which a student enjoys in Paris are the posthumous exhibitions held in the Ecole des Beaux-Arts soon after the death of the more prominent painters. From such an exhibition of the collected works of Eugène Fromentin, held in 1877, a better idea of his work could be formed than by the scattered productions which are seen from time to time. His earlier works, representing the sylvan life of the fabled Centaurs, brought into play a generally ignored vein of imagination, and from these creations of fable the transition to the modern Centaurs of Algeria was but natural. But Fromentin's greatest work is in his volume of criticism "Les Maitres d'Autrefois," than which no art criticism has ever risen higher.

An early picture by a painter who has

hardly fulfilled the promise of his youth is included here, "The Bearers of Ill-tidings" by Lecomte du Nouy. The admirable draughtsmanship of the picture, no less than the clear presentation of the subject, created a profound impression in our little band of students when first we saw it. Something of this on a larger scale had followed its exhibition in the Salon, and the picture won its place in the Luxembourg. Lecomte du Nouy has not fulfilled the promise of his youth, but as an example of the art which owes its creation and acceptance to Jean Léon Gérôme this picture remains notable.

Of far greater importance is a picture by Jules Elie Delaunay which from my student days till now has stood the test of changing opinions. Delaunay's "Pest in Rome" is an admirable example of a picture conceived within the limits of academic convention and executed with fervour and intensity of feeling. Dramatic to the last degree, it is no wise theatrical, and the extract from the "Golden Legend," from which the painter drew his inspiration, is no more naïvely credulous in its belief in the appearance of the "good and bad angels" than the apparent conviction of the artist in depicting the scene.

The recollections of Paris in the 'seventies crowd upon the writer, who must here adjourn their registration until another month, when other influences than those exclusively French may have consideration; for Paris is distinctly cosmopolitan, and its art influence is that of the world at large.





First Small Boy.—"Let's 'ave a go at it, Charlie ; its my turn now, ye know."
Second Small Boy.—"Garn away, it's much too strong for a boy like you."

THE JUNIOR SUB.

BY SOPHIE HART.

ILLUSTRATED BY LEONARD LINSDELL.

THE junior sub. of H.M.S. *Flamboyant* was quite a feature.

He was so very young, so very pink, so very vain, that he had been christened by the rest of the gun-room, "Dolly."

"There's no real harm in Dolly," said the senior sub., a bullet-headed, square-jawed young man named Green, as they sat talking one hot afternoon when the ship was anchored off Cadiz. "A few good beatings would soon lick him into shape. But the women simply spoil him, and as for the young jackanapes himself, he believes all they say, and swells out under their petting like any moth-eaten dove. He wants a lesson, and it won't be my fault if we run this commission without him getting it."

"Hear, hear!" cried three or four middies lounging round, and thumping the table in their enthusiasm. They felt quite flattered that the bullet-headed senior had condescended to talk to them. Besides, they resented Dolly's popularity with "those long-haired things," as they disrespectfully styled the feminine sex



"Hear, hear!" cried three or four middies.

'then, too, he was so beastly well off." He had a suit of clothes for every day in the week; brown boots and gaiters galore. As for his ties, they were a sight for the gods, so complicated in knot and colour were they. They would have forgiven him this sin, probably, if he had not used scent on his pocket-handkerchiefs. But to smell Dolly's delicate decoction of New Mown Hay riled them beyond endurance. It was such "bally rot!" "What does a gun-room officer want with scent?" they questioned. "One might just as well put him in a perfumer's shop at once."

But to all this chaff Dolly remained serenely impervious. He recounted his conquests with a calm belief in his own powers, and was generally seen scribbling little notes on miniature sheets of paper, which the middies contemptuously declared, went to feed the fishes. He would walk about with a dreamy eye and an irritating smile on his handsome mouth, as much as to say, "Ah! you fellows can't imagine the good time I'm having. I'm such a fascinating dog, you know!"

Which, in truth, was the case.

There was something about Dick Seton, *alias* Dolly, that appealed to either very young or very old women. His hair was so fair and curly, his skin so pink and white, his eyes so blue. He also had such a way of looking at you, such a smile, that one elderly spinster, who ought to have known better, said "she really felt inclined to kiss him," to which proceeding Dolly, worshipper as he was of the fair sex, would have strongly objected.

He had an album, had Dolly, or I should say three albums. No. 1 contained portraits of his "best girls." No. 2 those with whom he was a "bit off." No. 3 the "casuals," as he styled them. As a particular and aggravating mark of favour, he would sometimes produce these photographic treasures—to be told in the end by an unsympathetic soul to "stow them." He also possessed numerous instalments of '*Pearson's Footlight Favourites*,' and upon the charms of these ladies he descanted with the wisdom of a hoary-headed sinner, and the *naïveté* of his eighteen years. He would call some buxom female, old enough to be his mother, "a sweet little thing," or a startling apparition in tights, "a dooced fine girl." He loved them all, in fact, and if only his brain had been as large as his heart, there is no doubt that Dolly might, some day, have developed into a genius.

Still, he was, in the gun-room parlance, "not half a bad sort." He was generous, absolutely without "side," and if anyone had expended his pay a month in advance, he could always borrow a fiver from Dolly, and take his time to pay it.

The senior sub. and the middies were still discussing the peculiarities of the said young officer, when Dolly himself strolled in, looking very self-satisfied, and with a gleam in his eye that denoted he had alighted on some fair unknown, and was, consequently, on the war-path.

"Well, you chaps," he cried, looking round on the lounging group, "you miss no end of fun by always sticking on board. Why don't you go on shore as I do? There are some dooced pretty girls knocking round."

"Dooced pretty girls be blowed!" said a middy, who looked so infantile that it seemed quite cruel that he should have left the nursery, and who was smoking a cigar almost as big as himself. "We fellows have something better to do than to dodge after petticoats. Look at the thermometer, my dear boy!"

"Well, and who is it now?" growled the senior sub. "Of course she's a nice young, bright young, sweet young thing, with eyes——"

"Like burnt holes in a blanket!" said another.

"And Trilbys a yard long! I say, you chaps, do you remember the feet of Dolly's last inamorata?—regular clumpers, weren't they?"

"You're jealous, my dear boy, simply jealous, that's what's the matter with you," said Dolly calmly. "You know very well that hardly a girl will look at your bullet-head. But there," smiling with aggravating coolness, "it isn't your fault. No doubt if your opinion had been asked on the subject you'd have chosen a better."

"You infernal young bounder!" said the senior sub. "If it weren't so confoundedly hot, I'd punch your head for you."

"No offence, old fellow; no offence. As a matter of fact, I really wanted to ask your advice, only you jump on a man so!"

"Advice? Ugh! I'd give it and you away with a pound of tea. Fire away, what is it?"

"Well, you see," and here Dolly eyed the toe of his boot complacently, "I'm a bit new to the ways of Cadiz, and I should like to know if it's the custom for girls to throw roses at young men, and a kiss after them. See this?" And here he produced a bloated pink rose. "I had that shied at me this afternoon by a regular stunner. She was leaning out of a balcony (quite a nice house—I took the number). Egad! what a pair of eyes she had, great dark things, that made you feel all queer inside! I picked up the rose, kissed it, and tucked it in my coat. I also waved my hand and said *au revoir*, which she seemed to understand and like. Now, how on earth am I going to see and talk to her, for see and talk to her I *must!*"

"D——d rot!" murmured a middy in the corner.

"Get your hair cut!" snorted another.

Suddenly, Green, with a vigorous wink at the assembly, began to give his advice.

"To do the thing properly you ought to serenade the lady," said the senior sub., gravely. "Sombrero hat, big cloak, guitar, and all that, don't you know. You tinkle one or two tunes on the guitar rather well, Dolly, especially 'Come and be my Fuzzy-wuzz.' Now I tell you what. I've got that velvet cloak and felt hat over from the theatricals. They'd suit you to a T."

"We'll put a paper feathah in his hat, la-di-dah!" piped the infantile middy. "What about a feather; he *must* have a feather, Green!"

"Oh, a ham frill will do just as well. We'll get you up, Dolly, and smuggle you ashore."

"Will you really, Green?" asked Dolly, growing quite apoplectic with pleasure. "It's most awfully good of you to trouble."

"I'll take no end of trouble over this affair," said the senior sub., grimly.

"And it's such an original idea," babbled Dolly. "The very thought makes one feel a knight, a 'do and dare' sort of person, don't you know. I hope it will be moonlight. And I say, Green, show us the hat and cloak!"

"Time enough after dinner! Meanwhile, if I were you, I'd try to beautify myself to the utmost, and practice 'Oh! come and be my Fuzzy-wuzz.' You're a bit thin on the high notes. Don't forget, too, to get leave from the Commander You've a beautiful way of forgetting that you are not first cousin to the Archangel, and, consequently, can't do as you like!"

Dolly went to the Commander, obtained leave, and after dinner was closeted in the cabin of the senior sub. Presently the middies, who waited in chuckling expectation, saw him issue therefrom clad in top boots, a villainous sombrero hat without a feather, and a cloak wrapped round his shoulders like a Roman toga. He carried his guitar, thickly beribboned with streamers—worked by various foolish young damsels—and tripped into the gunroom with a mincing step that would have done credit to Agag.

"By Jove! Doll, you do look fine,'



Eleven o'clock p.m. found him posted beneath her window.

said a voice from the corner. "But you ought to have a moustache to complete the effect. Girls like moustaches, I've heard."

"I believe they do," agreed Dolly, stroking the place where the hair ought to grow. "I suppose you haven't got one amongst your theatrical togs, Green?"

"A red one."

"That'll do." She won't notice the colour at a distance. What about the beeswax?"

"Oh! I've got a lump," said the infantile middy, "and I'm very good at handling it. Hurry up, Green, with the moustache, and I'll stick it on."

The middy disappeared, and returned with a piece of beeswax. "Sit down here, Dolly," he commanded, pushing Dolly on to the settee, "and mind and keep a straight face. It must be put on hot to make the thing stick."

Accordingly Dolly sat down, and obediently held up his face. A great lump of hot wax was dropped on his upper lip, and amid groans and a total disregard for the straightness of the adornment, the moustache was clapped on with the result that one end curled fiercely in the direction of his left eye—the other drooped pitifully towards the collar-bone.

However, it was too fast to be removed at once; so Dolly was bundled over the side, not feeling quite at ease, although the idea of his present adventure tickled his sense of importance immensely. If only he could make the right side of this confounded moustache curl upward! Still, it could not be helped.

Once ashore, he hurried towards the street where he had seen the fair one leaning from her balcony, and eleven o'clock p.m. found him posted beneath her window, trying in a very quavering voice what he imagined to be his best song. He squeaked about and, like the curate in the *Bab Ballads*, wobbled high and wobbled low, but, despite his efforts, he did not succeed in producing any very startling melody. However, by-and-bye he gained more confidence and boldly twanged away at his guitar.

He wanted to sing "Pepita," but the words refused to come to his brain. He could only remember one line—and that, "Pepita, Pepita, thou art all in all."

This he repeated over and over again with various inflexions of passion and pathos. At last he began to feel a little tired, and to wonder when the fair one would show up. Just as he was beginning to despair, he heard the sash of the window lifted, and on looking up, saw appearing a female head, swathed in some soft lace shawl. Then a rose was flung down, and it was aimed so well that it hit him on the nose, and scratched that organ with its thorn.

"Pepita, Pepita, thou art all in all," he sighed.

A voice was heard from above, "Caro mio!"

He only knew three Italian words, and employed them accordingly.

"Carissima, io t'amo," he vehemently spouted.

"Mio ben!" came back from the balcony.

"Io t'amo," he again cried, "Ma cherie—mein liebchen—my Poppet!"

Here he stopped short. "Better give her another song," he thought. "Perhaps that will fetch her down."

It didn't fetch her down, but it fetched something else in the shape of a huge pomegranate, which fell full on his head, burst, and sent all the pips and juice over his face.

"The giddy little thing!" he murmured. "I believe she's having a game with me. Perhaps, though, it's the way of Cadiz!" And he leisurely wiped away the *débris* from his face.

He waited a little while, twanged a few more chords, and then began to wonder if the game was worth the candle. The

unknown showed not the slightest disposition to descend, seemed in no way touched by his serenade and costume, in fact, was actually shutting the window. If he was not mistaken, too, he heard the sound of laughter that seemed to imply that the lady above was far too wise to court the fervid wooing of passing serenaders.

And he had somehow hoped for a delicious *tête-à-tête* in the moonlight—a sort of romance that he could turn the other fellows green with envy in recounting—and all he had received was a scratch on the nose with a thorn, and a heavy and over-ripe pomegranate on his head.

Really, the best thing he could do would be to toddle back and in the morning assume an air of mystery, which although implying much, would mean, if they only knew it, absolutely nothing.

So he sorrowfully scrambled over the side of the *Flamboyant*, a sadder, but not, I fear, as yet, a wiser man.

"Well, Dolly, how did you get on last night?" asked the senior sub. next morning. "Any luck?"

"Delightful time, delicious!" said Dolly, turning a trifle pink, but whistling with an air of great nonchalance.

"Was she pretty?" queried the infantile middy.

"Pretty and as smart as paint!" continued Dolly, calmly.

"What language did you talk?" asked another.

"There are times when language is unnecessary," said the young reprobate. "I believe I called her *Carissima*, if I remember rightly, and she said something about '*Mio ben*,' whatever that may mean."

"My all! Fancy Dolly being anybody's all! What about the moustache, though?"

"Never you mind. I've told you quite enough. Go and get up your experiences first hand." And with this Dolly rose and disappeared on deck.

During the forenoon, the officers of the gun-room were startled by Dolly coming in, very white in the face, and a most sickly smile on his mouth. He carried a letter in his hand.

"Look here, you fellows, see what's just been handed to me. How on earth did the bounder find me out, and how in the name of Moses shall I answer it?"

He planked down a letter in front of the senior sub., saying, "Read, read it aloud."

Had he been a keen observer, he might have noticed a curious gleam in the eyes of the senior sub.

"By Jove!" ejaculated Green, after perusing the sheet with great attention, "this looks bad. Listen, all!

"'HONOURED SIR,—

"I would have you know that I do not permit gentlemen to serenade my wife, and when they calls her *Carissima*, such insults must be wiped out with the bloods. I will meet you three days from hense, near the ruins of ——. Pistols or rapiers, whichsoever you prefers, and your seconds you of course choose yourselves.

"'Awaiting a reply, I have the pleasure, honoured sir, to be,

"'Your humble servant,

"'DON CESARE DE CASTILLO.'"

The senior sub. looked very serious.

"What the devil am I to say?" gasped Dolly, looking helplessly round.

"Say? Why, accept, of course. If you will do these things, you know, you must pay the penalty. Any choice of weapons?"

"But—but I've never fired a pistol in my life, and as for a rapier, ugh! don't speak of it."

"I'll be one of the seconds," said a fat, big, good-tempered boy.

"And I the other!" echoed the infantile one.

"Can't I get out of it? Don't you think I could get out of it? Confound the girls! If I could only square this affair, I'd never look at another."

"Get out of it! One of our gun-room officers a coward! Get away below, and practise drawing a bead—rig up a bull's-

eye—a ginger-beer bottle—anything—but don't talk of getting out of it!"

"Buck up, Dolly—buck up!" chorused the others.

And he bucked up sufficiently the next three days to purchase a pistol and to practice with it, as advised.

Every spare moment he occupied in standing before a huge paper heart that he had drawn and coloured, and to watch him was the funniest sight in the world.

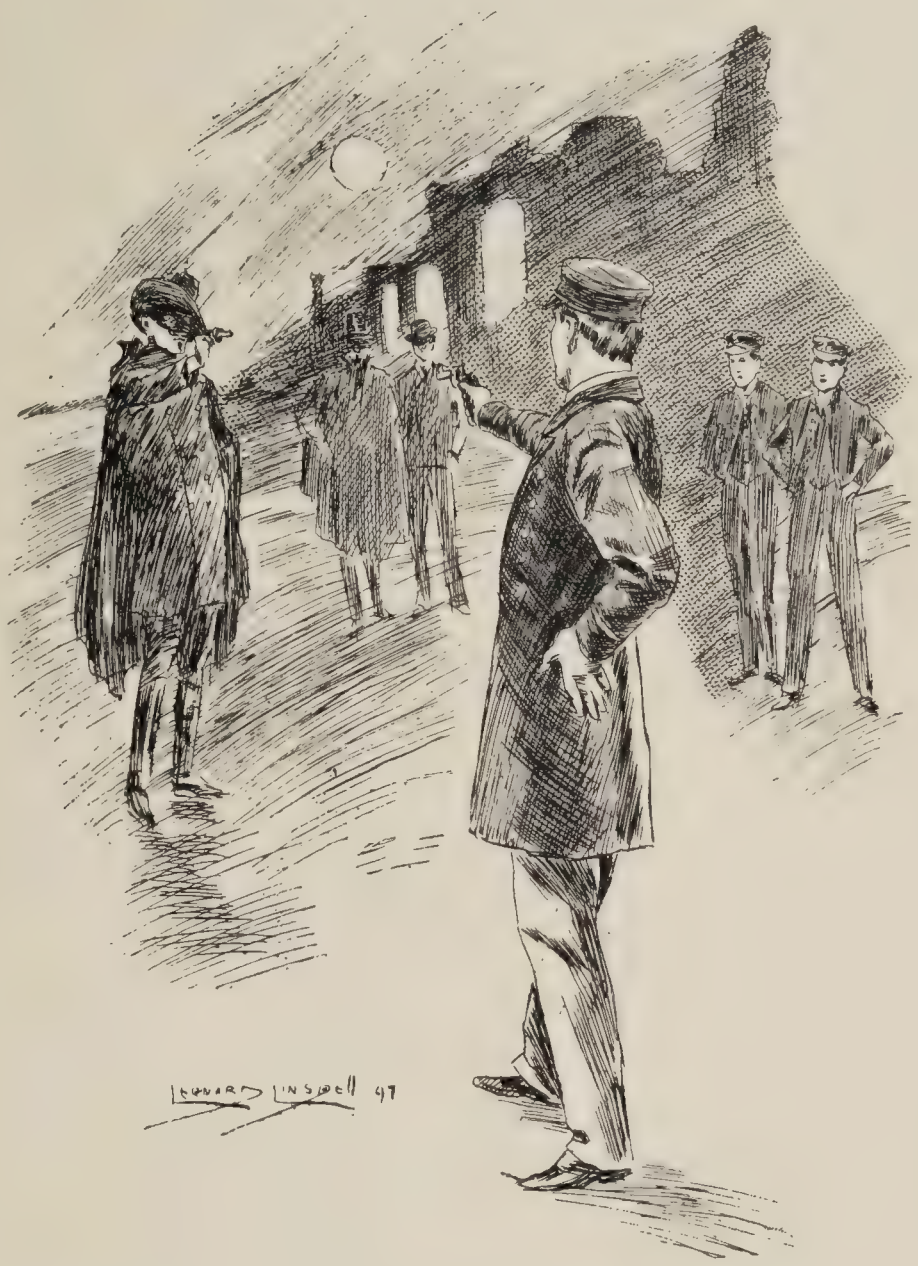
So, at least, his messmates thought. For he would bob backwards and forwards, screw up first one eye and then the other, advance and withdraw with the pistol in his hand, making, meanwhile, such earnest and hideous grimaces, that some bluejackets who saw him said that he gave them the "jim-jams." "Cocking a pistol in front of a bloomin' paper 'art," said one son of Neptune, disdainfully. "I call it the stoopidest thing I ever seed. 'E can't shoot, 'e can't, no more than a flea."

The gun-room was most cheery in its advice; in fact, they thought it rare sport, which, considering Dolly's loss of appetite and sleepless nights, was most unkind.

The fatal day arrived, and in the cool of the evening Dolly and his two seconds might have been seen shoving off inside the breakwater.

The hero of the hour looked positively green. He nervously clutched his pistol, and when they found themselves nearing the ruins, he looked piteously nervous.

As they hove in sight, a form, followed by two others, emerged from behind the ruins. All three were masked, which added to the terror of the situation.



"Are you ready?" said one of the opposing seconds.

"My God! I can't do it, you fellows," muttered Dolly. "Look how I'm shaking. It isn't fair."

"Don't be a fool," said the fat boy, prodding him in the back; "be a man. Pull yourself together and see him blowed."

"But why has he got a mask on?"

"Why does a miller wear a white hat?"

The advancing figures were now within a few paces of Dolly. A space between them was marked off. Don Cesare saluted his opponent, posed himself, and waited.

Dolly shambled into position, cocked his pistol, and waited too.

Heavens! how horrible he felt. A numb, sickly feeling gripped his head. He knew he had come there to die—to die like a dog, just when life was at its fairest, and he at his strongest. Well, it couldn't be helped.

"Are you ready?" said one of the opposing seconds.

Dolly nodded.

"One—two—three—Fire!"

The report of two pistols rose on the air. Following it closely came a shriek of agony, and Dolly fell forward.

At that shriek, Don Cesare tore off his mask, disclosing the somewhat ashen face of Green, the senior sub.

"By Gad! you were careful to see that the pistols weren't loaded?" he gasped to his fellow-conspirators. "What's happened to the Juggins? Hi, Seton, old fellow, don't be a bally ass! We were only having a lark. Here, give us the brandy, and dig him in the ribs."

In the utmost consternation they all surrounded the unconscious Dolly, who, under the influence of this vigorous treatment, presently opened his eyes.

"Where am I wounded?" he feebly asked. "Am I losing much blood?"

"Wounded! losing blood! you young bounder," retorted Green with a sigh of relief. "You haven't as much as a scratch on your delicate person. We thought we'd have a bit of a joke with you, but never imagined you'd flop in this idiotic fashion. You fainted bang away, and gave us a pretty fright, I can tell you.

"Then *you* wrote that letter, *you* were Don Cesare, &c., &c," said Dolly, sitting in the middle of the road, and blinking vaguely at the senior sub.

"That's so," said Green of the *Flamboyant*.

"You skunk! I've a good mind to punch your head off!"

"Better bottle up your energy; you might want it on some future occasion."

"How about *Carissima?*" ventured the fat boy.

"*Carissima* be da——" was the answer. "The mere idea of a girl makes me ill. Come to G—— and have a tuck in, you fellows. I feel champagne is the only thing to restore my equilibrium."

They went, with the result that a few hours later a very rowdy party of young officers made their way in the direction of the *Flamboyant*.

They were announcing to the world, that Dolly was "a jolly good fellow," to which opinion that resuscitated gentleman fully agreed.

He has but one annoyance now, that is, instead of calling him Dolly, he has been rebaptised *Carissima*.





"And I suppose your little grandson is very fond of you, Mrs. Smith?"
"Oh, Lor' bless you, yes, miss,'e do fair analyse me!"



Father Hopkins.

(*From a photo by A. Keliy.*)



Father Hopkins and a Brother at work building the chapel.

(*From a snapshot by a visitor.*)

AN ANGLICAN MONASTERY.

A DAY WITH FATHER HOPKINS AT ALTON.

BY ARTHUR KELLY.

ILLUSTRATED FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.

MANY will have read in "The Christian" during the last few months an account of an Anglican Brotherhood, to which John Storm belonged. Knowing that for some years Father Hopkins had established such a Community at the Abbey, about three miles from Alton, in Hampshire, and having had my curiosity still further whetted by a meeting at the Nottingham Church Congress, at which an attempt was made to heckle him pretty severely, I sought and obtained leave to spend a day at the Abbey, thinking that many would be interested to know what are the rules and manner of life of its inmates.

A mile or so from Alton, I turned from the main road to ascend a very steep hill, known as the King's Hill, from the top of which a pretty view of Alton may be obtained. The tinkling of the Church bell, and a signpost on which was printed "The Abbey," told me that I had at last reached my destination. On arriving at the door, where hangs the large bell for visitors, I was at once escorted by a Brother to the guest-room, a comfortable room of varnished deal about seven yards square. Above the grandfather's clock stood a large white cross. Over the window was an oil painting, "presented by the mutineers of the Cairnie Hill." In the corner stood a cigar-stand, but of this more anon. On the north side, near the door opening into the bedroom, was a bookcase containing a number of books dealing with religious life and work: *The Last Abbot of Glastonbury*, *The Poems of George Herbert*, *The Life of S. Benedict*, together with others of a



The Chapel.

(*Photo by A. Kelly.*)

very different nature, as, *Sentimental Tommy*, *The Captain's Youngest*, *Little Lord Fauntleroy*, from which I gathered that fiction is not banned from the monastery. In a few minutes a member of the Community, Brother Anselm, whose duty it was on that day to look after the guests, came and took me to the Chapel for the Office of Sext. I was placed in the ante-Chapel, behind a screen of rustic woodwork, beyond which visitors are not allowed to proceed. Close to my head was the photograph of a vessel lying wrecked on the coast. The Brothers, who now number about fifteen, entered singly, at intervals of a few moments, and the service began. The Psalms were said antiphonally in very slow, measured tones, followed by the collects for the day, and a special one for sailors. A novice sat by my side and most courteously pointed out to me the different parts of the service. As the sun shone into the Chapel on that fine autumn morning, and the response came from the Brothers, "Lord, I love Thy promises above gold and precious stones," these words seemed to give the key to their life of self-abnegation. Sext over, I was conducted to the guest-room for my first meal—tiffin, which was served at 12.15, and consisted of tea, four slices of bread, as many sardines, some fresh butter, and a piece of Gouda cheese. When this was over, Brother Anselm came to show me round the Monastery. Visitors must not expect to find a stately building of stone, for the Abbey is built mainly of deal and corrugated zinc, with verandahs and porches of rustic-work. The Chapel, built entirely by the Brothers themselves, is constructed of wood, hazel-stems, and clay, with flying buttresses made of tree-trunks cut from the copse. In the turret above may be seen the bell which rings for the various Offices, and also for the Angelus at 5.10 a.m., 1 p.m., and 5.30 p.m. Then, whatever the work for the moment may be, in Abbey or field, all

kneel, and say as a memorial of the Incarnation the usual Salutation and collects. In the far turret hangs the big bell, which was brought from a Buddhist monastery in Burma, and is used to call the Brothers from their slumbers at 5 a.m., and rings also at the hours of recreation, and of solemn silence at 6 and 9 p.m.

First we passed through the refectory, where all the meals are served from a hatch near the window opening out into the south cloister. Here stood a Brother, a tall young fellow who looked about twenty, known as "the refectorian," busily employed in cleaning the plate. Above the window hangs a picture of "Christus Consolator," formerly the altar-piece of the Priory Chapel at Bombay, when the Order of S. Paul had its headquarters there, while beneath is seen in the photograph the rope of the Church bell. The tables are arranged in the form of a T, and beneath the statue of Thomas à Becket may be noticed a handsome oak chair for the Superior-General, presented by friends in Cambridge, while the oak chairs on the left and right are for the senior Brothers, and came from friends in Hereford. Opposite the window is a large picture of the Crucifixion, about 6 ft. long, on one side a representation of S. Anthony of Padua, and on the other an engraving of Shield's picture of "The Good Shepherd." In one corner stood the lectern for the book read at meals, the one then chosen being Lacordaire's "Jesus Christ, God, and Man." At the first meal of the day, a portion of the general Directory, or Observances, is read, consisting of rules in regard to various minor matters, which experience has suggested from time to time, such as the closing of doors, quietness of movement, and so on. In this room the Father gives his lectures on Holy Scripture, Church History, and other subjects.

Brother Anselm then took me over the grounds, enclosing a copse in which the



A corner of the Refectory.

(*Photo by A. Kelly.*)

Abbey is built, and covering about twenty acres. Passing the poultry-house, the pig-stys and granary, and the dairy, which the Brothers partly erected, a turn to the right brought us to the potato-fields, where six or seven Brothers, together with their Superior, Brother Paul, who is second in command at the Abbey, were busily employed in gathering potatoes. Here I saw that farm work would wisely occupy some part of the daily routine, and remembered how the monks of old made many a wilderness blossom as the rose. While farm work lasts the habit is laid aside, and ordinary dress worn, the pipe of peace being by no means forgotten. Some were in knickerbockers; and the Superior, in a grey suit and Buffalo Bill hat, was taking his turn with the rest. At five o'clock three cows, which, with the horses and plough seen in the photograph, have been purchased by the Abbey, were driven along, and the milking was soon in full swing. The Brothers, of course, have had to live and learn, and a little bird tells that when the cows first arrived, six Brothers were required to hold each of them, while the seventh vainly attempted to milk her. By this time, however, they are more experienced, and in the dairy an excellent separator was at work, nor need any dairy-maid be ashamed of the butter, which is now churned three or four times a week.



In the Potato-fields.

(Photo by A. Kelly.)

As we rested against the railing of the copse, I asked Brother Anselm to tell me something about the rules and habit of the Community. I learnt that if a man has any thought of joining their number, he is invited to come on a visit of a few days, to see what the life is like. If he decides to take a further step, he joins as a novice. In the novitiate there are three degrees: the first class is known as *probationers*, who wear a cassock and cincture; secondly, the *postulants*, wearing a cassock and brown girdle; thirdly, the *novices proper*,

who wear cassock, girdle, and Cross. Only the professed and novices proper wear the cowl, the monastic head-dress from which the University hood may have originated; this hangs down at the back, and is ready to be thrown over the head when required. If, after his novitiate, a Brother feels he has a vocation for this state of life, and the Community elects to have him, he is professed, and dedicates himself to the work of this Order, handing over all his property to the Community by deed of gift, and wearing upon his girdle three knots, in token of his lifelong vows of poverty, celibacy, and obedience. So far there have been five professed members of the O.S.P., one of whom died of sunstroke after his return from India. The habit is black, as with the Benedictine Order, and in the case of the fully professed, the cassock has wide flowing sleeves, while over it is worn a scapula—a broad strip of cloth hanging down at the back and front and joined by a narrow band on each side.



The Altar of the Chapel.

(From a photo by Brother Basil, O.S.P.)

After the survey of the farm was finished, the recreation bell rang, and I was invited to tea with the Brothers in their common room, which opens into the north cloister, this being a long passage, furnished with oak chests, chairs, pictures, and models of ships. At 5.30 the Angelus sounded, and for a few moments, all knelt in silent prayer. Here we sat, seven or eight in number, smoking and sketching, a very merry party, and were soon joined by Father Hopkins, wearing the same habit as the other professed Brothers, but distinguished by a purple scull-cap. He is now in the prime of life, full of vigour and enthusiasm, possessed of a great gift of humour, and an eloquent preacher. He enjoys the fragrant weed, and thinks it a good thing to be able to smoke with the sailors in the forecastle, believing that he has more than once won the hearts of a ship's crew, and persuaded them to follow him afterwards to Church, by asking if it was not time for all "to light up." At six we heard the notes of the big bell, telling of solemn silence for the next half-hour,

that all might think of and prepare for the due rendering of their part at Evensong. At this service I sat with my novice friend, the four old sailors, and one lady-visitor (not resident) in the ante-Chapel. Being an ordinary week-day the service was ferial, *i.e.*, the music was less florid than on simple and double Feasts, the versicles and responses being said (monotoned) not sung. After Evensong, dinner was served in the guest-room, at which two other visitors were present, a lad of about sixteen, in the Alton Church Lads' Brigade, and a young grocer's assistant, who chose to spend their half-holiday in paying a visit to the Abbey. The Guest-Brother dined with us, while another waited. Soon after eight Father Hopkins came to have a chat with the young fellows before they left, and again the cigar-stand was brought into play. I was made to clearly understand that tobacco is never bought by the Community, but the friends of the Brothers supply them with this little luxury.

"You think," I asked, "that the life-long vows are necessary?"

"Yes," he said, "otherwise what assurance is there of stability? I might send a man to some work, and except for these vows I should have no guarantee that he would remain. My own vows have often helped me in times of persecution or difficulty when tempted to choose some easier life. Like Sisterhoods, we must work our way by being found useful. They were certainly not encouraged at first by Episcopal sanction. I have asked the Bishop to read our rule, and make any suggestions he desires. The religious life is a *state* of life, and must be, therefore, begun, continued, and ended in God. The novitiate must last for at least two years, and may be as much longer as is thought desirable, though I could not advance a novice to any important post. Many, I am aware, stand aghast at the thought of lifelong vows, but have not these been taken by all married people? Nay, has it not been said by some saint," he asked with a smile, "that matrimony is the only state of life in which the profession comes first, and the novitiate follows after?"

The visitors now left, as it was nine o'clock, and a bell rang as a warning that all non-resident guests must leave the Monastery; and after Compline (9.15) silence reigns to the end of the Chapter Eucharist on the next morning. As I was to be called very early, immediately after Compline I went to bed.

Punctually at 5 a.m. the big bell sounded, and one of the chamberlains knocked at my door, bringing a can of hot water, which showed that some one had been up even earlier than this. At 5.30 all were in their places in choir for the first services of the day, Matins, Prime, and Lauds, with meditation; followed by a celebration of the Holy Communion, at which the old pensioners were present. The various choir offices are taken by the Lay-Brothers in turn, in order that each may gain experience in the conduct of them. At seven, breakfast was brought to the guest-chamber,—a bowl of broth, bacon, mashed potatoes, tea, bread, and butter. After Terce, which is at nine, the Guest-Brother came and took me to the Sacristy, where he showed me a beautiful Chalice-veil of Brussels lace, various frontals, vestments, and stoles, all these being gifts from different well-wishers.

On my return to the guest-chamber, Father Hopkins came, as I had requested, to explain more fully his views about monastic life. "How," I enquired, "did the idea of an Abbey take root in your mind?"

"Well," he replied, "I was brought up a Dissenter, and had not been baptised. I promised my mother, when leaving home for school, to read a chapter of the Bible every night; and before going to sleep one night I came across the verse: "Except a man be born of water and of the Spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God."

This made me uncomfortable, and gave me no rest. I went, therefore, to a clergyman of the Church of England, was baptised, and soon afterwards confirmed by the late Archbishop of Canterbury (then Bishop of Truro). I then began to read, and was seized with a great desire to take up church work. Joining my friends in India, I became organist of Rangoon Cathedral, and gave him his first Communion. My mother and all the family have since been baptised, and are now most of them sons and daughters of their Church in India. I soon began to feel the necessity for some bond or deed of gift, which would not leave me free to abandon my work among the sailors. I was brought face to face with social questions how to deal with the destitute and oppressed: how to



The North Cloister.

(*Photo by A. Kelly.*)

taught music. Here I took an interest in the choir-boys, and I believe that this attracted towards me the kind attention of the Archdeacon, the present Anglican Bishop of Jerusalem. Afterwards I was ordained in Rangoon by the present Bishop of Burma. At my ordination I privately registered a vow to concentrate all my efforts upon an endeavour to bring about a better accomplishment of the Church's duty towards our merchant seamen. In three years, after many talks with my father, I assisted to baptise him, and show them in life actual faith and hope; how to touch them with the charity of Christ. As I determined that my home should be the home of the destitute, this did not permit me to marry and have family cares of my own. Thus I felt the need of the vow of celibacy. I was warned by the affairs of the Seamen's Mission at Rangoon, and elsewhere, that speaking as I did about the innumerable injustices meted out to our merchant seamen, I was alienating the subscriptions of shipowners and others, and that unless I

altered my methods, the society which I desired to establish would soon cease to have the means of paying its way. I felt, too, that we ought to be independent of salaries, and this made me realise the need of the second vow of poverty. Then there was the third vow of obedience. Discipline in our merchant service is made up of some most unsatisfactory elements, inasmuch as many a skipper is 'hail fellow well met' with his donkeyman and cook one day, and abusing them the next: the officers often act impulsively, according to the humour of the moment, and not always with justice or dignity. Of course in the Royal Navy a very different state of things prevails. In the O.S.P. we exhibit a strict form of discipline in the life which we live for and amongst our merchant seamen. At first one or two sailors joined me, we began by living together, and day by day drew up rules to meet such needs as arose. After some years I came in contact with the Oxford Mission to Calcutta, the Cowley Fathers at Bombay, and Father Ignatius of Llanthony. I had never, however, met any monks, nor read books about them, nor felt any sort of attraction towards purely Roman Catholic methods. Thus the scheme was entirely the outcome of a desire to consecrate my own life, and secure the co-operation of others, in the way that seemed best for the service of God and our sailors. I now began to read the history of the revival of Sisterhoods, and the conviction forced itself upon me that the establishment of a Brotherhood would be the key to the solution of the difficulty, and that in organising this I must seek the foundations for it amongst the virtues and obligations which gave to the Catholic Church her ancient religious Orders. The light came slowly but surely, and at last I saw that the only way to perfect the Church's life and work anywhere was to seek after perfection oneself, by following the evangelical counsels of Christ, and offering self, soul and body, as a lively sacrifice to God and humanity in the religious state. Calcutta was made our first headquarters, and I agreed to remain there for five years. At the end of that time we found how great was the difficulty of obtaining men and means so far away from the mother country, so we transferred our chief centre to England. We have now compared our rules with those of the Benedictine Order, and found that in spite of different expressions, both were very evident attempts to meet the same needs. In deep thankfulness, therefore, and with, we trust, something of the humility of true disciples of the great leader, we have taken St. Benedict and his rule for our father and guide, and now find ourselves upon a strong and sure foundation. For this rule of the Order of St. Paul we seek the approval of our branch of the Church Catholic. After long years the resolutions of the last Lambeth Conference, which recognises alike the revival of Brotherhoods and Sisterhoods, the appointment by the Conference of a committee to deal with this subject, and the friendly co-operation of the Bishop of Winchester, have now opened the way, I trust, for the possible attainment of this object."

"You have had, I suppose, great difficulties to face?"

"Yes, the Bishop of Calcutta was opposed to the transference of our headquarters to England. Shipowners accuse us (falsely, of course) of stirring up discontent and strife amongst their men and on board their ships, because we have given our spiritual sons protection and help. Others have not hesitated to actually conspire for our overthrow. The general public is doubtful as to our loyalty to Church of England principles; and being of no University, without a degree, and "only in Colonial Orders," I am not supposed by many of our "Fathers in God," and by a vast number of my more fortunate brother priests, to be in

any way qualified to become the founder of a religious Order, or to be a leader of men of any importance or ability. At the Church Congress, I insisted as strongly as I could on the absolute need of loyalty to the Church of England. The Benedictine rule in itself is free from any distinctly Roman bias. The early British Church had monks before Augustine, who opposed him when he came West. The picture of the "Cairnie Hill," in the guest-room, was presented by twelve sailors, most of them members of our Guild, who were accused of mutiny, and counsel was engaged to prosecute them. We secured and helped to conduct their defence, and as a result, they were acquitted, while the captain and officers were proved to have fired upon them. The gold Cross which I wear, on which is inscribed "Father Hopkins," was given me by another ship's crew, as they heard that I had been obliged to pawn a former one; when I myself, the Community, and some of the men and lads, were once face to face with starvation."

"You consider then, that there is an especial advantage in such a Community as yours?"

"I do so, because the world needs such ventures of faith. Our life is an act of faith, as we live from hand to mouth. To a great extent we are supported by the half-crowns of the poor. I do not believe that we have as yet more than five £5 subscribers. People say to me, 'What would happen to the Abbey if you were to die?' I answer that it the work is useful, God will raise up a successor. Everything in my private room is a gift. I don't think it has really cost our general fund as much as sixpence. A further advantage is the ultimate saving of expense when all the work is done by the Brothers. Our London office cost £70 a year, the general clerical secretary's salary £175, and the printing £450. But now our office is here, the secretary is unpaid, one of our novices is a printer by profession, and we now print here all our bills, and *The Messenger*, which has a monthly circulation of about 3,000 copies."



Pensioners, Convalescents, and the Burmese Cook.

(*Photo by A. Kelly.*)

"How do you deal with the private means of the novices? What provision do you make for the possible withdrawal of any Brother?"

"We try in every way," Father Hopkins said, "to safeguard their position. They are not allowed to give us any of their capital until they profess, but after professing they make a deed of gift of all they have to the Abbey, unless, of course, there are other claims to be met first. The clothes in which they arrive here are packed up, and given with an inventory to the House-Brother, that they may have them again if they leave. Many come and go; we retain their goodwill, and they frequently return to spend a few days in their old quarters. If after surrendering their property, the father, mother, or sister of the professed should fall into actual want, the Community would send the member to work for them, or make the necessary allowance for their support, for we recognise the duty of succouring our parents and others also, if no other aid is forthcoming. You wish, I think, to know what could happen if a man who had taken the life vows repudiated them or went away. I should not be able to do anything except excommunicate him, as provided for in the rule, and report his case to the Bishop, but I should not allow his property to be returned. That would have been given to God, and would be as sacred and as sure, I trust, as the Church's present endowments."

"Where," I asked, "is the active work of the Order of St. Paul carried on?"

Our former work at Calcutta, Chittagong, and Budge-Budge is now transferred to the Seamen's Mission at Calcutta, under the management of the Bishop of Calcutta. Father Alban is still in charge of the Church of St. Nicholas, and the Priory at Bombay. Our other work is at Barry Docks, Cardiff, under the superintendence of Brother Hugh and Brother Maurus. The accounts are audited by a chartered accountant, the only point in which we allow the interference of outsiders; the Bishop, as visitor, having, of course, his own special opportunities of satisfying himself that all things are being done 'decently and in order.' In reply to the objection that Alton is too far from the sea, the Abbey is intended as a training-ground, and if near to a seaport, we should be overrun with sailors, and the men would be unable to find sufficient time to study. Four old sailors are here as pensioners and two convalescents in addition. We have six bunks for any casuals, who may be passing from Southampton to London, and we can provide them with a common room, a big bath, and perhaps with scissors, needle, and thread to do a little mending."

My last question was about John Storm and "The Christian," and Father Hopkins drew my attention to one great mistake in the book. John Storm had not been professed, and therefore, could not with justice be cursed for leaving the Brotherhood. "I am aware," he said, "that Mr. Hall Caine is popularly supposed to have studied the rules and observances of certain Anglican Brotherhoods for the purpose of his novel, but he has not studied ours, nor visited either of our homes. One day when I was preaching at a City Church he sent his card to me in the vestry, in order to ask me some questions: he wished, for one thing, to know if I considered the religious state implied the absolute killing of the personal feelings? I pointed out to him that this would leave a man with a defective nature: a man must retain his personality, and his human affections, for in a defective nature there would not be room for the triumph of grace."

The time had now come for me to say my adieux, so I left the Abbey with pleasant memories, and with the photographs here reproduced.

A MAN WITH NO CHARACTER.

BY ANDREW MERRY.

ILLUSTRATED BY A. CAMPBELL CROSS.

"YOU are a man of no character," said Mrs. Romayne, putting her finger-tips together and speaking with the due deliberation of one who weighs well her words.

Her husband laughed, but his merriment rang palpably false.

"You've called me a *bad* character often enough," he retorted.

Edith Romayne did not deign to notice this flippant speech, but continued her passionless harangue.

"During the four years that we have been married, it is not once, or even twice, that I have forgiven your almost unpardonable faults. I have honestly endeavoured as a wife, and as a Christian woman," she raised her fine eyes to the ceiling as if expecting to find the commendation of an approving Heaven written above her head, "to lead you into better ways, and to help you in your struggle against your besetting sin,"—her face hardened and the lines of her thin lips grew cruel,—"that vile, that accursed habit of drinking more than is good for you! I became a strict teetotaller, as you know, soon after I realised the truth, and always, so far as lay in my power, have prevented your being subject



"You are a man of no character."

to temptation in your own and other houses. Even your men-servants I have chosen carefully — being all abstainers. And yet—after *all* I have done, and *all* you have promised—here again you have been absent from home for more than a week, returning last night without question the worse for liquor."

She stood before him, her hand raised accusingly, her tall lithe figure rigid with scorn, her statuesque face expressing the deepest disgust—the impersonification of outraged Virtue condemning Vice.

Vice — represented by Mr. Richard Romayne — writhed under his wife's scathing words and fiery glances, well knowing that the heavy indictment was more or less deserved, until she suggested that he had returned to his home in Eaton Square the night before in a questionable condition. At this the hitherto conscience-stricken sinner plucked up sufficient courage to venture a mild remonstrance.

"Oh, come, I swear, Edith, I was *not* screwed last night. Ask Tompkins, he and James let me in, they will tell you that I was not even squiffy."

His wife interrupted him with a gesture, and a fresh gleam of anger flashed across her hazel eyes.

"Don't add to the matter by telling lies or by using disgusting and vulgar expressions in my hearing. Fancy thus calling on the very servants to speak in your defence! Is not my degradation already deep enough? Where have you been these last six days? Answer me that! Will you swear you have been in your sober senses every minute since you left the house a week ago, and if so, why did you not come home? Answer me that!"

Her listener relapsed into a moody attitude and drummed on the tablecloth with unconscious fingers. The servants had left the breakfast-room, and it was no longer necessary to keep up appearances. After all, Edith had cause to be angry, he did not deny that.

There was nothing about Richard Romayne's outer man to justify his wife's reproaches. He was well dressed and well shaven. His black hair was close cut, and his eyes—generally a most tell-tale feature of past dissipation — were clear enough. Many people called him a "good-looking man," though the adjective was not well chosen; whilst on the other hand impressionable old-young-ladies had been heard to whisper that he had such a "delightfully wicked" face. As a matter of fact, he was like a hundred-and-one other ordinary Englishmen as he sat there, looking a little sheepish certainly, and fingering his moustache nervously. He did not speak until the silence following his wife's unanswerable questions became more unbearable than the sound of his own halting tongue.

"You see," he began at last, the words coming out in jerky sentences. "You don't understand. If for a moment you could put yourself into my place, and know *how* I feel, and all about—this—habit catching hold of me, you would not be so hard. Look here, Edith, forgive me this once more, and don't, oh, don't be so—so—*damned* virtuous, and unapproachable. There, I'm sorry I used the word, but you *are* so hard on a poor devil. Be more human, Edith, try if you can't picture a little the struggle, the strength of temptation. You've never even been *tempted* in your life to do anything not straight. Forgive me, wife, this time, take me back. Help me!" He caught her hand and kissed it. "Love me a little, and I swear—before God—you won't repent it."

He tried to draw his wife nearer to him, but she pulled her hands away with a fresh shudder of distaste, crying shrilly,

"I don't believe you're quite sober now! How dare you touch or caress me when, when,—after," her voice vibrating with anger cracked dangerously. Then

with a strong effort of will she controlled herself, and continued more composedly,

"No, Richard, I can't forgive you—yet. You must leave me for a time, and show me that your repentance is genuine this time. I don't ask you for any detailed account of where you have been this horrible week, though I know it is my right. It would be useless, no doubt, and would only give me fresh and needless pain, or add to your many sins that of more deceit. Probably if I knew all I could sever the tie between us. No—don't trouble to deny my words! It does not make any great difference any way, for under *no* circumstances would I ever divorce you. But we must certainly separate, for a time at any rate—I owe as much to myself after your last outrageous conduct."

Silence followed her speech. The time-piece on the mantelpiece struck the hour, its chiming bells ringing a merry peal, answered by a cuckoo-clock in the distance, whose mechanical songster emerged and screamed, with aggravating cheerfulness, ten times.

Richard counted them. One—two—three——eight—nine—ten. What a pity, he thought, there was no child *now* to be amused by the absurdly simple toy. How the poor little baby had loved that clock. He could almost hear her inarticulate crows of pleasure, and later her lisping 'A-dain,' when he lifted her up to look. If she had lived, he would have had something to pull up for, an unbreakable tie between him and his wife—but now—Baby Sis was gone, and Edith—

He looked furtively under his eyelashes at his wife, and the chilled breath of her unsullied purity struck cold at his heart. She no longer cared for him, and his love for her, the one thing that might have redeemed him, was weakening every day. How could he, the erring sinner, face the un-understanding immeasurable horror of his sin that was depicted in every line of his wife's face, and figure, more strongly after each periodic relapse? The sorrow and penitence died out of his soul, and a harder, more reckless spirit took possession of him.

"Why go over old ground?" he asked rather languidly. "I quite admit all the premises of your argument. I'm a drunkard—more or less—and a bad lot, more or less. In fact, as you say, 'a man of no character.' Well, what do you want me to do? Go away? All right, certainly, I shall be happy to oblige you. As it happens, my departure is comparatively easy to accomplish, for I met Davids yesterday, and he offered me the use of his little steam yacht for the next six months if I liked to pay the crew. He says she's in commission, and at Southwick, near Brighton. All I've got to do is to wire to his steward and step on board her. I told him I would reply to him some time to-day—best do it at once." His movements became quite energetic, and he quickly found a telegraph form and wrote for a few seconds. "Will this suit you?" he read out what he had written. "'Accept your offer of yacht gratefully. Please wire your steward to expect me to-night, and get in stores.' "Of course," he added, "I'll take down my own liquor with me," and turned to watch the effect of such bravado upon his wife.

"Naturally you will," she replied coldly, "and in the course of six months I dare say you may go far towards drinking yourself to death. Well, my garments are clear of your blood," her hands moved outward with an expressive gesture. "I have done my best, and now must remember other duties that I can no longer neglect for your sake. My little work in connection with the "Women's Temperance Movement" has suffered much lately, owing to the anxiety you have caused me. Henceforth I must make *that* my great object in life, and I pray that my efforts may be more blessed there than they have been in your case."

Again her long lashes swept upward, and

she clasped her hands in a half-unconscious attitude of prayer.

Richard looked at her curiously, a cynical smile hovering at the corners of his lips. How far apart he and she had drifted since the day she lay, a lovely picture of motherhood, her child and his nestling by her side. He could recall the whole scene vividly, and as the memory of the baby face that had once bound them so closely together came, with healthy reaction, before him, spasms of regret and remorse made him again anxious to heal the breach which was now threatening complete rupture.

"Edith, you are a good woman, and one who, I know, always tries to do her duty. When I say what I'm going to, don't think I'm only speaking selfishly because I want you to forgive me—but consider for a moment without prejudice. Is there not a mission in your own home—the father of your dead child to reclaim, here at your feet; to save from becoming—what you have already called him,—over whose prostrate body you elect to walk to your other work? I'm *not* altogether bad yet! No, and Heaven knows I'm not. Won't you help me? Must you turn me away?"

"This is a very painful scene," answered his wife. There was no sorrow in her tone, and at the mention of the dead child her eyes became steely again. "Why prolong it unnecessarily? My mind was made up last night—or to be more accurate, I think I saw then what was the Lord's will in the matter. You speak of Baby Sis. Thank God she never lived to know her father for what he is—a drunkard, a sensualist. I can have no communion with open sin. You have chosen between your vice and me over and over again, and now you must show that—this time—your repentance is real before I can receive you back again. I shall pray daily for you, Richard, and your case shall be remembered in prayer at all our united meetings. No, don't blaspheme! though, out of the fulness of the heart, my poor fellow, the mouth speaketh. God grant you a new heart. Now, good-bye. I have a committee meeting this morning, and a mother's sewing class this afternoon. Tell James what things he is to pack for you, and what are your arrangements."

She moved away from him, but with sudden change of purpose stopped. He saw a look of repulsion steal into her face, then watched her battle with her inclinations. Finally she stooped and offered him her cheek to kiss.

It was doubtless inexcusable, but instead of saluting the fair pink and white cheek of his wedded wife, Richard Romayne sprang up, uttered a blood-curdling oath, and flung himself out of the room!

An hour later he was strolling up Oxford Street in anything but a satisfactory frame of mind. He knew he was doing what was foolish, even wrong, when he tried to steady his twanging nerves by a stiff glass of brandy—the scene with his wife had left him all unstrung. However, *that* matrimonial episode was over, and he had left his house fully determined not to re-enter it for at least six months—if then. The few belongings he intended to take with him were already on their way to the station, and the order he had left at his wine merchant's office—of which he had warned his wife without really intending to exceed—had assumed proportions that were positively startling.

Now he was strolling aimlessly along, with the proverbial idle hands for whom a certain personage is popularly supposed to find some mischief.

And half-way up Oxford Street, Mischief met him.

Mischief personified, Mischief incarnate, Mischief with laughing blue eyes and wind-blown stray curls, Mischief clad in an old blue serge coat and skirt, and a rather battered sailor hat.

How young she looked, the much worn dress barely covering her ankles, brown

freckled little hands ungloved, and swinging to and fro unashamed, the round curves of her coming womanhood half revealed, half concealed by the loose bow round the sailor collar of her blouse.

Richard Romayne stood stock-still, ostensibly looking into a jeweller's shop, in reality watching the pretty child walking slowly towards him.

His one conscious thought was an angry wonder what the careless guardians could be thinking of who thus allowed so young —she seemed about sixteen—and lovely a girl to wander about in London unattended. He had realised at the first glance that the child was undoubtedly gentle born. Why then was this stray lamb unfolded and unwatched in the great city of prowling wolves?

As she passed him, he turned and their eyes met. Never in the man's life had he been more surprised, for the girl half stopped, looked timidly at him again, and then—there was no gainsaying it—then smiled up into his face, evidently expecting him to speak to her.

Certainly a rich crimson flooded her cheeks and neck, with a shamed blush, but her action was unmistakable. Astonished beyond words, Richard raised his hat mechanically and walked by her side.

"I think I have had the pleasure of meeting you before," he said, when he found his voice, with punctilious politeness, but knowing well that he did not speak the truth.

The scarlet danger-signal flamed once more into the girl's face, and to his horror Richard distinctly saw tears gathering in her eyes.

"I beg your pardon," he stopped abruptly, somehow feeling intensely ashamed of his action, and muttered some banalities about "a mistake." But before he could leave her side, the girl laid a little brown hand on his arm.

"Don't go," she whispered, her crimson face looking full into his with a watery smile; "I wanted you to speak to me—I've run away."

They were passing a quiet restaurant at the moment. Richard took the ungloved hand in his own, very gently, very tenderly.

"Will you tell me all about it?" he said, dropping his voice a semitone. "Let me give you a cup of tea or coffee—in here—may I? We shall be undisturbed."

Over a cup of tea, followed by two ices and accompanied by many cakes, the foolish little story was soon told.

Richard drank some coffee, and listened with grave attention, without remark, until the trembling treble voice sunk into silence.

"So your name is 'Daisy,' and your people are in India, and your schoolmistress is an old 'cat,' and everyone is 'horrid' to you? Poor little Daisy! Then you have read novels on the sly; oh! silly little Daisy, and when you were found out, you resolved to run away. You thought no one would care what became of you, and you wanted to see life. Then because you knew it was the very naughtiest thing you could do, you—you, let a stranger—you let me speak to you! Daisy, you are really a very bad child!"

He shook his head gravely at the erring maiden, who looked by no means as conscience-stricken as might have been expected.

Instead two seductive dimples glimmered at the corners of her mouth, and deepened into veritable traps for men's souls, when she showed a row of even little teeth and laughed heartily.

"I'm not a child," she declared; "I'm seventeen to-day—it is my birthday."

"Seventeen! Sweet—but no, I will not descend to platitudes or the commonplace, when I've stepped right into a chapter of fairyland!" Richard Romayne threw over the aspect of judicial impartiality which he had worn when listening

to the girl's story. "Your birthday is it? Well, we'll have some fun, won't we? First you must lunch with me, and we'll discuss plans for—for the afternoon. But most important of all, I'm going to buy you a present, so come and choose it."

Putting behind him like a dream all that had filled his mind, yielding himself to the intoxication of the moment without one pang of remorse, Richard and the girl-child passed the next two hours in a mood of irresponsible gaiety. The present they had, and in its sunshine enjoyed themselves; the future—well, both were content to forget for the time being that the future must come.

By the time they had ransacked a jeweller's shop and demolished their lunch they were great friends. The child ate with a school-girl's appetite, the champagne he gave her—in moderation, added to the brilliancy of her eyes. All traces of shyness had vanished, and they laughed and joked together unceasingly. Daisy had a pretty little witty manner, and her fresh, young ideas delighted the world-weary man, her enthusiasm inspired him, and the charm of her adolescent beauty intoxicated him. She became quite at home with her self-appointed host, and Richard felt himself momentarily falling more and more under the spells she so unconsciously wove.

With perfect confidence Daisy filled in the rough outlines of her story, telling him all about her absent, almost unknown father, of the mother who died in giving her birth, and of the whereabouts of the school from which she had levanted—it was a large institution for the daughters of officers, standing on the outskirts of South London, Richard knew it well by name.

"I'll never go back," she finally declared firmly, "I'd rather kill myself—there! I would! It's not living, Dick"—he had told her to call him this,—"it's being buried alive!"

"But what will you do, Daisy?" he enquired feebly, hardly daring to face the inevitable outcome of her childish escapade, should the girl persist in this reckless mood.

"I can earn my own living, see how strong I am. I'll go on the stage. You don't know how well I can dance, Dick, and I can sing, too, and play, oh! like anything!"

"But meanwhile—before you secure your engagement—have you any money?"

"Only sixpence," she replied, producing the coin from an old, much-worn leather purse, then she added in bantering tones, "My face is my fortune, sir, she said."

"Hush, child," he broke in quickly, "you don't know what you are saying. Where do you mean to live?"

For answer her warm little hand stole into his beneath the tablecloth, and she bent forward to look into his face, her ruddy lips slightly parted and her breath coming a trifle quickly.

"I'll stay with you, Dick," she whispered, "if you'll let me."

Richard Romayne started as if he had been stung; his own wild, rebellious thoughts that until now he had thrust back into nebulous vagueness were crystalised in one moment by her words. His hand closed tightly on hers with a force that almost pained her.

"Don't say no," she went on, in the same hurried whisper. "I know what I'm doing. I've read—Books! I've made up my mind. Anything but going back to that—that——" She broke down into pitiful little sobs and hid her face in her handkerchief.

"My poor baby, I'll be good to you, by——Oh, but it's madness; you can't mean it. I should be a brute to take you at your word." Drops of perspiration broke out on his forehead. Like most tender-hearted men, he could not endure the sight of a woman's tears, and the child's sobs shook him horribly. "I can't



All traces of shyness had vanished.

let you do this—at your age. I can't—I won't."

"If you won't,"—more sobs, the girl's whole figure vibrating with the intensity of her emotion and her words becoming almost inaudible. "If you won't, I shall ask someone else!"

Dark waters seemed to close over Richard Romayne's head, flashes of scarlet light crossed his brain. Who was he to turn away when Fate flung THIS across his path? Edith had cast him off, had called him a—a——. The touch of this child's soft fingers would heal the aching wounds. After all, it was her own doing—she was free to choose what she would do with her life; few men of his acquaintance would have hesitated so long.

"Very well, dear," his voice sounded thickly in his own ears, "I'll take you at your word, if you mean it. I am starting for a six-months' yachting cruise to-night. Would you like to come with me?"

"Yes, I will come."

When the decision was finally made Richard crushed down all qualms of conscience and entered heart and soul into the plans necessary for carrying out the ill-considered scheme. In the first place, of course, Daisy had no clothes beyond the old school-dress in which she stood, so together they purchased her an outfit at Evans', ordering the goods to be packed in cabin trunks and sent to Victoria station before nine o'clock, Richard having arranged that they should go down to Brighton by a train leaving soon after that hour.

No regrets seemed to cloud the girl's happiness, the paradox in her deliberate choice of evil, and her extreme *naïveté* cutting like a knife into her companion's soul. He realised more and more that, for all her boasted knowledge, she understood very little of what her headstrong actions would involve.

Tired out at last when the clock had struck six, her many purchases completed, Richard led the child to a quiet restaurant, where he ordered dinner to be served at once.

When Daisy left him to arrange her toilet in the cloak-room, he recollected that some explanation of her presence would be necessary on the yacht, and decided it would be best to inform the steward by telegraph before they arrived. So he sent the waiter for some forms, and when he got them sat biting the end of a pencil, searching for a plausible lie to account for a feminine companion.

To the casual observer Richard Romayne's appearance presented very little that was remarkable—perhaps he looked a little worried as he sat with his forehead puckered, and his face was rather pale, but he gave no more outward signs of the tempest raging in his breast than was compatible with a doubt as to which horse it would be safest to back, yet in those few minutes, the fate of a child-soul hovering on the brink of perdition was sealed for good or ill.

It took him several minutes to write his messages, then apparently satisfied with the result of his labours, Richard handed the porter the telegrams for immediate despatch, and was ready to talk to Daisy. When she re-appeared, her hat in her hand, and her face refreshed with soap and water, her companion found her yet more alluring without her head gear, there was a delightfully boyish suggestion in the clustering curls over her forehead, where her chestnut hair grew short, he thought, and noted with appreciation her shapely head and neck.

She talked and ate alternately with unabated vigour, despite all the tiring excitement of the day, and Richard Romayne listened with charmed ears to her girlish chatter, though little teasing imps were planting ugly suggestions in his brain, telling of the price which later on would have to be paid.

The strangely assorted couple lingered long over their coffee—the child tasting

with tiny sips the hitherto unknown liqueurs he poured out for her, the man watching her every movement out of half-closed heavy eyes, smiling in answer to her playful sallies, and putting in a merry word on his own account every now and then. Daisy's actions were full of the grace and beauty inherent in most young animals, free from awkwardness, seeming as spontaneous a tribute to exuberant vitality as the irresponsible dashes and gambols of a playful kitten.

At a quarter to nine, having paid his bill, Richard Romayne helped the child into the coupé brougham he had ordered, and told the driver to go to Victoria Station. Daisy was growing sleepy by now, she leant her head down on the broad shoulder next her, and sighed contentedly when he passed his arm round her waist and drew her closer to him. They sat thus in silence for several minutes whilst the carriage drove rapidly through the half-lighted streets.

"You're so good to me," she murmured at last, lifting her face to his with the simple natural action of a loving child seeking a kiss.

Richard's lips rested gently on her forehead for a brief second before he answered gravely.

"I'm not *good* to you, little girl. But I hope to-night I may show you that I am not wholly bad. Listen carefully to me, my child, for I want you to remember every word I say. You have risked to-day the greatest treasure you possess, your good name, your purity. Risked them through ignorance, or more fatal still, through the half knowledge that renders your whole perspective of life distorted. I'm not a good man, and drink more than I ought, and I'm an evil liver—at least, so I'm told—but vile though I may be, I am not base enough to take advantage of your ignorance. In a few minutes we shall part, never again to meet on this earth in all probability. I give you back your life, your honour, your good name unsullied—and you must promise me, child, that you will never again risk them as you have to-day. Now good-bye."

His lips crushed her trembling mouth in one long passionate kiss, his cheek resting lingeringly against her tear-bedewed face, for the girl was sobbing unrestrainedly.

"When you are older, and Love—honest and lawful Love—comes into your life, you will realise the full value of my gift to you to-night. When some man, better worthy of your love than I am, who is free to make you his wife, first kisses your lips, tell him of this day, and how Richard Romayne, drunkard and sensualist, placed one good deed to his account by resisting the strongest temptation that had ever come into his life, and by saving you from yourself. Now"—the carriage turned into the station-yard—"give me your promise—quickly. Will you endure your life patiently for the next year or two, until your father comes home? Promise me, child, that you will never repeat this freak. Oh, Daisy, child, because I love you—for my sake, promise!"

"I promise, Dick," she sobbed, clinging to him, frightened by his earnest tones.

"Thank you, dear, I know you will keep your word. Good-bye now, little Daisy. God bless you. If a bad man's prayers are any good, I pray Almighty God to bless you."

The carriage stopped, and the girl shrank back with an exclamation of astonishment.

In the full glare of the electric light stood a middle-aged woman, an anxious look on her hard-featured face, busy scanning the occupants of all the vehicles driving in.

She came forward as the coupé stopped, and peered suspiciously first at the shrinking girl, who cowered back in the farthest corner of the brougham, and then at her companion,



" She's quite safe," he said gently.

" You received my telegram, I see," said Richard Romayne, opening the carriage door and getting out. He raised his hat courteously as he spoke.

" Are you the sender of this telegram ? " the middle-aged lady held up a pink sheet, " and is the child here ? Oh, Daisy, you naughty, wicked girl, how could you—— "

Richard cut short the string of reproaches, standing between the school-mistress and her erring pupil.

" She's quite safe," he said gently, " none the worse for her day's holiday. It was her birthday, you know, and so perhaps you will be more inclined to forgive her. I must run for my train—I am leaving town to-night. Will you give me the satisfaction of hearing Miss Daisy is forgiven ? She's so very, very young," he added persuasively.

The school-mistress hesitated, but, moved by something intangible in the stranger's eyes, her own softened, and she answered :

" Yes ; she shall be forgiven."

" You hear, Miss Daisy ? " said Richard to the crouching girl in the carriage. " You are forgiven. Now, once more, good-bye. Don't forget your promise." He bowed to the school-mistress, and held open the door of the brougham. " Won't you get in and take our young friend home ? I will give the driver his orders. Thank you for your kindness. ' The quality of mercy,' you know. Good-night."

He closed the door, handing some money to the driver, and giving him the necessary directions, then he watched the coupé drive out of the station. When it had disappeared, the man of no character, with swelling throat and misty eyes, turned quickly into the nearest refreshment bar, and in a husky voice ordered himself a glass of brandy.



Brown (cycling in a mining district during a strike).—"Is there any place in the village where we can get something to eat?"

Tommy.—"Ay, there's a soup-kitchen at the top o' the brae."

Mein lieber Liszt,

Du warst es vor die stummen Schriftzüge dieser Partitur zum hellen Klange lasen
erwachte; ohne Deine saltene Liebe zu mir läge mein Werk noch sanftes still- vielleicht
von mir selbst vergessen - in einem Kasten meines Hausrathes: zu Niemandes
Ohr, wäre das gedrungen, was mein Herz bewegte, und meine Einbildungskraft
entzückte als ich es, stets nur die lebendige Aufführung im Sinne, vor nun fast
fünf Jahren niederschrieb. Die schöne That Deines Freundessinnes, die auch mein
Gewolltes erst zur wirklichen That erhob, hat mir manchen neuen Freund
gewonnen, mich drängt es nun zu versuchen, ob ich mit demselben Schriftwerke,
dessen Kenntniss nahme Dich bereits zu einer öffentlichen Aufführung bewog,
auch in anderen den Wunsch, Dir es nachzumachen, erwecken könne.

* * * * * * * Möge es dann weiter erklingen und
tönen: Dass eines zu erfahren, soll mich auch dafür trösten, dass ich selbst wohl
nie mein Werk — hören werde!

Dein

Zürich, im Mai 1857.

Richard Wagner.

THE DEDICATION OF "LOHENGRIN."

BY HAROLD G. DANIELS.

WITH A REPRODUCTION OF PORTIONS OF RICHARD WAGNER'S AUTOGRAPH LETTER.

THE interest surrounding the dedication of *Lohengrin* is almost identical with the story of a great and lasting friendship shared between Wagner and Liszt. It was of a rare quality, not a mere interchange of good offices — that base coinage so often passed to the deception of both parties. Obligations, if such they may be called, were on the side of Wagner. Liszt it was who believed in him, and to whom he owed gratitude for frequent assistance in his struggle with ever-present financial difficulties. Yet neither in their correspondence nor in the record of conversations that passed between them do we find Liszt seeking the gratitude a less noble mind might await as his natural due; nor does Wagner once write as though he felt the burden of the other's goodness a tax upon his own self-respect. A delightful current of freedom from such considerations pervades the atmosphere of their friendship, of which the tacit motto seems to be, "Were our positions changed, I feel you would do the same for me."

The material of the story of *Lohengrin*, as everyone knows, is derived from one of those mediæval legends whose foundation is lost behind the haze of tradition and barbaric hero-worship enshrouding the early history of the Teutonic races. Doubtless, as a boy, before he had "cut" the dramatic sense, Wagner had read the story of *Tannhäuser*. When, later in life, he chanced upon the legend for a second time, it made a deeper and more practical impression on his mind. Pursuing the subject further, he borrowed from a friend a MS. copy of legends, dating from the Middle Ages, and among the poems, besides *Tannhäuser*, was the story of *Lohengrin*. Here was material enough for a beginning. Wagner, whose energy throughout life ever prompted him to put his hand to the plough ere the soil hardened, at once set to work upon the scaffolding of an opera based upon *Tannhäuser*. The fortuitous circumstance of the loaned copy of poems may be regarded as the key that opened the door to a path he was destined to make so completely his own.

But, in common with most youthful aspirants to the favour of the muses—in common, one might almost say, with genius — he found the road to Parnassus beset with thorns. Of trivial importance, viewed from without, they assumed terrific proportions when approached, proving at first stubborn to the influence of the burning fire of genius. *Tannhäuser* was a failure. The fact was borne home to him with uncomfortable insistence as he listened to the plaints of Madame Devrient, who played Venus when the work was first produced at Dresden:— "You are a genius, but you write such odd stuff one can hardly sing it." But *Tannhäuser*, which he rightly recognised as being far ahead of the times, cleared space for him to stand well amid the thorns, it at first it did nothing else, since, like the *Flying Dutchman*, it brought him no tangible reward. Schumann, it is true, writing from Dresden, prophesied that

although there was much that was trivial in *Tannhäuser*, Wagner, with sufficient courage, would make his mark as a writer of music for the stage. Years later he robbed himself of the fruits of this creditable prediction by reversing his former judgment. But even before *Tannhäuser* appeared *Lohengrin* was more than half finished, and he worked at the text and score with all the fire of his energy, which was not the least impaired by the influence of ill-fortune.

The spring of 1848 saw *Lohengrin* completed, but the management of the Dresden Theatre, to whom it was submitted, were frightened by its "pretensions;" and, deeming the risk attached to its production too great, postponed the event *sine die*. All the composer heard of it for many years, was the finale of the first act, performed at a Dresden musical festival.

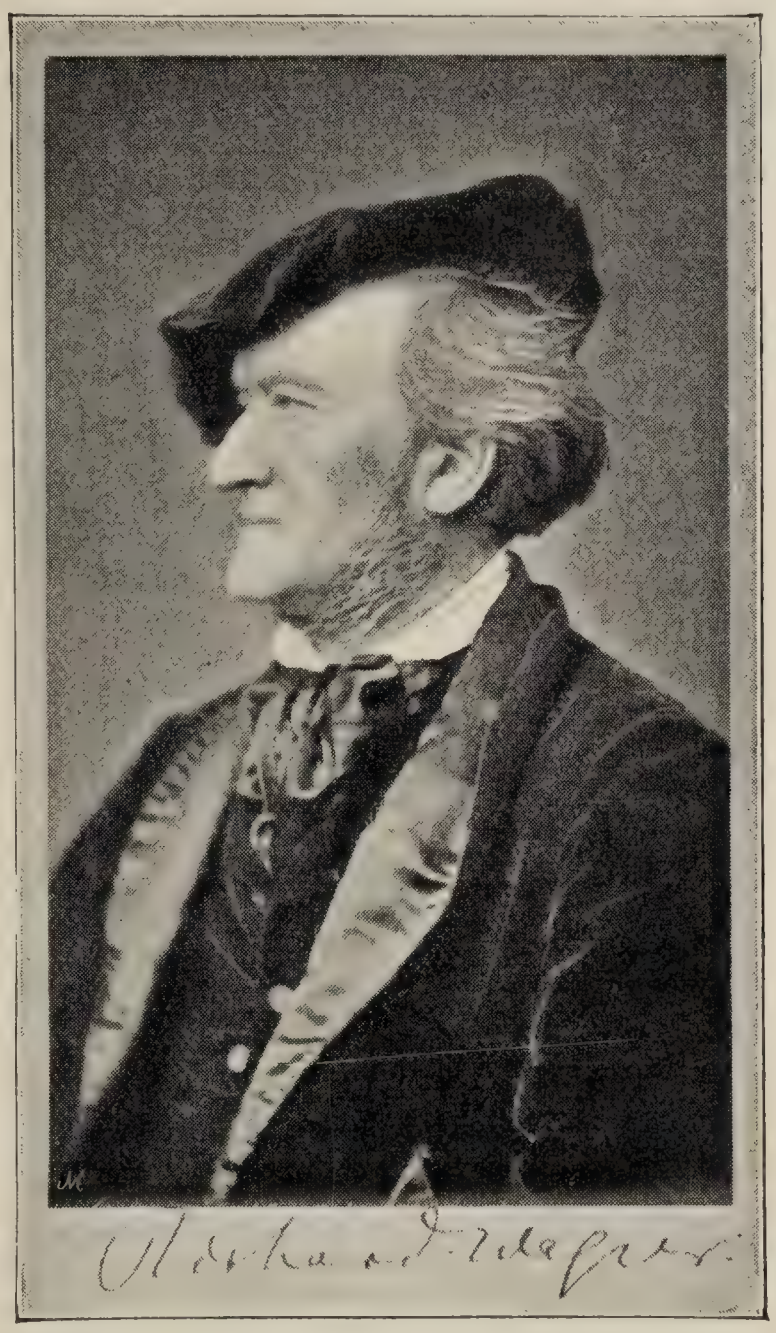
Wagner was in sympathies a friend of the people. To hold such a creed in Germany was not less dangerous than it is to-day. Riots broke out in Dresden during the following year, in one of which, it is said, Wagner carried a red flag, cheering on the crowd in its conflict with the authorities engaged in quelling the disturbance. The truth of this story is questioned, but, be that as it may, suspicion of complicity in the fray was so strong against him that he decided to act upon the advice of his friends, and to flee the country. He left post haste, proceeding at once to Paris; extradition for his offence being out of the question, he was in hopes that there he might be able to make a living by writing music for the stage, while holding himself free from any danger of arrest. But in Paris he was doomed to disappointment. Music was at a very low ebb, and he found that the possibility of making a living by the writing and producing of operas was in that city at least a very remote one. Accordingly, acting on the principle that it is as easy to starve amid beautiful surroundings as in squalor, he forsook the Seine for the Zimmat, and continued his work in Zurich, visiting Paris from time to time, when the quietude of the Swiss town became too much for him. It was on one of these visits that he made acquaintance with Liszt; the two men became at once attached to one another —Wagner moved by the sympathy of a composer whose position in the musical world was practically unassailable; Liszt recognising in Wagner a man whose music would literally "make itself heard." Each wrote to friends in glowing terms of the newly-discovered acquaintance, and between them sprang up the friendship of a lifetime.

Liszt left Paris to return to Germany; Wagner settled down to work again. But the kindly words of Liszt had only a temporary effect, the way was a hard one—for Wagner's improvidence soon lett him stranded on the same financial difficulties that had been the curse of his life, and with them returned Black Care, sitting behind the composer. Privations brought on illness, and illness resulted in despair.

At last the turning-point in the long lane of trouble was reached. Its circumstances are best given in Wagner's own words: "During my last stay in Paris, when ill, miserable and dejected, I sat brooding over my fate. My eye lighted on the score of my *Lohengrin*, entirely forgotten by me. . . . I wrote two words to Liszt; his answer was the news that arrangements were being made for its production on as large a scale as the little theatre at Weimar would permit."

True to his promise, Liszt brought out *Lohengrin* at Weimar, its first production taking place on 28th August, 1850. The "pretentious" opera was given in the presence of an audience that included some of the foremost musicians and composers of Germany. Its reception cannot be described as having been an enthusiastic one, differing indeed very little from that

accorded to *Tannhäuser*. But it was an important event for the composer, though he might not be in the theatre to note the effect of his creation. The fact that Liszt (whose discernment in matters pertaining to music was above suspicion) had deemed it worthy of being put before such a critical audience as the *habitués* of the Weimar theatre were known to be, gave it a certain hall-mark, apart from its intrinsic value. Whatever its shortcomings in the eyes of the connoisseurs of music at that time, it brought the composer into friendly touch with people of influence—a matter of temporal importance in a country where patronage is inseparable from art. It was an epoch in his career, since from the date of its production at Weimar his place among the musicians of the day was secure—a stepping-stone to admission amongst those who are not of an age but for all time.



Other productions followed rapidly, and the merit of his work began to be recognised. It became necessary to print it, and Wagner, mindful to whom he was indebted for its introduction to the public, penned the following dedication, of which the first and last portions are reproduced here in facsimile :—

"My Dear Liszt,—You were the one who awoke to clear sound the silent lines of this work ; and, but for your rare love to me, it might yet be still and soundless—perhaps forgotten by myself—in box of my house-lumber. To the ear of no one would have reached that which moved my heart and delighted my imagination as I, ever with the living production in my mind's eye, wrote it, almost now, five years ago. The beautiful fact of your friendly enthusiasm, which raised my wishing to accomplished fact, has won for me many new friends ; and I am impelled to try whether I cannot awake in others by the aid of this writing (the cognizance of which has already moved you to a public production) the desire to imitate you. And if the hope within me is weak of seeing my work made known in wider circles by the means of living representation (because, even with the warmest enthusiasm of my friends for this life, conditions in our public world of art were against it ; conditions which they now in wish, though not in deed, would like to set aside); at least I could already be glad to have gratified this wish of theirs ; and I propose to do this by the publication of the piece, with the names (placed at the head) of those friends whose victory crowned energy, and knew (how) to turn the awakened desire into an actual fact. So may you be a leading example to those who love me, to whom I present you as such, in that I dedicate my work to you before all the world.

"The present edition has but this purpose, and is not with the intention of raising up to me a possible literary monument ; had this been the case, I should have been obliged to have the production put into the customary literary dress, by being engraved on metal plates, a demand, at the same time, which would have made it impossible to meet my wish as to the immediate appearance of the piece, by reason of the delay such a production would have caused. Therefore I gave my sanction to the caligraphy of a conscientious copyist, and wish now that you may not deny it

your (sanction) when I beg you most kindly to accept the dedication of this printed manuscript; for it is not quite 'a book,' but just a sketch of a work that only truly exists when it reaches eye and ear in sensible appearance, in such a manner as you brought it there. Then may it continue to sound and resound: to experience this will console for the fact that thus I myself shall never hear my own work!

"Yours,

"RICHARD WAGNER.

"Zurich, in May, 1852."

Lohengrin, as has been said, was really the turning-point in Wagner's career. The fame of the new piece spread abroad, with the result that the people, awakening to a sense of its merits, cried for more. Attention turned again to *Tannhäuser*, and for the time being, at any rate, the composer bid adieu to impecunious embarrassment.

Not until long after its production by Liszt at Weimar, did Wagner have the pleasure of hearing his work performed. *Lohengrin* for a long period was almost solely confined to the repertoire of German theatres, and from his native country Wagner was of necessity an exile. It was thirteen years after he had completed it, and eleven after the Weimar performance, when, for the first time, he saw it performed in Vienna—the precise date being May the 15th, 1861. Long before that time Wagnerian music had established itself on the opera stage of the world. With the production of *Lohengrin*, the great Wagner movement had its birth; it was on the same occasion that one of his critics was heard to say: "Wagner holds a higher place in my estimation than either Schiller or Beethoven; he is a greater musician than Schiller, and a greater poet than Beethoven." Let us hope the critic lived to modify his decision by becoming educated up to the standard of the man whose meaning it was his misfortune to have misunderstood.





"DON'T SWEAR!"
Drawn by Warwick Goble.

THE FOREIGNER IN THE FARMYARD.

BY W. F. SHANNON.

ILLUSTRATED BY A. S. FORREST.

"Thrift, thrift, Horatio!"

"YOU might think," said Chatty Mather one day as we walked home together from Whale Island, "you might think, from the yarns I've bin spinnin' ye, that there's no steady, careful hands in the Navy. But there is."

"As yourself, for example, Chatty. You own the house you live in, I think."

"Ah! yes. But that was giv' me by a shipmate. And I giv him his."

"That is a most admirable plan, and would be original were it not for that tale about the washing."

Chatty looked at me in an old-fashioned way. "You means where they took in each other's, and lived happy ever after. This is a different case. You know that chap Sharky Fewster next door?"

I signified that I did.

"Well, I knoo him when I was a nipper. Him and me used to live in Tooley Street, by London Bridge, widin strikin' distance of the Gorgonzola stink that's let off under the arches to this day. At night we used to go and get a breath of sea-air on the lee-side of a wilk-stall, which was very refreshin' after them cheeses, and made me think of the blimey ocean. So when I got old enough to work I joined the R.N.; and Sharky, who wanted to be rich, went for a draper's mate down Blue Anchor. I think he was really on'y an arrant boy though, and the money didn't come in fast enough, so he swung it, and followed me to Pompey and the *Saint*.

"But he never forgot his tradin' instinks. You know that on a trooper every bluejacket has a nice grey flannel shirt or two, and sea-boots that look as if they were once Bluchers or Wellin'tons. Gits 'em from the pongos [soldiers]. When the pongo comes aboard he washes his shirt, and hangs it up to dry, and it blows overboard in the calmest of weather. And when he's seasick, a little later, he don't care whether his whole kit goes into the ditch as well. And he says so out loud, too, when the sergeant rousts him out of his bunk. So the happy bluejacket stands to no expense for his underclothin' on a trooper, and that's why the Adm'ralty knocked off runnin' 'em, and laid 'em up. Whenever a matlow's got a soft number the Admiralty hears of it, and hoists him out. They sends the sojers by hired transports now.

"Well, thishyer Sharky wasn't content wid one or two shifts of clothin'. He used to go rabbitin' for the shirts of whole rig'-ments, and supplied a slop-shop in Portsea to that extent that the Jew what owned it had to tell him to hang on a bit. And he was told on board that he must moderiate his zeal, because the colonels was complainin' their men hadn't no shirts, and that's why they caught cold and died in Portsdown Forts."

"I should think you didn't leave much about when Sharky was near," I observed.

"Why not?" asked Mather, in surprise. "He was as honest and open as the day-light."

"But you've just been saying he was continually stealing."

"Oh! Pongos don't count; nor sharks [customs officers], nor policemen. If a bluejacket steals from a bluejacket that's a diff rent thing."

I called to mind those ingenuous German tribes amongst whom it was a point of honour to steal from every stranger, but who were strictly honest with fellow-tribesmen. Like Huck Finn, however, I said nothing.

"On the East Indies Station him and me was together on the *Fearful*, and there he had a donkey, which is a little hand sewing-machine, and was always jewin' [making clothes] for tired members.

"One night we cut down a dhow. It was Sharky's watch below, but he was on deck almost afore they called away the seaboat, and nipped for'ard to see what was up. It was certain the dhow was sinkin', and all hands was watchin' to see her go, and observin' the evolutions of the seaboat takin' off the crew, when Sharky shoves through, lays out on the bowsprit, slides down the bobstays, and docks a big lump out of the dhow's mainsail, jist as she went under. We cheered him as he crawled back, but he said nothink, on'y grinned.

"Next day he was hawkin' round two pair o' duck trousies what he'd made.

"But you're awonderin' what about the houses, eh?"

I assured Chatty I was doing nothing of the sort. The adventures of Mr. Fewster were good enough for me.

"Well, the turnout that giv' me my house and his *was* adventurious. It was at Moocha, on the Arabian coast. The natives had killed off their king, which appears to be a pleasant and usual touch with them, and stuck another chap up. But he was too strong a man for us; had too much savvy, you understand, so the Consul's mate sent in a request. 'Would he be good enough to skip, because we'd got a nice soft young man to take the billet.' He observed in the Arabian tongue: 'What sauce! No!'

"So the Adm'ralty sent a little squadron to Moocha, and as we, the *Fearful*, was the Senior Officer, the Cap'n sent a polite chit ashore the same afternoon as we arrove, requesting the king to slip his cable and sheer off by nine the next mornin', or else he'd blow his bloomin' palace down. And the king said, 'You be damned,' or words to that effect, extendin' over several sheets of paper. So half a company was landed that night to look after the Consul's mate and the Sultan he'd put his money on. Me and Sharky was in that half-company, and we slept in some sheds wid our boots and accoutrements on, and roust out once or twice before the mornin' to stand by the Gatlin's at a false alarm. But nothink happened. The king sent no further chit off, and I don't blame him, and nine o'clock struck from the palace tower, where his flag was flyin'. The Cap'n give him one minit's grace, and then signalised to commence firin'. There was two other gunboats of ours there, and at once they let go a few palliser at the nice square tower of the palace, and planted some common shells well into it. It was soon not any more a tower. They wasn't forgettin' the Sultan's guns, a-course, but the Arab gunners wasn't much practised in the art of gunnery, and went off for some other engagement before long.

"Our half-company was fell in in the Consul's grounds, near the palace, but out of the line of fire. We had nothink to do but wait, while Mrs. Consul brought round coolin' drinks, till we seen one or two Arabs sneakin' across the road, and trekkin' off to the hills. The lootenant ordered independent firin'. So we done some.

"But in half an hour the firin' nearly ceased from the palace, and we were signalised to assault. There was no resistance whatever. All the lively ones had skipped, and the wounded on'y scowled. So we strolled around to see what we could confiscate.

"Sharky went meanderin' round the harem. The ladies was in the country, you understand, but Sharky guessed that where they lived when they was at home was the best place to pick up things.

"Bymeby the Skipper come ashore, and sees us. He asts the lootenant what he's allowin' lootin' for. So the lootenant, who was walkin' round, too, said he was on'y gratifyin' his natural taste for curios."

"Natural curiosity," I suggested.

"Yes, some sich talk as that. 'After takin' a place by assault,' he says, 'I thought there was no harm in fellin' out the men for a minit or two.'

"'Highly improper,' says the Cap'n. 'Here, come here, you!' he called out to a man wid somethink in his hand. 'Give me that.'

"He took it and passed it back to his cox'n.

"Then we all dodged, but he ordered 'Fall in' to be sounded, and we was relieved of our confiscations, unless they was very, very small indeed.

"Sharky didn't wait to be ordered to drop what he'd got. He came walkin' up bold to the Cap'n, and said he'd found 'this,' handin' him a bangle or somethink like that.

"An Arab was followin' him, and said it was his bangle. Sharky says very likely, on'y he must give it into proper hands. The Skipper passed it to his cox'n who was a reg'lar pantechnicon by this time, and says to the Arab, 'Call tomorra.'



"An Arab was followin' him."

"So he did, when we was aboard. He said it was a most important bangle, what the favourite lady of the harem had worn for centuries——

"'Is she so old as that?' ast the Skipper.

"The Arab explained that it was a sort of a keepsake in the family."

"Heirloom," I suggested.

"Exact. Thems the very words. I knoo it was something to do wid her hair.

The Arab went on to say the stone in the heirloom was a charm-stone which would kill anyone who wore it who wasn't the Sultana, and very beautiful, and entitled to it.

"The Cap'n looks at the bangle, all glistenin' gold it was, and I wondered at Sharky above all givin' it up, and says, 'There's no jool here.'

"So then the Arab turned a sort of a grey colour and said, 'Please, Mr. Capitan, give me the red jool that was in it. Else my head must be chopped off.'

"The Skipper says he's seen no jool although he can see there's a socket for one, about as big as a haricot bean of the ordinary size, dry. He ast the cox'n, and he don't know anythink about it. Sharky's piped, and he says there wasn't one in the bangle when he picked it up.

"'You best go and look amongst the ruins,' says the Cap'n to the Arab. 'It must be there.'

"No, the Arab was quite sure it was in the heirloom when it was on the ground, 'cause he seen it glintin', only the sailorman picked it up first.

"Sharky was indigent, 'You better have my kit and my secretaire searched, sir,' he says, 'to satisfy this gentleman.'

"So the johndy went through his ditty box and his kit, and looks all about, and can't find it.

"'I can do nothing more for you, my man,' says the Skipper, turnin' again to the Arab. 'You can have this bracelet when you bring proper orders from the Sultan, but the jool we haven't seen.'

"So the Arab went over the side as if he was goin' to a funeral.

. . . . . .

"When we dropped the killick at Pompey and was waitin' to be paid off, Sharky got leaf as soon as possible, and went ashore, as all of us did. But he didn't go wid us, to taste English beer once more, but made straight for the Public Library, to study. We could hardly believe it when one of his top-mates said he'd seen him. But we pulled his leg about it when he came aboard, and he didn't say it was a lie. He went ashore again by hisself as soon as he could, and after returnin' he had a yarn wid me.



He passed it back at once.

"'You remember Moocha and the Arab, Chatty?'

"'Yes,' I says.

"'Well, the Arab's here.

"'Yes.'

"'He's after *me*.'

"'Is he? What for?'

"'That ruby!'

"'What! you had it after all, Sharky? You completely took me in.'

"'But not him, that Arab. I got a book out at the library on dimonts and precious stones, so as to git an idea of the value of my ruby. I was porin' over it for a long time, and then, when I looked up, I'm blowed if that black beggar wasn't studyin' it too, from the other side of the table. So I shifted.'

"'The next time, that's to-day, I made straight for the biggest pop-shop. I giv' a glance round as I was goin' up Queen Street, from the landin' stage, and there he was again. I tried to shake him off all the evenin', but couldn't. Reg'lar Sherlock, he is. So I've had to come aboard, dished. Now I'm thinkin' of issuin' amended instructions, seein' that the enemy is layin' close siege. I make a feint at a sortie, and lead him off to the Hill, whilst you make the real attack by takin' the jool to Hatton Garden. Go direct from the Harbour Station to London, and get a thousand pounds for the ruby.'

"'Excuse me, Mr. Fewster,' I says, bowin' low, 'but do you think one thousand pounds will be enough.'

"I spoke ironic, but he was in earnest. 'That's it, Chatty, talk funny! I looked it all up in the book. That stone is one of the finest waters, and wuth £5,000. But git £1,000, and I'll give you fifty. Anythink over, we share.'

"'Course, I took that job on. Sharky had kep' the ruby in a nicky little hole what he kep' for emergencies and heirlooms in the heel of his seaboot. He giv' it me as soon as we arranged about the leaf.

"I found Hatton Garden and I found a old jew-boy.

"He had a look at it. 'How much do you want?' says he.

"'£2,000,' says I.

"He passed it back at once. 'I am not a child,' said he. 'I will gif you £50.'

"'Good mornin',' I said to him.

"He tried to have me back, but I wouldn't argue furder wid a rogue like that, except to remark that I'd like to corpse him.

"I found a chap at last, after hucksterin' wid a good many, to offer me £1,500.

"'Make it £1,600, cully, and you shall have it.'

"So he did, and I went back to Pompey joyful.

"Sharky handed over £350. I passed back £300. 'It's no more trouble, old man,' I said, 'than gittin' £1,000, so I on'y takes my wages, and easy earnt they is.'

"But he wouldn't have it. 'It's all yours,' says he. 'Twelve-fifty's as much as I can do wid. And now I'm goin' to write to the Adm'ralty to buy my discharge, and I'm goin' on the pier to git a wife, and I'm goin' in the country to buy some land and pigs.'

"'Farmin' don't pay,' I told him. 'I'm all on for houses, but I'll stroll round the pier wid ye.'

"Sharky set up farmin' durin' his long leaf, wid his wife. I set up housekeepin,' too. Not wid any of your half-pay wives, you understand, but one I was properly tied up to. I was strollin' round the pier wid Fewster when I seen her. We walked about a bit, and she told me in confidence that she was the sole heirloom to an aristocracy. So I said, 'That's all right. I'm a sub-lootenant and next on tally for the command of the Channel Fleet.' And she said, 'How nice! how admiringly sootable.' And we both laughed and was married in a day or two. I bought two houses, and we set up in one.

"I was surprised at the end of my leaf on reportin' myself at the depôt to find Sharky there too.



"That's the lotion you giv' 'em," says Mrs. Fewster.

"'Couldn't ye git your ticket?' I says.

"'Don't want it,' says he.

"'What's up then?'

"So he telt me. He bought a fine lot of pigs, reg'lar frisky ones they was. But after a week or two, some of 'em got thoughtful. 'Puttin' on flesh,' says his missus. Third week one of 'em dies. 'Swine fever,' says Sharky, feelin' their pulses, and lookin' up his book on *Pigs for Profit*.' So he give 'em some coolin' lotion, and sent for the vegetary surgeon. He come, felt their pulses, punched 'em about, and looked at their tongues.

"'Poison,' he says.

"That's the lotion you giv' 'em,' says Mrs. Fewster, snappy to the old man.

"But the doctor sticks up for him, and says it ain't. He cut up one of the dead pigs, and took some food from the trough, and in a day or two tells me it really is poison. But by that time the other pigs too was gone to a happier land.

"They had a court-martial in the village as to who done it, and Sharky, rememberin' the Arab, ast if anyone had seen a nigger about. Sev'ral had.

"'That's him!' says he. 'That's the blighter! Well, he owed me one, so I s'pose I mustn't complain.'

"He requested the Adm'ralty to cancel his application for discharge, and come back to the Navy wid a bad heart agin Arabs.

"One days I says to him, 'Sharky, write your moniker down here, will ye?' He signed a paper I held, widout enquiring anythink about it. I got it witnessed, and said, 'Now number 13, Southick Road is your house, and not mine.'

"He wouldn't have it at first. Said he was a damn fool for goin' in for pigs wid Arabs about, and that I oughtn't to worry about an idjut of his caliber. But my missus managed it through his, and so now he owns that one, and I owns this."

And Chatty let himself in number 12 with his latch-key, and I followed, into an atmosphere of cooking kippers, to be introduced to the "sole heirloom of an aristocracy," making tea.

WANDERINGS IN BOOKLAND.

BY PERCY CROSS STANDING.

SEEING that Christmas is now spent, and the dawn of a New Year upon us, it is a little baffling to be compelled to notice two of the most delicious children's gift-books of any season, when that season is practically past and done. Yet in this instance the melancholy task descends upon the present Wanderer in Bookland. And if it be urged against him that to review such books at so late a date, brings him into disrepute as the most belated of wanderers, he can only extenuatingly seek to cast blame upon those careless publishers who had let November merge into December, ere favouring him with copies; can only claim for this brace of little volumes that, as birthdays are as plentiful as ever they were in Merrie England, this circumstance must be trusted to charm the necessary silver coins out of recalcitrant parental pockets. And so, to work.

First I have to claim your attention to Miss Helen Atteridge's aptly-named *Butterfly Ballads* (John Milne), the text of which is aided by no fewer than sixty-five illustrations, mainly from the facile pencil of Gordon Browne. If this be Mr. John Milne's initial essay in the publication of children's books, and I fancy it is (for he is one of the "younger school" of publishers), it is a first attempt on which he is to be heartily congratulated. But that the publisher's part of the book has been beautifully and attractively done is the least part of its beauty. In this particular field Helen Atteridge bids fair to emulate the exploits of Netta Syrett and of William Canton. There is ofttimes a wistful touch about her child-verses, which I for one must confess I have rarely seen bettered. Diving again, and yet again, into Miss Atteridge's pages—for all the world like a very child myself—I paused, and was held by a verse, fancy-headed "The Way to Fairyland"—

> "For Fairyland's farther than Timbuctoo,
> And China's wall and the Mountains blue,
> By paths of moonshine pilgrims go,
> But they never take dollies and dogs—oh no!"

Occasionally the authoress drops into "rhyming prose," running on her fluent sentences in an amusingly deliberate way, certain, I think, to fascinate the boys and girls for whom she writes. Miss Atteridge has a charmingly fresh touch, and is equally at home in prose and verse.

The second of these gift-books is from the pen of Miss Mary L. Pendered, whose novel of last year (*A Pastoral Played Out*) has given her a position of respectable eminence among our women writers. Under the fanciful title *To Luniland with a Moon Goblin* (Marshall Russell & Co.) Miss Pendered explores a far different field, the field of fairyland. I do not know if a prettier thing can be said of "Luniland" than is contained in the stereotyped assertion that it makes "a charming birthday gift for a child." Almost equally with Miss Atteridge, Miss Pendered is possessed of uncommon faculties for entering into the inner recesses of the child-mind—and when this is said, surely all is said. A unique attraction is Miss Pendered's singularly happy choice of an illustrator for this excursion into Goblin-land, the drawings having been made by a child of *ten*, yclept "Little Dorothy Hope." It would be unfair both to clever Dorothy Hope and to the reader



Two little milkmaids, merry and gay.

(From "Butterfly Ballads." By permission of John Milne

to enter at length into this matter of the novel illustrations to Miss Pendered's work.

From gift-books to birthday-books is surely the easiest of transitions—for does not the one term involve the other? Nevertheless, one is assured on all sides by publishers (and these gentlemen must be allowed to know *something* about it) that there is a very small demand for birthday-books. On glancing over the *Browning Birthday Book* (admirably edited by Dr. Eugene Oswald) one is inevitably impressed by the "difficulty" attending even the most studied attempts to present the strength and beauty of Robert Browning in this form. In the long run it is a baffling quest, since Browning, even when we *don't* get him abbreviated, is sometimes hard to follow.

Out and away the most diverting of birthday-books, I fancy, must be the one devoted to excerpts from the quaint exploits of Don Quixote de la Mancha. But there are reasons why the "sayings" of Marie Corelli (Hutchinson) form a birthday-book possessing the biggest vogue of any!

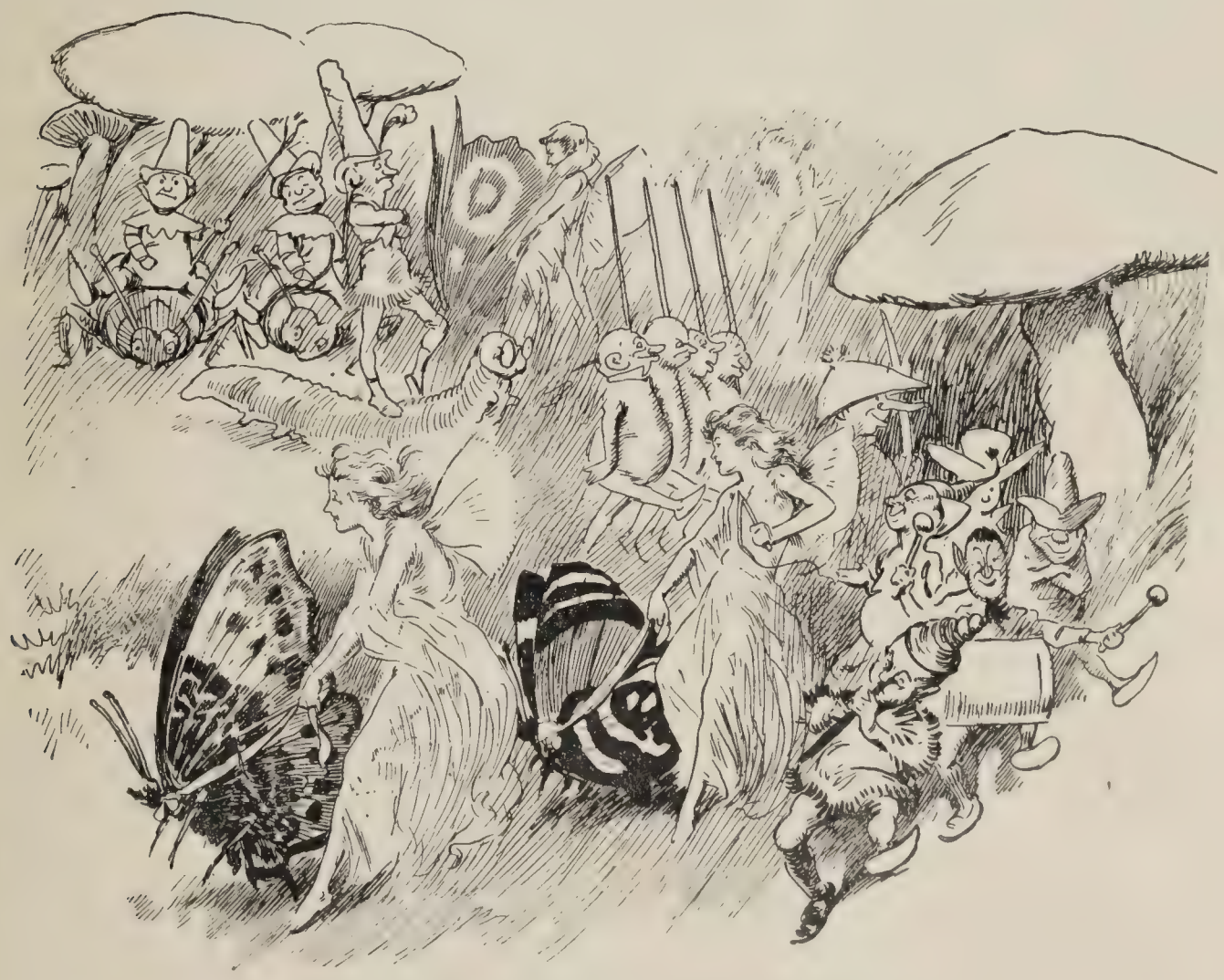
One of the younger publishing houses —Messrs. Saxon and Co., of Bouverie Street—have sent me what is in effect a new departure, being the two first of a series of books of short tales. These are *An Underground Tragedy and other Stories*, by C. Haddon Chambers, and *The Harlequin's Last Leap and other Stories*, by Wilson Barrett. Both authors, it will be preceived, write over names eminent in the theatrical world; but I turned at once to Mr. Haddon Chambers' work, curious to see how the author of *Captain Swift*, *John-a-Dreams*, and *The Idler*, would shape as story-teller. I have not been disappointed. It is not surprising that the essentially *dramatic* instinct should prevail in most of the stories in this "pack," which have been collected from the time when Haddon Chambers, in the early 'eighties, came to London a struggling author-journalist, to earn bread and—fame. Several of the tales—notably the titular one ("of the truth of the whole story I can vouch; I had it from the maniac himself," says the author)—would lend themselves admirably to dramatisation. The one entitled *Nip*, telling of the close attachment between a spaniel and a ne'er-do-weel, has a *dénouement* so touching and so well told that it is reproduced below:

"'My dog shall fetch it in a twinkling,' he said. 'Here, Nip; fetch it old fellow!' But Nip, instead of obeying, stood looking up doubtfully at his master with his big brown eyes, and slowly wagging his tail. 'Go on; fetch it, Nip!' cried

Rookem, throwing his stick in to where the spade was floating, as an encouragement. Still Nip showed no disposition to obey. Then Rookem turned slightly red. His vanity was piqued. Lifting the dog in his arms he carried him down a few steps and threw him into the water.

"I had been standing near all this time unobserved by Rookem. As he carried the dog down the steps a sudden thought struck me, and I rushed forward. But it was too late. Something in the water flashed white in the sunlight; there was a horrid passing glimpse of a long shovel-snout and an open cruel mouth. There was a short yelp of fear, quickly succeeded by a piercing shriek of agony more human than canine; and as women swooned and children screamed, poor faithful Nip was lifted high in the air in the shark's frightful jaws, and then he disappeared beneath the bloodstained surface. I shall never forget the face of Rookem as he stood as if frozen to stone. The poor erring fellow died within three months of that day—by his own hand."

But if this little sketch be passing sad, there is also plenty of genuine humour in Mr. Chambers' collection. "Major Dymple" fairly brims over with it. The scene is alternately the decks and staterooms of an ocean-liner, where a gallant and altogether desirable military man is (with others) making love to a young and charming widow. It would be unfair to give away the stage contrivance whereby the Major's false teeth are restored to him after the silly action of a couple of half-inebriated fellow-passengers has lost them. But here is precisely what transpires just as one of the delinquents is engaged in an impassioned declaration to the little widow: "Mr. Sparkle stopped abruptly. His hated and powerful rival approached. erect and dignified, along the deck. The Major paused in front of them, smiling the well-known beautiful smile, and disclosing the well-known beautiful teeth. 'How do you do, Mrs. Flemington? Mr.



Here they come with a drum-tum-tum.

(*From "Butterfly Ballads." By permission of Mr. John Milne.*)

Sparkle, how are you?' Sparkle rose from his seat and offered his hand. The Major favoured him with a hearty revengeful grip, which made his fingers tingle for an hour afterwards, and coolly sank into the vacant chair. Swallowing his rage, Mr. Sparkle retired. Before the night closed, Major Dymple had vowed away his bachelorship, and Mrs. Flemington her widowhood."



Illustration from "The Harlequin's Last Leap."

(*By permission of Messrs. Saxon & Co.*)

A hearty word of praise is also evoked by the unrestrained pathos of the tale headed "The Ne'er-Do-Weel." There is less art about the eight stories told by Mr. Wilson Barrett, who, in *The Harlequin's Last Leap*, deals with a theme of almost unrelieved sadness and morbidity. The illustrations are by Mr. Dudley Hardy; practically the whole of the eight stories are, more or less, closely concerned with the glare of the footlights. Messrs. Saxon similarly send a booklet labelled *Opera under Augustus Harris*, wherein Mr. E. D. Parker has collated a whole string of interesting facts, albeit leading off with the daring assertion that "the career of the great impressario who passed away from us in 1896 forms the most important epoch in the recent history of this country." The issue of a cheaper edition of Emily Huntington Miller's delicious *What Tommy Did* (Saxon) reminds me that I should have included a reference to it in my comments upon new and charming children's books at the opening of this article. It is pretty.

Truly have I left myself small space in which to dilate upon the really "great" books of the month. These have included Sarah Grand's powerful, but unduly long, *Beth Book* (Heinemann); "John Oliver Hobbes'" latest and greatest contribution to the literary joyfulness of this tear-laden planet (Unwin); Count Tolstoi's characteristic view of *Art in London*, and David Christie Murray's *This Little World* (Chatto). The latter novelist's output of books, not only in fiction but in fact, continues wonderfully fertile. Don't they say we have to suffer in order to do really great work? Well, I almost believe Mr. Christie Murray must have endured considerably ere he sat down to write *This Little World*. The story is pregnant with suggestive thought, and may almost be ranked with the strongest that the veteran Mr. Murray has heretofore given us.



EVOLUTION.

By Malcolm Patterson.

"I may not be very learned myself, but all my ancestors have been educated in the higher branches, anyway."

"So I should think!"



THE IDLERS' CLUB.

WHAT GOOD RESOLUTIONS DO YOU WANT YOUR FRIENDS TO MAKE FOR THE NEW YEAR?

BY JEROME K. JEROME, MR. BARRY PAIN, NORA VYNNE, G. B. BURGIN, PETT RIDGE, ARTHUR H. LAWRENCE, AND FRED WHISHAW.

Jerome would that his friends "swore off" all good-natured designs.

I would my friends were less eager for my welfare. I wish they would resolve to forgo, as from January first, one thousand eight hundred and ninety-eight, the delight of doing good to me. I have a friend, a City man, whom I meet occasionally. One of his most ardent passions in life is to make my fortune. He button-holes me in Threadneedle Street: "The very man I wanted to see. I'm going to let you in for a good thing. We are getting up a little syndicate." He is for ever "getting up" little syndicates; and for every hundred pounds you put into them you take a thousand out. Had I gone into all his little syndicates, I could have been worth at the present moment, I reckon, two million five hundred thousand pounds. But I have not gone into all his little syndicates. I went into one, years ago when I was younger. I am still in it, my friend is confident that my holding, later on, will yield me thousands. Being, however, hard-up for ready money, I am willing to part with my stake to any deserving person at a genuine reduction, upon a cash basis. Another friend of mine knows another man who is "in the know" as regards racing matters. I will pass this second friend of mine on to any reader of *The Idler* who may not possess a specimen of his own, for half-a-crown: it being understood that such purchaser takes him away, and keeps him. A third benefactor of mine is an enthusiast upon the subject of diet. One day he brought me something in a packet, and pressed it into my hand with the air of a man who is relieving you of all your troubles. "What is it?" I asked. "Open it and see," he answered, in the tone of a pantomime fairy. I opened it and looked, but I was no wiser. "It's tea," he explained. "Oh!" I replied; "I was wondering if it could be snuff." "Well, it's not exactly tea," he continued, "it's a sort of a tea. You take one cup of that—one cup, and you will never care for any other kind of tea again." He was quite right, I took one cup. After drinking it I felt I didn't care for any other tea. I felt I didn't care for anything except to die quietly and inoffensively. He called on me a week later: "You remember that tea I gave you?" he said. "Distinctly," I answered; "I've got the taste of it in my mouth now." "Did it upset you?" he asked. "It annoyed me at

the time," I answered; "but it's all over now." He seemed thoughtful. "You were quite correct," he answered; "it *was* snuff, a very special snuff, sent me all the way from India." "I can't say I liked it," I replied. "A stupid mistake of mine," he went on: I must have mixed up the packets." "Oh, accidents will happen," I said, "and you won't make another mistake, so far as I'm concerned." Friends are trying at times.

* * * * *

Mr. Barry Pain objects to slavery and egotism.

It is a splendid idea. My friends, all of them, have faults. I have never cared to mention them before, it might only lead to useless recriminations; but here is an opportunity for me to indicate to them the line on which they might work out their own self-improvement.

Firstly, there is my dear old friend Smith. Smith is a slave. The slavery has come on him gradually. It began, I think by his always rising punctually at the same hour every morning. I dare say he little thought at the time to what the habit might grow. He is now *always* punctual, not only in the morning but all through the day; he never leaves a letter unanswered or an appointment unkept; he is the complete slave of business habits and principles. I am sincerely attached to him, but if he could get rid of this repulsive and unmanly servitude I should like him better. It is all so horribly selfish. The slaves of a habit are always selfish. For instance, he makes an appointment to see me and keeps the appointment. He never thinks what suffering it will cause me when I find he has been all that way for nothing. The fact that he has stood for two hours under the clock at Charing Cross, and has finally given me up and gone away disgusted, cannot hurt him anything like as much as it hurts me. Every time he keeps one of these appointments, I am more grieved for him than I can very well say. Now here is a New Year before him and a fresh start in life possible. Why cannot he say to himself that he will give up these degrading habits, that he will never keep another appointment, thereby inflicting pain on those who have never done him any harm.

Then there is Jones, a well-meaning man if ever there was one. His curse is vanity. He is eaten up with egotism. Many and many a time have I asked him to come round and hear me read a little thing which I have just done, and when he has arrived he has wasted my valuable time with chattering about his own worthless work. I hate egotism in any form, and I wish Jones would get over it; he would be happier if he got over it. It must occur to him, I should imagine, at times when he is talking about himself, that he is not the subject in which I am most interested. I would let him know the subject in which I am most interested if he ever gave me half a chance, but as soon as I say a single word about myself or my soul or my ambitions, he breaks in with some senseless interruption. If Jones is really anxious to rise to the highest level of which he is by nature capable, he will take a firm, strong line on this subject. He will resolve that in the year to come he will never speak of himself at all, confining himself to taking an intelligent and sympathetic interest in those who really deserve it. I mention no names.

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Nora Vynne wants her friends to remain as they are.

Half an hour's extremely serious consideration of the subject has brought me to the shocking conclusion that I would very much rather my friends did not make any good resolutions at all. Why should they? Since I liked them well enough to want them for friends as they are, it would be most unfair of them to change unfaithfully for the better. Why if they did, they might find me not good enough for them, and where should I be then?

Moreover, I invariably chose my friends for their faults; the faults in a character

are so very much more important than the virtues. Almost any sort of virtue is lovable, in spite of what cynics may say to the contrary, but to make friendship possible it is absolutely necessary that the friend should have exactly the sort of faults one can get along comfortably with.

There is always bound to be some point of friction between every two human beings; when this point is one that does not damage, so to speak, friendship is the result.

There is Kate for instance; there may be moments when I wish she wouldn't be so abominably tidy; but then her tidyness is not of the sort that hides things away in impossible places, it is the sort that ties strings to them, and fastens them to the wall, so that you always know where they are, with the dreadful consequence that you are morally bound to put them back there instead of leaving them lying comfortably about. But, then, if Kate made a good resolution not to be tidy she would certainly keep it; that would mean that she would have to give up objecting to my being untidy, and find something very much more serious to object to—one must object, as I said, to something—it is a truism to say how dull intercourse is when there's nothing but complaisance in it. One couldn't rest comfortably on the softest cushions if there were not something hard somewhere behind it.

Then there is Celia; Celia never admires anybody quite so much as I do or believes what is told her so readily. I tell her something that has been told me —something I have accepted as a gift, so to speak, and taken pleasure in, and she answers me with some keen calm question that convinces me I have been a credulous fool, finding pleasure in fables. Then I want to swear at Celia, but I know all the while that she wouldn't fascinate me half so much, if she did not now and again make me want to swear at her.

Moreover, if Celia proves right, and I am disappointed, I know just where I can go for sympathy in my new opinion, but if events justify me, just think how I can stroke myself and purr over the fact that my optimism is juster than her cynicism. No, I am quite sure that I do not want Celia to celebrate the new year by making a resolution to cultivate an enthusiastic and confiding disposition. I don't suppose she would keep it if she made it, but I should consider it a breach of faith on her part even to make it.

Then there's Jo—but why continue the list. I am afraid the plain truth is that I am incapable of seeing faults in my friends. This proves me to be a dull person without a sense of humour—at least several of my friends say I have no sense of humour, but consider how I score,

"For there is nothing bad or good, but thinking makes it so."

This means that I always have very much nicer friends than anyone else.

All this applies altogether to women. I am not quite so sure in regard to men friends. Everyone who knows me knows that I choose my men friends entirely for their looks. I don't know in the least why they choose me, but the one quality I really ask from any man is that he should be decorative when in my drawing-room, and that the set of his collar and the lines of his head should give me a certain æsthetic pleasure when I meet him unexpectedly. This does not mean that I require every man to be good-looking, that would be somewhat exacting, and certain varieties of the grotesque have their charm.

I find this just as good a method of choosing friends as any other. You always know exactly where you are. It is so just too; you avoid the offence of persistently liking a man for years for some quality he hasn't got. The external qualities are the only qualities about which we can be thoroughly sure—except in the case of glass eyes perhaps, and there would be no reason to object to a glass eye if it were a good one and matches the other perfectly. If you choose a man friend for his appearance you are never likely to be disappointed. So there is really nothing for my men friends to make good resolutions about, they are all exactly what I liked them for being

and are likely to remain so, unless innate perversity should induce any one of them to grow a beard.

Which reminds me, one of them has. He began of course, since the friendship was started, and the result has been some coolness between us. He no longer improves the appearance of my room on 'at home days,' on the contrary he 'makes for dowdyness.' I really wish, now I think, that this one friend would make a solemn resolution to shave before he calls on me again.

The rest may stay as they are.

* * * * *

Burgin hasn't room for them all.

When I think of my "particular friends," and all the good resolutions I want them to make for next year, I feel that I could "resolute till the cows come home." It isn't so much from a captious desire to find fault with any of them, but during the past year they have obtruded their little weaknesses on me to such an extent that I feel the present Heaven-sent opportunity is too good to let slip. For instance, I want B—— to make up his mind, or what he calls his mind, that when he has read an ill-considered notice of my latest great work, it is not absolutely necessary for him to lurk about my station until he sees me toiling up the hill, and then affectionately to thrust *The Saturday Reviler* into my hand, with the breathless remark, "Thought you wouldn't see it, old man. Marked it in red ink for you!" I want him to resolve not to do that again. It makes life too sweet.

I also want to point out to Miss S—— that it is not a mark of friendship to send me a bottle of "Satcho," and then loudly to ask me at a dance whether my hair is growing. She knows as well as I do that

"Violets plucked, the sweetest showers
Can ne'er make grow again."

I want her, when the waits sing outside her window, and she thinks of all the wicked things she did last year, not to send me any more bottles of "Satcho," especially as she never paid the carriage.

Also, there is a well-known journalist who imposed on my ignorance concerning tobacco the other day, and requested me to give him my opinion of a certain cigar, price fifteen for tenpence. I want him to resolve not to do cruel things like that again. It makes me spoil my study carpet, and does not serve any useful purpose whatever.

I want the friend who accompanies me to a certain gymnasium class, where we, twice a week, put on muscle in order to defend the Empire (you know which one I mean), not to pick up dumb-bells twice my working power and watch my struggles with a grin as he airily waggles his pair round his head. He knows that I know that he knows I know I cannot use those dumb-bells, but that pride prevents me saying so, and that, consequently, when I lie on my back and work those dumb-bells my "abominable muscles," as the instructor calls them, are not equal to the strain. I want him to make a resolution to look upon my three-pounders as five-pounders, and not "let on" to the instructor. I am so much more graceful with the three-pounders.

I want my local dustman to keep his own side of the road in future when I am biking. I do not mind his coming on the wrong side so much, but I do object to his fastening an upright ladder against the side of his cart—a ladder which just covers the amount of roadway between the cart and the curb. It makes me get off in a hurry, and people take me for the Tramp Cyclist before I have been properly cleaned up. I trust that when he reads these pathetic lines he will resolve not to do it again.

Having aired a few little private grievances, I will leave the rest of them until next year. There is one public grievance of mine, however, which I cannot pass over

in dignified silence. I want the German Emperor to make a New Year's resolution to—*schweigen!* I have taken a lot of trouble to learn German in order that I may not hurt his feelings by putting the matter in plain English; but I hear that he has begun to write verse lately. The next thing will be a novel, and there is not room in Europe for his novels and mine. That is why I ask him earnestly and respectfully to resolve to—*schweigen!* He will know perfectly well what this means. I am sorry, but I also feel it is my duty to inform him that I will not answer any intemperate telegrams on the subject unless he prepays replies. It is a grievous thing that there should be this coolness between two such public characters; but he has brought the rebuke on himself by his own disregard for my feelings, and there is nothing left for him but to—*schweigen!*

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Pett Ridge has a plain talk.

An admirable opportunity for a few plain words; a unique occasion for one of those Straight Talks to Young Men that are advertised by Exeter Hall. Advice is peculiarly one of those things of which it may be said that it is more blessed to give than to receive, and the pity of it is that recipients are so difficult to find.

A young lady was in trouble the other afternoon in Great Portland Street with a bicycle which she had been riding. The machine was resting dissipatedly against a scarlet pillar-box; its front wheel bent, its handle twisted, one or two spokes crooked, tyres limp. The young woman, flushed with the trouble of the catastrophe, was trying to induce the spokes to behave themselves.

"Now if *I* was you, miss," said a man, kindly, with his hands in his pockets, "I should simply 'ail a blankey 'ansom; cart the blankey bike 'ome, and blankey well bury it."

"A course of procedure," said the heated young lady, tartly, hard at work with the foolish machine, "which you might adopt in regard to yourself."

"This," said the man, with bitterness, to the surrounding crowd, "this is what you get by offerin' a word of good advice."

In spite of this attitude of unwillingness to receive counsel one must have courage, and in the best interests of one's friends advise them for the New Year. I urge upon my friends who write that they should for twelve months use less of indecorous zeal. Let them take holiday for the year; if this be not convenient, let them at least refrain from publishing during that period. It will be an admirable thing for their health, and, besides, it will give me a better chance. To my friends who are artists, my urgent advice is that they should make resolution to buy no new clothes during '98. For the last few years they have been trying to destroy memories of the old type of careless, untidy Bohemians of their profession, and in doing this they have donned more fancy waistcoats that I can easily count without a slate; keeping level with them in regard to frock-coats has been out of the question. To my friends who are critics, I counsel a less earnest attention to duty. There is a growing habit amongst them of reading books through to the last page before sending them off to Mrs. Hindley in Booksellers' Row, with the result that the man who writes a novel gets enough "slates" to roof a house. Let them read less and praise more. To my friends who are in business, let me earnestly——

But men in business never listen to advice. That is how it is they make money.

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Arthur H. Lawrence is overcome with emotion.

I feel sure that no thinking man or woman can regard a question involving good resolutions without being overcome with emotion, and the question of looking up good resolutions which shall apply to our friends is a very serious matter indeed.

It is a comparatively easy undertaking to select our own good resolutions, for, in

accordance with one's varying mood, one can select those which are not easily kept, or those which can be still more easily broken, but when it is the weakness of a friend which is at stake—all the finer emotions surge up within us, and we are prepared to shed tears over the improbability of some good friend's repentance. Nothing can be more pleasing to the man or woman of sentiment than the process of helping a friend through the strait gate which leads to the narrow way, whilst we continue to tread the primrose path which leads to the everlasting somewhere else. Herein is the whole duty of life. Herein is the motive-power for centuries of countless sermons, delivered by stern moralists to immoral congregations; of lengthy and complicated creeds without which no man shall be saved; of wordy warfare conducted by unrepentant theologians designed to bring the world to repentance.

Who am I and who are you that we should not follow the immemorial fashion? The light of our own doings may not shine very brightly, but let us thank Heaven, and take courage in the fact that no human being can fathom the wickedness of which we are individually capable. Let us forget the ancient king, who, in his elementary folly, desired wisdom for himself, instead of wishing it poured out on mankind, and rule out of our minds any ridiculous suggestion to the effect that he that ruleth his heart is greater than he that taketh a city.

The good resolution that I want all my friends to make for the New Year is of wide application, but the definition will be found clear enough if the suggestion is taken to heart. I want all my good friends to turn their attention to the fault in themselves which they condemn most in others. I know the case is quite hopeless, but it works out in this way: I want the socialist, whose great plaint is the extortionate behaviour of the capitalist, to follow the lines which he is ready to lay down for others. I propose that he shall increase the wages of his servant—if he has one—at least twenty per cent. and at the same time shorten her hours of labour. I want one or two well paid metropolitan rectors of my acquaintance, and who preach almost eloquent sermons on matters of charity, to occasionally put their hands in their pockets when they visit the homes of the poor, so that the occupants of those homes shall have something to remember Christianity by. The list of such interesting cases might be extended indefinitely, but space necessitates my leaving it to each individual to work out his or her own application, though I shall be prepared to give all the assistance I can to any who will do me the honour of asking for it! But I feel sure that if each one of my friends will adopt this resolution the world will be quite too good to live in. When this revolutionary change comes to pass there will be a vacancy left for a stern moralist. But this is as it should be. I propose to take up that work myself.

* * * * *

Fred Whishaw goes straight to the kernel.

I wonder whether you can possibly be in a state of grace, Mr. Editor! This is a condition, I am well aware, in which a member of your cult is rarely, if ever, to be found. Yet, I have arrived—by a long process of deduction, not unaided by inspiration—at the conclusion that in asking for lists of good resolutions under the veil of a playful desire to make capital out of the faults and weaknesses of others, you have, in reality, addressed to us members of the *Idlers' Club* a most pathetic appeal on your own behalf: that you may be shown what things to wish for in order to become a little kinder, a little more genial, or what not, at this season of kindness and plum-puddings; in a word, something less of the *Editor vulgaris condamnabilis*, to which lot it has pleased a cruel destiny to call you, and something more of a respectable member of society. Now this, I imagine, is your position. You have felt the error of your ways: the first step towards repentance. You desire, if possible, to amend them; good again. But, alas! what does an editor know of amendment, or good resolutions, or anything that is in any way touched with the sweet savour of goodness?

Of course an editor cannot make good resolutions, even of the kind that are proverbially destined to be used as paving-stones in warm climates. In a word, you feel

the desire to amend, but—being an editor, and as such given up to the ways of darkness—you know not where to look for light.

Then comes your inspiration. Say you to yourself, "I am past praying for; I, like stage-managers and schoolmasters, and other editors, belong to that wretched class which is flattered with the lips and execrated in the heart. I cannot make good resolutions, for I know not that which is right from that which is wrong. But some of my authors are of the opposite camp; they know the right from the wrong, and, ha! ha! yes! without suspecting it, they shall teach me, who—&c." . . . And then down you sit, and invite some of us to send in lists of good resolutions, well knowing that you fully intend to use these for your own advantage and benefit.

Well, I have found you out, you see, and am now giving you away. But be composed, Mr. Editor. The general public will be surprised and charmed to hear that you are in a state of grace; other editors will hate you for it, of course, and boycott you, but virtue is its own reward, and you will be happy and innocent as the day is long. I am rather virtuous myself, and I know the feeling. Now, my tether is nearly stretched, and I have no space to devote to good advice as to resolutions; but you are sure to pick up a useful hint or two from other members of the Club. Some of us are known to be patterns of virtue, and if you fail to glean any advantage from our lists I am sure two or three of us will be delighted, any dark night, to take you in hand, and teach you privately what an editor should be and do.

Meanwhile try to cultivate the virtue of loving-kindness. Next time some young, unknown writer sends in a MS. which you cannot see your way to use, do not return it at once. Go round about among other editors with the little tale in your hand; offer it, praise it, recommend it strongly; if you cannot sell it for a price let some one use it for nothing—you sending the author a couple of guineas or so, which you can pay out of your pocket-money. Always do this. Try it for a year at least. It may land you in the workhouse, but what of that? Cannot a magazine be edited from the workhouse? Of course it can; why, think how closely you will be in touch with the authors there! You will find, believe me, quite as many within the House as without. And, perhaps, who knows? you may develop a heart. Only think of it! an editor with a human heart and the beginnings of a soul—oh, *Rara Avis!*

Do try it! You will be the only one, but it really wont hurt you.

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The Idler

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